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THE MADONNA AND CHILD.
(HANS MEMLING.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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At the Last.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THE Master is come and is calling for thee:
 Art thou ready?
 The lamp that He ordered all trimmed to be,
 Burns it steady?
 The Master is come: thou must rise, thou must go,—
 He awaits thee.
 O mortal, thrice blest if His summons to know
 Now elates thee!
 The Master is come and is calling. Dost hear?
 No denying!
 Art thou sandalled and clad in white raiment? Dost
 fear
 To be dying?
 The way thou must follow thou never hast trod:
 Not over the meadows, but under the sod.
 The lamp? Burns it steady?
 There is Light at the end,—there is heaven and God.
 Soul, art ready?

The Second Eve.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

GOD'S fair earth had at length emerged from the hand of its Maker, prepared by long ages of elemental war for the habitation of the human race. In obedience to the divine decrees, the chaos of primeval matter had taken form; tree and plant and herb, bringing forth seed after their kind, had clothed the naked surface of the globe; living things breathed and moved in earth and sea and sky. All was ready for the entrance

into Nature of her high-priest—of man, the only inhabitant of all that fair domain who, by the divine gift of reason, could give intelligent praise to the Author of life. Man alone, of all terrestrial beings, could know, and, knowing, could willingly and freely perform that duty of spontaneous service and reverence and praise which befits the infinite intelligence of God. Man alone on earth could recognize that bond of filial duty—the base of all religion—by which the creature, because he is a creature, is bound to the Creator.

At the moment preordained in the august counsels of the Almighty, man came forth from his Maker, a living soul. His it was to take up and make his own and offer to God the irresponsible and blind obedience of all things else to the laws of their being divinely laid down for them. His it was, by contemplating the wonders around him—"the greatness and beauty of the creature,"—to render praise to the Creator and make articulate the voice of Nature glorifying God. And that man might the better perform this holy office, that he might be a more worthy priest of Nature, God laid upon his soul the unction of His grace; assuming him thereby to an intimacy of loving union with Himself unspeakably closer than that which he could naturally attain; anointing him, as it were, by a special ordination, to act as a king and priest.

Such was the beautiful order established by the Almighty; such the place and

office of man in the scale of creation. Akin to God by his spiritual nature, he yet was joined to earth by his bodily frame, formed out of the dust; a link, therefore, between the seen and the unseen, the spiritual and the material, earth and heaven. Sophists of to-day cry out that this is vain and childish talk: that, in the million multitudes of worlds that exist, it is absurd to presume that ours is the special object of a Divine Providence; still more foolish to suppose that man, who creeps like an insect upon the surface of one of the smallest of the worlds, can be the special object of divine love and pity; can have been the object of the scheme of Redemption.

But such can never have considered the meaning and the value of a soul. All the material creation is not of so much worth as one immortal soul; all the heavens of stars and suns and planets could never give to Him the glory of one pure act of free, intelligent love. That a single immortal soul, with all its infinite capacity of love and happiness, and, alas! its dreadful possibilities of endless misery and hate—that one such soul should be in danger of eternal loss would outweigh—I speak with reverence—in the mind of God the thought of all the millions of material worlds that He has made. And should they too be peopled with immortal, intelligent beings, and should those beings, like ourselves, have needed redemption, who shall dare to say that God has been wanting? But of this we know nothing, nor need we know anything. It is enough for us that we are immortal souls; that God has made us for Himself; and having made us will not lose us, unless by our own act we misuse against Him to the end that awful power of freewill which He has given us.

This gift of freewill the first of men abused. Scarcely had he taken his place at the head of terrestrial creation when

he became an actor in a tragedy beside which all the battlings of mighty forces upon the stage of prehistoric worlds sink into insignificance. A contest took place to decide, not the conformation of worlds, but the eternal fate of human souls; a contest provoked not by a beneficent Power working with creation for His own good ends, but by a crafty and powerful spirit, himself in rebellion against his God, working for the satisfaction of malicious envy to involve God's new-made creatures in his ruin. "In that awful transaction," writes Cardinal Newman,* "there were three parties concerned: the serpent, the woman, and the man,"—the first Adam and the first Eve and Satan. In this his first contest with human nature Satan won a victory; though at dreadful cost, in the event, to himself and to his power. Upon Eve fell the brunt of the first onslaught; and she, "being seduced, was in the transgression." At her incitement Adam sinned, the head and representative of our race; and in him we too fell,—fell from that high state of justice in which, but for the serpent and the woman and the man, we should all have been conceived; fell to the condition in which we now are born—deprived of grace, left without the enlightenment of mind and rectitude of will, without the rights and title of adopted sons of God and heirs of heaven, which that original, hereditary grace would have brought with it.

All seemed lost: God's work seemed to be spoiled. But in the very moment of the great catastrophe God Himself comes to the rescue. From eternity He had foreseen this fall; from eternity He had decreed the restoration; from eternity He had determined to bring out of this great evil a greater good. The fall of Adam was to be made the opportunity for a greater revelation of divine love and divine mercy and divine

* Letter to Dr. Pusey.

wisdom than would have been without it; so that the generations of men should cry out, with Holy Church: *O felix culpa, quæ talem ac tantum meruit habere Redemptorem!*—"O happy fault that merited such and so great a Redeemer!"

No sooner had the tempter wrought his malicious work of ruin than the great promise of reparation was made by God. Adam and Eve, indeed, must pay their penalty. "In what day soever thou shalt eat of the fruit thereof, thou shalt die the death." Instant death of the soul by loss of grace; ultimate death of the body; grief and sickness and pain; labor and trouble and toil throughout a long and weary life,—such were to be their portion in their banishment from the Garden of Delights. But God had infinite pity on His fallen children,—had pity on them because they had been so grievously deceived. Only upon the serpent did the full force of His unrelenting vengeance fall; and the sentence, that was for us a blessed promise, went irrevocably forth: "I will put enmities between thee and the Woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."*

Satan had declared this war, and God took it up. Little did the Evil One think, with all the craft of his great intellect, what two other champions he should have to encounter in the course of his long struggle with the race of men. He is doomed to ultimate defeat, and that by a process which shall be precisely, event for event, issue for issue, the complete reversal of his first triumph. Where before he has won, there he shall be beaten; a woman yielded to his wiles and disobeyed: by obedience another Woman shall stand firm against him.

* Gen., iii, 15. Vulgate Version. The Hebrew has: "He shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for his heel." The Catholic doctrine of the place of the Blessed Virgin in the scheme of Redemption is equally supported by both readings.

Man in Adam fell before him: Man, in a new Adam, shall utterly rout him. By the credulity of the first woman listening to him, and by her disbelief of the warning of God, he gained her to his side: by the perfect faith of the other Woman, he shall have no dominion over her. By the weakness of the first man he succeeded: by the power of that other Man he shall be brought to confusion.

This reversal of Satan's triumph is a truly remarkable feature of the scheme of our salvation, and is by no means to be passed over if we would better understand the merciful purposes of God. It is insisted upon again and again by the earliest Fathers. "God," says Tertullian, "recovered His image and likeness, which the devil had seized, by a *rival operation*. For into Eve, as yet a virgin, had crept the word which was the framer of death: equally into a Virgin was to be introduced the Word of God which was the builder up of life; that what by that sex had gone to perdition, by the same sex might be brought back to salvation. Eve had believed the serpent: Mary believed Gabriel; the fault which the one committed by believing, the other by believing has blotted out."*

The Blessed Virgin, in the eyes of the Fathers, has a place and office in our Redemption exactly parallel to the place and office of Eve in the scheme of Original Justice. Eve proved unfaithful, notwithstanding the supernatural grace with which she was so highly endowed: Mary, on the other hand, proved eminently faithful to her high prerogatives. Eve, then, failed in that co-operation by which she might have secured the salvation of the race: Mary co-operated in the undoing of the results of that failure.

"Eve," says the great Cardinal whom I have already quoted (*loc. cit.*), "had a definite, essential position in the First Covenant. The fate of the human race

* Cardinal Newman's translation, *loc. cit.*

lay with Adam: he it was who represented us. It was in Adam that we fell; though Eve had fallen, still, if Adam had stood, we should not have lost those supernatural privileges which were bestowed upon him as our first father. Though Eve was not the head of the race, still, even as regards the race, she had a place of her own; for Adam, to whom was divinely committed the naming of all things, entitled her 'the mother of all the living,'—a name surely expressive, not of a fact only, but of a dignity. But further: as she thus had her own general relations to the human race, so again she had her own special place as regards its trial and its fall in Adam. In those primeval events, Eve had an integral share.... She listened to the evil angel; she offered the fruit to her husband, and he ate of it. She co-operated, not as an irresponsible instrument, but intimately and personally in the sin: she brought it about. As the history stands, she was a *sine qua non*—a positive, active cause of it. And she had her share in its punishment; in the sentence pronounced on her, she was recognized as a real agent in the temptation and its issue, and she suffered accordingly."

Now, what Eve was in the First Covenant—in the trial and in the fall,—that Mary is in the New Covenant—the second and happier trial and the restoration. Hence to the early Church she is the Second Eve, as freely and closely and indissolubly connected with her Divine Son, the Second Adam, in His work of Redemption as our first mother was with Adam in his work of destruction. To quote again—and it needs no apology—from Cardinal Newman's masterly treatment of this subject: "What is especially noticeable [in the Fathers] is that they do not speak of the Blessed Virgin as the *physical* instrument [merely] of Our Lord's taking flesh, but as an intelligent, responsible cause of it: her faith and obedience

being accessories to the Incarnation, and gaining it as her reward."

This view of Mary's office in the Redemption is not the view of this or that Father: it is the unanimous teaching of all the Fathers, and as such represents the teaching of the Catholic Church. Tertullian in the West, St. Justin in the East; St. Irenæus, disciple of a disciple of St. John, speaking for both Asia Minor and Gaul; St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Ephrem of Syria, St. Epiphanius of Egypt, St. Peter Chrysologus of Italy, St. Fulgentius of Africa, St. Jerome, "the friend of Pope St. Damasus at Rome, the pupil of St. Gregory Nazianzen at Constantinople, and of Didymus at Alexandria: a native of Dalmatia, yet an inhabitant, at different times of his life, of Gaul, Syria, and Palestine," who therefore speaks for the whole world,—these with one voice proclaim this title of the Blessed Mother as the Second Eve, and proclaim it with a full knowledge of all it implies, and of the prerogatives of Mary which it carries with it.

The Church saw clearly that this office and these prerogatives of Mary were contained in that first Gospel message of Genesis—the Protevangel of the Fathers; and it is because of this fact, abundantly demonstrated by the unanimous teaching of the great exponents of her faith, that the Church of God, secure in the promise of the Holy Ghost, has not hesitated in these latter days to define, as a truth revealed by God and taught by her from the beginning, that never for a single instant was that Second Eve under the snare of the serpent by original sin; and to declare, by her explicit teaching throughout the world, that never for one moment was there truce, by any actual sin, to that perpetual enmity placed by God Himself between her stainless purity and the malice of the serpent.

Let us look carefully for a moment at the sentence pronounced on the Evil

One. In the first contest were ranged on the one side Adam and Eve, and on the other the fallen Lucifer. In the great war that is to rage between the opposing forces of good and evil until the assured final victory of the Judgment Day, are ranged on the one side a Woman and her seed, and on the other the devil and his seed. Who, then, is the seed, or offspring, of the Woman? Other remarkable passages in Holy Scripture leave us in no doubt about the meaning of this one. As time goes on, this first rudimentary Gospel of salvation grows and expands, and becomes more and more clearly defined in the mouths of inspired patriarch and psalmist and prophet; pointing more and more precisely to the Expectation of Nations, to Him that shall be born of a Virgin—to Mary and her Son.

In that first "promise" of Genesis, while it is true that war is declared between the human race in general and the "seed," or offspring—that is, the servants and followers of Satan, as the parallelism between the seed of Satan and of the Woman shows,—it is equally true that the crisis was to be reached in a duel, the "wondrous fray" of the Easter sequence,—a duel between one special seed, or Son, of one especial Woman; for said the Almighty to Satan, "*He shall crush thy head,*" as the Hebrew version has it. Equally clear is this, if we follow the highly authorized version of the Vulgate: "*She shall crush thy head.*" For the Woman can accomplish this only through her seed. And who is that great One, the seed of the Woman? Who but He of whom God spoke to the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, "*In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed*"? On the identity of this seed with Christ the Apostle St. Paul insists with striking emphasis: "*That the blessing of Abraham might come to the Gentiles through Christ Jesus, . . . to Abraham were the promises made and to his seed.*"

He saith not, '*And to his seeds,*' as of many; but as of one—'*And to thy seed,*' who is Christ." (Gal., iii, 14-16.)

Primarily, then, the seed of the Woman is Christ; secondarily only, by opposition to the seed of Satan, the faithful followers of Christ. Primarily, then, the Woman also whose seed is to gain the victory is Mary, the Second Eve, associated by humility, obedience, faith and willing co-operation with her Son in the work of our restoration; even as Eve was associated through pride and disobedience and want of faith in our fall. Secondarily only can the "Woman" be interpreted of Eve herself as the mother of all the just who were to come.

Mary, then, is the Second Eve; and whatever gifts of grace, of virginity, of sinlessness formed the equipment of the first Eve in her contest with the tempter, all these and more and higher gifts were given to Mary to enable her to bear her nobler part. The first Eve was made sinless and stainless, and endowed with a large measure of sanctifying grace. Can we say for a moment that the Second Eve, with her immeasurably higher office of Mother of God, of co-redemptrix, was destitute even for an instant of higher and greater grace? Not so said the Angel when, addressing her with words unheard before, and paying to her a homage the like of which had never yet been known, he cried out: "*Hail, thou that art full of grace! thou blessed one amongst women!*" Not so thought the Fathers, who called her the Second Eve, likening her to our first mother before her fall, with the added praise of faithfulness to grace. No! that Blessed Mother, the ever-virgin, had her place marked out beside her Sòn in the "rival operation" by which Satan was to be defeated with his own weapons. How could she for one moment be under the power she was preordained to have her part in crushing,—a willing, active part, moreover; and an essential part, as

co-principle and co-originator with her Son of the Redemption, even as Eve had been co-principle and co-originator of the Fall.

To that Blessed Mother are due unending praise and thanks from us, the redeemed of Jesus, for the trusting faith and willing obedience with which she uttered those words of salvation: "Be it done unto me according to thy word." At the end of Scripture, as at the beginning, she is revealed to us,—at the beginning as to share in the contest with the devil; at the end as triumphant in glory with her Son; as the Woman of the Apocalypse, "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." As the first Eve had her punishment for her part in Adam's sin, so the Second Eve has her reward for her willing association with the Second Adam in the cancelling of that sin. And so God's Church and saints and holy writers have vied with one another in addressing her in words of love and praise, thinking no epithet too high for her short of the ascription of divine attributes.

In that wonderful canticle of the *Magnificat*, Mary herself takes up the prophecies of old, and proclaims herself the Woman in whose seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed,—“from generation to generation of them that fear Him.” Thus, from the moment of the Fall to the appointed time of Redemption, and in the New Dispensation of grace and love, she, the Mother, is indissolubly joined with her Son; and, as the Second Eve, is an integral part of our holy religion,—of the great scheme of salvation by which man is restored to that high place from which he fell.

Whoso doth none evil, it will be very hard but he must needs do good; sith man's mind is never idle, but occupied commonly either with good or evil.

—B. Sir Thomas More.

Anita's Husband.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

ANITA was in the garden cutting roses for the altar,—crimson, pink and creamy roses, such as grew in no garden at Santa Maria but her own. She was gathering them for the approaching feast. On the morrow the old adobe church would forget its musty odor under the heaps of beautiful, fragrant flowers which Anita had been collecting since early morning.

So pretty and sweet and artless was Anita, so full of that innocent charm which makes the gently-bred woman of her race especially attractive, so redolent withal in mind and soul of that delicate spiritual perfume imparted by a couple of years' sojourn in the convent school across the border, that she did not lack for ardent suitors among the caballeros at the Aduana;* nor was there a rancho within thirty miles of the little town of Santa Maria where, if she had chosen, she might not be reigning as mistress. But as yet Anita had no thought of love or lovers. She had been most carefully reared, and her doting father and mother were not desirous of soon parting with their only child.

Humming softly to herself, as she began to climb the gentle declivity leading to the chapel, her arms full of flowers, the girl suddenly paused. From behind the gnarled old pepper-tree at the foot of the garden, she saw a man rise from a recumbent posture and come slowly toward her. His garments were ragged, his feet nearly bare, his hair long, his beard unshaven. Gaunt and hungry he looked, yet there was nothing in his aspect to cause fear in the heart of the girl who stood awaiting him.

At length he paused, with downcast eyes, in front of her.

* Custom-house.

"Señorita," he said in English, "I am starving. Can you give me something to eat?"

"Yes, surely!" she replied, with a swift, kind smile. "Come to the kitchen, where are my mother and the Indian servant. To-day they are very busy for the feast, and there will be something very good for you, Señor."

The last word, falling from her lips almost unconsciously, was an involuntary tribute to the gentleman her woman's intuition had discerned beneath the fluttering rags. He felt it and thanked her with his eyes. As for Anita, after she had commended him to the care of her mother, she went her way up the hillside to the church, her thoughts running in this wise:

"But how beautiful would be that poor young man if it were not for his torn clothes! Such eyes—of the deepest blue of heaven; and the lashes long and thick like the baby of my cousin Maria. How sad that he should be so poor and distressed!"

When, her task finished, Anita had locked the door of the church and returned to the house, she found everything in confusion. After having thanked his hostess for her hospitality, the stranger had been about to take his departure, when he suddenly fell to the floor, and now lay in a stupor on a lounge in the *sala*. Frederico, the manservant, had been dispatched for the doctor, who had not yet arrived.

"And now what shall be done?" asked the Señora, in trepidation, her kindly heart torn between compassion and fear. "It may be that the boy is sickening with fever, there is so much in the valley. What shall be done, Antonio?"

"Let be, Josefina,—let be!" answered her husband. "There is only one thing that we can do, and that is to take care of the young man until he is well. I suspect he has been long hungry, and the full meal was too much for him. Shall it be said that we turned adrift

a poor stranger who falls ill upon our threshold? No, no, Josefina: let us do for him the best we can."

"But what if he should be a criminal, Antonio?"

"Even so, we must shelter him for the present, at least. He does not look like one. And if he be, that will not incriminate us."

"I have a foreboding of evil, Antonio."

"Tut, tut, Josefina! What has come to thee?"

"Thou art always so soft-hearted, Antonio!"

"And thou? Who is the benefactress of Santa Maria?"

"Thou art right, Antonio. He must stay. But I have misgivings—now here is the doctor. God grant that it be not the fever!"

II.

That was a stormy day in the Acuña household when Anita firmly but respectfully informed her parents that she would remain unmarried all her days unless she were allowed to marry the man of her choice. And that choice was the stranger, whom, after his recovery from a long siege of illness, Don Antonio had taken into his employ. The Señora's misgivings had been well-founded. And yet the young man had endeared himself to all of them, though he preserved an unbroken silence with regard to his past. Further than this he would not reveal: that he had been unfortunate; which avowal satisfied Anita, though her parents demurred.

However, after considerable opposition, the young people had their way and they were married. Shortly after this event Don Antonio died, and his wife soon followed him. Their son-in-law was known by the name of Francisco Blanco; but the gossips were not slow to say that it could hardly be his own, as he was a "gringo," knowing not a word of Spanish when he came to Santa Maria. He had soon learned it, however; and had so accommodated himself to

every custom and tradition of the people among whom his lot was cast that he won their respect and regard. In a short time he had become a very important man in the little border town.

The house of the Acuña's was one of the relics of old Mexican days,—the best of its kind in the place; built around a *patio* which was entered at one corner by a massive gateway. On this account, and by reason of the courtesy of its occupants, it had become the fashion for tourists to make it one of their objective points when visiting Santa Maria. If sometimes they were impertinent, and sometimes vandals enough to pilfer the flowers, the gentle little Señora Blanco, remembering the gracious hospitality of her dead father, turned away her soft brown eyes. She never forgot, moreover, that the husband she adored was of the same race; and the thought made her more lenient to the strange people who talked aloud in church, and peered in through the windows of the *sala* as though it had been a museum and she and her children curiosities.

One bright morning in June the visitors were out in force. Numbers of them had invaded the garden, gaping, chattering, and making audible, albeit complimentary, remarks on the character of their surroundings. The master of the house sat at one end of the broad piazza reading a paper. Just beneath him in the garden two ladies were examining a bed of rare cactus.

"That is a handsome man," said one of them, glancing up at his shapely blond head with its crisp curls. "He reminds me of some one I used to know,—older of course, but still very like."

"Do not speak so loud, Sara," said her companion. "He may hear you."

"He does not understand English," rejoined the other. "The people here seldom do."

"He may be an exception. Indeed he does not look like a Mexican."

"There are some of them like that. Pure Spanish blood, you know. There is a survival of it even here. Besides, I have been watching him: he has never taken his eyes from the paper since we have been standing here. If he could understand English, do you think he would have remained so impassive?"

"Possibly, not being a woman. But you said he reminded you of some one. Anybody I know?"

"I think not,—I am *sure* not. It happened before you came to live in Portland. A pitiful story. Let us sit down on these steps and I will tell you about it."

The ladies seated themselves on the steps leading up to the porch, not three feet away from the man behind the newspaper.

"His name was Frank White," began the narrator. "He was probably about twenty-four when it happened. His father had been cashier in a bank for many years. Frank was a good enough fellow,—nothing wrong had ever been known of him, though he was not thought to be very ambitious. He had some position—I forget what now—in the same bank. Oh, I should have said he was very much in love with my cousin, Betty Parker! We were not sure about *her* then,—that is, whether she loved him or not; though afterward we decided she did. Well, the bank was robbed of a large sum, and somehow suspicion fastened on Frank. Before they could arrest him he disappeared and was never heard of again. Everyone thinks he committed suicide."

"Was he a Catholic?"

"Of course."

"Then he did not commit suicide."

"Very well,—perhaps not. But there have never been any tidings of him since he left."

"He must have been guilty, or he would not have gone away."

"So it was thought; though one might have been tempted to disappear

anyway, in such a case. Circumstantial evidence was very strong, and Frank would surely have been arrested on suspicion.' But that brings me to the saddest part of the story. Some time afterward his father died, and then it was learned that *he* had been the thief, and that his son had surprised him in the act. He left a letter which was published in the papers at the time. It was hoped that if Frank were living he might see it and return. But he never came back. He was an only child. His poor mother died a short time after her husband. Wasn't it sad?"

"Very sad. And the young man proved to be a hero instead of a criminal?"

"A kind of hero,—yes; though real heroes never run away, do they?"

"Sometimes, perhaps."

"Dear Betty has never married. After Frank's mother died she gave most of her time and money to caring for the poor and suffering. She has had several good offers, but refused them all."

"Is she still attractive?"

"Lovely,—more so than in her early youth. Sorrow has spiritualized her face. She reminds me of the *Mater Dolorosa*. And yet I am sure she is not unhappy now. The good she is constantly doing for others sweetens and ennoble her beautiful life."

The ladies passed on.

Don Francisco lowered the newspaper and leaned back in his chair. His face was very white. After a while he got up and went into his office, closing and locking the door.

(Conclusion next week.)

THERE seems to be a general consent amongst spiritual writers that an aspiration said in time of temptation makes deliberate consent morally impossible—and with good reason. Temptations, however strong, vivid, naturally seductive, or persistent, are not acts of the will, and if not allowed to pass on to such can not be sins.—*Rev. N. Walsh, S. J.*

The Visitation.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

WHO is passing along to-day,
Travelling on her joyful way?

Angels guard her and guide unseen,
But she goeth not an earthly queen;

Though she is the Lady born to be
Queen of Heaven for eternity.

Joyful she breathes the hills' clear breath,
As she goeth to greet Elizabeth.

The little coney unafraid
Play round the steps of the sinless Maid;

Just as they played ere Mother Eve
Taught creation to fear and grieve.

The song from the throat of singing bird
Is sweeter than ever before was heard;

The happy breath of scentful flower
More sweet than it was in Eden bower;

And the eagle, from height magnific won,
Looks down to her, not up to the sun.

Divine, she goeth unrevealed;
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

But where she passes, children play
Good and joyful the livelong day;

And the dim eyes and hearts that ache
Are glad for her lovely unknown sake.

But none of them dream how God doth rest
In the still shelter of her breast;

How He that sits on the Great White Throne
Is lying under a virgin zone.

Swift she goes till her quest is won,
And she greets who carries the wondrous son:

The babe that leaps in his mother's womb
Because the Mother of God is come.

O blessed Maid of Nazareth!

O blessed wife, Elizabeth!

Youth and eld are face to face,
And clasp each other in dear embrace,—

Loveliest youth and fairest eld,
Such as the world had ne'er beheld!

Eld made young by the gracious power
Of the joy of the blest conception hour;

Bright in the honor done to her,
To carry the Lord Christ's harbinger:

And youth that stands this wondrous day,
The wisdom of God from aye to aye.

These did the Lord together bring
 In the hour of love's dear visiting.
 Whosoever his *Ave* saith,
 Speaketh the words of Elizabeth,
 Set 'twixt the greeting fair that fell
 From the seraph-tongue of Gabriel,
 And the Church's prayer wherein we cry
 For her help both now and the hour we die.
 And the Vesper song our glad lips sing
 To the deathless honor of their King,
 Is the song that Mary's joy outpoured
 Forever to magnify the Lord.

The Fourth of July.

BY WILLIAM F. CARNE.

THE Fourth of July comes with its lesson amid the heats. During the first half century of the Republic, the lesson was taught to assembled multitudes by eminent citizens endowed with gifts of oratory; and after the Declaration of Independence had been read and the oration made, the residue of the day was spent in various pastimes. In later years the lesson has been taught less frequently; and the day, once accentuated by patriotism, is now devoted to pleasure only. Yet Catholics may well remember that even a merely secular holyday inherits, in its name, a gleam of holy light that—

like sunshine in the rill,
 Though turned aside, is sunshine still.

The cessation of toil comes as a blessing of God, like the sunrise, the rain upon the parched earth, or the song of birds: and *holy* day is no vain name.

It is worth while to tell our young Catholic people, on this day, our connection with the rise of the Republic, and the deeds of our fathers in the days that tried men's souls. The Catholic Church in America rose, unchained from fetters, on the 4th of July, 1776. The Maryland Catholics had set the light of religious freedom on an eminence, had illumed the plains and driven darkness

from the valleys. In the fullest proportion of their numbers and influence, the Catholics of America were on the firing line of the Revolution that made our country free.

We will select as exemplars of the time, and compare their conduct, three clergymen, leaders of men: John Carroll, of Maryland, soon to be the first bishop of the Church in the United States; Samuel Seabury, of Connecticut, soon to be the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Society in the United States; and John Wesley, whose "parish was the world," chief pastor of the Methodists.

Dr. Seabury was an early opponent of General Washington and the Continental Congress. He was not only the first Protestant bishop in America, but was chosen as president-bishop of the convention of 1789 which organized that church; and, *primus inter pares*, with Bishops Madison, White and Provoost, made an impromptu House of Bishops. Through them every bishop of the Protestant Episcopal communion in this country traces his episcopate.*

Dr. Seabury was in 1774 a pastor in Connecticut. His invectives awoke the hostility of the patriots there. He wished to know if the whole British Empire was to be unsettled "because of the ill-projected, ill-conducted, abominable scheme of some of the colonists to form a republican government independent of Great Britain."† He prophesied that "a single campaign, should England exert her power, would ruin us [the colonies] effectually."‡ Jeering at the patriotic measures then being carried out in his neighborhood, he vociferates that "if any committeeman comes to my house and gives himself airs, a good hickory cudgel shall teach him better manners."§ Two hundred committeemen did come

* Journal of the Convention of 1789, p. 25, original edition.

† "Free-Thoughts," in Miscellaneous Pamphlets, Vol. 757, p. 5. Library of Congress.

‡ Ibid., p. 6.

§ Ibid., p. 19.

to his house, and Dr. Seabury fled with his cudgel to the protection of the British army at New York.

Sir Henry Clinton, on the 14th of October, 1778, finding he was obnoxious to the rebels, made him chaplain of the King's American regiment of Tories; and he continued in this office until the close of the war disappointed his hopes, put an end to his machinations, and gave liberty to our country. General Washington despised him; and on October 10, 1785, notes in his journal that being applied to by a student for a letter to Bishop Seabury, he had declined to give one; "having no desire to open a correspondence with the newly ordained bishop of Connecticut, ordained in Scotland."

The representative Catholic clergyman of the time, the Rev. John Carroll, returned to his native land just as the struggle for American Independence was opening. He landed at Richland, on the Potomac river, the Manor of the Brents, now the seat of General Fitzhugh Lee; and there said the first Mass that had been offered in Virginia since Father Altham had celebrated the august Sacrifice among the aboriginal Potowomakes in the primeval forest, a hundred and thirty years before. He came full of patriotism; and, while untiring in his priestly ministrations on the countryside that now surrounds the national capital, he never faltered in his support of General Washington and the Continental Congress. "Congress," he wrote in reply to a clergyman in Austria who had stated that Congress was master of the people,— "Congress is at all times amenable to our popular assemblages, chosen by them every year, and members often turned out of their seats, and little envied. The profits do not meet the expenses, and it is difficult to get disinterested and patriotic men to accept the charge."

Father Carroll was most vigorous in his denunciation of the King's cruisers,

that had overhauled ships, intercepted his letters and stolen his books. He wrote to a Tory correspondent abroad: "Since the object of the war on your side—the right of parliamentary taxation—is confessed by every moderate man of both continents to be unjust, then every measure they take is unjust, and your cruisers no more than pirates." His later connection with Franklin, Chase and Carroll of Carrollton, as the commissioners of Congress to the Canadian people, is now familiar even to school-children.

So while the patriot Americans were chasing the first Protestant Episcopal bishop out of his church to the shelter of the British army at New York, the American troops, who had toiled through the wilderness to make Canada American, greeted the first Catholic bishop with the blare of bugles and the welcome of saluting cannon at Montreal.

The Rev. John Wesley was confessedly the embodiment of the Methodism of 1776, and there can be no mistake as to his ecclesiastical or his political position. He was the maker of Methodist bishops. His brother wrote:

Bishops now are easy made
By man's caprice or whim;
Wesley his hands on Coke hath laid,—
But who laid hands on him?

Mr. Wesley had given plain instructions to the Methodists of 1775. "Our sins," declared he, "... never can nor never will be thoroughly removed till we fear God and honor the King." In 1777 he became prophet as well as pope, and foretold that "even if two or three hundred thousand Americans poured down upon the British troops at New York they would effect nothing. What would a million do if they ran away as soon as the English appeared? Whatever they do, they will not fight."*

In his address to the American colonies

* "Calm Address." Wesley's Works by John Emory. Am. edition, 1832. Vol. 7, p. 209. See also p. 32.

Mr. Wesley writes: "Ten times over, in different words, you profess yourselves to be contending for liberty; but it is a vain, empty profession."* Mr. Wesley's anti-American spirit—we might well say venom—carried him beyond the bounds of invective when writing of that immortal man whose clearly-written name leads the signatures to the Declaration of Independence. Says Mr. Wesley: "The famous Mr. John Hancock some time since brought into Boston a shipload of smuggled tea at noonday. Then came ships from London laden with the same commodity, which, by the removal of the former tax, they were now enabled to sell cheaper than he. What could be done *pro patria* [for his country] so as not to lose this cargo? . . . Some persons in disguise buried the English tea in the sea. It was not so commonly known who employed them. . . . To be sure, good Mr. Hancock knew no more of it than a child unborn. . . . What! Do I compare Mr. Hancock to a felon; a private smuggler to a sneaking felon, a pick-pocket; a noonday smuggler to a bold felon, a robber on the highway?"†

These are illustrations of three leaders; but there are more. No Catholic priest in the United States was unfaithful; none mistrusted by the patriots. The clergymen of the Anglican State Church were objects of suspicion because the King was head of the Church as well as head of the State. The Methodist preachers, oftentimes without reason, were also suspected on account of their connection with Mr. Wesley; but, as a rule, the Calvinistic ministers stood by General Washington and the Congress. To this, however, there was one notable and ignominious exception. The Rev. Joachim J. Zugley was pastor of a large Presbyterian congregation in Savannah,

Georgia. He was at first a trusted patriot leader and a member of the Continental Congress; but he betrayed his trust, and wrote to the enemy revealing the plans matured in the secret sessions of the Congress; and then, returning to Georgia, took sides against the "Liberty People." Afterward he fled to the British camp in South Carolina; and came with the British arms again to Savannah, and took possession of the Presbyterian Church there. He declared that "a republic was little better than a government of devils." He did not live to change his opinion, but died in 1781, "broken in heart and fortune."*

A glance over another portion of the field will not be uninteresting to Catholics on the Fourth of July. The Continental Congress had in its special pay two chaplains: the Rev. Jacob Duché, chaplain of Congress; and the Rev. Father Lotbiniere, chaplain of "Congress Own,"—a Canadian regiment in the special charge of Congress.† The minister became a traitor, the priest was faithful to the end.

Duché, pastor of an Anglican church, gained notice early in the Revolution by the publication of a sermon dedicated to General Washington. Congress chose him for its chaplain; and when the Declaration of Independence was made, Duché "in an eloquent prayer besought the Almighty to overcome the cruel adversaries of the Americans and to cause their arms to drop from their unnerved hands on the field of battle." When, however, in 1777, fortune seemed against the Americans, he deserted to the British, and wrote to General Washington urging him to abandon the Continental Congress, which, he said, was "composed of bankrupts, attorneys, and men of desperate fortune. Are

* Ibid., p. 300.

† "Observations on Liberty." Ibid., p. 303. This seems to be a calumny against the president of the Continental Congress manufactured out of the whole cloth.

* "History of Georgia." By Charles E. Jones, LL. D. Boston, 1880. Vol. II, p. 204.

† See Journal of the Continental Congress, March 10, 1778.

the dregs of a Congress to influence men like you?" he went on to say. "But few of the officers of your army would you be justified in asking to your table. . . . Your army must perish for want of provisions. . . . Wherever they camp, the country must be devoured. . . . As to your navy, part has already been taken and the rest must soon be destroyed." The traitor chaplain forgot that the American Navy was under command of "saucy Jack Barry" the Catholic, the first of that golden roll on which Fame has last written: Dewey and Sampson, Schley and Hobson.

The letter of Duché was delivered to General Washington by Mrs. Ferguson, the same woman by whom the British sent the bribe of one hundred thousand dollars to General Joseph Reed, whose immortal reply yet makes the American heart leap: "I am not worth purchasing; but, poor as I am, the King of England is not rich enough to buy me." Of course Washington took no notice of the base letter, but he never forgot its author. Afterward, when Duché, having fled to England and seen the triumph of the country he had betrayed, wrote in 1783 to Washington for permission to return, it was refused. In 1789, however, the State Legislature answered Patrick Henry's question, "Shall we who have brought the proud British lion to our feet be afraid of his whelps?" by allowing the Tory refugees to return. They came by hundreds, Duché among them. Let us now turn from the recreant minister to the other chaplain, the faithful priest.

Father Lotbriniere, as he is called in some records—the Rev. Francis Louis Chatier de Lotbriniere being his full name,—was mustered in January 16, 1776, as chaplain of the "Congress Own," a regiment whose official title was the First Canadian Regiment. It was unique in the American army. The Canadian Livingstons, near relatives of the celebrated New York family of that

name, had raised the corps among Catholic Canadians who were determined to fight for American liberty. The elder Livingston had years before migrated to Montreal from New York; and of his three sons, all born in Canada, one was colonel, another lieutenant-colonel, and the third a captain in the "Congress Own." The corps followed Montgomery to the capture of Quebec, assisted at the taking of Fort Chamblay, fought at Stillwater, and were among the rejoicing troops to whom Burgoyne surrendered. Afterward General Washington kept them near the Canadian line where it was likely their services might have a special value. During all this time Father Lotbriniere said Mass for them, gave them the Sacraments, and blessed them, until the need of their services ceased and he was mustered out with them on New Year's Day, 1781.

Father Lotbriniere was a Knight of Malta, a chaplain of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, established in 1048, which still has a home in Rome. It may thrill the young Catholic's heart to know that one Knight, at least, who brought with him traditions of fights against the Saracens, of Acre and Jerusalem, of Rhodes and Malta, took part in the great fight that makes glorious the Fourth of July. An almost imperceptible nuance of history seems to connect the crusade for the freedom of the Holy Land in the East with the struggle for the freedom of America in the West.

RELIGIOUS education is the great principle of the life of society, the only means of diminishing the total of evil and of augmenting the total of good in human life. Thought, the foundation of all good and of all evil, can not be disciplined, controlled, and directed except by religion; and the only possible religion is Christianity, which created the modern world and will preserve it.—*Balzac*.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXVI.—THE AMERICAN GIRL.

MYLES felt sorely perplexed. If he refused to accompany the little party on the *Adora*, it would cause gossip and many unpleasant conjectures, with flashes of color that in nowise belonged to the picture. After all, it was very considerate of this highborn lady, and very good-natured,—and he blushed like a schoolgirl. The tide of the truth of things was on a very rapid flow. He saw its inevitable rise. Was he to be submerged, or should he climb the rocks and reach a coigne of vantage and of safety? Luckily, the Baroness herself was not coming; for he had heard O'Reilly informing the girls from the Embassy that she was on duty at the Palace, and would not be free for some days. So Master Myles drifted with the tide, and went aboard the *Adora* with the rest.

This truly magnificent boat seemed one mass of flowers,—blooms of the rarest tints, interspersed with ferns like green foam. All the party were in ecstasy over the splendor and exquisite taste displayed in every corner, declaring that the Baroness had surpassed herself; while the library boasted the newest books—*éditions de luxe*—in almost every known language under the sun.

"Well, by Jove," whispered Percy, "you *are* in luck, old bird! This is fine, this is superb."

"What do you mean?" said Myles, turning sharply upon him.

"Such a boat, such luxury—such everything!"

"And pray, Percy, may I ask you if the boat is mine?"

"No, but it will be!" And the joyous

young fellow fled, to entertain one of the bright, winsome American girls, who had just appeared. She was brimful of innocent mirth and fun and repartee,—right royal company.

The whole party acted like a lot of school-children. Some went into the wheelhouse, while others, with the aid of the captain, tried to take observations.

"By the mortal frost," exclaimed the veteran, puffing and blowing, "but this is the grandest thing yet! The young ladies are enjoying themselves greatly, and it did my heart good to watch their innocent frolic. The Lord love them, but they're real *ladies*. That Miss Abell is fresh as a dewdrop and sweet as a rose. She's having them in fits of laughter; and she's as happy as a bird. That reminds me—do you know, Myles, *Adora* is the Russian word for a certain species of swift-flying seabird, of very beautiful plumage, inhabiting the White Sea? But I was almost forgetting to tell you that there's an elegant spread below in the cabin, Myles dear. The gold necks of champagne bottles are bobbing up from little icebergs. Bedad, my boy, you are in with the fairies, sure as Sunday!"—shaking his head sagaciously at his nephew.

About an hour later Myles, resting his arms on the rail and gazing out at Peterhof, was standing beside Miss Abell. The girl's face was full of intensity—pale, anxious, almost pinched. Myles recalled his uncle's description of her a while before, and wondered at the marked change in her manner. It was the first time he had ever seen her so grave, almost despondent. They had been silent for some moments.

"May I talk to you, Mr. O'Byrne?" she at last said, in a very low tone, and looking around.

"Why not?" answered Myles, who perceived at once that she was anxious to speak, and thought there must be something of importance that she wished to confide to him.

"Do you know the Baroness Grondno well?" she inquired.

Now, O'Byrne admired Miss Abell for many reasons. He knew that, although wearing a veil of worldly light-heartedness, she was a girl of will and of the very highest principles of truth and honor. Her word was her law; and her mind, once "filed to the issue," recognized no change. But her direct question, coming so unexpectedly, rather puzzled him; and after a moment's silence he quietly answered:

"No, I do not know the Baroness well. But why, Miss Abell—"

"Oh, call me Alice, and I'll call you Myles! There—hand and glove!" And she extended her hand to him.

"The Baroness was kind and sweet and a good Samaritan to me. Nothing could exceed her graciousness. So, dear Miss—or Alice, I mean,—if you have anything to say against her you will please say it to somebody else."

"Spoken like a true gentleman, as you are! How is it that such a note of chivalry runs through you Irishmen and Irish-Americans? Nevertheless, this is a serious matter, and I want to talk of the Baroness. She is in love with you, and will leave no stone unturned to make you hers. She will invent stories and do all sorts of things on this coming trip. For instance, do you know Prince Stodlostovich?"

The young man shook his head in the negative.

"He is quite a dude, and there is no end to his money. She is endeavoring to make up a match between your sweet little countrywoman and this blooming Tartar."

"*Endeavoring?* Why, I imagined it was an accomplished fact,"—and his heart bounded lightly for the first time in many hours. "Surely that is a sorry thing to do," added honest Myles, in hot anger.

"Oh, she's been telling you that they are engaged,—or let us say *insinuating!*

You need not contradict me. I know her little way. She has been at this work for some time. And that is where the blooming Tartar comes in,—remember, that is where the Tartar comes in! Dear Eileen! Isn't she an angel, Myles? But she must never hear of this, if we can help it. The Baroness is wealthy—true; but she is really worth very little, for all her millions."

"You don't seem to love her."

"Love her! Only for the sin of it, I should hate her. And I will tell *you* why, because you are an Irish gentleman and will hold my confidence sacred. Besides it may be necessary for you to know the true character of the Baroness. She played her part once with O'Reilly—and—and,—yes, O'Reilly I do love with all my heart!" And she turned her head aside.

"You could not give your heart to a nobler fellow," answered the young man, enthusiastically.

"Aye!"—with tears in her voice as she gazed her hungry heart out. "But will he take me?"

"*Will* he!" exclaimed Myles. "Well I know his sentiments."

Which was true, though up to this moment he had no reason to be sure that Miss Abell responded to O'Reilly's admiration and love; she certainly never seemed to encourage them. The truth is that from the day she met the Count she was attracted. This feeling grew. At first she fought it valiantly. But Love in such a bosom is bound to be master; and by degrees she yielded, without in the least appearing to do so, until this evening on board the Baroness' yacht, when she resolved to speak to Myles, and to take the honest step of declaring her feelings,—a rôle that suited her royal, loyal, generous nature. Every woman knows when a man admires her; every woman feels intuitively when a man loves her. Alice *felt* that Count O'Reilly loved her. However, on this occasion, when Myles

ventured to give her the assurance, she simply answered:

"Yes, but he has said nothing—except in chaff. And I know my place, Myles, and would never step out of it,—never. My heart has escaped and is now beyond my grasp; but I have great endurance, and can hide my pain—"

"I should think so, Alice—"

"Then there is such a mountain in the way. See what I have run against, all unwittingly! A splendid, blue-blooded gentleman—so superior in every sense to the ordinary type of gentleman,—with, I am sorry to say, money. If he had been one of those hungry fortune-hunters, and I had been simple enough to be caught in his old-fashioned, out-of-date trap, why, I'd be calling 'Deceiver!' in my own mind at every statement he might make; because he was deceitful in the beginning by saying he wanted *me*, when he wanted my two hundred thousand dollars a year—"

"Why—good gracious!" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh, now, you are on, too, Myles!"

"Yes, certainly, Alice. Will you be mine? No money for me. Having none, I don't seem to need it. But, seriously, there's O'Reilly! Have it out with him, Alice. You are different from any girl I ever met, or he either. What might not suit the drawing-room miss will fit you as well as that tailor-made frock. Go for him, as you say in your splendid country, and I'll answer for it that he will be in raptures."

"Would you mind—saying a few words, as a lead up, you know."

"No—not a single word. O'Reilly!"—calling to that gentleman, who was alone and leaning over the starboard rail. "Come here!"

The Count needed no second invitation. Strange to say, as he approached, Miss Abell did not look his way, but out to the big, grim, frowning forts, commanding with murderous intent the entrance to the bay; aye, and Myles

divined that the joyous, light-hearted girl was vainly endeavoring to choke the unbidden sobs.

Myles quickly whispered to O'Reilly *en passant*:

"Go to her instantly, if you love her; if not, go below!"

But O'Reilly did not descend until very much later,—Alice and he perfectly radiant with happiness.

(To be continued.)

In the Meuse Valley.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

THE traveller who at the present moment goes from France to Belgium experiences, from a religious point of view, a sense of relief when he finds himself in the little State that has so generously opened its doors to the victims of M. Combes' tyranny. Owing to their earnestness and, let us add, to the unity of purpose which has inspired their efforts, the Belgian Catholics have now made for themselves a political position which is the envy of their neighbors, the French Conservatives. The political differences of the latter have, so far, prevented them from acting with enough strength to check the progress of their opponents, whose success is, alas! due, in a certain measure, to the miserable quarrels of the different factions of the Catholic and Conservative party. Now, indeed, the peril has become so great and the boldness of the Church's enemies so alarming that a strong effort is being made to band together the Catholics of France, whatever their political sympathies, upon the common ground of the defence of religion.

It was with our minds full of grave and anxious thoughts for the future of France that we found ourselves lately in the little town of Dinant-sur-Meuse, at a short distance from Namur. Dinant is

situated in what is generally considered the most picturesque region of Belgium. The valley of the Meuse has not the grandeur and richness of the Rhine country, nor yet the solitary and wild aspect that makes certain spots in the valley of the Moselle so attractive. But the grey rocks and green woods among which the Meuse winds its way have their charm; and Dinant in particular, with its quiet and picturesque surroundings, is a pleasant halting-place. Its restful influence is doubly welcome to those whose lot is cast among the busy scenes and in the feverish atmosphere of a great city.

Yet the little town, whose gabled houses are mirrored in the still waters of the Meuse, has an eventful and stirring past. Under Charlemagne, Dinant was, it seems, a large and flourishing city. In the fifteenth century it had thirty thousand inhabitants, twelve churches, seven abbeys, high walls with strongly fortified towers. It possessed, moreover, huge foundries, where eight thousand workmen were employed; while the *dinanderies*, or copper articles fashioned by their skilful hands, were renowned throughout the Low Countries.

In 1466 Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, laid siege to Dinant and eventually took possession of the town. It is said that many of its inhabitants were exiled or executed by his orders, and that the chief citizens, eight hundred in number, were thrown into the Meuse. Allowing for the exaggeration of local historians, it is certain that from that date the prosperity of Dinant, as a commercial centre, was at an end; and it is even difficult to realize the past importance of the quaint and quiet little city of to-day. Instead of thirty thousand inhabitants, it boasts of six thousand at the most; its mighty fortress is frequented only by sight-seers and tourists; its seven beautiful abbeys have disappeared, and the once famous *dinanderies* exist only in old collections or

as heirlooms in ancient Belgian families.

One feature of the country and town remains unchanged through the course of years. Religious and monastic life was always firmly implanted in the valley of the Meuse. In olden times the forests near Namur were filled with hermits; later on, monasteries and convents innumerable rose among the green woods or on the rocky heights above the river; and now, at the dawn of the twentieth century, the presence of the exiled religious from France seems to have given fresh impulse to religious life on Belgian soil.

In the small town of Dinant alone as many as five French communities have found a home: the Poor Clares, the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, the Carmelites from Cholet, in Vendée; the Premonstratensians, or Norbertines; and the Oblates of Mary, who until M. Combes expelled them, were in charge of the votive Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. We visited the latter in their new abode which was, some years ago, the "Casino" of Dinant; and as we knelt in the poor chapel, once a gambling hell, our thoughts flew back to the stately white basilica from which these devoted men have been driven forth; and our hearts felt hot and angry at the measureless evil wrought by the freethinking and God-hating tyrants of France.

Within a few miles from Dinant, the French Jesuits from Dijon have opened a college for their former pupils in a feudal castle, once the property of the Dukes of Beaufort Spontin. Nearer Namur, the Benedictine monks from Ligné have bought a property. On the riverside, at Yvoir, between Namur and Dinant, are the French Trappists and the novitiate of the Dames de la Retraite. Some miles farther, the Capuchins, the Paris Carmelites, and others, have pitched their tent.

One and all are loud in their praise of Belgian kindness and hospitality. But,

generous as it is, this kindness has not been able, in many cases, to guard the exiles, the nuns especially, from the pangs of poverty, even sometimes of hunger. Many touching instances, however, were brought to our notice of the thoughtful generosity with which even the poor minister to the wants of the exiles, when these wants are made known; also of the brotherly charity with which members of different Orders, sufferers for the same cause, help and assist one another. Thus we were told of a community of Carmelite nuns who when literally in want of food were provided for by their Jesuit neighbors.

Another and sadder feature of the present crisis impressed us deeply. For many years past, while the storm that is now raging was threatening from afar, the religious Orders in France seemed unwilling to believe that grave peril was ahead. Until lately, many thought that their applications for recognition at the hands of the government would be fully entered into, fairly discussed, and probably granted. But M. Combes' utter contempt for justice dispelled these illusions: now the exiled religious are convinced that long years must elapse before they can hope to return to their country. The sky above them is dark and dreary indeed; humanly speaking, the future is gloomy enough, and it needs all their submission to the divine will to make them accept, with cheerful resignation, what seems to be a lifelong exile.

If anything can soften this pain of exile it is the knowledge that their lot is cast among Catholic and kindly surroundings. All along the Meuse valley the traveller has the impression that he is living among people in whom faith and reverence are still alive; and it is this spirit that makes the Belgian people extend such a warm welcome to the exiles from France. It is this spirit, too, that has prompted the foundation of the many shrines where Our Lady is

honored in a special manner throughout the Meuse country. One of these local pilgrimages is Notre Dame d'Hastière, a little church situated a few miles from Dinant, toward the French frontier.

The recollection of our pilgrimage to this ancient sanctuary is among the pleasantest remembrances of our recent visit to Belgium. The weather was unusually warm, and we started from Dinant on our bicycles at four in the morning. The road lies close to the Meuse, and we sped along the silent thoroughfare in the glorious freshness of a perfect June day. We passed close to some pretty spots: green woods overhanging the quiet river; white chateaux, whose gardens were bright with flowers; country inns, which on festive occasions are much frequented by the Dinant holiday-makers. A soft white haze covered the low-lying rocks and pastures; while the heights above stood out clearly against the blue sky, the rising sun lighting up the grey rocks with golden gleams. We thought, as we marked the contrast between the clouds in the valley and the radiant light on the heights, how in human lives there are hours when all seems misty and troubled. Only the light of faith, coming straight from above, brightens the clouded atmosphere below.

On the opposite bank lies Anseremme, a tiny village with an ancient priory; then Freyr, with fine grey rocks, in fantastic shapes, which through the white mist have the appearance of a mighty stronghold built by the hands of men. On the right bank of the river is the Chateau de Freyr, that once belonged to the Counts of Namur; it is now the property of a Frenchman, the Count de Laubespain; and the quaintly laid-out garden, with its clipped trees and formal terraces, brings back many reminiscences of Versailles.

Beyond is Waulsort, with a fortress that was first destroyed and then rebuilt under Louis XIV.; and an abbey that

was once famous. Then on the opposite bank of the Meuse we are struck by a large, Romanesque church, severe in style, built close to the water's edge. This is the sanctuary of Notre Dame d'Hastière, whose origin, according to local historians and antiquarians, may be traced back to early Christian times.

This venerable shrine, which we saw for the first time bathed in the dewy freshness of an early summer morning, has a chequered history. Ancient documents state that Hastière possessed a church even in the distant days when St. Materne, the apostle of the country, evangelized the valley of the Meuse; and a recent discovery goes far to prove this fact. A curious, circular crypt has been lately brought to light; it has the exact shape of the primitive Roman basilicas, with an altar, a seat for the bishop, and other seats for the clergy. This precious relic of bygone times was probably *built over* in the eleventh century; and when recently discovered, became an object of keen interest to the archaeologists and antiquarians of the country. All agreed, after a minute examination, that it was the original meeting-place of the Christian community, and that it served as a church until a medieval sanctuary was built in the eleventh century.

As we gaze upon these curious remains we realize the universality of the Church. The dead Christians who once knelt within the narrow crypt were of a different race from us; their ideas, feelings, aspirations were far removed from ours; but they used the same prayers, believed the same truths, were children of the same mighty mother. This alone seems to bridge over the centuries that lie between us and these distant worshipers; for between them and the twentieth-century Catholics exists the close, loving link of unity of faith.

In the tenth century Hastière was the property of the Bishop of Metz; then its

priory was placed under the jurisdiction of the neighboring abbots of Wulsort, and during the long wars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the monastery was pillaged and burned more than once. The last catastrophe of this kind happened in 1568, when the Huguenots laid the place waste, burned the cloisters and killed some of the monks. When the French Revolution broke out, the ancient priory had sunk into comparative insignificance. On November 2, 1793, a band of French Republicans from Givet, a town just across the frontier, broke into the church and set it on fire, after having carried away the gold and silver ornaments that remained. Shortly afterward the ruined priory and church were put up for sale; but those who bought them seem to have been strikingly unlucky,—a fact that almost seems to justify the popular belief that church lands bring no blessings to their possessors.

In 1826 a portion of the ruins was bought by the municipality of Hastière, and by degrees a great work of restoration was begun and successfully carried out. The present church is one of the finest in the country. Its ancient tower, with its solid walls and small openings, reminds us of the rough times when even religious houses had a warlike aspect. In the choir is the fine tomb of the Abbot Alard de Hierge, who governed Hastière from 1260 to 1264; and in a side chapel is an ancient wooden statue of Our Lady, dressed Spanish fashion, which is an object of deep veneration throughout the countryside.

In peace and in war, in sunshine and in storm, Notre Dame d'Hastière has lovingly reigned over her devoted people, and still holds their allegiance and their hearts. In 1793 the holy statue was saved from profanation by an inhabitant of the village, and carefully preserved until more tranquil times. Many extraordinary graces have been obtained on this favored spot; and we

were told of an old woman of ninety-one, still living, who, at the age of fifteen, was cured of a hopeless spinal complaint after praying before this venerable image.

While in France, alas! chapels are being closed, monasteries seized by the government, and helpless religious driven forth from their homes, in Belgium, on the contrary, the Church seems daily extending her reign; and we can but believe that special blessings will be poured forth upon those whose charity comes to the assistance of God's religious in their hour of distress. The revival of the Catholic Faith in England during the last century has been attributed, in a certain measure, to the beneficial influence exercised by the French priests whom the Revolution drove from their country. They were cordially welcomed, and their presence contributed to dispel the popular prejudices against the "Popish priests." In Belgium there are no prejudices to dispel; but the generosity and kindness shown by the inhabitants of the little State to the French exiles will surely draw down upon them a magnificent reward.

When, after a brief but happy visit to the Meuse country, we returned to Paris, the cruel details of the persecution were again brought before us with singular vividness. In the train with us were several religious who had come to Belgium with a view to seeking a home for their respective communities. Among them were two Poor Clares, one of whom, a kindly old abbess with a soft voice and gentle countenance, had not for thirty-six years left the shelter of her convent enclosure. No word of bitterness or anger passed her lips; and when we condemned, with much indignation, the iniquitous laws that made her and her Sisters homeless, she said: "God knows all. He will care for us, for He knows what we need." And then, with a spark of the spirit that prompted St. Clare to face the Saracens

on the walls of Assisi, she added: "We will not go until we are forced to do so. Our superiors advised us to take a house in Belgium, in order not to be unprovided when the blow falls; but we will remain in our convent till the very last moment."

As we write these lines, the government has just published the first list of religious Orders of women whose destruction has been resolved upon by M. Combes. Those who remain have no illusions left: they know that in a few weeks it will be their turn to join the exiles who on Belgian soil suffer and pray for their unfortunate country.

A Lovable Virtue.

ONE of the standard dictionaries says of the word *meek*: "It applies only to personal character and behavior; it is wholly good in the Bible, and now indicates a defect of character only occasionally by hyperbole." This last statement is not perhaps so accurate as is desirable in a book of definitions. Not merely occasionally but very often nowadays do we hear or see *meekness* employed as a synonym of weakness or cowardice,—a quality agreeable enough in children or timid women, but quite out of place and, on the whole, rather ridiculous in the character of a self-respecting adult of either sex. Yet Christ tells us, "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls"; and the Fourth Beatitude runs: "Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the land."

Now, the mildness, gentleness, softness of temper that springs from constitutional timidity, or from a prudent fear of consequences that may follow the manifestation of peevishness and irascibility, is clearly not the Christian virtue that Our Lord enjoins us to learn, and that He declares to be blessed. Genuine meekness is one of the seven capital

moral virtues, and is specifically opposed to the deadly sin of anger. It is an acquired gentleness that moderates and regulates our anger and represses its inordinate movements. To assert that meekness not only moderates our anger but utterly destroys it would be extravagant. Such destruction is not always possible; and, even if it were, would not always be advisable.

In certain conjunctures, it is merely a natural and necessary effect of the innate irascible propensity that our blood should boil and our soul be filled with indignation; to feel nothing at such times would be stupidity rather than virtue. Then, there is such a thing as righteous anger, which is frequently necessary to give effectiveness, vigor and firmness to the exercise of justice and to the performance of the duty of correction. Not to condemn the disorders which one sees, or to resent them only feebly, is not meekness but reprehensible placidity. The father who refrains from taking to task a dissipated son through indifference to his actions, or from dislike of giving himself trouble, is evidently not one of those of whom the Beatitude tells us "they shall possess the land."

Meekness, then, does not render us stupid, insensible or weak; but it restrains our anger and habitually keeps it within the bounds of right reason. If there is question of rebuking, correcting, or punishing, this virtue aids us to perform the duty with discretion, in due measure, without any violent outbursts of temper, and solely to correct, not to exasperate and embitter. Is there question of the thousand and one little annoyances that each day brings in its train? Meekness helps us to support the weaknesses and defects of others without being either angry or afflicted at all the little things that may be said or done against us. In the case of more serious wrongs or outrages, meekness stifles within us all desire of revenge; and, not content with forgiving him

who has injured us, it graciously seizes an occasion to do him a service or a favor. And such action is dictated not by policy, by interest, or by human respect, but by fraternal charity and love of God.

That meekness is a virtue more or less difficult of acquisition by all, and especially so by people of a naturally choleric disposition, is, alas! but too true. Only the diligent, habitual and persistent practice of self-control can lead us to its ultimate possession. Yet were it even a hundredfold more difficult of attainment, it would still be well worth our strenuous and persevering efforts, because it is a virtue as profitable to its possessor as it is lovable in itself. "The meek," says the Psalmist, "shall inherit the land, and shall delight in abundance of peace."

A Lesson in Optimism.

THE name of Miss Helen Keller is known the world over as that of the woman who in all the history of the race has overcome the most discouraging obstacles in achieving an education. Blind, deaf and dumb from her birth, it is hard to realize that she not only found a way to communicate with others, but that she is now finishing a rather elaborate course of study at Radcliffe, the woman's annex to Harvard College. The story of her childhood, and how, with the kindly help of her friend Miss Sullivan, she broke through the barriers that shut her out from life, has been told by herself in full for English-speaking readers; she is now publishing it in American Braille, so that others, blind like herself, may read it with their finger-tips.

It is the preface of this Braille edition that we wish to reproduce for our readers as a striking lesson in cheerfulness under difficulties. The words were typewritten by Miss Keller herself:

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am writing you a few lines as a preface to the story of my life that is to be placed under your fingers. I feel the strong bond of sympathy between us. We have many of the same obstacles to contend with and the same discouragements. My own work has grown more difficult with the years, and now my days are one long effort to perform faithfully the tasks they bring. I try always and fail often; but each time I feel more firmly the might of the soul that is master of circumstances.

I see with joy new proofs of what the blind are capable of doing. Do we not all know of blind persons who have wrought a task, given utterance to a thought that has filled the heart with new courage, or shown by some victory that they can fight by the side of their more fortunate comrades in the forefront of the battle? Nothing can crush the human soul. Take away a man's hearing, and we have a Beethoven. Close his eyes, and Homer sings "the tale of Troy divine." Put him behind iron bars, and you have "The Pilgrim's Progress." Make his limbs useless, and the eloquent voice of a statesman sinks deep into the ears of men and fills them with awe. It does not matter where we are so long as we have light in our hearts, and make our dark ways ring with the music of burdens cheerfully borne and tasks bravely fulfilled.

We are like a forest that has been cut down and has grown again. The branches are more vigorous than before. We rise, we know the sky. They say that life is a closed book to me. One critic, who would rob me even of my sensations, doubted that I could feel the sun, and I believe he thought others felt it for me! But if indeed I had so little share as that in the life of others, it would be true that

The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dewdrops with another near.

WE know that the press can not take its proper stand without loss of popularity, and that a press that wants popularity can receive but a feeble support. This is one of the evils to which the press is always exposed, and why it can never be so efficient an instrument for good as men suppose. The popularity of a paper is in an inverse ratio to its worth. It is popular by virtue of appealing to popular passion or prejudice, by encouraging popular tendencies, falling in with the spirit of the people or the age,—the very things it should resist.—*Dr. Brownson.*

A Strange Sight.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE relates in his autobiography that, when on a visit to Hatfield House, Lady Salisbury drove him in her sledge over snow-laden roads to the tomb of Lady Anne Grimston. "It is," he writes, "a most extraordinary sight. Lady Anne Grimston was a skeptic; and when she lay upon her deathbed, in 1717, her family were most anxious to make her believe in a future state, but she wouldn't. 'It is as likely,' she said, 'that I should rise again as that a tree should grow out of my body when I'm dead.'

"Lady Anne Grimston died and was buried in Tewin churchyard; and over her grave was placed a great altar-tomb, with a huge, massive stone slab on the top of it. In a year or two this slab showed signs of internal combustion, and out of the middle of it—out of the very middle of it—grew a tree (some say six different trees, but one could not see in winter). It increased, till in the time which has elapsed it has become one of the largest trees in Hertfordshire. Not only that, but the branches of the tree have writhed about the tomb like the feelers of an octopus, have seized it and lifted it into the air, so that the very base of the tomb is high up now, one with the tree or trees, so are they welded together. Then a railing was put round the tomb, and the tree has seized upon it in the same way, has twisted the strong iron rails like packthread, and they are to be seen tangled and twirled high in the branches of the tree. Another railing has now been put in its place, and the tree will behave to it just as before.

"If this tree," Mr. Hare moralizes, "were abroad, it would become the most popular place of pilgrimage in the world. As it is, thousands visit it,—even across the snow a regular path was worn to it."

Notes and Remarks.

Competent art critics speak most appreciatively of the stained-glass window recently completed by Mr. Robert Reid for a memorial church at Fairhaven, Massachusetts. The window is in five panels, and will fill a space about twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet wide. The subject is "The Adoration." The Blessed Virgin and the Divine Infant occupy the central panel, while on either side are the Shepherds and the Wise Men. In grouping, effective composition, and brilliant coloring, Mr. Reid's work is said to be "a rare and exquisite accomplishment." It is to be regretted, however, that in its proposed setting there will be an added element, not of harmonious adaptation but of striking incongruity; for the church which is to be adorned with "The Adoration" is a Unitarian one, whose frequenters deny the Christ Child's right to be adored at all.

The centenary of the dedication of the first Catholic church in Boston has a special interest for Londoners as well as for the Catholics of Boston and Bordeaux. It is not generally known that before coming to the United States the future Cardinal Cheverus exercised the ministry in England and founded the mission at Tottenham. Readers who remember that delightful book "Aguecheek" know best in what veneration the holy prelate was held even by non-Catholics in Boston. He was beloved by Channing, and men like him were not surprised to know that all France envied this country the possession of a "saint" like Cheverus.

In a petition addressed in the name of "the Catholic women of the Philippines" to Mgr. Guidi, that eminent ecclesiastic is pointedly reminded of "the thousand petitions which your Excellency knows very well are in the Bishop's

palace, signed by the most respectable and greater part of the inhabitants of so many towns in the provinces of these islands," and demanding the continued presence of the "vilified missionaries." The calumniators of the friars are declared to be "a small band of cowards and apostates" who dishonor the land of their birth, and the friars are lauded as exemplary priests. This tribute from the Philippine women, whose virtue was so warmly eulogized even by those who maligned the friars, is yet another proof that the devoted missionaries who are now leaving the archipelago in large companies are the victims of a conspiracy of calumny. And, be it observed, it is not American soldiers and Protestant travellers alone who owe them an act of reparation.

When the Marist Fathers landed in Samoa, as we learn from the *Catholic Press* of Sydney, quoting the words of Bishop Broyer, Vicar Apostolic of the Navigator Islands, practically the whole native population was Protestant. Now the Catholics number seven thousand; and there are between two and three hundred converts every year who, quite of their own accord, go to the priests to receive instruction. The number of church-goers among the Protestant natives is very small compared with the nominal Protestants. At one time polygamy was rampant in Samoa, and even now some of the islanders only faintly understand why they should not have more than one wife. Still, with rare exceptions, those who become Catholics are faithful to the law of the Church. According to Bishop Broyer, these backsliders are encouraged by the Protestant churches, which will not only divorce them but will remarry them at their pleasure. "For instance, a chief may marry in one of the Protestant churches to-day. In a few months' time he tires of his wife and desires another. Had he been a Catholic his wish would have been

futile. Being, however, a Protestant, he divorces his wife in the native fashion and before a minister, and then the minister will marry him to another woman. As a matter of fact, there are Protestant chiefs who have thus been married and remarried several times; and one in particular, who is now living with his seventh wife, to whom he was married by a minister. His six other wives, to whom he was also married by a minister, are still living."

The London Missionary Society had the field all to itself in Samoa, and its resources have been practically unlimited. But its work is doomed to fail. It is the same everywhere. No nation has ever yet been converted to Christianity by Protestant missionaries. Striking fact! "What I want explained," said the late Mr. W. S. Caine, a Protestant and Member of Parliament,—“what I want explained is, the comparative zeal and success of the Roman Catholic Church, and the comparative failure of Protestantism, in the conversion of the heathen to the Christian faith. The fact is there and is stubborn.”

Lying has recently been made the subject of a "Study in Pathologic and Normal Psychosociology." M. Duprat, the French author who publishes this scientific investigation of a very general evil, says that lying is the result of tendencies that must be overcome by developing opposing social forces. This is all very well, so far as it goes; but it clearly does not go at all far enough. The most effective conqueror of lying is the religious sentiment that considers a lie "always sinful and bad in itself," an offence against God as well as society or individual men. M. Duprat ignores this view of the matter,—or, rather, he directly opposes it. Here is his remedy: "To bring about the moral education of the people by developing scientific instruction and by arousing the critical sense at the same time as generous

feeling—this is the sole means of striving effectually against the forces of untruthfulness." With all due respect for the French author, this is the merest verbiage. Genuine morality without a religious basis is a pure chimera. The father of lies is the devil, and he will not be disturbed about the destruction of his progeny by any psychosociologic or other scientific process.

Most persons think of the natives of Patagonia as fierce savages, and they are still represented as such in descriptive geographies. Of late years, however, the Salesian missionaries have crossed the country in every direction, preaching the Gospel and sowing the seeds of civilization. In the principal centres churches and chapels have been built, to which the Indians flock in great numbers. They wish to have their children educated, and almost all become Christians, loving and practising the religion which has uplifted them. The hardships and privations of the missionaries may be imagined. It is told of Bishop Cagliero that, when visiting the Vento Cordillera in 1887, he had a fall from his horse which resulted in severe injuries; yet he had to remain for more than a month without relief in a rude hut, a prey to fever and excruciating pains. Thanks to the devotedness of such missionaries, the Patagonians are not what they used to be.

The Havana correspondent of the *Catholic Standard and Times* declares that the alarming reports about the attitude of the Cuban government toward church property are without foundation. Among the Cuban legislators there are a half-dozen violent spirits whose wild proposals to hamper the work of the Church excite only laughter in the House of Representatives; the press dispatches, for reasons best known to the writers, take these amusing gentlemen seriously, however. General Wood's report of

his negotiations with the Bishop of Havana has just been published, and will commend itself to fair-minded Americans as a clear account of a perfectly equitable transaction. When General Wood assumed the office of Military Governor of the island, the government held possession of numerous church properties that had been confiscated sixty years ago. According to a concordat drawn up in 1861, the Spanish government agreed to pay the Church an annual rental for such properties as were retained for government uses. Governor Wood went over this question thoroughly with the Bishop of Havana, and then definitely acknowledged the title of the Church to the properties in dispute. The Cuban government, according to the aforementioned correspondent, has no intention of annulling the settlement made by General Wood.

The Sisters of the Christian Schools of Mercy are rejoicing over the publication of a decree by the Sacred Congregation of Rites declaring that the foundress of the institute practised in an heroic degree the theological and cardinal virtues. Venerable Mother Mary Magdalena Postel was born in 1766 and died in 1846. She founded her community after the Revolution, and its establishments are principally in France. The Sisters of the Christian Schools of Mercy are among the teaching Congregations to be expelled from the country by the iniquitous government now in power.

The death of Cardinal Vaughan, after a long and weary illness, is a loss to the Church the greatness of which can be fully realized only by those to whom he was intimately known. In him were united the devotedness of Manning, the zeal of Wiseman, and the disinterestedness of Newman. He came of a great priestly family and his devotion to the Church was in accordance with its

noblest traditions. His zeal was indefatigable. Even in his last illness he continued to take the deepest interest in all that concerned the welfare of his people; and in one of the last letters he ever penned he referred to contemplated undertakings to advance the cause of religion. Though sometimes accused of what might be called a lack of considerateness, the purity of his motives was never questioned; and it was freely admitted, even by those with whom he was most in disfavor, that he always acted from a sense of duty. He was an ardent patriot, and, like every true lover of his country, was ever ready to uphold and defend England. But his only enemies were those who attacked his religion. A man of lofty character, a model Christian, an ecclesiastic whose life was a shining example of every sacerdotal virtue, Cardinal Vaughan deserves to be ranked among the greatest churchmen of our age.

Cardinal Moran, preaching at the funeral of Archbishop Croke, quoted the lamented prelate as saying: "I would urge all my countrymen to stop once and forever the custom of treating. If necessary, I would pledge them never to give or take a treat. I believe this would check that unhappy drunkenness which arises, not from an Irishman's love of drink but from his love of hospitality and good fellowship." Archbishop Walsh, we observe, uses an almost identical expression. It is cheering to know that St. Patrick's Anti-Treating League, which embodies these suggestions in a concrete form, is, in the words of Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, "making unprecedented progress throughout Ireland, and has already won the admiration of all classes." The same good word comes from nearly all the other dioceses of Ireland. There is also a juvenile division of the League, from whose report we learn that "practically all the bishops give the pledge at

Confirmation to children until they are twenty-one, some until they are twenty-five." The new Land Bill and the Anti-Treating League are a combination that augurs well for Ireland. We venture the prophecy that when both are operating at their fullest power, the lamentable emigration of which the Irish bishops complain will have ceased to be a live problem.

The death of the oldest Australian priest (Monsignor Rigney) and the consecration of the newest prelate (Bishop O'Connor, coadjutor of Amidale), occurring almost simultaneously, recall the small beginnings of the Church in Australia. A century ago there were only three priests in the country; and it is said that at the first Mass celebrated at Sydney on the Feast of the Assumption, 1803, the chalice was a cup fashioned by a convict, and the vestments designed from curtains; while the congregation was a mere handful of poor, persecuted exiles. And now! St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, the mother-church of Australia, is one of the most majestic ecclesiastical edifices erected in modern times. The little flock has increased to a million and more; and, instead of three missionaries, the commonwealth has now a cardinal at its head, nearly forty bishops, hundreds of priests, and innumerable religious. The churches and chapels, convents and schools are countless. The faithful of Australia had reason to rejoice when they celebrated last month the centenary of the establishment of the Church in the Southern Continent.

Whatever may be the position of other outsiders, Anglo-Catholics, as they call themselves, are now face to face with the fundamental question which lies at the root of the controversy between the Church and the Protestant denominations—the question of Papal Supremacy. Less than five years ago one would have

been amazed to read words like these in an organ of the Church of England. We quote from the *Catholic Witness*, an Anglo-Catholic paper published in San Francisco:

Say what men will, when the Pontiff speaks, Rome catches and holds the attention of the Christian world as no other bishop does or can. Why is this? Because he comes to his position by right. Men feel instinctively that the Pope is the leader in things spiritual. He is felt to have power behind him. This instinctive feeling can not come to men in general from what we call "long usage"; for the majority who listen with all seriousness have all their lives been indoctrinated with the most positive repugnance to the Papacy. This thought is full of suggestiveness. It surely goes to prove most strongly that the See of Rome is really the coping-stone and the hope of reunion; and that the quicker Christians as a whole get rid of their nightmare as to the Pope, so much the better. It is more than a nightmare, it is a sin the way men in our own communion treat the Papacy.

The *Lamp*, another Anglican periodical, reproduces this passage with approval; and, furthermore, quotes these words of a letter by Dr. Pusey addressed to Cardinal Newman: "No one who knows anything of Christian antiquity can doubt of the Primacy of the Roman See." The difficulties attending the very notion of a revealed religion were never greater than now; and yet, strange to say, all Protestants who are not in reality Rationalists are beginning to realize the truth of Newman's memorable saying: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

Preparations are already being made in Rome and elsewhere for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. The occasion should be fittingly observed by American Catholics, the Immaculate Conception being the patronal feast of the Church in the United States.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Our Lady's Children.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

IF the Children of Mary are children indeed—
Meek, simple of heart, in their love all-confiding,—
Then full often each day to Our Lady they plead,
Nor deem it a hardship to ask for her guiding.
As a child in each trouble still turns without fail
To her whom he loves—his affectionate mother,—
So true Children of Mary their Mistress assail
For multiplied favors, one after the other.

There's no need, howe'er commonplace, Christians
may feel

But Mary will grant to each confident servant;
There's no danger so pressing, no stroke foes can deal
But will yield to the force of a "Hail Mary" fervent.
Then beseech we her aid in each peril or grief,
Assured of her sympathy loving and tender;
And the Mother of Mercy will send us relief,
Will prove throughout life her dear children's
defender.

Robert's Warning.

BY L. W. REILLY.



THE sky was streaked
with gray and yellow
over the eastern line
of tree-tops, and the
birds were chirping to
the drowsy world that
another day had dawned.

Robert Clark opened the kitchen door to the chill air of the early morning. He was rubbing his eyes, his curly hair was unkempt and his face unwashed as he stumbled rather than stepped out into the open. The wood-pile loomed up before him,—a row of long sticks near the garden fence, but at the chopping-block a scattered mass of knotty chunks and sharp-cut chips. And he was such a little fellow! The very sight of it made

him tired and eager to return to sleep. He took up the ax reluctantly, and then rested himself against a big cherry-tree before beginning operations.

He leaned there so long that he almost slipped into a doze. But he was aroused by the raising of a window above him. A girl's head popped out, with the cry: "Hurry, hurry, dear! Sister'll have no wood for the fire, and it's late!"

The boy pulled himself together and blinked his eyes. The ax began to fall, slowly at first, but with growing briskness; and the severed pieces fell to left and right of him. As he worked he fully awoke, and it was a bright-eyed lad who soon picked up a tremendous armful and staggered in with it to the wood-box behind the stove.

A kerosene lamp burned on the kitchen table. The room was low and bare, and at this early hour it looked gloomy. A slim girl hurried about, getting breakfast.

"You poor dear!" she exclaimed when she saw Robert with his load of wood. And she ran to help him put it down and light the fire.

These two children were motherless. The girl, still in her teens, kept house for her father and his farm-help. She tried to be a mother as well as a sister to her only young brother. In the two years since their mother's death they had often been both lonely and sad; but they were naturally cheerful and rich in health, and they had been trained to trust in God.

When breakfast was over and the men were in the fields, Robert washed the dishes while his sister sprinkled clothes. The sun shone bright and it threatened to be a very warm day.

"I'm sorry I've got to iron this hot day," said the girl; "but I must. When the dishes are done, you may bring up

some coal, so I can have a steady fire; and then you may play for the rest of the day."

"Can I go down to the creek with the Malone boys?" asked Robert, with ungrammatical fervor.

"If you won't go in swimming—"

"I promise," he answered, quickly but ruefully.

"Then I'll put up a lunch for you."

So while Robert was busy getting the coal his sister went to the pantry, and taking down a tin pail, filled it with jam-covered bread, cookies, hard-boiled eggs, a taste of cheese, and a good big slice of pie.

She was just the nicest sister that a boy could have, Robert thought, as he put some coal into the stove and brought out the ironing-board for her. Then he washed his face again, and combed his hair before the cracked mirror over the sink; put on his big straw hat, took the tin pail in his left hand, and started out to meet the Malones. His sister stood in the doorway, and kissed her hand to him as he looked back after passing the gate.

"Be home before half-past five!" she exclaimed.

He nodded his head, and waved his hand in a last good-bye.

The Malone boys came in sight just then, tramping down the public road. They carried a lunch basket, fishing poles, a can full of worms, and a baseball. They uttered a yell of delight when they saw that Robert had permission to go along with them.

The creek was about a mile away, and these boys had been to it a thousand times. But to-day they pretended that they were explorers, going miles and miles into an unknown, uninhabited and savage-infested region. So, after Robert joined them, they held a council under a hickory-tree by the roadside; and then took up a march, very solemn and still, in Indian file.

Mrs. Malone had not said to John

and Peter: "Don't go in swimming, boys!" She knew that it would have been useless. But she called after them, "Don't go in near the dam!" and looked worried and frowning as far as she could see them on their way.

The boys had a long, happy morning of it: romping through the fields, making sallies into the deep thickets to "hunt Indians" and incidentally gather berries, chasing squirrels, fishing in the deep water above the flume, and skipping stones upon the level surface of the creek. When the two others went in swimming, Robert positively refused to join them; but he somewhat shared their pleasure by rolling up his trousers as far as he could, wading in the shallows, and splashing the water at his companions when they swam within his range.

When the sun indicated noon, the three boys sought a pleasant place below the flume, and spread their feast upon the smooth flat top of a great stone, cool in the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree. From that spot they could see the clouds of fine mist that arose where the water tumbled over the dam onto a mass of rocks at its foot. When the spray formed a sheet and the sun struck it at the right angle, one could see a short-lived rainbow.

The luncheon tasted twice as well as if it had been eaten at home. It was washed down with deep draughts from a near-by spring. Thus completed, it was to the boys a banquet fit for kings. After the last crumb had disappeared, they told stories, sang and shouted until the glen rang with echoes. Then they tossed ball, played marbles, made believe they were pirates, ran races, had a game of "tag," and otherwise disported themselves for several hours. At last, tired out, they were glad to return for a rest to the shadowed rock on which they had eaten their repast. Bees buzzed about them; the murmur of the milldam sounded soothingly; the heat of the sun became oppressive.

After a while the Malone boys declared that they must "take a dip" to cool off. So said, so done. It took them only a moment to disrobe and plunge in. But Robert would not break his promise to his sister. When the others left him, he lay down on the grass beside the big stone, rested his head on an arm, and was quickly fast asleep.

The Clarks were excellent Catholics. Five miles away was the nearest church; but summer and winter, fair weather and foul, they were present at Mass on Sundays and holydays. Mrs. Clark had been a teacher as well as a mother, and there was little in their beautiful Faith which her children had not learned. God was the centre of their lives. His presence was seen in all the events that shaped their course. To Him they consecrated every thought and word and action.

Next to the Deity, they loved and honored Mary, the Virgin Mother of Jesus. Daily they invoked her intercession with her Divine Son. Robert and his sister wore her Scapular and her medal, with a tiny crucifix, about their necks. They had for her statue a shrine in the family room; and there, all the year round, some flowers were found to bloom. Kneeling before it at night, they recited the Rosary together.

"We should not be so happy and full of hope," Robert's sister told lukewarm Mrs. Malone, "if our Blessed Lady were not in heaven to intercede for us with our dear Lord."

To Robert the Immaculate Virgin was the subject of beautiful thoughts. He liked to imagine how she looked, what he would say to her when he first met her; how many of her favorites she took with her when she went for a walk in the flower-gardens of heaven; if she smiled when his Guardian Angel told her how much her little client loved her and how trustfully he placed himself in her care, and so forth, and so forth.

Now, as Robert slept on the ground near the creek, he dreamed troubled

dreams. He saw his sister in the sun-flooded kitchen, her arms bare and her face wet, as she bent above the ironing-board. Next, he had disobeyed her by going in swimming, and she was crying about it and running toward the bank to beg him to come back. The yells of his comrades and the roar of the milldam disturbed his slumber, and he stirred and moaned, then settled down again for deeper sleep. Once more he dreamed, and now he fancied that the Blessed Virgin, attended by a retinue of angels, stood in front of the beech-tree and smiled down upon him.

John and Peter swam down the stream, out of sight among the trees, shouting and splashing the water, determined to stay in at least a half an hour. Robert, weary, slept on for quite a while. Then he rolled over and threw out his hand. It hit the rock that had been the luncheon table, and the boy awoke, wondering where he was and what had happened. He looked around. Before him the water came tumbling down over the dam; and in the mist that arose he thought that for an instant there was outlined a beautiful form in blue and white, with long yellow hair, and a halo of light about the head. The figure moved with the mist, and the draperies melted away into the invisible air.

Robert lay quite silent and still. The "Hail, Holy Queen," shot into his mind, but his trembling lips refused to frame the words.

"Go home!" murmured a far-away voice, whether within him or without he could not tell. He started up, filled with a strange dread. Had he heard anything? Then again, "Go home!" he felt rather than heard.

Without hat or lunch-pail, without a word to his companions, the boy dashed away. He ran as fast as he could, through the deep woods, across the ploughed fields, over rail fences and under barbed wires,—panting and

stumbling, in an agony of apprehension to get home. A vision of the kitchen as it probably was at that moment came to him: the worn green shades down and the screen-door fastened; the clotheshorse covered with white and colored cleanliness; the table set for supper; the red stove with its lids half off, the better to help the fire in it to die; and the wood-box empty behind. How he ran, not knowing why he went!

At last the farm-house was reached,—silent and hot and dusty-looking. The front screen-door was latched, but Robert, with a trick of his own, shook it open, and rushed through the cool, dusky hall. He burst into the kitchen. It was just as he had pictured it to himself, except that it was vacant, and—yes, great goodness!—there was a strong odor of scorching wood, to which a little smoke gave added pungency. The boy rushed over to the stove. The wood-box had been pushed so close to its hot side that already more than half of it was black and smoldering. The floor about the box was being charred in an ever-widening circle. Two feet away from the box, over toward the cellar-door, stood the kerosene oil-can, not quite half full.

Even as Robert stood, appalled, for one brief second, flames broke out from the wood-box, and at once it and the floor were burning fiercely. The boy did not lose his presence of mind. There was no time to waste. He ran to the sink, got the water-pail and dashed the contents on the fire. Then he hurried to the back porch where there was a rain-barrel, and threw three bucketsful on the flames. This put them out. It took only another instant or so to cast the wood-box out of doors and to place the oil-can on its shelf in the cellar-way. Next Robert opened wide the windows to let the smoke out, and got the mop to dry the floor. Then he ran through the house calling his sister. She was asleep over her sewing in the front

room. Robert awoke her to tell his story in excited sentences.

"To think you'd dream such a strange thing and so opportunely!" she cried.

"Dream it!" exclaimed Robert, with wide-open, reproachful eyes upon her. "How can you say so, sister? I surely saw Our Lady, and she it was who sent me home to put out the fire."

Sister kissed him. She felt that his confidence in Mary was beautiful, and she thanked God for it with hearty faith.

"However you came," she answered, "it was a great mercy. Let us give thanks for it."

And, kneeling down side by side, they blessed God for saving their home from destruction, and said together the "Hail, Holy Queen," as an act of gratitude.

Mrs. Malone, when she heard Robert's story, pooh-poohed it. But who knows? Perhaps, indeed, the tender and worthy Mother of Him who loved to have innocent children cluster about Him did reward the devotion of her enthusiastic little client, and did send one of her attendant angels to give him the alarm.

Feathered Friends to the Rescue.

Under an electric lamp, some yards above ground, a pair of sparrows had built their nest, and their young were learning to fly. By accident, one of the little birds dropped to the ground, when a dog, the terror of all the other dogs in the neighborhood, sprang after the helpless waif to make a lunch of it. Instantly the parent birds attacked the head of the dog and tried to peck his eyes. In another instant their cries of distress brought at least twenty of their comrades to the rescue. Together they pecked the dog on all sides until he was glad to get away.

Yes and No are, for good or evil, the giants of life.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. Hilaire Belloc's new book, to which we referred some weeks ago, will be published at an early date by Duckworth & Co., in their "Greenback Library."

—Among the latest recipients of the honors of the Geographical Society of Paris is the Rev. Father Piolet, who has received a silver medal for his great work on the French foreign missions during the past century.

—The Christian Press Association will soon publish an important work by the Very Rev. Alexander McDonald, D. D.—an essay in vindication of the Apostolic authorship of the Creed on the lines of Catholic tradition.

—The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco publishes a pamphlet on "Devotion to the Sacred Heart." It consists of brief chapters—historical, explanatory and hortatory—by the Rev. Robert J. Carbery, S. J., supplemented by appropriate prayers.

—The late Cardinal Vaughan gave innumerable proofs of his tender devotion to Our Lady. Even in his last illness he was engaged in the editing of the translation of Blessed De Montfort's well-known treatise on "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," made many years ago by Father Faber.

—The new (the sixth) edition of "A Catholic Dictionary" is a further improvement upon the revised and enlarged edition which appeared in 1893. The editor, the Rev. Dr. Scannell, has afforded fresh references and made some welcome additions. This useful handbook should be in every library. It is the best source of information in the language on the matters of which it treats.

—The censures recently passed by a French prelate on the Abbé Loisy's latest book has brought many distinguished controversialists into the field. Mr. Wilfrid Ward recalls some words of Cardinal Newman which he thinks fit the situation. "Every human writer," wrote Newman, "is open to just criticism. Make him shut up his portfolio, and then, perhaps, you lose what, on the whole and in spite of incidental mistakes, would have been one of the ablest defences of Revealed Truth ever given to the world. . . . I do not know what Catholic would not hold the name of Malebranche in veneration, but he may have accidentally come into collision with theologians or made temerarious statements notwithstanding. The practical question is whether he had not much better have written as he has written than not have written at all." Men equally learned, earnest and zealous are sure to differ in their estimate of such a principle as this, especially when there is

question of the wide circulation of a book dealing with revealed truth. But, without any intention of judging the case of the Abbé Loisy, we may say that the children of Israel still have a way of stoning the prophets, and that the way to a comfortable life is the milky way of mediocrity. Not without reason do we define *martyr* as a witness to the truth.

—A small boy in a Pennsylvania school produced the following "essay" as his contribution to the closing exercises in English Composition:

King Henry 8th was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at a place called Annie Domino, and had 510 wives, besides children and things. The first was beheaded and afterward executed, and the second was revoked. Henry the eighth was succeeded to the throne by his great-grandmother, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes called the Lady of the lake, or the Lay of the last Minstrel.

This is confusion worse confounded, but the essayist aimed at the truth regarding Henry VIII. Surely he was, if not the greatest, the most notorious widower that ever lived.

—While Catholics are condemning Sardou's new Dante play because of its irreverent treatment of popes and cardinals, the secular critics are indignant at Sardou's cavalierly treatment of Dante. Max Beerbohm, for instance, records his impressions in this unmistakable fashion: "Such a play as 'Sherlock Holmes' mildly amuses me. But when the hero's name is changed from 'Holmes' to 'Dante,' without any corresponding change in the nature of his heroism, then I am conscious of a pang. Dante's external life was prosaic; but his soul was the soul of a great poet and saint—a fiery and illustrious essence, a pure flame apart. And I do not care to see M. Sardou lighting his gas from it." Using it as a potboiler would be the truer phrase.

—The Paternoster Books, a series of devotional treatises issued by the Art and Book Co., London and Leamington, deserve every success; and we are very glad to infer a demand for them from the simultaneous appearance of two new issues—viz., "The Four Last Things," an unknown treatise by Blessed Thomas More; and "A Spiritual Consolation and Other Treatises," by Blessed John Fisher. The interest and charm of these booklets are remarkable. The former is considered the best of More's ascetical works, and the treatises by Bishop Fisher will remind every reader of the writings of St. Francis de Sales. Both volumes have been carefully edited by the Rev. D. O'Connor, who will have the heartiest thanks of everyone to whom they become known. The publishers, too, deserve commendation for producing such dainty books; they are the neatest things of the

kind we have seen for many a day. The print is excellent, and the series is uniformly bound, with a title and cover design by Mr. Paul Woodroffe. We shall be exceedingly disappointed if the Pater-noster Books do not prove a great success. They are for sale in the United States by B. Herder.

—Now and then we are requested to reprint in the form of leaflets for general distribution certain articles appearing in our pages; for instance, a recent paper on the title "Mother of God." Such requests are very gratifying, but, alas! they are too few. The number of Catholics interested in the spread of Catholic literature is lamentably small, and it is of course useless to print anything for which there is not something like a general demand. The time is coming, we hope, when there will be greater zeal in what has been aptly called the apostolate of the press. It will be when our people have a fuller realization of the evil wrought by innumerable books circulated broadcast in cheap editions. We are informed that comparatively few copies have been sold of some of the best and most useful publications of the English C. T. S.—pamphlets and booklets written in refutation of lies and errors with which every-one who reads must needs be familiar.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Four Last Things. *Blessed Thomas More.* 50 cts.

A Spiritual Consolation and Other Treatises. *Blessed John Fisher.* 50 cts.

Letters to Young Men. *Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

Under the Cross. *Faber.* 60 cts., net.

A Story of St. Germain. *Sophie Maude.* \$1, net.

In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock.* \$1.

Helps to a Spiritual Life. *Schneider-Girardey.* \$1.25.

The Rose and the Sheepskin. *Joseph Gordian Daley.* \$1.

The Friendships of Jesus. *Rev. M. J. Ollivier, O. P.* \$1.50, net.

The Art of Life. *Frederick Charles Kolbe.* 75 cts.

The Unravelling of a Tangle. *Marion Ames Taggart.* \$1.25.

Questions on "First Communion." *Mother M. Loyola.* 30 cts., net.

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. *Rev. Horace K. Mann.* \$3, net.

Man Overboard! *F. Marion Crawford.* 50 cts.

Comfort for the Faint-Hearted. *Ludovicus Blossius, O. S. B.* 75 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Lucien Wicart, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. Bernard Sheridan, diocese of Hartford; Rev. M. J. Callahan, diocese of Pittsburg; Rev. Eugene Brady and Rev. Charles Jenkins, S. J.

Mr. S. A. Blake, of Amherstburg, Canada; Mr. Louis Kaufman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. George Herman, Helena, Mont.; Mrs. Bernard Rothwell, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Elizabeth Hogan, Fenton, Mich.; Mr. John Moynihan, Walford, Iowa; Mr. Sylvester Nicklus, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Barbara Bruder, Superior, Wis.; Mr. Daniel Mooney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Mullin, Belevue, Ky.; Mr. Alexander Hunter, Ottawa, Canada; Mrs. Marie Aikman, Victoria, Canada; Mr. James Gavin, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Eliza Helfrich, Evanston, Wyo.; Mrs. Mary Miller, Wheeling, W. Va.; Miss Mabel Adams, Akron, Ohio; Mr. Jeremias Callahan, Mrs. Mary Beebe, and Mr. George Fries, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Cecilia Keppler, St. George, N. Y.; Mr. William Lambert, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. James McLaughlin and Mrs. Catherine Regan, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Agnes Brown, Melrose, Mont.; and Mrs. Jane Perrier, Halifax, N. S.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Japanese Lepers:

B. J. M., in honor of Our Lady of the S. H., \$2; P. B., \$1; Miss McC., \$1; A. T. L., \$10; P. M. K., \$3.

The Chinese Missions:

J. J. C., \$1; Friend, 50 cts.

To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.:

Sr. M. C., \$5; Mrs. W. L. Davis, \$2; A. N. J. Bahdmann, \$1; John O'Hanly, \$6; Miss H. R., \$1; Friend, 25 cts.; Rev. J. H. G., \$10; James Geddis, 50 cts.; C. P. A., \$3.

The Cause of the Ven. Curé d'Ars:

Friend, \$1; St. M. I., \$2.

The Lepers of Louisiana:

C. P. A., \$20.

The Propagation of the Faith:

Friend, \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 2.

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The Crusader.

BY MARION MUIR.

I COME to Thy door, Lord Christ!
Open Thou to me and mine.
My heart I have given Thee,
I have poured my blood like wine;
I am struck and wounded sore,
And the foes I faced were Thine.

Passion for life eternal
Consumes and conquers me.
As streams unbound by winter
Bear onward to the sea,
The current of my being
Flows outward pure and free.

A Missionary Triumph of Our Times.

THE FIRST ANNUAL CONGRESS OF CATHOLIC
CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

BY THE REV. H. G. GANSS.

EVERY year the Chippewa Indians commemorate with barbaric splendor and old-time pageantry the anniversary of their settlement in Minnesota. Led by the famous Hole-in-the-Day, a representative type of the best Indian manhood, brave in battle, wise in council, astute in statecraft, in diplomatic cunning the peer of the most wily "pale face," he welded the disintegrated and warring tribes of his nation into a unified and responsive body, and then persuaded them to migrate from the arid, sandy marshes

of the Mississippi to plant their tepees and follow the chase in a better land and live under more favorable conditions. No spot could have been better chosen. Far away from the covetous greed of the white man, intrenched in forests, from a strategical point of view almost inapproachable, if not impregnable; dotted with hundreds of lakes swarming with fish; the woodlands still abounding with moose, elk, deer and birds; the rich soil teeming with luxuriant vegetation,—it was what it since has been designated, the garden spot of Minnesota.

In a treaty with the United States—which, whether it confided in the judgment or feared the hostility of the chief, always entertained profound respect for him,—on March 19, 1867, thirty-six townships, including the present White Earth, were set aside for the Chippewas. It was not, however, until the year following, June 14, 1868, that formal possession was taken.

The foresight of Hole-in-the-Day reveals itself in every clause of the treaty,—a foresight that now almost makes him appear in the light of a prophet, not only to his people but to all familiar with subsequent history. At almost every council fire, especially on the historic anniversary, the surviving chiefs and braves recall the accomplishment of events, the realization of hopes long foretold by their leader. Had his plans not miscarried—for on the eve of his departure for Washington to amplify the original treaty, the hired assassin's

bullet cut short his life,—no doubt he would have figured in the annals of American history side by side with Tecumseh and Pontiac.

It is worthy of notice that one of the designs of Hole-in-the-Day was that but one religion should be taught his people, and that the *Wimi-ti-goshi-ana-miwin*,—the “French Prayer,” which, of course, is synonymous with the Catholic religion. It must be recalled that the chief himself was what the Indian calls a “great medicine man”—in plain Anglo-Saxon, a pagan. The career of his nation proved that he knew the heart and mind and needs of his people, so that, in spite of the fact that untoward events and an untimely death prevented the realization of his hopes and desires in his lifetime at this moment they are almost all an accomplished fact.

The Chippewas had not been untouched by Catholic influences. What tribe of Indians on the American continent can be mentioned that was? From 1641, when the sainted Jesuits Raymbault and Jogues first came in contact with them; 1665, when Father Menard, following them on the warpath, for the first time mentions the great river Mesipi (Mississippi); 1668, when Fathers Marquette and Allouez labored with them, until 1830, when Fathers Badin and Baraga continued the work, the Chippewa never eluded the pious solicitude and quenchless zeal of the Catholic missionary. No wonder that he should be imbued with a deep reverence and sympathetic responsiveness for the Blackgown; so that what the Jesuits “sowed in tears” the Benedictines now “reap in joy.”

Probably since the days of John Eliot no Protestant Indian missionary in the United States labored with a more devoted sense of duty, was inspired by higher motives and achieved a wider reputation than Henry B. Whipple, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Minnesota. For years he was conspicuously before the nation as the stanch, uncom-

promising champion of the down-trodden Red Man. His influence at Washington was most potent. Its legislative halls listened to him with respect: the White House was ever open to him. The apple of his eye in his missionary zeal were the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota. Into this reservation he poured the best efforts and most lavish treasure of his church, and loved it with all the passionate love of a great sympathetic heart. The name and fame of the Episcopalian Chippewas was heralded from almost every pulpit in the land, and was second only to that of its bishop. Even the Queen of England sent marks of appreciation to her red-skinned spiritual children beyond the Atlantic. At the Pan-Anglican Conferences the Apostle of the American Indians was the cynosure of all eyes, the subject of much adulation in church and distinction in society.

By the apportionment plan inaugurated by President Grant's Peace Policy the Indian tribes and reservations were assigned to the various churches. Naturally the Chippewas fell to the Episcopal Church. For more than twenty-five years it was to all intents and purposes an Episcopalian settlement. The Bishop's authority was paramount, his control undisputed, his ruling unquestioned. All the clerical offices and lucrative positions fell to the share of his coreligionists; and even the power of appointing and removing chiefs, usually hereditary offices, was acquiesced in by the administration, no matter what mutinous resentment showed itself on the part of the Indians.

All efforts of the blackgowns to secure a leverage on the reservation were unavailing. In 1835 Father Baraga, was removed by the government from Grand River, Michigan, where he was ministering to the Catholic Chippewas; Bishop Whipple was able to maintain his strict legal rights by not allowing Catholic chapels to be built at White Earth. Letters are still in existence in

which he refuses a request to build a missionary station there, but allows it to be erected eight miles distant. Gradually this vigilance was relaxed. The Benedictines under the patient, prudent and persevering guidance of Father Aloysius, whose work deserves more than a mere mention, secured a permanent foothold. What was the result? That the prophetic wisdom of Hole-in-the-Day was literally fulfilled; that within the last two decades the entire Episcopal structure collapsed like a house of cards; that the influx into the Church on the part of the pagan and Protestant Indians was such that it almost partook of the nature of a Pentecostal outpouring. The leading chiefs like White Cloud, whose son was an Episcopal minister, Otchipwe, Hole-in-the-Day's counsellor and companion, not to mention others whose names are attached to the resolutions subjoined to this paper, are this day sincere, practical, self-sacrificing Catholics, whose example hundreds have followed.

The audit of this half-centuried effort to convert the Chippewa Indians to Episcopalianism, with all the prodigal expenditure of treasure and zeal, with the constant solicitude and touching devotion of Bishop Whipple ever active, resolves itself into the cold and comfortless statistics that Episcopalianism now numbers about three hundred and fifty communicants on the White Earth Reservation, and the Catholic Church numbers from four to five thousand devout adherents. All the same, the name of Bishop Whipple will go down in history as the Apostle of the Chippewas, and the name of Father Aloysius will be unknown to even the well-read Catholic, whilst the only mention of his name in the official government reports will be that in 1898, at the peril of his life, he invaded the camp of nearly two thousand massacring Pillager Indians, mostly pagans, and induced them to lay down their arms, and saved two

hundred United States soldiers from a fate like to that of Custer and his command at Little Big Horn. This chapter of his career should not be left unwritten.

Somehow, the Eliots, Whitmans, Whipples loom up in splendid proportions in American history; but when it comes to perpetuating results, where living witnesses of whole tribes of savages confess their reclamation to civilized life and their knowledge of the saving truths of Jesus Christ, we must fall back upon the Catholic missionary living in obscurity, dying unwept and unnoticed, his memory buried in oblivion; though his name is recorded by the Angel of Judgment in the deathless roster of the Book of Life. His quest was and is for souls, not honors; for the glory of God to the complete forgetfulness of self.

In view of the fact that the Catholic Church was dominant, if not the sole factor, in the religious life of the Chippewas, invitations were for the first time extended to the Incorporators of the Catholic Indian Schools and Missions, who delegated the writer to represent them at both the Civic Celebration and Catholic Congress of Chippewas at White Earth Minnesota June 15, 16, and 17.

Many, if not the large majority, of the Chippewas are civilized. In almost all details of life they conform to the habits and customs of the white man,—at times, it must regretfully be confessed, much to the detriment of their native instinct of sobriety and honesty. On this occasion, however, the old Indians abandon the habiliments of ready-made clothing and appear in fringed buckskin, beaded leggings, porcupine-embroidered moccasins, vermilion faces, and eagle feathers. The squaws likewise appear in modish calico of every imaginable hue and pronounced pattern, their long braids of black hair plaited in fanciful ribbon creations, their cheeks and eye-

brows daubed in garish tints. The ponies are richly caparisoned, and, like their riders, at times have their heads painted in strange, grotesque figures. The tomahawk is covered with red, white and blue streamers, and has lost its gruesome appearance by being converted into a pipe of peace, from which at frequent intervals the rider puffs huge whiffs of tobacco smoke, and then again holding it with all the stateliness of a Lord Chamberlain's mace. Against the background of the deep green forest, with a shimmering lake to the front, are found the lodges of canvas and birch-bark, with smoke curling out of the cone-shaped apertures, and the interior disclosing the busy housewife preparing a rather primitive meal; the chubby papoose meanwhile playing with some cross-bred wolfish cur.

The whole city of lodges is districted. Here are the White Earth Chippewa, the Leech Lake, the Twin Lake, the Pembina, the Cass Lake, the Mille Lac,—all belonging to the Minnesota branch of the family. Segregated from them, and the objects of every aboriginal courtesy and extravagant hospitality, you find the invited guests of honor—the Dakota Sioux Indians. These wild and fierce warriors, the implacable enemies of the Chippewa, who for two hundred years fought them in a relentless, merciless and bloody warfare, are now the objects of every attention, even endearment. As one of the Catholic chiefs explained this phase of the celebration to me, "we celebrate this day as a day of *thanksgiving* to the Great Spirit for having led us to this beautiful land, and as a day of *peace* with the Sioux, our old foes, to prove that we are Christians and love our enemies as well as our friends." The sentiment, which no doubt lost some of its poetic charm through the slangy interpreter, all the same reflected the spirit of Our Lord in a light which would shame many a "pale face" nation.

The first day was devoted to the civic celebration. It consisted of a parade by all the Indians, the burial of the hatchet of war, and the smoking of the peace pipe. This was followed by addresses by the Governor and Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota; by the writer, representing the Incorporators of the Board of Catholic Indian Schools and Missions; and by Chief Madjigijig, the last survivor of the original signers of the treaty. The following day was devoted to mutual interchanges of courtesies between the various tribes of Chippewas and Sioux. In these the utmost formality was observed. No code of social etiquette, whether at court or in drawing-room finds a more minute and punctilious observance than was noticed here. All was done in so quiet, decorous, stately and dignified a manner, that I could not but coincide with my guide that "the Indian has all the repose and composure of a well-groomed gentleman." The various Indian dances followed in the afternoon and were kept up till late, when the rhythmic beatings of the drum alone were audible in a delightfully quiet, cool, peaceful night.

The next day the Catholic chiefs, with that regard for ceremony already alluded to, sent a communication by courier that they would meet the blackgowns at the mission church at two o'clock. Promptly at the time appointed the congress was called to order. Indian costumes had been discarded and all appeared in neat, tidy clothes; a few silk hats were in evidence. Space will not permit a report of the deliberations, the tone and trend of which are fully reflected in the resolutions adopted. However, the earnestness, intelligence and quick perception of the Indians were astonishing. Their addresses, always preceded by shaking hands with the chairman, were short and pointed; and, though clothed in poetic diction, were packed with good sense. In every address the opening sentence invariably

stated that they thanked the Great Spirit that a representative had come from their pale-faced brethren in the faith to visit them and bring them new hope and increasing confidence. The appointment of Archbishop Ryan to succeed Bishop Whipple as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners was the subject of allusions in every address. Bishop Whipple was always so closely and beneficently identified with the Chippewas that expectations as to what the Leading Blackgown Ryan may do for them may cause some embarrassment to the good Archbishop. The resolution to join the "Society for the Preservation of the Faith among the Indian Children" elicited an eloquent eulogy of what the White Earth Sisters' school had accomplished for their daughters. Catholic federation appealed to them strongly, and no doubt they will send to the next annual meeting a representative who will add to the Catholic character of that organization and bring the Red Man closer to the heart of his white brother.

The resolutions, translated from the Chippewa, will be read with interest and edification, and will stir up a new zeal and hearty sympathy to preserve these Indians and all others, to whom we owe not only the obligations of fraternal charity but the debt of national reparation in the unity of the Holy Catholic Church. They read as follows:

We the Catholic chiefs, braves and headmen of the Chippewa Nation, in first annual Congress assembled at White Earth, Minnesota, June 17, 1903, all of one mind, adopt the following instrument [resolutions]:

I. We love with a full heart the Great Chief Blackgown at Rome, because we believe that the Great Spirit gave him power to rule all Christians. We feel joyful on the close of his ruling the Church of God for twenty-five years as Chief Blackgown. We pray for him. We will always ask the Great Spirit that he may live long and be very wise to lead and rule the Church of God. We kneel down to ask him to lay his hands in blessing on his red children.

II. Our hearts are heavy, because we are told

that the blackgowns are badly treated in the French country, and driven from their homes by men who hate religion. The blackgowns from France first brought our fathers, who were before us, the religion of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. They toiled for us in hardship and suffering, in hunger and thirst. Their behavior was so holy and their teaching so wise that the Catholic religion to this day is called in our Chippewa tongue *Wimi-ti-goshi-ana-miewin*—the "French Prayer." May the Great Spirit make their hearts as brave as were the hearts of the French blackgowns who first came to us! We will pray for the Catholics in the French country; and if the French blackgowns who are driven from their homes come to us, we will welcome them with outstretched arms.

III. We thank the Great Father in Washington for all that he has done for his red children, and pray that his heart may always be kind to them. Our hearts are filled with thanks that the leading Blackgown [*Negani-Ketchi-Mekatewikwanaie*] Ryan, and another Catholic man, Charles Bonaparte, have been appointed to look after our welfare. We are thankful also that the blackgowns can now teach our children in all the Great Father's schools the religion of their fathers.

IV. We love very much those schools which the blackgowns have built for us; and we thank Woman - who - has - pity - on - the - Indian [*Ikwe Kejewadisid*—Reverend Mother Katherine] who has built the school here and in Red Lake for our children.

V. We thank with our whole hearts the pale face Catholics who have made a union [Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children] to support these schools. Every Catholic Chippewa of this nation promises to join this union and pay twenty-five cents each year.

VI.—We are informed that the pale face Catholics of the whole Big Knife Country [United States] have formed a great union [Federation of Catholic Societies] to defend the Church of God. We want to join this union and help them to fight for the interests of the Church of God. Therefore we are of one mind that one of our headmen shall represent us at the next meeting of this great union.

We extend the pipe of peace to all our pale face Catholic brethren.

Blessed be Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

OTCHIPWE,	MECHAKIANG,	} Half-breeds.
MADJIGIJIG,	OGIMAJISH,	
JABASKANG,	PEKOGINS,	
WISSE,	LANGWEVE,	
MISKWANAKWOAD,	JOSEPH BEAUPRE,	
NISKOGWAN,	JOSEPH PARRAULT,	
GA-AGASSINDIBE,	JOHN LE DUKE,	
NAJE,	GEO. BELLEFENILLE,	
GWAIEKOGIJIG,	FELIX BISSON.	

Anita's Husband.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

(CONCLUSION.)

III.

THE moon was at its full, the piazza almost as bright as day. Don Francisco sat where he had been reading in the morning; but now he leaned upon the table, his face covered with his hands. Several times his wife came from the room where the children were sleeping, made a step forward, hesitated, and returned to the shadow of the hall. At length he lifted his head. Hearing the slight movement, she came out on the piazza and approached her husband. He looked up at her without a smile. Her hand sought his. He did not refuse but he did not return the gentle pressure.

"Francisco," she murmured, her voice tremulous with tears. "You are unhappy. My heart grieves with you."

"It is nothing, Anita," he replied. wearily. "My head aches. I feel depressed. I must go to—the city—to-morrow."

She did not answer. He pressed her hand to his lips.

"You are so good,—so very good, Anita!" he said.

Still she answered nothing. He could not see that she was biting her lips to keep from losing her self-control.

"And your father and mother, Anita,—they were so kind to me. I shall never forget them."

"You were like a son to them, Francisco," she rejoined. "But why do you talk like this? I fear you are going to be ill. Come, let me make you a cup of tea, and then you shall go to bed. To-morrow you will feel better."

He looked up at her once more; his eyes seemed wild.

"I am not ill, Anita," he said. "But I have a strange—feeling. If anything should happen to me, I should be glad

to know that things would go well with you. There are the two ranches and this house; and your cousin Manuel will be like a brother to you. He will take care of everything for you and the children."

"Oh, why, why do you talk so, Francisco?" she faltered. "You make me so unhappy,—so unhappy. I fear you are going to be very ill."

"No, no!" he replied. "Not at all. To-morrow I must go away—to the city. I have had news. I can not tell you, Anita,—but later you will know. And life is so uncertain. I have been thinking of the future—if—I should be taken away."

"Bread and meat are not all, Francisco," she said. "It is your duty to live for us as long as you can,—for your wife who has loved you since ever she saw your face; for your little children, who—who would miss a father's care."

"What do you mean, Anita?" he inquired, not without harshness, raising himself erect and looking coldly upon her. "What do you mean? I am not going to do away with myself,—no, indeed. Why should I? I am a prosperous man."

He laughed strangely, and the timid woman shrank away from his side as she responded:

"I had not thought of such a thing, *querido*! How could it ever have entered my mind?"

"Well, well, that is all now. I was cross. Go to bed, Anita,—go to bed."

Stooping, she softly kissed his forehead. He did not return the caress. Once more he dropped his head upon his folded arms. She went away on tiptoe. When she awoke in the morning her husband was gone.

IV.

The Señora Blanco was passing from rosebush to rosebush with a large basket on her arm, cutting flowers for the feast of Our Lady. A woman's head, wrapped

in a black *rebosa*, peered over the low hedge.

"Well, it is a fine day, Señora," said an old cracked voice. "And already you are gathering your roses for to-morrow. Never since I can remember have you failed to adorn the altar for a feast. Ah, but you would be missed!"

"Not greatly, Rafaela," answered the Señora, with a tolerant smile. "Some one would soon take my place."

"And how is it now about Don Francisco?" continued the gossip. "Will he be home very soon?"

"I can not say how soon," replied the Señora. "He has not yet written when he will come."

"No? He has much business in the city to detain him so long. It is more than six weeks now that he is away. But it is well for you, Señora, that you have Don Manuel to look after the ranches while he is gone."

"Yes. If it were not for that, my husband could not remain away for such a long time," answered poor Anita. "My cousin is a very good manager, and Don Francisco knows that everything will go on just as if he were at home."

"It is a fine thing to have confidence in a person," remarked Rafaela, lightly.

The nephew of Rafaela had once been a suitor for the hand of the Señorita Acuña; and, though he had never had the ghost of a chance, the family were of the opinion that had it not been for the advent of "the gringo," the handsome scion of the Alveras would now be lord of the lands and goods of the late Don Antonio.

"You are right, Rafaela," answered Anita, frigidly. "But there are so few, so very few, in whom one *can* place confidence. You will excuse me. I have filled my basket, and I see that the good Father stands in the church door. *Adios!*"

"*Adios, Señora!*" said the woman. "God grant your husband a speedy and safe return!" And she hobbled away.

Anita sighed. There had been malice in every tone of the old woman's voice. She felt that all her neighbors were talking of the prolonged absence of her husband. Not a line had come from him since his departure,—a circumstance well known to the whole village, where the postmaster, a cousin of Rafaela, was also general store-keeper and purveyor of news.

Hope was giving way to nameless fear. Anita did not dare look the future in the face. It was with deft fingers but a heavy heart that she arranged the altar for the feast; remembering as she did so, with many an unbroken prayer, that six years before, on the eve of Our Lady's feast, her husband had come into her happy girlish life, which had never again been the same since that eventful day.

In the soft hush of twilight Anita lay resting on the lounge in the *sala*, while the children played about the garden, in charge of her faithful Indian servant Barbara. She heard a footstep on the piazza. A moment later the screen-door was softly opened as by some one who wished to enter without being heard or seen. She did not move, though distinctly, even through the gathering darkness, she saw the form of her husband—straight and tall, every line of his face and figure familiar,—dear, welcome, beloved.

He looked all about him.

"Where is Anita?" he whispered, as though speaking to himself.

"I am here, my own!" she answered from her dark corner.

He flew to her side, clasping her in his arms, and they wept together.

"Where have you been, Francisco?" she asked at last.

"In the waste places of the earth," he replied. "I have been in that same desert where I wandered like a man insane—I was insane—that time before I saw you first, Anita,—before your sweet eyes told

me they pitied me that eve of Our Lady's feast six years ago. Anita, hear me, and turn from me if you will. I deserve it,—I shall not complain. But I must tell you all. When I went away, leaving sweetest love and fondest hopes behind, I did not intend to return. Some ladies were here one day—"

"I heard them, Francisco. I was here, behind the blinds. I heard all they said."

"You heard them, and did not make a sign?"

"But why should I have done so, my husband? It was not proper that I should have been the first to mention it. If you had wished me to know you would have told me. I love you well, Francisco; and to love is to trust—with me. Ah, how you must have suffered all those years—and never, never a word!"

She drew his head down to her lips and kissed his hair, his cheeks, his eyes.

"Tell me no more," she said,—"tell me no more, if it distresses you. You are here,—you are at home. I care to hear nothing but what I know already."

"Anita my darling, I must tell you!" he said. "You must hear it all. When they went away, those ladies, they left behind them a despairing, unhappy man. I almost hated what Providence had done for me; I hated the life in which I had been at peace so many years. It seemed to me that if I knew Death himself lay in wait for me at the end, I must go back. I had faith enough left to recommend myself to the care of the Blessed Virgin, and, reciting the *Memorare*, I set out.

"But by the end of the second day my mood had changed. I was penitent, I was lonely. I longed for you, for the children, for this my peaceful, happy home. Twice I had proved myself a coward: first, in leaving the scene of my early misfortune; again in leaving you. I should have returned,—my heart yearned for your sympathy and your support. But I was an insane man, and only a supernatural power kept me

from going to destruction. On reaching Barstow, only a few miles from my old home, an invisible hand seemed to hold me back. So, instead of proceeding, I left my valise in charge of the station-master, bought some food, and, taking a leathern jug of water, set forth into the desert. There I have been wandering ever since,—not so far from the haunts of men that I could not find them again when I needed to renew my food and water; not so near that the sight of my own kind could vex or oppress me. The loneliness calmed me; the breadth and space and immensity filled my soul with a deep peace. The wonderful sunrises, the majestic sunsets, the solemn stillness of the sandy sea, purified my perturbed spirit and healed my bruised heart. Ah, I can say no more, beloved, but that I have found heaven again since I have found you! Some day, when this time is long past, I will tell you everything, everything—"

"You will tell me nothing," she replied, and her voice was firm and clear. "For you and me, Francisco, the past shall be as though it had never been. Bury it from this moment, even from your own thoughts. It is the only way. With it I have naught to do. What has been you have cast behind you; what remains, you have accepted as your lot, your life. Let us think of it, speak of it no more. It is unwise to lay bare an unhealed wound; that would be a cruel hand which could uncover it. It shall not be mine, Francisco. Now it is over—and I hear the children coming with Barbara. How glad they will be to see their father again!"

The man closed his eyes, his brow contracted, a quiver ran through all his strong, lithe frame. In that supreme moment all that was best in him rose uppermost. The renunciation was complete, quenching forever fiercely the awakened fires that had threatened to consume him.

"So help me God," he cried, holding

his wife closer to his breast, "I will be a true and loving husband to you henceforward, a good and kind father to our little ones! The past is dead—forever—forever—forever!"

The words sounded in his own ears like a knell. He shuddered at the sound, though with all the fervor of his soul he was returning to his wife, his children, his chosen home. To her they meant only joy, the seal of their reconsecration to each other. The next moment the children were in his arms; and Barbara, lingering on the threshold was murmuring to herself:

"It is like the Holy Family,—it is like the blessed House at Nazareth. Praise be to God and His Holy Mother, the master is at home again!"

"Our Body Shall be Ashes."*

O BODY of mine,
We shall lie in the grave!
Then why bid generous wine
In golden goblets shine?
To fire intemperate mirth,
And boast thee god of the earth?
Unregenerate slave!
False and traitorous knave
To God, supremest, who gave
Thee all that is thine.
Dust is thy flesh and dust thy bone,—
Dust thou art and dust alone:
Then why for luxuries crave?
O Body of mine,
We shall dwell in the grave!

O Body of mine,
* We shall rest in the clay!
Then why this longing of thine
For dainty dishes to-day?
Hear what the Gentile doth say:
"Thy days and thy years pass away,
And nought remaineth but clay.
Thy feet tread a mystical path,
That never a turning hath."
O Body of mine!
List to the lesson divine;
Hear what the Seer doth say:
"Nought remaineth but clay."

* Wisd., ii, 3.

O Body of mine,
We shall crumble to dust!
And thou, in thy pilgrimage, must
Have purple and linen to wear,
And gold embroidery fair;
On velvet and ermine recline.
Think how the lilies must fade
That bend in the eastern breeze,
Though Solomon ne'er was arrayed
In glory even as these.
'Hell is our house; darkness our bed,'*
And all the friends of our line,
O Body of mine,
Rottenness and bones in the home of the dead
As a leaf blown about in the frost,
As a garment eaten by rust,
We shall crumble to dust.

O Body of mine!
Seek not perishing bread,
But that which lasteth all time,
Which cometh from God overhead;
And this is thy trustiest sign:
Faith in Him that raiseth the dead,
And maketh their bodies to shine
As suns in His presence divine.
Here, let thy lamp shine no more,
The fire in thy tent give no light,
Darkness encompass thy door,
And brimstone thy dwelling-place blight;
Though nought but the graveyard remains,
That mist-covered region of cells,
Where horror mysterious reigns,
And infinite misery dwells.
Raise thine eyes up on high,
Redemption is nigh!
When all that passes is sped,
Then appeareth The Sign,
O Body of Mine,
And we shall arise from the dead!

R. O'K.

* Job, xvii, 13.

NATURE is kinder to all men than we commonly imagine; and few there are who can not, with God's blessing, if they strive with a strong and constant will, form their own characters and attain to more than respectability. To will is always in our power; for will is always free. Will strongly, will nobly, will firmly, will constantly, and fear not but you will execute, in due time, bravely and successfully. — *Brownson*.

A Woman of Valencia.

I.

THE country of Valencia is blessed by Providence. Its perfumed air, its mild, soft climate, the abundant streams which encircle it, its fields and meadows perpetually covered with verdure and bloom, caused the travelling descendants of Mohammed to pause here in their wanderings and exclaim:

"This is the valley of illusion! The Prophet created it for us. Let us rest here,—let this be our place of abode."

Valencia is an immense garden, filled with flowers every day in the year. The pure azure sky, the fragrance of orange and lemon trees, the fields of delicious aromatic pinks, the green rice-fields which glow like emeralds scattered on polished silver, convert it into an enchanted oasis in the midst of a never-ending spring, which has stamped its impress upon the dwellers in that delightful spot as well as the beautiful landscape which surrounds them.

The Arabs have left their traces most deeply imprinted upon this favored soil. The blood of the Moors flows abundantly in the veins of its inhabitants; many of their customs still exist, despite the progress of centuries; even the dress of the Valencians is similar in many respects to that of the Mohammedan race.

The woman of Valencia is a type in herself. She loves flowers and jewels and all beautiful things; and is, for the most part, herself more than ordinarily beautiful. Hospitality is with her a second nature; she is the queen of the household, having perquisites and profits of her own, with which the husband never dreams of interfering. She revels in the luxury of pearls with which to adorn her beautiful throat, and flowers which she entwines among her magnificent dark tresses.

The Valencian woman is the soul of

her home, the joy of its hearthstone, the flower which perfumes the household atmosphere, the beneficent light which diffuses its radiance over all that comes within its chastening, purifying environment. Her husband consults her in everything. He does not even exchange a horse without her consent, nor sell his crop without satisfying her that all is correct; he never buys a suit of clothes unless she approves of it. Economical as the ant, singing at dawn with the lark, gentle and loving as the turtle-dove, and as cleanly and sweet as that emblem of passionate love, not a month passes that she does not whitewash the walls of her little house, within whose sacred enclosure the husband whom she rules, yet adores, may find comfort, purity and peace.

A Christian in the truest sense of the word, knowing not the meaning of hypocrisy, she is punctual in the performance of every religious duty; confiding to her Saviour, His Blessed Mother and her favorite saints all her troubles and sorrows. Through their protection and by their help she hopes for health, prosperity and salvation for her family. Believing in God and His infinite mercy, in her time of affliction she gazes with sad, sweet ecstasy on the face of that Mother who suffered above all other women in the sufferings of her Divine Son; persuaded that through that Mother's sorrow and the mercy of the Son her own trials will be alleviated, her own tears dried. And thus she rises from her knees, her cares smoothed away, her burthens lightened, her grief, even be it unto death, chastened and subdued.

Love and jealousy are the distinguishing passions of the daughter of Valencia. She loves with all her soul and hates with her whole heart; she loves because for her love is a necessity, a second nature; and when the small but penetrating dart of Cupid has reached her maiden consciousness, it is apt to leave there an enduring mark; for she is the

most constant of women. During this happy period of maidenhood, when her life and soul are penetrated by the thought of loving and being loved, music becomes the vehicle through which the devotion of her love is conveyed to her responsive soul. And as the Valencian men are natural musicians, numerous and captivating are the strains from guitar, mandolin, and *bandurria* piercing the mysterious, religious silence of the night. It is the eloquence, the passionate devotion of the Moorish race transmitted in song.

Ah, those Valencian nights, never to be forgotten in their dreamy, delicious beauty! The breeze so mild and gentle, perfumed by the fragrant breath of millions of flowers; the sky so deeply blue and serene; the stars like gems in the azure arch above; or the moon shedding its liquid effulgence over all like the atmosphere of a heavenly dream.

When, in the gathering darkness, all the doors are locked closely, and every window thrown wide open, because the day and its cares have departed; when the Angel of Silence stretches his invisible wings above the modest dwellings of the children of that fairest, sweetest garden spot in all the world, the young men wrap their cloaks about them, like the Moor of song and story in his enshrouding mantle, and, taking their guitars, roam through the quiet, deserted streets; while Night, in its strange, mysterious beauty, lends romance and courage to the light-hearted lover, longing for one glance from the eyes, one flower that has touched the lips of his *enamorada*.

Dolores Graziana was a splendid example of the modern Valencian maiden. Her father, a man of considerable means, had been the village innkeeper for many prosperous years. He and his wife—the latter early deceased—had also been distinguished for a solid, practical piety, which their only child inherited. The beauty and virtue of the mother had descended to the daughter. In her

wonderful eyes were mirrored the blue serenity of the skies which had seen her birth; her low, broad forehead was pure and unruffled as the summer dawn; the freshness of her native fields beamed on her cheeks and trembled in her breath; the vivid tints of her own pomegranate blossom were born again on her red lips, between whose finely curved arches gleamed the whitest of laughing pearls. She was the favored child of a favored race: innocent, happy, care-free, yet with a beneficent majesty of form and demeanor that impressed all who beheld her.

For seventeen years Dolores had been the light and joy of her father's home; and even at a more tender age she could have had suitors by the dozen if she would listen to them, or take heed of the amorous glances or impassioned serenades, to which she had been so accustomed that she took little heed of them. But there came a day when a stranger from Andalusia, one José Giraldo, who had been by turns a sailor, a trader, and a miner, and who now, having wandered to Valencia, found it the fairest spot he had yet seen, with one glance of his ardent eyes caused the maiden heart of Dolores to flutter as none of the gallants of her native town had ever done, or scarcely hoped to do,—so proud was she though gentle; so reserved, though kind. And then, when on the second evening of his sojourn at her father's hostelry, as she sat behind the grated window of her chamber, the flower-scented balcony hiding her from view, the full flush of moonlight bathing all around in its transcendent beauty, she saw a tall dark figure in a short cloak stand beneath the overhanging piazza, and, leaning against a column of the *patio*, draw forth a guitar, her soul told her that it was the young Andalusian stranger; and her soul was right.

The dances of Andalusia are unrivalled in the kingdom of Spain; its *boleros*

and *cachucas* are known throughout the length and breadth of that musical land. The first touch of that skilful hand on the guitar revealed a master; the first stanza of his song completed the conquest already begun. Further acquaintance revealed that José was not without means, and was undoubtedly of industrious habits. Olevo Graziana was growing old, and would be glad to see his daughter well provided for before his death.

There was not a little grumbling among the brave gallants of La Huerta when it became known that a stranger was about to wear in his bosom the flower that so many among them cherished as their ideal of womanhood. But Dolores, in her new dignity of betrothed was so charming and gracious, so modest withal; while José, announcing his intention of leaving their treasured flower to bloom still in its native garden instead of transplanting it to the harsher Andalusian soil, bore his honors with a conscious dignity, which yet was so entirely foreign to anything like boastfulness, that the neighbors were appeased, and welcomed him with true Spanish generosity and kindness.

That was a grand wedding, long to be remembered at La Huerta. The father of Dolores did not live long after it, dying with the satisfaction of knowing that his daughter would not be left alone in the world. After the period of mourning was over, Dolores, happier and more beautiful in her married life than she had been in the days of her maidenhood, spoke one morning to her husband on a subject which had long occupied her mind.

Besides her pin-money, derived from the sale of chickens and flowers, she had inherited the property of her father, consisting of the inn and a good piece of ground. This property José had rented, and the money which came in from this rental was the common property of the household. But there

had been what would be considered among those primitive people a considerable sum of which Dolores had sole control. Her husband would never have questioned her as to what use she intended to make of it,—probably divining that she would appropriate it to the usual purchases of the Valencian women.

“José,” said Dolores, lifting her shapely throat, “how would you like some new pearls for my collar?”

“Your neck is beautiful without pearls, my Dolores!” rejoined her husband. “But the more it is adorned the better I shall be pleased, if *you* are. What have you to say?”

“I think, if you have the time, I would like to go to the city to-morrow to buy some more pearls. The *fiesta* of Our Lady is near, and I long for a few extra pearls in my necklace.”

“And you shall have them, my dearest!” said José. “My lily bulbs have done well. I have had the best prices in La Huerta from the florists of Valencia. You shall have what you desire.”

“But no, José. You are very good, but you have forgotten that here in Valencia it is the custom for the wife to buy her ornaments with the money she has saved; and I have some also which my dear father left.”

“Yes, I understand. As you will, my dear. But you wish me to go with you to the city to help choose?”

“Beyond question, José.”

“Very well, then. To-morrow we go.”

The next morning they set forth, a handsome couple; he in velveteen jacket and small-clothes, with laced sombrero, and violet kerchief knotted loosely about his brown throat; grey woollen stockings and pointed shoes, with heavy soles and large silver buckles, completed his attire. But beside the splendor of his Dolores the Andalusian was quite insignificant. She wore a skirt of gayly-flowered chintz; her magnificent hair, wound in a shapely crown about her

head, was surmounted by a comb of gold beads; her long earrings descended almost to her shoulders. Her black silk apron reaching the hem of the skirt was handsomely embroidered in many colors. The waist of her gown, made of brocaded satin, was cut somewhat low—that is, to where the neck is set on the shoulders,—displaying a collarette of beautiful pearls; her head-kerchief of scarlet crepon, depending from the comb and drawn slightly forward over her hair, fell down her back like the hood of an Arabian cloak. Upon her arm she carried a basket made of the fine white reeds of the country. It was filled with the rarest flowers destined for the sanctuary of the Madonna. Head uplifted, one hand on her hip, no more picturesque figure could be imagined than this handsome Valencian as she strode along, a charming smile upon her lips, her admiring husband plodding patiently and stolidly by her side.

Arrived at the gates of the city, they lingered to talk with some friends of José; and a few minutes later repaired to the church, where, after a few short but fervent prayers, Dolores deposited her flowers on the altar of the Madonna. Then, quickening her steps, she led the way to the silversmith's, one of the most reputable in the city. Dolores Graziana had never been accustomed to haggling with second-rate dealers.

The peasant women of Valencia are treated with the greatest respect by the jewellers; for, besides the innate dignity which is theirs by nature, they are very good customers. It is well known that more pearls are bought in Valencia than in all the rest of Spain.

"Pearls? Surely!" responded the dealer to the inquiry of Dolores, smilingly drawing forth a box filled with the coveted jewels; while she, resting her elbow in the palm of her hand, leaned over the show case in an ecstasy of admiration.

The opaque brilliancy of the beautiful

pearls, lying on a bed of black velvet in their several little drawers, dazzled her eyes like the rays of the sun. Oh, what happiness to be the owner of those lovely gems! What if one could have a necklace of twelve rows—of large, medium and small! But to own them would require a fortune, and she could spend only a little money—a portion of her legacy and the product of her domestic economy during one year of married life.

After some moments of delightful contemplation the jeweller opened negotiations with the following dialogue:

"Well, Señorita, how did the silkworms do this year?"

"Very well, Señor. But I beg pardon! I am no longer señorita. This is my husband, Señor José Giraldo."

"I am pleased to make the acquaintance of the honored husband of one of my very good customers."

José acknowledged the introduction with a friendly smile and nod; slightly embarrassed, no doubt, by the correct attire and town manner of the silversmith, which had not the slightest effect upon his companion.

"And your father? He is well?"

"Alas, Señor, my father has been dead these many months."

"A thousand pardons for having been so thoughtless! I had not heard."

"No, Señor. How could you have heard?"

After this *faux pas* it behooved the silversmith to return to his wares.

"This, Señora, is a beautiful pearl," he said, taking up one of the largest and most perfect, anxious to please his customer by supposing that she would consider its purchase, while at the same time he had no idea that she would think of it for a moment.

"What is the price?" asked Dolores, her eyes sparkling.

"Forty-five pesos."

She looked at José. He nodded approvingly.

"I will take it, Señor. And those four smaller ones?"

"Twenty pesos."

Again she looked at José, who smiled back radiantly.

"Lay them aside also. And those tiny pearls? With what I already have these will make a double row to add to my necklace."

"Twenty pesos."

"Ah! but now," continued Dolores, her choice made and approved by her husband, "when one makes so large a purchase, and does not haggle over the price nor dispute the value, one is justified in asking for a reduction at the end. How much for the lot, Señor?"

Knitting his brows in deep reflection, the jeweller answered after a short pause: "Eighty pesos?"

"Ah, a little less! Next year I hope to be able to buy as many more."

"Seventy-five, then?"

"It is a bargain," said Dolores, opening a purse which she took from her bosom and counting out the money.

A few moments later the couple left the shop, Dolores beaming with delight at the prospect of the enlarged collarette with its huge pearl in the middle which would dazzle the eyes of her compatriots at the coming *fiesta*; and José reflecting her joy, and congratulating her on the purchase she had made.

"But more than all," said he, "they will adorn the whitest and loveliest throat at La Huerta."

Then back home again over the six miles of dusty road to their village, neither having tasted food since dawn. They would have thought it a waste of money to spend a peseta in Valencia while there were good wine and white bread in the little home at the end of their journey. But pearls! Ah, that was another thing!

(To be continued.)

HE that hath no experience knoweth little.—*Ecclus.*, xxxiv, 10.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXVII.—A COMPLICATION.

ONE morning when spinning along with a gay and joyous party to catch a boat that started at dawn for a river excursion, Alice Abell had been struck by the number of poor people who were reverently on their way to early Mass.

"Where are all these poor people going? Surely not to church?"

"Yes, poor fools,—to church, to Mass!" laughed one of the dudes, who hoped by scoffing to win approbation from the sparkling heiress.

"Stop!" she cried to the coachman; and, stepping out of the carriage, she passed into the church. In about ten minutes she reappeared, pale, and deep in thought.

"How poor, and how gloriously pious!" she exclaimed. "Their faith is truly admirable."

"It would be great fun," observed the dude, "to fling a lot of hot coppers amongst them—haw! haw! haw!"—laughing boisterously.

"Mr. Jephson, you are a most contemptible fellow!" cried honest Alice, glaring at him with such indignation as to cause him to search sneakingly for a cigarette. "Merciful God," she added, "I have seen more real faith this morning than I could believe in! Oh, they are so poor,—so piteously poor; and knowing and feeling that they are God's own, how they cling to Him! I thank God that I have seen them, shared in their misery!"

She omitted to say that she had emptied her purse into the poorbox, and at that very moment had resolved for the future upon giving with an abundant hand.

"Fancy those poor creatures, whose every moment of labor means the keeping of their souls and bodies together, finding an hour to come to their Consoler! Oh, it is a grand religion,—the *only* one!" And she was almost silent during the entire day.

From that momentous morning Miss Abell was to be found at seven o'clock Mass, rain or shine; her maid despairingly announcing that Mademoiselle had gone a little out of her head. Not so. The supreme truths of the Catholic Church had come to her, and with them God's grace. A few weeks' preparation, and she was received; and for the proverbial nine days the "Four Hundred" were lost in wonderment and in vain endeavors to find the man in the case.

But their endeavors were futile; for not till several months later had she met Count O'Reilly, whom she liked from the first. However, she made all sorts of inquiries about him before her liking ripened into love; and he stood out a gentleman of honor,—a character like to that of the Chevalier Bayard: *sans peur et sans reproche*. Wisely did she take counsel of Myles, a man true as steel, a soul brimming over with truthful impulses.

"Bedad, Myles," observed the veteran, as they clinked a toast to the happy pair, "O'Reilly's in luck! A fine, winsome lass, with a fortune worth a barony no less; and all her own,—not like the Galway girl's, that was so well secured there was no getting at it. By the hole in me coat, but you and O'Reilly are doing well, and taking it sweet and easy all the time. Why, man alive, when I went courting I had to fight for my life with those Roosians! They nearly left me like a *thraneen*.* You're not troubling yourself at all. It's you that are being courted! Only look at the yacht—"

* A *thraneen* is a blade of dried grass that sticks up in the field after the sheep have eaten every other blade.

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Abell and O'Reilly.

"So I've an opportunity to congratulate you! Well, here's luck to you, Count! And from my heart let me wish Miss Yankee Doodle all sorts of good fortune. You've done right, dear! You are taking a *man*, and a good one. And may the Almighty hold you both together in love and plenty and happiness for many, and many a day! Drain it down, Count!"

"How did you learn it, you dear old soul?" asked the *fiancée*.

"Oh, Myles told me all! And having settled you two, Myles must come to a settlement with the widow. I hear they'll have as much as will give them a boiled leg of mutton and a bottle of *poteen* every day. I'll dance at both of your weddings and sing 'The Wedding of Ballyporeen' and 'Tattering Jack Walsh.'"

To avoid any possibility of altercation with his uncle, Myles slipped away, resolving to solicit from the veteran the favor of silence on the subject of the Baroness. True, many a gentleman would have been proud of this lady's admiration and affection; not so Myles. Whenever he could avoid her without appearing ungallant, he did so. And yet here was Eileen De Lacey lost to him, engaged to one of the biggest swells in all the Tsar's mighty dominions—Prince Stodlostovich, who was everywhere referred to with bated breath. Why could not Fate have placed the Baroness and the Prince together and bid them travel the road of life to the end?

But was Eileen lost to him? He had no direct assertion from any authority, and Miss Abell had only touched on the subject. Had he not seen that light in Eileen's violet eyes when they met his, that told him *the* story which is the story of life and love? She loved him, he felt; and also acknowledged to himself that he had a claim at least to loving her. But the world in which she lived,

moved and had her being was totally different from his, and that glance might have meant that she loved from that other world only. Why not ask her like a man—and a gentleman? Why pain her by compelling a lame avowal? This high and mighty Prince had to be reckoned with, and was the lion in the path. If it were only the Prince, Myles would have dealt with him in a movement known as “double quick.” The Baroness had evaded his questions adroitly enough; and when he persisted, had fallen back upon a beautiful rose. At all events, Myles resolved not to permit the hands of the clock to run the twenty-four hours without extracting a full explanation from the Baroness; and failing with her, to confront Miss De Lacey and then Prince Stodlostovich. That determination having been arrived at, Myles took life airily, and was the gayest at the *recherché* dinner served on board the *Adora*, proposing the bride’s health with a hearty eloquence all his own.

The yacht was now at anchor, and the veteran was engaged in warbling “Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,” when he was somewhat rudely interrupted by the entrance of the Baroness Grondno, accompanied by Miss De Lacey, and bringing up the rear, in the gorgeous uniform of the Red Hussars of the Imperial Guard, the most noble Prince Stodlostovich. Eileen became fearfully pale, pressing one hand against her heart; the Baroness had a look of happy triumph on her usually passive face; while the Prince did not lose a moment in tossing off a goblet of champagne.

Everybody rose at once to greet the hostess.

“You need not tell me, Alice Abell,” laughed the Baroness. “I am here to offer congratulations. We had the news at Peterhof and we embarked in my launch; so there’s no mystery, and must be none. Long life and happiness, dear!

And to you also, Count O’Reilly! I somehow hoped that I had secured you for myself; but you have taken the right girl, even if she is an American.”

“Russia and America were always good friends!” cried the *fiancé*.

“And where do you leave Ireland?” asked the Baroness.

“God bless the Green Flag and the Stars and Stripes!” said the Count, rapturously.

“You are not drinking our toast, Prince Stodlostovich?” observed Myles.

“*Per Bacco*, my dear sir, I only wait for time. This fine old gentleman has nearly choked me with his bumper. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Green Flag of Erin and the Stars and Stripes of the most progressive country in the world!”

This was done so joyously and so graciously that the young Irishman, who had been spoiling for a fight, began to like the Prince, and resolved if possible to have an understanding in the morning.

After a stiff bow to Eileen, Myles proceeded to make himself generally agreeable, especially to the Baroness, who was radiant with nods, becks and wreathed smiles, playing the hostess to perfection. The veteran proposed her health, and, bestowing a series of complicated but exceedingly facetious winks upon her, gave her to understand that he was ready to marry her offhand then and there; but as he had a *spalpeen* of a nephew who might discourage the idea, he would not stand in *his* way.

Myles made no sign. It rather pleased him than otherwise that Eileen should be a witness to all this; and he stole a glance at her to find that her eyes were fixed upon him so sadly, so hopelessly, so tearfully, that his heart went out to her, and he crossed the saloon direct to where she sat.

“Oh, I hope that you are better!” she exclaimed, with intensity.

“Quite well. It really was nothing.”

"My uncle returns from Tzarskoe-Selo to-morrow. He is, as you are aware from the letters that—"

"What letters?" asked Myles quickly.

"Why, the letters that my uncle and my aunt wrote you."

"I did not receive them."

"That is strange, very strange!" she cried. "Won't you please make inquiries about them?"

"Most certainly,—stringent inquiries."

"I have had no opportunity to utter a word," she continued.

"Will you give *me* an opportunity, Miss De Lacey?" asked Myles, almost in a tone of command.

"I shall be only too glad, Mr. O'Byrne."

"When and where?"

She thought a moment.

"To-morrow there is to be a *déjeûner* at Prince Stodlostovich's—"

"Oh—well, I have engagements till we leave Russia. Prince Stodlostovich seems to be the luckiest man alive." And he was turning away.

"Mr. O'Byrne, stay! You misunderstand me. I simply mentioned this *fête* because—"

"Because you are engaged to the man and you do not wish to be pestered by such as I. Good-night! It is not probable that we shall meet again."

And, without allowing the girl an opportunity to explain, he strode out of the saloon, sprang up the companion way, and, asking for a boat, was rowed ashore, his foolish heart blazing up in a fire of indignation.

(To be continued.)

MANY things know we that we seldom think on. And in the things of the soul the knowledge without the remembrance little profiteth. What availeth it to know that there is a God, which thou not only believest by faith, but also knowest by reason?—What availeth that thou knowest Him, if thou think little of Him?

—B. Sir Thomas More.

What Lord Kelvin Said.

WE have already referred to the declaration of Lord Kelvin, that "Science positively affirms the Creative Power." The fact that this distinguished English scientist is universally regarded as the most authoritative of living physicists explains why so much interest has been manifested in his utterance, both in Europe and America. In the English newspapers especially controversy over the matter has run riot; and letters "To the Editor"—that institution so dear to the average Englishman—have poured into the sanctum in a deluge. Our first report of the incident was entirely accurate; but as Mr. James Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, was of opinion that an exact transcription of the words used by Lord Kelvin 'might be useful,' and as the speaker kindly furnished Mr. Knowles with an authoritative account of his brief address, supplemented by his subsequent letter to the *London Times*, we deem it well, as a matter of record in these pages, to publish Lord Kelvin's own report of what he said. It will be remembered that the speaker had occupied the chair at a lecture delivered by Professor Henslow at University College, and the occasion of his remarks was his rising to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Lord Kelvin then said:

With reference to Professor Henslow's mention of ether-granules, I ask permission to say three words of personal explanation. I had recently, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, occasion to make use of the expressions ether, atoms, electricity; and I was horrified to read in the press that I had put forward a hypothesis of ether-atoms. Ether is absolutely non-atomic; it is structureless, and utterly homogeneous where not disturbed by the atoms of ponderable matter.

I am in thorough sympathy with Professor Henslow in the fundamentals of his lecture; but I can not admit that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies Creative Power. Science positively affirms Creative Power. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creating and

directing Power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief. We can not escape from that conclusion when we study the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter all around. Modern biologists are coming, I believe, once more to a firm acceptance of something beyond mere gravitational, chemical, and physical forces; and that unknown thing is a vital principle. We have an unknown object put before us in science. In thinking of that object we are all agnostics. We only know God in His works, but we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a Directive Power—in an influence other than physical, or dynamical, or electrical forces. Cicero (by some supposed to have been editor of Lucretius) denied that men and plants and animals could come into existence by a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in a Creative Power, and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Just think of a number of atoms falling together of their own accord and making a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal. Cicero's expression "fortuitous concourse of atoms" is certainly not wholly inappropriate for the growth of a crystal. But modern scientific men are in agreement with him in condemning it as utterly absurd in respect to the coming into existence, or the growth, or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative Power. Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers that we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, "No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces." Every action of free-will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science.

I admire the healthy, breezy atmosphere of free-thought throughout Professor Henslow's lecture. Do not be afraid of being freethinkers! If you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to the belief in God which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic but helpful to religion.

In publishing Lord Kelvin's communication, Mr. Knowles deems it well "to set the belief of a King of Poetry alongside that of a Prince of Science." Tennyson's creed was this: "There's a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures." The poet thus goes a step beyond the scientist by affirming the immortality of the soul as well as the existence of God.

The King and the Cow.

ONE day in 1902 the King and Queen of Italy were taking a long walk in the environs of the Chateau de Racconigi, their summer residence, when the Queen suddenly became very thirsty. Presently they came upon a poor old woman who was taking care of a cow. The King asked her for a drink of milk for his wife, but she declared that the cow was dry.

"Well, some water, then," said the King. "She would like that even better. You have water at home, I am sure."

"Oh, yes!" was the reply. "But if I go for it, who will mind my cow?"

"I will," replied the King.

"Very well. I will fetch some water."

In a few moments she returned, carrying a bottle of fresh water, which the King and Queen drank with great relish.

"But how comes it," said the King, "that there are so few people about?"

"They have all gone down to the castle to see the King and Queen and the little princess. Only the old people are left at home, and we shall never be able to see them," answered the woman, with a sigh.

"Here we are," said the King, putting a piece of gold in her hand. "Look at us now."

"I do not understand," said the old woman, looking from the gold to the strangers, and then at the gold once more.

"We are the King and Queen, and we thank you very much for your kindness."

"Oh, pardon me, sire!" murmured the old woman. "I did not dream of it. And to think that I should have asked you to mind my cow! O sire!"

And as they walked away they could still hear her saying to herself:

"To think that I should have asked them to mind my cow!"

"WHERE Satan can not go in person," says an old Jewish proverb, "he sends wine."

Notes and Remarks.

Bishop Vidal, Apostolic Vicar of the Fijian Islands, can probably find work for a few of the expatriated religious of France, as a notable event in missionary enterprise has lately opened two new fields to his zeal and that of his collaborators in the Southern Pacific archipelago. Until a few months ago, the native Grand Chief of the province of Namosi and the district of Soloira, Matanitabua by name, had persistently opposed the entrance of Catholic missionaries into his territory. Suddenly, however, the chief completely reversed his policy, and personally invited the priests to receive himself and his whole people into the Church. Within a month or two of the date of his invitation, the two priests whom Bishop Vidal found available for the work of evangelizing the natives of the newly opened districts converted more than eleven hundred in Namosi and four hundred in Soloira. The Bishop himself paid a pastoral visit to the hitherto forbidden region, and was overjoyed at the evidences, everywhere confronting him, of genuine piety and fervor among the rapidly increasing congregations. The outlook for the extension of Catholicity over the whole archipelago is at present most promising, and Mgr. Vidal will speedily need additional laborers in his portion of the Lord's vineyard.

We should like to have the judgment of fair-minded American Protestants on the conduct of M. Pressense, son of the leading Protestant clergyman of France, in proposing a bill for the repudiation of the Concordat. Every schoolboy knows that the money paid out as salary to the French clergy is but a fraction of the interest due on church property formerly appropriated by the State. As a matter of fact, it is Protestantism and Judaism that are State-

supported in France; for the salary of the Protestant and Jewish clergy is also derived from the State, though there is absolutely no semblance of obligation to pay it. If M. Pressense does not believe in State-supported churches, let him persuade his father and the other Protestant and Jewish clergymen to relinquish their salaries, and the reform he yearns for will be accomplished. "When I was a member of the Budget Committee," writes M. Henry Maret, a staunch Republican and editor of the *Radical*, "I said to my colleagues: 'You want to separate the churches from the State. One obstacle faces you—namely, the law of 1791 on church property. The State owes to the Catholic Church the interest on the capital it appropriated. But since you are so anxious to make a trial of separation, why don't you do so on conditions possible to you and with churches to which the State owes nothing? It owes nothing to the Protestants and the Jews, and the State pays the pastor's and the rabbi's salaries. Why don't you put a stop to such disbursements?'" What the colleagues answered deponent saith not, but what say our American editors?

It ought to humiliate us to learn of the God-fearing and innocent lives led by many non-Catholics, according to the testimony of priests who know them intimately. Here is Father Price, for instance, writing of the Protestants of "the back country," North Carolina: "Their lives are comparatively pure, kept away from temptations. Many of them after becoming Catholics have scarcely a venial sin to tell in confession, and the priest must often find it difficult to get sufficient matter for absolution. Their children will often grow up with their baptismal innocence unsullied by any mortal sin." And then he tells—as so many other zealous priests have told in the *Missionary*—how some of these people after their reception into the

Church show an energy in the study of Christian doctrine and loyalty to the duties of the Catholic life that stagger the "born Catholic." It is hard to understand how this condition can exist among communities deprived of the Sacraments for many generations; but "the uncovenanted mercies of God," let us not forget, are infinite.

In spite of the indifference in such matters which is said to prevail in England, it is proposed to erect a monument to "the Venerable" Bede. Jarrow, where he died, or Durham, where his bones rest, would seem to be the most suitable place for this memorial; but we learn that it will be erected in a much frequented holiday haunt on public ground in the keeping of the corporation of Sunderland, at Roker Point, which is within hail of Monkwearmouth, the monastery to which Bede went as a boy. All who know how large a debt not only English literature, but European learning, owes to the life-work of St. Bede, as well as all English-speaking Christians, should esteem it a privilege to contribute their mite to this memorial.

It has been flippantly observed that beggary is the only industry in many parts of Italy; and not a few Catholic visitors to that fairest of countries have had harsh things to say about the number of mendicants and their impotency. A non-Catholic writer, who is well-informed as well as kind-hearted, has some words in defence of the Italian beggar which English and American tourists would do well to heed. He says (writing in the *London Pilot*):

There is no provision whatever made by the State, in Italy, for its poor. We are so accustomed to our almshouses, workhouses, etc., at home, that it takes some little time for the English person abroad to grasp the fact that, whereas the "Paternal Government of Italy" (I speak as an enlightened Protestant) has spent much time in steadily endeavoring to suppress the religious Orders and in annexing a considerable

part of their properties, it has hitherto as steadily declined to accept the inevitable legacy left them by those same suppressed religious Orders—viz., the tens of thousands of the poor and aged and decrepit, who, past all hope of gaining a subsistence for themselves, received their daily or weekly dole at the convent doors, and *per l'amore di Dio e San Francesco* were kept from absolute starvation and misery by the monks.

I ask the tourist to remember that the poor in Italy are very poor; they have often, after a long, hard-working life of it, *nothing* to fall back upon except the charity of the public. And as long as nothing is done for them by their government, one fails to see what resource lies open to them other than to beg their bread. It is a sad enough outlook for the poor, and one can not but wonder whether, if placed under similar circumstances, we should bear up in the astonishingly cheerful manner in which the Italians do. . . . It will do the English tourist no harm in the long run, while it certainly will do great good to his poorer brethren, if occasionally, instead of showing lively displeasure at their intrusive presence, he were to bestow on them, like the monks of old, his *soldo*, *per l'amore di Dio*. He may at least reckon on receiving more than a soldo's worth of genuine thanks for the gift—which is more than can be said sometimes for gifts bestowed in higher quarters!

It was not a large-hearted man—one of the stern sex of course—that originated the statement, so often repeated by other small-hearted men, "One should *never* give to beggars: it only encourages them." Perhaps it does encourage them—to ask for the trifle which you will never miss, and which is all they have for sustenance. It is better also to be imposed upon a thousand times than, even once, to turn a deaf ear to "a poor devil."

The death, at the age of ninety, of Mr. Thomas W. Allies, K. C. S. G., removes perhaps the last, though certainly not the least, of the original promoters of the Oxford Movement. He entered into it with an earnestness that eventually led him to resign his comfortable living at Taunton and to seek admission into the Church at the hands of his old Oxford friend, "Father Newman," as he never ceased to call the great Cardinal. Few converts of our time have suffered

more for conscience' sake than Mr. Allies; but he never wavered in his allegiance, and was instrumental in the conversion of many others, clerics and laymen. This blessed influence will long survive in "A Life's Decision," that rarely interesting volume in which he tells the story of his submission to the Church. Another service to the cause of truth, the greatness of which it would be hard to overestimate, was the publication of "The Formation of Christendom," so highly praised by the late Cardinal Vaughan and Archbishop Porter. Mr. Allies wrote verse as well as prose. His birthday greeting to Newman is familiar, and our readers will recall some poems in honor of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph which were contributed a few years ago to these pages. Prayers for the repose of the soul of Mr. Allies should be the more fervent in view of the fact that he had survived nearly all his contemporaries and old-time friends. May he rest in peace!

There is matter for serious reflection in this statement made by one of the most popular actors of our day, Mr. E. H. Sothorn: "To my mind there is no question as to the fact that women sway the destiny of the theatre in America." Writing in *Good Housekeeping*, and evidently with the conscientious purpose of reaching and influencing the sex that is influential, Mr. Sothorn continues:

The tremendous educational and moral force of the stage must be admitted when one reflects that in a great city each night more people attend the theatres than attend all the churches on a Sunday. The power of such an instrument for good or evil is simply tremendous. Every actor worthy the name is hungry to give all his energy and work to make his art an influence for the highest and the best,—the control of the forces of the theatre is entirely in the hands of our women. Their minds will crave certain things in the theatre, and those things they will find, for good or evil. I want to declare that we actors as a class distinctly desire to play the great parts, and that desire is to a very great extent upheld or cast down by the taste of those communities in which we work. Recently it was remarked at a banquet I attended

in New York that every important theatre in that city was occupied by a musical comedy—an excellent class of entertainment,—and the one person playing a play of Shakespeare's was congratulated for being able to hold his own. Here is food for reflection, if you please. This taste of the public as a mass is infinitely lower than the taste of the actors.

"The drama's laws the drama's patrons give"; certainly theatre-goers have far more responsibility for a degraded drama than have the stage-folk. Let us transfer our curtain-lectures from the actors to the audience. We can not, however, deny ourselves the satisfaction of reminding Mr. Sothorn that among Catholics the church-goers outnumber the theatre-goers by a handsome majority.

The Holy Father (who, by the way, is, perhaps, the sole survivor of the prelates who were present when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was defined) has appointed a commission of cardinals to arrange for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the definition. The general program, already approved by their Eminences, includes among other features: a solemn religious function—to which representatives from all countries will be invited—in St. Peter's, where the dogma was proclaimed; a universal Marian Congress; the formation of a Marian library to include all books and publications dealing with the Blessed Virgin; a special tribute of veneration to the earliest representations of Our Lady in the Roman catacombs; missions and retreats during the year 1904 in preparation for the feast; and special religious ceremonies on the 8th of every month for a year, beginning December 8, 1903.

The expansiveness of the German Emperor does not seem to be shared by the learned and the learners in the German universities. Dr. Starbuck, writing in the *Sacred Heart Review*, notes that "some considerable time back a

young friend of mine, now a theological professor at Cambridge, spent several years at various German universities, principally Berlin, Kiel, Marburg, Leipsic, and perhaps Halle. I was permitted to hear a number of his letters to his father, and observed how surprised he was at the extreme animosity against the Catholic Church prevailing among German Protestant scholars. His German friends, on the other hand, seemed equally surprised that he and other German scholars had so little of this feeling." Yet in a university, if anywhere, one expects to find breadth and open-mindedness. Perhaps it is true, as Dr. Starbuck suggests, that this animosity is racial rather than religious, the repugnance of the Teuton to hear even the Word of God through the Latin. Perhaps, too, the next great Pope will devote himself to the work of making the outer world understand that the Church is not a Latin institution.

An epitaph that is rightly described as unique of its kind has just been inscribed on the stone that marks the grave of Caroline Manning, "the wife of the Rev. Henry Edward Manning, who died as a Cardinal of the Church of Rome." The monument thus tardily erected by her nephew, Mr. R. G. Wilberforce, is the first to be set up; for when Cardinal Manning was notified by the churchwardens of Ludington that the grave was unmarked he replied: "It is best so. Let it be. Time effaces all things." The propriety of this reply has sometimes been questioned, but it must be admitted that there are not many precedents by which to guide taste in such a contingency.

In one of the strongest chapters ever penned by him, Mr. Marion Crawford has done his best to convince woman that she is destined to be the chief sufferer from divorce, and that she ought to be the sternest antagonist

of that pagan institution. Our Japanese esteemed contemporary, *Jiji*, affords convincing evidence that there is a close connection between low views of womanhood and lax divorce laws. In Japan the popular doctrine runs, "Man is noble, woman mean"; and the ratio of divorces to marriages in Japan is officially reported as 1.4 per cent as against a ratio of .007 per cent in England, for instance. As a matter of fact the ratio in Japan is very much greater; for a large number of divorces in Mikado-land take place by private arrangement between families, with utter disregard of the wishes of the wife, who is simply bullied into accepting divorce. Some day, perhaps, it will dawn upon American women that divorce is just as essentially pagan as idolatry.

A question now agitating the minds of many members of the Protestant Episcopal Society is this: How can Bishop Potter, while privately condemning the methods which prevail at St. Mary the Virgin's in New York, publicly indorse the clergyman who is responsible for them? The Bishop has declared that he regards him "with confidence and respect," whereas the services which he conducts are in violation of the laws of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, which Dr. Potter is solemnly sworn to enforce. The fact is—a great many Episcopalians are beginning to realize it—that the P. E. C. is "nothing but a complacent failure." Thus did "Father" Dolling himself characterize the Church of England.

At the opening of a new church at Stamford Hill, England, dedicated to St. Ignatius Loyola, the venerable Charles Santley sang his own famous *Ave Maria* at the Offertory. The wondrous voice of this celebrated singer is said to be unimpaired, though it has been heard by delighted audiences in different lands for almost half a century.

Notable New Books.

The Little Office of Our Lady. By the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. F. Pustet & Co.

We unreservedly recommend this truly admirable work to all religious congregations in which the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin is said or sung. It is divided into three parts—the theoretical, practical and exegetical. In the first part Father Taunton treats of liturgical prayer, and the greater dignity of acts of public official worship over those of private devotion is clearly set forth. Mental and vocal prayer is explained; and before the initial chapter has been read, we are eager to follow the author's words "On the Formation of the Liturgical Prayer,"—in reality the evolution of the Little Office. The history of this form of public devotion is authentically traced to the seventh century, and the notes on the growth of this pious exercise are most interesting.

The second part of this work is, perhaps, the most important, and is rightly named "practical." The points dwelt upon are: "On Saying the Office as the Church Wishes," "Recollection before Beginning," "Particular Intention," "Attention," "Distractions." Each subject is handled with earnestness; and, while the author appeals to both intellect and emotion, common-sense and reverence are the dominant notes struck.

The exegetical portion of the book is suited rather to individual study than to public spiritual reading; but it is well worth studying. Every word of it is an incentive to love of the Office and to a full appreciation of its liturgical beauty and its spiritual value.

Love Thrives in War. By Mary Catherine Crowley. Little, Brown & Co.

With this charming romance of the frontier in 1812, Miss Crowley completes a trilogy of excellent Catholic historical novels. Like "A Daughter of New France" and "The Heroine of the Strait," this latest of her books will prove thoroughly satisfactory to all readers who delight in recalling the interesting events of long ago through the medium of a fascinating story of love and war. The glamour of romance that is flung around the dry-as-dust facts recorded in the annals of the past detracts nothing, at least under the manipulation of this painstaking author, from the value of the historical knowledge imparted; and the easy grace of the artistic narrator carries one along so smoothly through the varied scenes and incidents of public import that one imbibes such knowledge in the best of all ways—unconsciously. In following the changing fortunes of the delightfully piquant Laurente McIntosh and the sturdy Pierre

Labadie, one gets an excellent grasp of the situation in 1812, when British, Americans, and Indians strove for the supremacy of the border. No reader of Miss Crowley's former tales needs to be told that "Love Thrives in War" is free from the sentimentality or the still worse exaggerated sensuousness that too often mars the historical romances of women novelists. Her works are uniformly irreproachable in moral tone; and for this quality, not less than for their artistic excellence, well deserve the favor of Catholic readers everywhere.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe. B. Herder.

Whatever helps to popularize the Psalms is to be commended; for of the whole Bible the Psalms are, perhaps, least appreciated by Christians generally. The available English versions are to be blamed for at least a part of this neglect, because the English translators have added a trifle more than their necessary mite to the cloudiness of the Hebrew text as we now possess it. The late Bishop Bagshawe had this thought principally in mind when he undertook this metrical translation, which, though it is neither remarkable poetry nor remarkable translation, is without question a remarkable escape from total failure in the attempt to combine them. The Psalms are poetry as well as prayer, and nothing could be more commendable than the ambition to translate both qualities; and if Bishop Bagshawe did not wholly succeed in his great undertaking, he came near enough to it to make the work distinctly worth while. The monotonous adherence throughout to what prosodians call "common metre" was a needless limitation. The best hundred and sixty poems ever written—not to speak of translations—would hardly endure that test if it were question of continuous reading.

The New Empire. By Brooks Adams. The Macmillan Co.

"The Americanization of the world" is what Mr. William T. Stead calls the process which for some years has been going on in the world of commerce. The reason of America's growth in industrial power is explained by Mr. John Fraser in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, wherein, under the title "The Success of American Manufacturers," he compares American and British methods.

That this country has become a power-house, sending out currents of energy to the uttermost bounds of the earth, is an accepted fact; and Mr. Brooks Adams, in "The New Empire," places before his readers a condensed history of the industrial world, showing the philosophy underlying the various means whereby nations have procured that which should meet their needs. The relation between industrial conditions and civilization is

expounded clearly, and the part that America plays in the economy of nature is well set forth. Mr. Fraser gives as one secret of our success "ability of administration"; and Mr. Adams advocates that the young men of to-day be trained to adaptability, to the power of rapid generalization, which, in practice, is administration. On the whole, the book is thoughtful and suggestive, and should be of special interest to students of economics.

St. Margaret of Cortona. Translated from the French of the Rev. L. de Cherance, O. S. F. C., by R. F. O'Connor. Benziger Brothers.

In studying the lives of the chosen servants of God, one must have a clear idea of the time-spirit in which the saints in question worked out their sanctification. This the biographer of St. Margaret of Cortona understands; for we have in the first chapter of her life a picture of Italy in the second half of the thirteenth century. Having the background, the picture of the beloved Magdalen of the Seraphic Order stands forth in strong lines, and much that to-day would seem incomprehensible is clear under the light of the old Italian régime.

The early life of St. Margaret, her defection, her remorse, her wonderful penances,—all are told in a manner to edify, and to illustrate the generosity of her heart and the loving mercy of God. Her zeal for souls and her revelations, her trials and her final triumphs, are interesting and inspiring; and one realizes in her constant turning to God that her life was indeed a continual *sursum corda*.

Earth to Heaven. By Monsignor John S. Vaughan. B. Herder.

This volume is a series of eleven meditations—essays would be the more exact term—on the origin, nature and destiny of the soul, and its moral and religious duties. It expounds the elements of the Christian faith, and so has a work to do for the sheep that wander; but it is also a quickener of faith that the easy-going Catholic will find profitable reading. The book might almost serve as a model of the way ease and energy may be combined in the exposition of religious truth. Monsignor Vaughan is thoroughly familiar with the public he addresses, and he has met its needs to a nicety. Like all his writings, these chapters are substantial, transparent, eloquent and picturesque. They will carry pleasure as well as instruction to all who read them.

Political and Moral Essays. By the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

Not an enticing title for the hot months; but pleasant and easy reading, nevertheless. The *pièce de résistance* of the volume is a rather lengthy (170 pages) dissertation on the origin and extent

of civil authority. It is enough to say of this erudite and closely reasoned essay that it was offered and accepted as a thesis for the Bachelor's degree at Oxford. Seven other papers, mostly on moral themes, make up the remainder of the volume; and among them we are glad to find a comparative study of Socialistic communities and religious Orders. This is an attractive theme that has never been thoroughly done; and Father Rickaby's brief paper, good as it is, leaves much still to be desired on the score of completeness. The author wishes this book to stand as a supplement to his other essays in a similar field; as such it will be welcomed by all his admirers.

The Art of Living Long. By Louis Cornaro. W. F. Butler.

"Three evil customs" which Cornaro (d. 1566) was distressed to observe in the Italy of his day were adulation, heresy and intemperance, and it was against the third of these that he directed the four discourses that form the backbone of this book. Cornaro was not yet forty when he himself was brought to death's door by over-indulgence; but so complete was his reform that he was able to indite the fourth discourse, with all his faculties unimpaired, at the age of ninety-five. We can not but sympathize with him in his pathetic complaint that, as a result of inheriting a weak constitution, he can not expect to live far beyond the hundredth year. He actually did die an untimely death at the age of ninety-seven, but his genial and robust personality will live forever in this fascinating book, in which temperance, exercise, and good humor are commended as the secret of a long and happy life. We may add that whoever reads and heeds Cornaro's philosophy will probably add twenty years to his span of life.

Mr. W. F. Butler, who is the compiler as well as the publisher of the book, has shown nice discrimination throughout, but especially in choosing the extracts from Addison, Bacon and Sir William Temple that supplement Cornaro's quaint and delicious pages.

Castle Omeragh. By F. Frankfort Moore. D. Appleton & Co.

This is a story of the Cromwellian invasion of Ireland, told in the first person and in a style of some quaintness. In plot and characterization it is notably good, and the moral tone is remarkably breezy and wholesome in comparison with that of most current fiction. It strikes us, however, that for the hero to describe himself as "mad with a man's joy on slaying his first man" is just a trifle disconcerting even for Cromwell's time; also Father Mahony is not altogether convincing. His character is sympathetically drawn, but the preternatural astuteness of the man savors of the melodrama. In real life such priests are as rare

as honest Indian agents. We may add that his reverence is an adept in the use of the "pistolet," and that he always carries—and not in vain—a dagger up his sleeve. But the good intention of the author is everywhere evident; and, apart from the exceptions noted, he has had a fair measure of success in realizing it. A pleasant feature of the story is the confidence and friendship existing between Father Mahony and the Protestant family in whose house he was hidden.

In Holiest Troth. By Sister Mary Fidelis. Benziger Brothers.

Here we have in pleasing narrative the life of St. Encratida, one of the martyrs of Saragossa, that noble band of palm-bearers before the throne of God. In Spain and Portugal, St. Encratida is held in special devotion; and on her feast-day, April 16, her memory is lovingly celebrated. In this story we are introduced to this Roman virgin when she has already reached woman's estate; but her childhood and training are revealed in her charming manner, her love of simplicity, and her strength of character. The history of the early martyrs has made us acquainted with the methods pursued when one of a pagan household took upon herself the Cross of Christ, and Encratida suffered to the full torture of heart and mind and body. The strong points of the story are the unfailing influence of goodness and purity, and the spirit of charity which is the distinguishing mark of the true Christian.

Memoirs and Writings of the Very Rev. James F. Callaghan. Compiled by Emily Callaghan. The Robert Clarke Co.

We feel a real sense of obligation to Miss Callaghan for her share in this work. We had known Dr. Callaghan as a tireless worker and an able champion of the Faith in the pulpit and in the press; but it is through her sisterly devotion that we have these glimpses of his notable personality. His generosity, his loyalty to friends, his straightforwardness are impressively emphasized in these memoirs. The "writings" include some of Dr. Callaghan's best work as editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*, a few admirable sermons, and some letters of travel. They reveal the graceful and forceful style as well as the solid learning of the writer, whose zest for work was as remarkable as his indifference to earthly reward seems to have been.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. By Edward Hutton. E. P. Dutton & Co.; Archibald Constable & Co.

The reader of this charming book will do well to remember that these sketches pretend to be studies only; with that in mind, he will not fail to experience keen delight in finding old friends in a somewhat novel garb. Mr. Hutton has, however,

so completely maintained his reverent attitude toward the saints that one finds little to criticise in these beautiful monographs; and we can forgive what we believe to be a false note in his reference to Abelard when we read his words concerning St. Dominic and the devotion of the Rosary. The extract is too exquisite to permit mutilation and we give it in full:

Ah, though Galileo could number the stars, and see the earth itself as a mighty circle bound round by the intelligence of man; though we can count the weary miles to the sun, and find the new moon in the adoring sea; though we have taken the laws of heaven captive and bound them to our will: he [St. Dominic] circled heaven with his prayers, and each prayer was as an angel's wing for swiftness. His *Glorias* have silenced the heavenly choirs; Christ will not resist the sweet rain of his *Pater Nosters*; and he has filled the Virgin's lap with his *Aves*. All the winds of heaven are powerless to put out the million flames of his prayers; for they have taken the world captive too, and set the bells of all the churches to their music in the morning and at noon and at sunset. No son of man so happy but can tell his jewels, none so wretched but will wash them with his tears, and in a thousand monasteries in all the world those who take on them the sins of the sinner number his numberless prayers in the circle of his Rosary.

Father Marquette. By the Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M. Catholic Press Ass'n. Pub. Co.

This is neither a biography of Father Marquette nor, strictly speaking, a monograph. The first half summarizes what is known of that great career; the second deals with Marquette's relics, his burial place at St. Ignace, and the manner of its discovery. We may observe that Father Jucker, the pastor of St. Ignace and one of the discoverers of Marquette's grave, has contested some of the details of Father Hedges' narrative; but the value of this volume as a tribute from a well-informed and enthusiastic admirer of the great missionary is not seriously affected. Certainly these pages will not suffer by comparison with the recent work of Mr. Reuben Thwaites, even though neither can be said to add much to the sum of our knowledge.

Old Squire. By B. K. Benson. The Macmillan Co.

This romance of a black Virginian, as the subtitle classifies the book, is semi-historical and has as setting the war between North and South in 1864. The familiar story of the strife between sections and between members of the same family introduces Old Squire and Barney, two faithful Negroes, whose loyalty to their masters was proved beyond a doubt. And many, and sometimes amusing, were the adventures of Old Squire on behalf of "Mahs Charley." A thread of love weaves a brightness through the scenes of tragedy; but the story is of war, and not of domestic peace. The local color is good, the characterization true to life, and one feels that the author justifies his prefatory note that his object is "not to defend slavery but to do justice to slaves."



A Hymn for First Communion.

MY soul is an altar all spotless and white,
Where gleam for His coming love's tapers alight;
The flowers of hope shed a sweet fragrance there,
Where rises the incense of faith and of prayer.

Around us are gathering, in homage and love,
The angels of God from the mansions above;
O happy the moment that to us shall bring
The Lord of our hearts, their dear Master and King!

Make ready: He comes, to be all our own,—
Each soul is His altar, His love-chosen throne;
But keep the love-tapers for Him all aglow,
And heaven on earth our young spirits shall know.

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.—THE MANSION AT PINE BLUFF.

WHEN Julian Mortimer received the invitation to visit his grandfather at Pine Bluff, near the sea, it was, indeed, an event in his life; though he by no means understood its import. He supposed, in his careless boy-fashion that the old gentleman, had suddenly grown weary of solitude and had bethought himself of city relatives, who seldom got a whiff of salt-air or a glimpse of the country. His mother, who was better informed, looked somewhat pale and anxious, standing thoughtfully at the window commanding the street, on the morning fixed for the departure. She heard Julian announcing the good tidings to sundry of his boy friends who had not already heard them:

"I'm going down to Pine Bluff to my grandfather's, and I guess I'm going to have a pretty good time,—I'm sure of it. There's lots of boating there, and

a pony to ride and a gun to shoot with."

"Shoot what?" inquired one of his hearers, with a touch of mockery.

Julian replied, rather vaguely:

"Oh, rabbits, birds, anything! Bother that carriage! Why doesn't it come? We'll be late for the train."

"There's time enough," observed his mother from the window. "It wants nearly an hour of train time."

Julian, by way of passing the time, began to hop up and down the block on one leg, and presently engaged in a friendly tussle with his next-door neighbor. Anything was preferable to keeping still. Meanwhile his mother at her post of observation was reflecting.

"He may find his grandfather rather stern, and I'm afraid of that matter of the jewel. I'm sure those tests are dangerous, and—"

Julian interrupted her by a great shout. The carriage was in sight. Mrs. Mortimer quietly put on her widow's bonnet and buttoned her coat. She knelt a moment, as was her habit, to ask for protection on the journey. Then she gathered up the various small articles of luggage—the trunks having already gone,—and preceded her restless son into the waiting vehicle.

The journey was an uneventful one, and to Julian rather wearisome; though he flattened his nose against the pane in the effort to see everything. But he felt as if he should never arrive at that mysterious, wonderful end of the journey, which seemed like a leap into the future; for he pictured to himself all sorts of glories in connection. He talked incessantly—that is, in the intervals of regaling himself with "peppermint chew" or sucking an orange,—and asked his mother all manner of questions.

It was afternoon when the first, strong, pungent whiff of salt-air reached them and delighted the city boy's nostrils. But it was dusk when the train drew up with a jerk, and mother and son found themselves at a country station, where many others were alighting too. Vehicles of various kinds stood waiting, and greetings were shouted to arriving passengers from groups of loungers on the platform. A tall figure in dark green livery presently stepped up to where Mrs. Mortimer stood, looking around her uncertainly.

"Mrs. Robert Mortimer?" inquired the man.

On being answered in the affirmative, he seized the lady's satchels and led the way to a handsome family carriage, of somewhat old-fashioned make. Julian felt quite in awe of this equipage, as well as of the solemn coachman, who shut them in as if he were imprisoning them for life. But when the splendid pair of horses were once in motion, going at a rapid pace over a smooth road, the boy could not contain his delight. He thrust his head out of the window and fairly hunched to the ocean, as he caught sight of it, foaming and wave-crested, booming on the rocky shore, at the foot of the bluff along which they were driving. His mother had to restrain him several times, having a wholesome respect for the grave official on the box.

At last the carriage came to a stone wall, severely plain and spiked on top with iron spikes, and drove through a huge iron gate, which with a touch of his whip the coachman caused to clang behind them. This gave the mother an uncanny feeling of the closing of prison gates upon her, but Julian cried:

"Isn't this jolly, mother? It's exactly like a storybook. I hope there'll be some other fellows round, though; and then we'll have a tiptop time."

"There is certainly no 'fellow' at your grandfather's," replied Mrs. Mortimer,—

"unless he has invited some of the others."

"What others?" inquired Julian, wonderingly.

His mother was silent. The "others" vaguely referred to the various branches of her husband's family, with whom, however, she had no acquaintance. Fortunately, Julian's attention was distracted by the scarlet berries of the sumach, and by the squirrels darting about and curiously eying the equipage as it swept round the curves of the avenue. On either side were glorious trees, promising many a game of hide-and-seek. Julian, with the eye of a connoisseur, had already selected certain of the tallest trees, which he meant to climb on the morrow.

His interest was finally absorbed, however, by the house when it appeared in sight,—long, low and of colonial fashion, with so many windows, a veranda running all about it, thick ivy concealing its outer walls, and with a general air of well-being which pleased and impressed the travellers. As they alighted, a tall, somewhat florid gentleman, very carefully dressed and with the evidences of prosperity in his whole appearance, advanced to the head of the steps, greeting the new arrivals courteously. Immediately in his wake appeared a trim housemaid, who seized satchels and umbrellas and vanished as if she had been an automaton.

"Welcome, my dear Mrs. Robert!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "And welcome, Julian!"

His keen eyes surveyed the fine, manly figure of his grandson standing before him, cap in hand, with bright, upturned face, and fearless eyes of brown, and chestnut curls clustering close-cut about the head.

"He has an air of being — adventurous," commented the grandfather. "Well, we shall give scope to that sort of thing here; and really he is very like, very like *him*."

Mrs. Mortimer smiled nervously, knowing the other's meaning.

"He doesn't resemble his father at all," went on Mr. Mortimer,—"not in the least."

"No, not in the least," agreed Mrs. Mortimer. "He is exactly the opposite in every respect."

"The better for this quest," remarked the grandfather, somewhat dryly. "But I am keeping you standing here. How very thoughtless! Pray enter!"

He ushered both visitors into an apartment which to Julian appeared the very synonym for luxury: the lozenge windows, with vivid yellow panes; the hard wood floor rug-strewn; the piano, the pictures, the easy-chairs and divans.

"Rest for a few moments in the morning room," said the old gentleman. "The maid will bring you tea and show you to your apartments. We shall meet at dinner at half-past seven. We are very punctual here, Master Julian."

He shook his finger playfully at the boy, as if he suspected him of the opposite quality of unpunctuality; but Julian was quite undisturbed by the suggestion, though it brought a contraction to his mother's smooth brow.

The grandfather having gone, Julian's eyes grew big and round as he stared hard at all the costly objects about him, walking with hands deep in his pockets, and occasionally giving an involuntary whistle.

"Mother," he said at length, in a somewhat subdued tone, "it's just like one of those castles I used to read about when I was a kid."

"It is a castle of mystery," said the mother, absently.

"Of mystery?" cried Julian, eagerly catching at the word.

"I mean that I know so little about it," explained the mother evasively. "It always puzzles me, and so does its master."

"Grandfather?" cried Julian. "Oh, he's fine, mother! And he has such grand

clothes, and I saw him take out such a watch! I wish it was dinner-time, so as to see him again, and hear what he's got to say."

The maid entering with tea cut short Julian's discourse; and presently she led them up to a delightful suite of apartments, cheerful and sunny in daytime, but which just then were brilliantly lighted with electric lamps. A great linden thrust its branches in at the sitting-room window; and on the huge hearth blazed a fire, for the evenings were chill. Julian stretched himself full-length on the rug, and gave way to quite unusual inaction as he gazed into the fire. He was lost in thought, for his mind was already full of dreams and plans.

His mother, having completed her toilet, sat lost in thought, till a great gong, resonant but silvery sweet and clear, rang through the house, and at the same moment a tall clock, which Julian had remarked upon the staircase, sounded half-past seven.

"Dinner!" cried Julian, adding that he was "as hungry as a hunter," and rushing to open the door and precede his mother downstairs. When the two approached the drawing-room, the door was thrown open by a servant, and they found themselves in presence of the master of the house and of three boys, all standing silently and somewhat uncomfortably about the stately and gorgeously appointed apartment.

"Oh, goody!" said Julian to himself. "There are some fellows here. I wonder who they are? I guess they must be the 'others.'" For he remembered his mother's phrase. He gazed at them cheerfully and with interest, while his grandfather spoke as follows:

"Mrs. Robert and Master Julian, these are Masters William Sedgwick, John Jacob, and Walter Worthington, belonging respectively to the families of Sedgwick Mortimer, Jacob Mortimer, and Worthington Mortimer."

They were, indeed, the "others." Mrs. Robert Mortimer inclined her head and smiled at each boy in turn. Julian greeted them all with easy and cordial good-fellowship, to which each lad responded according to his nature. They were all very different, the one from the other, in manners and appearance; the first named being short, thickset and freckled; the second, tall, dark and hatchet-faced; the third, blue-eyed, pale and with nondescript hair.

Mr. Mortimer taking out the handsome gold repeater which had so attracted his grandson's fancy, tapped it significantly, saying:

"In consequence of this ceremony of introduction, we are exactly five minutes late for dinner,—quite an unusual occurrence."

He gave his arm to his daughter-in-law, and the boys all passed in together, in a somewhat sheepish silence, which even Julian did not feel.

Mrs. Mortimer was placed at her father-in-law's right hand; Sedgwick, the thickset lad, in virtue of age, sat opposite.

"Julian, I believe, is the youngest," observed the grandfather, eying the boy as he spoke.

"I'm fifteen my next birthday," declared Julian promptly,—at which the other boys stared; for they stood in awe of the florid old gentleman and would by no means have addressed him uninvited.

"Fifteen is quite an advanced age," said the grandfather, in a tone which somehow left a slightly disagreeable impression on the mother's mind. "But it still leaves you, Master Julian, in the position of the youngest. Sedgwick is, I am informed, seventeen, John Jacob, sixteen and Walter Worthington a month or two younger. But you are still old enough to take your share of what may be demanded of you and to enjoy adventure; otherwise you should not be here."

As none of the boys understood the meaning of this mysterious speech, they made no attempt to answer, and silently devoted themselves, with an appetite which even the old gentleman's presence could not subdue, to the excellent dinner—soup, roast fowls, tender vegetables, puddings, cakes and fruit.

"To-morrow morning I will see you all in the library," said the grandfather, dismissing the boys from his presence and courteously leading his daughter-in-law to the morning room, where he invited her to seek recreation in the magazines and light literature strewn about, or to try some of the new music which stood temptingly in a stand by the grand piano. This promised a treat to Mrs. Robert, who was an excellent musician; but she felt inexplicably anxious and heavy-hearted, and could not bring herself to disturb the silence of the room by any music of hers.

"You will excuse me, I know,—for to-night, at least," said the host. "My evenings are usually devoted to my books. In my library I always find perfectly congenial society, and so have got into unsocial habits."

His daughter-in-law begged of him to make no change in his custom on her account, and felt a very sensible relief when he left her to her own thoughts.

Meanwhile the boys were out on the lawn, looking about and talking busily. Julian, within a few minutes, had inquired of his cousins what school they went to, what classes they were in, whether they had got to the "asses' bridge" in geometry, where they lived, and who were their chums. Sedgwick was disposed to treat him with good-natured contempt as a "kid"; John Jacob was reserved and somewhat moody; but to Walter Worthington Julian was soon displaying a valued pocketknife which had got mixed up with the rosary given to the boy by his teacher and on which he faithfully said his beads once a day. Walter responded with similar marks of

confidence, displaying a hard-wood top, a fishing line, and a bit of punk, relic of past fireworks.

"Rum place this," grumbled John Jacob.

"Oh, I think it's fine!"

"You do, curly pate,—do you?" laughed Sedgwick. "So do I. Wouldn't mind owning it."

"Look here, why do you think it's rum, John Jacob?" inquired Julian.

"Say, cut that!" retorted the hatchet-faced one. "Call me Jake. And I think it's rum because it is."

Though they thus disagreed on one important point, they very soon joined the others in a game of leapfrog, till a bell sounded and a peremptory message came from their grandfather that this was the signal for bed. Then was much grumbling, especially on the part of John Jacob. Julian acquiesced with cheerful philosophy; Walter—or, as he had requested to be called, "Wat"—said little; and Sedgwick's growling was tolerably good-natured. So night and darkness found Julian and the "others" at Pine Bluff with but little realization of how momentous was the occasion.

(To be continued.)

The Farmer and the Horse.

A RUSSIAN FABLE.

A farmer was sowing oats one day. Seeing that, a young horse began to reason about it, grumbling to itself:

"A pretty piece of work this, for which he brings such a lot of oats here! And yet they say men are wiser than we are. Can anything possibly be more foolish or ridiculous than to plough up a whole field like this, in order to scatter one's oats over it afterward to no purpose? Had he given them to me, or had he even thought fit to fling them to the fowls, it would have all been more like business. Or even if

he had hoarded them up, I should have recognized avarice in that. But to fling them uselessly away! No: that is sheer stupidity."

Meanwhile time passed; and in the autumn the oats were garnered, and the farmer fed this very horse on them.

Reader, there can be no doubt that you do not approve of the horse's opinions. But, from the oldest times to our own days, has not man been equally audacious in criticising the designs of Providence, although in his blind folly, he sees nothing of its means or ends?

"Keep Clean!"

Some of our best lessons are taught us through stings and bites. Mosquitoes, fleas, flies, and ticks have not yet done their work in the world. They are always saying to us, "Keep clean!" Mosquitoes are hatched in still water, and the young are well named "wigglers." They are restless, lively little creatures, and they begin at once to purify the water in which they swim.

Flies and fleas are hatched in rubbish and decaying matter. They with the mosquitoes, say to us, "Keep the earth clean! Drain your swamps, and make them smile with corn and flowers; keep your streets clean, your sewers in order, and burn your rubbish. By so doing you destroy our cradles, and we can pester you no longer."

Roma.

The name *Roma*, which comes down from the old Pelasgic days and signifies strength, is, with the letters placed in inverted order, *amor*, which is love. It is as if from the very foundation of that mighty power which was to rule the world by strength, its name contained a prophecy of the mightier power that should succeed it and rule the world by love.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The death is announced of Gaspar Nuñez de Arce, the chief poet of Spain. Modern Castilian, it is said, shows no poetic figure to compare with him. His "Haz de Leña," "the most distinguished historical drama of the century," achieved marked success, but he will be remembered best by "Gritos de Combate," in which he denounces anarchy and pleads for freedom and concord.

—"Ye are Christ's" is the title of eighty-four considerations for boys, by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., who understands boys well enough to know that they have no taste for treatises. Practical, direct, and with the modern flavor, these brief talks ought to be welcome to many priests, parents, teachers, and guardians of youth. The book is published by Burns & Oates, and for sale in this country by the Benzigers.

—"Philosophy Four," by Owen Wister (The Macmillan Co.), is a delightful Harvard story and will give genuine pleasure to anyone who reads it,—except, perhaps, members of the W. C. T. U., and some old-time teachers of philosophy. Viewed ethically, there must be a mental reservation in one's approval of Bert and Billy, and their actions at the Bird-in-Hand, but aside from this "Philosophy Four" is an admirable story.

—Unlike certain other volumes of "The Saints" series, the latest issue, "Saint Teresa," by M. Henri Joly, was written mainly with a view to edification. It is evident that the author is a client as well as an admirer of the great Carmelite. He has drawn from the best and latest sources of information, and writes with care as well as enthusiasm. "Saint Teresa" indeed is one of the most readable volumes of the series. The translator, Miss Emily M. Waller, has done her work well. Duckworth & Co., publishers.

—Certain friends of Mr. William E. Curtis, special correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, say that he is not a bigot, but only the most gullible newspaper man in America. This may be true, but it hardly helps us to understand why an editor considers him a valuable staff-member or why Catholics buy the *Record-Herald*. In a little pamphlet entitled "The Popes in Rome," the Catholic Truth Society, of Chicago, exposes his recent calumnious reference to Pope Innocent III., adding a brief historical sketch of the Papacy and answering some questions commonly asked by well-meaning non-Catholics. We feel obliged to say, however, that if we explain (p. 27) that the hatred and mistrust of the Papacy are an inheritance from the days when popes were temporal sovereigns and therefore subject to defilement from "the mud of politics,"

we ought not to contend (p. 20) that "Divine Providence" made the Popes temporal sovereigns. It is hard for simple minds to reconcile these statements.

—The venerable Mr. Allies, who passed to his reward last month, had the gratification of learning during his last illness that a new edition was demanded of three of his works. We venture to say that if the worth of "The Formation of Christendom" were better known, it would be one of the most successful Catholic works in our language.

—"The Junior League Book" is a manual for the special benefit of schools and academies, and embodies full instructions regarding the League of the Sacred Heart, and the usual devotions found in prayer-books. In form it is very convenient, resembling the well-known vest-pocket manuals. A "Manual of Sacred Hymns" is published by the same press,—that of the *Canadian Messenger*, Montreal,—and is supplementary to the prayer-book.

—The following works are in preparation or contemplated for the Paternoster Books, a series of devotional treatises noticed by us last week: "The Soliloquies of St. Augustine"; "The Child Jesus in the Temple," by St. Aelred; "The Incarnation and Nativity of Our Lord," by Thomas à Kempis; "The Garden of Roses and Valley of Lilies," by the same; "A Treatise on Prayer," by B. John Fisher; "A Little Book of Eternal Wisdom," by B. Henry Suso; "The Meditations of St. Anselm."

—Though published in 1899, "Abbeys around London" has just reached us for review. It is poorly printed, awkward in form, and by no means so complete as might be wished; but at least some of our readers will be interested in it, for it is the best account of the principal abbeys clustering about medieval London that is to be found in a single volume. Some of the illustrations are peculiarly valuable and interesting. Mr. John A. Randolph is the author; the Mercantile Press, publishers.

—The Old Corner Book Store in Boston is about to be demolished to make way for a modern business building. Erected in 1711, the Old Corner Book Store was not only a famous publishing house for many generations, but also a favorite rendezvous of Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Agassiz, Holmes, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Alcott and others. The news that Boston will permit this venerable literary shrine to be destroyed to make room for a department store is not less shocking than the

news that the two antique cottages lying next to Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon are to be torn down to afford a site for a modern library building donated by Mr. Carnegie.

—Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard* is one of those exquisite literary artists who "make great music to a little clan," for the very fineness of his work places it beyond the ken of those whose spiritual vision is bounded by hysterical fiction and vaudeville humor. For a craftsman of Mr. Stoddard's temper, however, there is compensation in the unstinted praise bestowed on his work by such tolerable judges as Bayard Taylor, Howells, Stevenson and Kipling—to name only a few. Even those whose vocation it is to sit in the seat of the scornful, to wit, the editors of the *Bookman* and the *Critic*, have only words of admiration for him. Of Mr. Stoddard's latest book, "For the Pleasure of His Company," the *Bookman* says that "it is one of those books which must be read to be appreciated,"—which is wiser than attempting to analyze this writer's elusive charm. And the *Critic's* "Lounger"—who is also its editor—says of his recently published "Exits and Entrances" that it is "one of the most interesting books that have reached my desk for some time."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Little Office of Our Lady.. *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5.

Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.
Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.

In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis.* \$1, net.

The New Empire. *Brooks Adams.* \$1.50, net.

The Art of Living Long. *Louis Cornaro.* \$1.50.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.

Memoirs and Writings of the Very Rev. James F. Callaghan. *Emily Callaghan.* \$2, net.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. *Edward Hutton.* \$1 25.

Old Squire. *B. K. Benson.* \$1 50.

St. Margaret of Cortona. *Rev. L. de Cherance, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Castle Omeragh. *F. Frankfort Moore.* \$1.50.

Saint Teresa. *Henri Joly.* \$1.

Ye are Christ's. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* 50 cts., net.

The Four Last Things. *Blessed Thomas More.* 50 cts.

A Spiritual Consolation and Other Treatises. *Blessed John Fisher.* 50 cts.

Letters to Young Men. *Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

Under the Cross. *Faber.* 60 cts., net.

A Story of St. Germain. *Sopie Maude.* \$1, net.

In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock.* \$1.

Helps to a Spiritual Life. *Schneider-Girardey.* \$1.25.

The Rose and the Sheepskin. *Joseph Gordian Daley.* \$1.

The Friendships of Jesus. *Rev. M. J. Ollivier, O. P.* \$1.50, net.

The Unravelling of a Tangle. *Marion Ames Taggart.* \$1.25.

Questions on "First Communion." *Mother M. Loyola.* 30 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

The Rev. J. W. Vahey, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Mr. L. W. Lewis, of Mitchell, Wis.; Mr. Robert Kuerze, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Peter Cauley, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. John Byrnes, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. Elizabeth V. Carey, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. T. W. Allies, London, England; Miss Bertha Siebold, Mrs. Catherine Walfram, and Mrs. Mary Coughlin, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. M. J. O'Brien, Roxbury, Mass.; Miss Charlotte Hulty and Mr. Thomas Ryan, Montreal, Canada; Mr. Jacob Kuntz, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Frank McBennett, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Thomas Mahoney, Springfield, Ill.; Mr. Antony Rolf, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Patrick Begly, Springfield, N. Y.; Mrs. Josephine Mack, Monroe, Mich.; Mr. Jeremiah Egan, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Annie Jeffries, Pinckney, Mich.; Mr. Joseph Collins, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Crowe, Menlo Park, Cal.; Mr. John Grace, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Maria McLoughlin, Claremorris, Ireland; and Mrs. H. M. Brown, Galt, Canada.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Child of the Temple.

BY LOUISE F. MURPHY.

GENTLE Maiden, Mistress mine,
Hidden in the temple old,
Oh, what mysteries divine,
By the Prophets long foretold,
Come in visions now to thee,
Little Maid of Galilee!

Do the rood's dark shadows fall,
'Cross the glory of thy dream?
'Gainst the Temple's sacred wall,
Lo, the guarding angels gleam,
Keeping loving watch o'er thee,
Little Maid of Galilee!

Gentle Maiden, pure and fair,
In the Temple silent still,
Thine the promised glory rare
Given by the Father's will!
All our hopes are waiting thee,
Little Maid of Galilee!

With the glory comes the pain,
With the Gift must come the loss:
Him thou lovest shall be slain,
And His blood shall dye the Cross;
But our saving comes through thee,
Mother Maid of Galilee!

THE duty of perseverance on our part is made up of three things: of fidelity in following the Spirit of God; of fervor—that is, exactness, regularity, punctuality in the discharge of our duties toward God and our neighbor; and, lastly, of delicacy of conscience, so that our ear is prompt to hear the voice of the Holy Spirit, and our eye is quick to see what He requires of us.—*Manning*.

Copernicus and His Times.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, PH. D., M. D.

IT is rather surprising, in view of the common impression with regard to Copernicus, to find him, according to recent biographers, a faithful clergyman in honor with his ecclesiastical superiors, a distinguished physician whose chief patients were clerical friends of prominent position and the great noblemen of his day, who not only retained all his faith and reverence for the Church, but seems to have been especially religious, a devoted adherent of the Blessed Virgin and the author of a series of poems in her honor that constitute a distinct contribution to the literature of his time.

All this should not be astonishing, however; for in the list of the churchmen of the half century just before the great religious revolt in Germany are to be found some of the best known names in the history of the intellectual development of the race. This statement is so contrary to the usual impression that obtains in regard to the character of that period as to be a distinct source of surprise to the ordinary reader of history who has the realization of its truth thrust upon him for the first time. Just before the so-called Reformation, the clergy are considered to have been so sunk in ignorance, or at least to have been so indifferent to intellectual pursuits and so cramped in mind as

regards progress, or so timorous because of inquisition methods, that no great advances in thought, and especially not in science, could possibly be looked for from them. To find, then, that not only were faithful churchmen leaders in thought, discoverers in science, organizers in education, initiators of new progress, teachers of the New Learning, but that they were also typical representatives and yet prudent directors of the advancing spirit of that truly wonderful time, is apt to make us think that surely—as the Count de Maistre said one hundred years ago, and the Cambridge Modern History repeats at the beginning of the twentieth century when treating of this very period—"history has been a conspiracy against the truth."

Not quite fifty years before Luther's movement of protest began—that is in 1471—there passed away in a little town in the Rhineland a man who has been a greater spiritual force than perhaps any other single man that has ever existed. This was Thomas à Kempis, a product of the schools of the Brethren of the Common Life, a teaching Order that during these fifty years before the Protestant Revolution had over ten thousand pupils in its schools in the Rhineland and the Netherlands alone. As among these pupils there occur such names as Erasmus, Nicholas of Cusa, Agricola, not to mention many less illustrious, some idea of this old teaching institution, that has been very aptly compared to our modern Brothers of the Christian Schools, can be realized.

Kempis was a worthy initiator of a great half century. He had among his contemporaries, or followers in the next generation, such men as Grocyn, Dean Colet and Linacre in England, Cardinal Ximenes in Spain, and Copernicus in Germany. Considering the usual impression in this matter as regards the lack of interest at Rome in serious study, it

is curiously interesting to realize how closely these great scholars and thinkers were in touch with the famous Popes of the Renaissance period. The second half of the sixteenth century saw the elevation to the Papacy of some of the most learned and worthy men that have ever occupied the Chair of Peter. In 1447 Nicholas V. became Pope, and during his eight years of pontificate initiated a movement of sympathy with modern art and letters that was never to be extinguished. To him more than to any other may be attributed the foundation of the Vatican Library. To him also is attributed the famous expression that "no art can be too lofty for the service of the Church." He was succeeded by Calixtus III., a patron of learning, who was followed by Pius II., the famous Æneas Sylvius, one of the greatest scholars and most learned men of his day, who had done more for the spread of culture and of education in the various parts of Europe than perhaps any other alive at the time.

The next Pope, Paul II., accomplished much during a period of great danger by arousing the Christian opposition to the Saracens. His encouragement and material aid to the Hungarians, who were making a bold stand against the Oriental invaders, merit for him a place in the rôle of defenders of civilization. To him is due the introduction of the recently discovered art of printing, and its installation on a sumptuous scale worthy of the centre of Christian culture. His successor, Sixtus IV., deserves the title of the founder of modern Rome. Bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, libraries, churches,—all owe to his fostering care their restoration and renewed foundation. He made it the purpose of his life to attract distinguished humanistic scholars to his capital, and Rome became the metropolis of culture and learning as well as the mother city of Christendom.

Under such Popes it is no wonder that

Rome and the cities of Italy generally became the homes of art and culture, centres of the new humanistic learning and the shelters of the scholars of the outer world. The Italian universities entered on a period of intellectual and educational development as glorious almost as the art movement that characterized the time. As this was marked by the work of such men as that universal genius Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, poet, painter, sculptor, architect; Raphael, Titian, and Correggio, whose contemporaries were worthy of them in every way, some idea can be attained of the wonderful era that developed. No wonder scholars in every department of learning flocked to Italy for inspiration and the enthusiasm bred of scholarly fellowship in such an environment. From England came men like Linacre, Selling, Grocyn and Dean Colet; Erasmus came from the Netherlands, and Copernicus from Poland. Copernicus there obtained that scientific training which was later to prove so fruitful in his practical work as a physician and in his scientific work as the founder of modern astronomy.

It may be as well to say at the beginning that even Copernicus was not the first to suggest that the earth moved, and not the sun; and that, curiously enough, his anticipator was another churchman, Nicholas of Cusa, the famous Bishop of Brixen. Readers of Janssen's History of the German People will remember that the distinguished historian introduces his monumental work by a short sketch of the career of Cusanus, as he is called, who may be well taken as the typical pre-Reformation scholar and clergyman. Cusa wrote in a manuscript—which is still preserved in the hospital of Cues, or Cusa,—published for the first time by Professor Clemens in 1847: "I have long considered that this earth can not be fixed but moves as do the other stars. *Sed movetur ut aliæ stellæ.*" What a curious

commentary these words, written more than half a century before Galileo was born, form on the famous expression so often quoted because supposed to have been drawn from Galileo by the condemnation of his doctrine at Rome: *E pur se muove*,—"and yet it moves!" Cusanus was a Cardinal, the personal friend of three Popes, and he seems to have had no hesitation in expressing his opinion in the matter. In the same manuscript the Cardinal adds: "And to my mind the earth revolves upon its axis once in a day and a night." Cusanus was, moreover, one of the most independent thinkers that the world has ever seen, yet he was intrusted by the Pope about the middle of the fifteenth century with the reformation of abuses in the Church in Germany. The Pope seems to have been glad to be able to secure a man of such straightforward ways for his reformatory designs.

The ideas of Nicholas of Cusa with regard to knowledge and the liberty of judgment in things not matters of faith can be very well appreciated from some of his expressions. "To know and to think," he says in one passage, "to see the truth with the eye of the mind is always a joy. The older a man grows, the greater is the pleasure which it affords him; and the more he devotes himself to the search after truth, the stronger grows his desire of possessing it. As love is the life of the heart, so is the endeavor after knowledge and truth the life of the mind. In the midst of the movements of time, of the daily work of life, of its perplexities and contradictions, we should lift our gaze fearlessly to the clear vault of heaven and seek ever to obtain a firmer grasp of, and keener insight into, the origin of all goodness and duty, the capacities of our own hearts and minds, the intellectual fruits of mankind throughout the centuries, and the wondrous works of nature around us; but ever remembering that in humility alone lies true greatness, and

that knowledge and wisdom are alone profitable in so far as our lives are governed by them."* It is no wonder, then, that the time was ripe for Copernicus and his great work in astronomy, nor that that work should be accomplished while he was a canon of a cathedral and for a time the vicar-general of a diocese.

It is now nearly five years since Father Adolph Muller, S. J., professor of Astronomy in the Pontifical Gregorian University of Rome, and director of a private observatory on the Janiculum in that city, wrote his historical scientific study† of the great founder of modern astronomy. The book has been reviewed, criticised and discussed very thoroughly since then, and has been translated into several languages. The latest translation was into Italian, the work of Father Pietro Mezzetti, S. J.;‡ and was published in Rome at the end of 1902,—having had the benefit of the author's revision. The historical details, then, of Copernicus' life may be considered to have been cast into definite shape, and his career may be appreciated with confidence as to the absolute accuracy and essential significance of all its features.

Nicholas Copernicus—to give him the Latin and more usual form of his name—was the youngest of four children of Niclas Copernigk, who removed from Cracow in Poland to Thorn in East Prussia (though then a city of Poland), where he married Barbara Watzelrode, a daughter of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the province. His mother's brother, after having been a canon for many years in the cathedral of Frauenburg, was elected Bishop of

the Province of Ermland. The future astronomer was born in 1473, at a time when Thorn, after having been for over two hundred years under the rule of the Teutonic Knights, had for some seven years been under the dominion of the King of Poland. There were two boys and two girls in the family; and their fervent Catholicity can be judged from the fact that all of them, parents and children, were inscribed among the members of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Barbara, the older sister, became a religious in the Cistercian Convent of Kulm, of which her aunt Catherine was abbess, and of which later on she herself became Abbess. Andrew, the oldest son, became a priest; and Nicholas, the subject of this sketch, at least assumed, as we shall see, all the obligations of the ecclesiastical life, though it is not certain that he received the major religious orders.

Copernicus' collegiate education was obtained at the University of Cracow, at that time one of the most important seats of learning in Europe. The five hundredth anniversary of the founding of this University was celebrated with great pomp about three years ago. Its origin, however, dates back to the times of Casimir the Great, at the end of the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth century. Its foundation was due to the same spirit of enthusiastic devotion to letters that gave us all the other great universities of the thirteenth century. The original institution was so much improved by Jagello, King of Poland at the beginning of the fifteenth century, that it bears his name and is known as the Jagellonian University. It was very natural for Copernicus to go back to his father's native city for his education; but his ambitious spirit was not content with the opportunities afforded there. He does not seem to have taken his academic degrees, and the tradition that he received his doctorate in medicine at the University of Cracow

* History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. By Johannes Janssen. Translated from the German by M. A. Mitchell and A. M. Christie. Vol. I, p. 3.

† Nikolaus Kopernicus, Der Altmeister der neueren Astronomie, Ein Lebens und Kultur Bild, von Adolf Muller, S. J.

‡ Professor of astronomy and physics at the Pontifical Leonine College of Anagni.

can not be substantiated by any documentary evidence.

At Cracow Copernicus devoted himself mainly to classical studies, though his interest in astronomy seems to have been awakened there. In fact, it is said his desire to be able to read Ptolemy's astronomy in the original Greek, and to obtain a good copy of it, led him to look to Italy for his further education. During his years at Cracow, however, he seems to have made numerous observations in astronomy, as most of the astronomical data in his books are found reduced to the meridian of Cracow. The observatory of Frauenburg, at which his work in astronomy in later life was carried on, was on the same meridian; so that it is difficult to say, as have some of his biographers, that, since Cracow was the capital of his native country, motives of patriotism influenced him to continue his observations according to this same meridian. Copernicus was anxious, no doubt, to come in contact with some of the great astronomers at the universities of Italy, whom he knew by reputation and whose work was attracting attention all over Europe at that time.

How faithfully Copernicus applied himself to his classical studies can be best appreciated from some Latin poems written by him during his student days. These poems are an index, too, of the personal character of the man, and give some interesting hints of the religious side of his character. Altogether there are seven Latin odes, each ode composed of seven strophes. The seven odes are united by a certain community of interest or succession of subjects. All of them refer to the history of the Redeemer either in types or in reality. In the first one the prophets prefigure the appearance of the Saviour; in the second the patriarchs sigh for His coming; the third depicts the scene of the Nativity in the Cave of Bethlehem; the fourth is concerned with the Circumcision and the

imposition of the name chosen by the Holy Ghost; the fifth treats of the Star and the Magi and their guidance to the Manger; the sixth concerns the presentation in the Temple; and the seventh, the scene in which Jesus at the age of twelve disputes with the doctors in the Temple at Jerusalem.

Copernicus' recent biographers have called attention particularly to the poetical beauties with which he surrounds every mention of the Blessed Virgin and her qualities. As is evident even from our brief résumé of the subjects of the odes, the themes selected are just those in which the special devotion of the writer to the Mother of the Saviour could be very well brought out. There are besides a number of astronomical allusions which stamp the poems as the work of Copernicus, and which have been sufficient to defend their authenticity against the attacks made by certain critics, who tried to point out how different was the style from that of Copernicus' later years in his scientific writings. The tradition of authorship is, however, too well established on other grounds to be disturbed by criticism of this sort. The poems were dedicated to the Pope. In writing poetry Copernicus was only doing what Tycho Brahe and Kepler, his great successors in astronomy, did after him; and the argument with regard to the difference of style in the two kinds of writings would hold also as regards these authors.

(Conclusion next week.)

Good is never done except at the expense of those who do it; truth is never enforced except at the sacrifice of its propounders. At least they expose their own inherent imperfections if they incur no other penalty; for nothing could be done at all if a man waited till he could do it so well that no one could find fault with it.—*Newman*.

A Star in the Dark.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

PATIENCE!" said gentle Sister Philomene,—"patience, my poor boy. Wait and see. I have watched God's ways for forty years and know He gives a sweet for every bitter. Always there is compensation,—*toujours, toujours!*"

Sister Philomene's tongue was wont to trip back into the accents of her native land when she was very earnest indeed.

But there was no answer to her cheery words. Lorimer did not even lift the face, bowed upon his thin hands.

Sister Philomene took up the untouched dinner tray she had so daintily arranged for this favorite and fastidious patient, and slipped silently away. There are times when both counsel and chicken broth are unpalatable, as this experienced nurse well knew. Lorimer flung his head back upon his cushioned invalid chair with a sigh of relief as she vanished. It was hard sometimes to repress the bitter words that rose to his lips when Sister Philomene counselled patience; yet he would not shock the sweet, saintly woman who had with such skill and tenderness nursed him all these long weeks.

The cruel accident that had brought him to La Miséricorde seemed to have seared and marred his whole nature, so changed was he from the happy and hopeful man, who had started blithely on a hunting expedition ten weeks ago, to be brought back maimed and disfigured by the careless handling of his gun.

But in the midst of his pain and despair he had been keen enough to discern the horror and repulsion in the face of Winifred Ray as she bent over him,—beautiful, dainty Winifred, who was to have been his wife in a few brief

months. Now—now—ah! he had not needed her mother's letter to enlighten him,—the heartless letter telling him of Winifred's "nervous prostration, necessitating an immediate trip to Europe, her delicate and sensitive nature completely overcome. Mr. Lorimer would understand."

And Mr. Lorimer had understood, and, in a few scrawled lines from his bed of pain, had given her back her freedom, and gone down into depths of bitter, hopeless desolation of which Miss Winifred, queening it again at Nice and the Riviera, did not dream.

Thoughts and purposes that would have made good Sister Philomene shudder indeed had been growing stronger with his improving strength. In his morbid fancy he saw himself a hideous, repellent creature, from whom both Love and Friendship would recoil.

"They should have let me die," he muttered to himself,—“die, while the gate of Death was mercifully open. It can be opened again, though,”—and his glance turned toward the vials on his medicine table. “But not—not here: it would grieve Sister Philomene too much. In a week I will be gone, and then—”

“My, but it is dark here!” His nurse was back, bright and breezy at his side. “The doctors have said we must be dark no longer. I will wheel your chair out into the sunshine—”

“No, no,—not to-day!” Lorimer shrank painfully. “I could not bear it to-day, Sister.”

“But I will shade your eyes with this,”—and Sister Philomene produced a broad-brimmed hat. “And there is a quiet corner of the porch under the chapel windows, that I call my cell. It is there I snatch five, ten minutes sometimes to think and pray. It is sweet and still. Come, we will go there.”

And Sister Philomene had her way, as she always did even with more refractory patients than this.

Her “cell” was indeed a quiet corner,—

a "no thoroughfare" of the busy hospital, where the broad porch terminated at the jutting wall of the chapel, and a wide memorial window, arched with ivy, opened into the organ-loft. A great wistaria, just now in perfect bloom, half hid the nook, and the sunshine trembled through the lacy shadows tenderly and pitifully. A breath of lilacs came from the garden below, where the birds were twittering fearlessly in the new-leaved boughs.

But Lorimer seemed neither to hear nor see. With his hat drawn low over his brows, he sat moody and silent amid all the blithe beauty of the early spring. Sister Philomene's knitting bag was on her arm, and she had fifteen minutes to spare for cheerful chat; but, with a glance at the firm-set lips of her patient, she refrained.

"May the good God help him, poor boy!" she murmured, as she pattered quietly away. "There is pain now that neither doctor nor nurse can reach—ah!" She paused suddenly as the notes of the organ swelled out in solemn harmony, and a sweet, clear voice burst into sacred song. "Little Stella is practising. It may disturb him. But why? She sings like a bird, and the blessed words may bring him comfort. *Bien*, let her go on."

Lorimer had started irritably at the sound that broke upon his apathy of despair. That voice! He remembered having heard it sometimes in the distance during the first days of his illness; and, bewildered by fever and opiates, had fancied it was Winifred—Winifred trilling the arias and barcarolles that had made such glad music of his love dream. To-day the clear, birdlike notes seemed to pierce his heart with a pang fiercer than any physical pain. And, thus sharply roused into attention, he found himself noting every tone and word. For it was no light barcarolle or aria this trilling voice sang. It was of the mightiest tragedy the history of

humanity has ever known. Lorimer had heard the same music upborne by choruses and orchestras before, but never had Rossini's masterpiece thrilled him as it did to-day:

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat Filius.

The words, the music, more than all, some exquisite vibrant tenderness in the voice, seemed to break the deadly spell creeping like a paralysis upon Lorimer's soul. He listened breathlessly, dimly realizing the singer was striking the keynote of a life and love which he had never known,—life that was endurance and renunciation, love that was suffering and sacrifice.

Trembling and overwrought with mingled emotions, he sat motionless, until suddenly the music ceased, the swinging sash of the oriel window beside him was pushed open, and a girl stepped out to his side,—a slender little creature dressed in black, with an aureole of golden hair, and great violet eyes deep and limpid as a forest lake. They turned to him with a fearless gaze, from which he shrank pitifully, as he felt he must always shrink from woman's eye now. But there was no sign of shock or surprise in that sweet girlish face.

"Well," she asked, "how did I sing?"

"Like—like an angel," was his impulsive answer.

There was a sudden start, a flush, a recoil.

"Oh, who is it?" she asked with an involuntary groping motion. "Sister Philomene? Is not Sister Philomene here? Pardon, sir, but I can not see! I—I am blind."

"Blind!" echoed Lorimer, a great wave of pity and sympathy sweeping away all thought of self. "Poor child, poor child! Surely this is not little Stella of whom Sister Philomene talks? I thought you were about six years old."

"Eighteen my last birthday," she laughed. "But to Sister Philomene I

shall never grow up. And you"—her face brightened roguishly,—“you are the ‘poor boy’ who hurt himself with his gun? Are you grown up too?”

“Somewhere about six feet,” Lorimer answered almost gaily, for those sightless eyes gave him courage to be his old self.

“Ah! that is very big, I suppose; though I do not know. All my life I have been blind. I came here to be cured when I was only three years old, but the doctors could do nothing. And then poor mamma died, and the Sisters kept me, as she begged them with her last breath.”

“And—and you are to be a nun?” hazarded Lorimer.

“Oh, no, no!” Stella shook her head gaily. “What could I do as a nun? Only sing. That is what I am learning now—to sing. I love it so. And last year a gentleman came to La Miséricorde and told the Sisters he would take me out and my voice would make my fortune. I should have fine dresses, he told me, and jewels, and everything beautiful; and all the world would hear of the Blind Star—”

“But you did not go?” said Lorimer, conscious of a sudden and most unreasonable wrath at this gentleman and his offers, as he looked at the sweet unconscious eyes, and the delicate, helpless little figure leaning against the chapel ivy.

“No: Sister Philomene was afraid; and I too. The world is so wicked, she said, and I—I was blind. It was not as if I had a mother or aunt or some one to guard me and love me. It is safer here, Sister Philomene said; I must sing for the good God, and He would provide.”

“And you practise here every day?” said Lorimer, eagerly. “May I come and listen? It will do me good.”

“Ah, that is as Sister Philomene says!” replied Stella, as the good nurse pattered back to see how her patient was bearing

the sunshine. “May this poor boy come to hear me sing, Sister Philomene?”

“Certainly, certainly,” said the Sister, her practised eye noting at once how the tense lines of the face had relaxed, the stern-set lips softened. “There is music that is better than medicine, the doctors say. You shall come every day and listen to little Stella singing.”

And Lorimer came every day and listened. Stella always appeared at the oriel for a few words of merry chat with the “poor boy,” who lingered on at the hospital as if loath to depart. But the doctors guessed at the pitiful shrinking from curious eyes that kept him in La Miséricorde, and did not urge him to leave.

It was not until the blossoms of the wistaria had fallen, and the red rose that clambered around its twisted stem was in summer bloom, that Sister Philomene learned the truth. She was standing by her patient’s side, listening to Gounod’s *Ave Maria* soaring in raptured sweetness from the choir.

“Ah, *mon Dieu*, how the child sings!” murmured the old nun. “I wonder sometimes if I do right in keeping her? The *maestro* is a good man; he has written three, four times; he promises everything—care, training, fortune, fame.”

“Do not listen to him!” cried Lorimer, with sudden passion in tone and word. “All these I can give and more—a thousand times more. Give her to me!”

“You!” exclaimed Sister Philomene, recoiling in blank amazement. “You?”

“Do you not understand?” said Lorimer, in a husky tone. “But you can not—no one can—understand all that child has been to me. I was at the gates of hell when those sightless eyes shone upon me unshrinking, untroubled,—stars of a darkness that no other light could reach. She has led me back to life, to hope, to love, to God. Give her to me, and her life will be as safe, as blest, as sheltered as man’s love can

make it. Let me win her if I may for my wife."

"It is as I said," observed that unconscious matchmaker Sister Philomene, when, a few months later, there was a quiet wedding in the chapel of La Miséricorde. "The good God sends no bitter without its sweet. My poor boy, they tell me, is rich, and great and good too, I know. And little Stella's blind eyes won his heart when he could bear no other light. There is compensation *toujours, toujours*,—a star in the dark."

A Woman of Valencia.

II.

THERE is nothing which grieves the heart of the Valencian woman more than a marriage to which God has not granted children. Unlike her sisters in foreign lands, she has inherited the spirit of the daughters of Israel, who considered a union without offspring as a punishment from God, either for some offence of their own or their forefathers.

José and Dolores had been married two years and no child had come to bless and brighten their quiet home. While José would have been delighted to have the good fortune to dandle a boy of his own in his strong arms, he loved his wife so devotedly that if she had been content under the deprivation he would have been also. But she was not; and much as she tried to hide her disappointment she could not conceal it from the eyes of her husband.

One evening, after a hard day's work in a village at some distance from La Huerta where he sometimes went to help the gardener at the house of the alcalde, José said by way of news:

"There is great rejoicing to-day at the house of Don Alfonso. They have a little son."

"The first?" inquired Dolores briefly.

"Yes; and a fine child it is, they tell me."

Dolores sighed.

"My cousin Tolita has a daughter," she said. "They brought the news this afternoon."

"Have you seen the baby?"

"Yes; and I held it in my arms. Such a soft, sweet, clinging little thing, José! I could not bear to let it go."

Her voice trembled; there were tears in her blue eyes. José had never seen Dolores weep since her father's death. He could not endure to see it now.

"What is it, my Dolores?" he asked, tenderly. "What ails you, my beloved?"

"O my husband, if we but had a child of our own! To-day Tolita, in her joy, said to me: 'Ah, cousin, a marriage without children is like a day without sunshine, a fountain without water, a flower without perfume, a bird without wings!' She did not mean to wound me, but, oh, it hurt me very much!"

"No matter. God is good. He may yet bless us."

Dolores made no reply. Her eyes, veiled by their long lashes, on which trembled two large tears, were bent upon the table. But José saw the tears, and his heart was troubled. Not knowing how she would receive it, he hesitated to express the thought which had entered his mind,—the same which she also was pondering, yet fearing to put into words.

When a Valencian woman has been denied children of her own, in nine cases out of ten she goes to the foundling hospital and adopts one. Upon this child of sorrow and mystery she bestows a wealth of affection which can scarcely be excelled by that given by mothers to their own offspring. Filled with a sublime pity for the poor infant abandoned by its parents, actuated by the feeling which charity generates under such peculiar circumstances, she takes it to her bosom with all the fondness of which she is capable. Besides, the mysterious origin of the little creature confided to her care wraps it in a halo of mystery which is never dissipated.

In its beloved features she fancies she can trace the lineaments of nobility, perhaps even royalty. Who knows but what she may be nursing and fostering a prince, to whose rightful parents she may some day be privileged to restore him,—regretfully, with breaking heart, it is true, but still with a mysterious, melancholy pleasure which will arise from the consciousness of a duty well performed. And if he should never be reclaimed, how sweet to think that at least it was through her he had been rescued from a childhood spent within the walls of an asylum!

This child, whom she endows with imaginary graces, but who may really possess unusual charms of person and mind, is to her a superior being, who rules while he smiles upon her, and who honors her by returning the sweet kisses she impresses upon his baby lips.

The child grows; he develops more beauty, more attractive qualities; and the love of the adopted mother increases with his years. In every detail of his infancy he seems to her to demonstrate the superiority of his origin. She consults with her husband: they agree perfectly. The Valencian never sees anything strange in these subtle appreciations of his wife. They are her woman's prerogative and gift; he fully believes in them.

And what is most astonishing in the relation between the adopted child and its protectors—this love, mingled with respect, rising almost into the improbable—is the fact that should the woman have children of her own, the adopted one is always considered the oldest, the first-born, the favored son of the house,—taking precedence in every way over the real children of the woman who has rescued him from mystery, obscurity, and infamy. Never is he reminded of his origin in any manner whatsoever, save by a particular kindness and affection, which are also extended to him by the other children,

if by chance they ever come to know his story. Usually it is sacredly withheld from him and them.

The Valencian woman, though outwardly more cold and reserved than her Andalusian neighbor, is simply the embodiment of tenderness and affection, the good angel of the family, model of wives and mothers, because for her the beautiful poem of life is reduced to these words: "To love and to be loved."

Dolores was in every respect a representative of her race. For several months she had been considering the subject which at present occupied her own and her husband's mind. She had looked at it in all its phases; and, now that the crucial moment had arrived, she was prepared for it.

"Dolores," ventured José after a short silence, "would it be consoling to you if we should take a child from the asylum?"

"I have thought of it, my husband," she replied,—*"I have often thought of it, but I dared not speak."*

"And why, my dearest?"

"Fearing that the presence of a strange child might not be welcome to you; knowing that perhaps it would not be kind to ask you to feed and clothe one who was not of your own flesh and blood."

"What is pleasing to you, my wife, is also pleasing to me," said José. "The smiles and caresses of a child in this house will be a joy to me. Perhaps God has denied to us a son of our own that we may share our good gifts with some poor forsaken one. There is only one thing, Dolores. What if some day we might still have the happiness of possessing children of our own?"

"The son of our adoption should not then suffer," answered Dolores without hesitation. "He should be always the first, the oldest,—always beloved."

"You are a true Valencian woman!" exclaimed José. "To you shall not be denied at least the comfort, the love of a

child in your arms, to caress, to bless, to rear as you know well how to rear. In the morning, under the protection of God, you and I will go to the city and we shall find what is lacking—it is in reality the *only* thing lacking—to our entire happiness.”

Dolores threw herself into her husband's arms in a passion of joyful tears. Only then did he realize how great had been her deprivation. Early morning found them on the road to Valencia. Ten o'clock was striking from the cathedral when they rang the bell at the portal of the asylum known as La Inclusa. They were admitted at once; the servant, after a brief period of waiting, ushered them into the presence of the director. José looked at his wife, but she remained silent, with downcast eyes. He saw that on this occasion, at least, it behooved him to take the initiative.

“Señor Director,” he began, removing the little cap from his curly head, as he glanced uneasily at Dolores, who stood with arms hanging at her sides,—a most unusual attitude with her, and one which José feared was expressive of regret at the step they had taken. But the inevitable was before them and must be faced. “Señor Director,” he repeated, “pardon if we have disturbed you, but here is my wife—who—*who*—Señor, I hope we do not disturb you?”

“That remains to be seen,” rejoined the director, a man of unflinching good-nature, well chosen for the position to which he had been appointed. “If you are here for the purpose of adopting a little one, you do not disturb me in the least. We are just now overcrowded. There are fifty children within these walls, holding out their little hands to the charitable, and we shall be very glad to give one of them to such a likely couple—provided, of course, you can certify that everything is with you as it should be.”

Opening the breast of his jacket, José produced two documents.

“These are from the *cura* and the *alcalde*,—we knew what was necessary,” he remarked.

“Then it is a child that you want,”—said the director.

José waited. Dolores did not move. Her cheeks were flushed.

“Yes, Señor Director, that is *what* we want,” answered José.

“You have no children of your own?”

“No, Señor.”

“Never had any?”

“No, Señor.”

Dolores lifted her handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

“Your wife also wishes it?”

“Why—it is she—” began José, but paused at the pitiful glance thrown him by Dolores. Tears were coursing down her cheeks.

“But what is it, my life?” he asked tenderly, laying his hand on her shoulder. “You have not changed your mind? If so we can still—”

“No, no!” she murmured, “I have not changed. But it is so sad to have to come here for a child, instead of, like Tolita—”

“Never mind,—never mind, my dear woman!” said the director. “Sometimes these adopted ones are more loving and grateful than the children of one's bosom. Come with me and I will show you what we have.”

“As though they were little kittens!”—whispered Dolores in her husband's ear as they followed the director from the room. “Poor little creatures!”

“But what has come over you, my soul?” inquired José, scratching the top of his head in his perplexity. “They must show us, otherwise we should not be satisfied. We can not pick up a baby with our eyes closed and carry it off in a basket. Some must be pretty and some ugly, you know.”

“Yes, I know,” answered Dolores, once more lifting her head as they traversed the corridor. “Now I feel quite right again.”

"You are feeling quite right again?" asked the director. "That is well, you are now going to see the most beautiful collection of youngsters you have ever beheld. You ought to make a good mother. You have it in your eyes."

"She is as good as the angels of Paradise, Señor," responded José, taking her hand. "I am a man of substance, we are happy in each other, but on account of having no child, my wife has suffered. She will indeed make a most excellent mother."

"And when God sees that you are good parents, as I have no doubt you will be, who knows but He may send you children of your own? It often happens,—it often happens. But here we are!"

He opened a double door, ushering them into a large apartment, lined with clean white cribs on either side. The middle of the floor was carpeted; and seated about—some on the laps of the nurses, some on little chairs, and some on the soft rugs which were scattered here and there—were children of every age between one and four years.

Dolores gasped for breath.

"How to choose among so many?" she whispered to her husband, who gazed about him as one in a dream.

"We will go from one to another," said the director. "We have in the next room babies of from three months up to a year old; also a few newly born. Did you wish a very young child?"

"I do not know," replied Dolores, hesitatingly. "I think when they are too young one can not tell their features. I would like a boy—if there be one—who might, perhaps, look something like my husband."

"And I had thought," said José, "that it would be nice to choose a girl who would resemble my wife."

"But we decided on a boy, José," remonstrated Dolores. "It is best always that the first-born should be a son. Do

you not think so, Señor? If there are others, then he is like a father to them if the parents should die. And if there are no others, it is not so hard for them to die, leaving a son. He can provide for himself. It must be a boy, José."

"As you wish, my life!" said her husband. "Truth to tell, I wish it that way myself. I want only to please you, Dolores."

They were already becoming accustomed to the numbers of children; had already begun to see how different they were from one another. The party went about from crib to crib, from group to group,—Dolores always a little in advance of the others. Suddenly, behind a screen, in a far corner of the room, she heard a merry little laugh. Peeping in, she saw a child freshly roused from sleep, his brown eyes smiling, his dark curls moist and clinging to his white forehead. Moved by a tender impulse, she went forward and kissed him. He lifted his arms to her; she took him from the crib and brought him to her husband, his little hands clinging about her neck.

"José, it must be this one. Isn't he beautiful? And he looks like you."

"You are right: he does," said the director. "And he is the flower of our flock."

José laughed.

"The child is beautiful," he said. "But I do not think, Dolores, I was ever so pretty."

"He is your image," rejoined Dolores. "And he clings to me. He loves me already. He has your very eyes, your hair; and the forehead—it is the same. May we have him, Señor Director?"

"Without doubt," said the director. (The child still clung to his newly-found friend.) "He will go to any one who smiles at him. He has a lovely nature."

The boy slid down from the protecting arms, and ran across the floor.

"But he is quite large," said José. "He is not a baby."

"We do not need a *baby*, José," said his wife. "He is so sweet, let us take him."

"He is three years old," observed the director; "but he is only just beginning to talk. That makes him appear younger."

"Only beginning to talk!" said Dolores. "How does that happen, Señor?"

"He was thought to be dumb," replied the director. "Two months ago it was discovered by the physician here that it was a defect of the tongue. It was loosened and now he is all right. If he had not been supposed to be dumb he would have been adopted long ago."

José knitted his dark brows, planting his feet wide apart, with his brawny hands behind his back. He seemed lost in reflection.

"Well, José," said his wife at last, "why do you hesitate? What is the matter with you?"

"I was thinking that perhaps he may become dumb again. What then, Dolores?"

"He can not," said the director. "It is only that he was badly tongue-tied."

"Ah! I understand. Well, let us take the youngster, then, wife. What do you call him, Señor?"

"He is called Felipe," answered the director. "We know nothing of his parents."

"We do not trouble ourselves about that," said Dolores. "He is surely of good blood, he is so handsome. That is no common child. Maybe one day—who knows?"

The director, who was from Madrid, smiled but said nothing. He knew well the pretty fancies the Valencian women weave about their adopted children. Dolores hastened to recapture the boy, who was soon equipped for the journey. He went readily with his new parents. Before leaving the asylum José placed five bright pesos in the director's hand.

"This is a thank-offering, Señor Director," he said,—“in gratitude to

God for having sent us such a fine child. Use it as you think best for the poor little ones left behind."

Before his eyes the director dropped the money into a deep wooden box, opened monthly by the Board. He was a good man, diverting no alms, large or small, from the uses for which they were intended.

Then the happy trio sallied forth. Felipe clinging to Dolores' hand, José carrying the child's small bundle on a stick across his shoulder. But pretty soon the little fellow, unused to walking, began to be weary. Then the delighted pair, who would not have dreamed of such an extravagance had they been alone, turned into a small wine-shop, where they ordered some bread, wine and fruit. When they had finished their repast, of which the boy received the daintiest morsels, José lifted him to his strong shoulder, and so, changing from right to left, carried him the six long miles to La Huerta; Felipe prattling in his baby fashion all the way. Dolores carried the bundle. The reign of the child had begun.

(Conclusion next week.)

Seas Between.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

SINCE from this they've flown so far,
Since the ocean rolls between,
Beautiful old Isle of Green
Where' my treasures are!

Hold them safe and hold them dear
In the shelter of your breast;
Guard them well and let them rest
While I linger here;

Lest I miss them when they come
From their journeying back to me,
Yearning their swift sails to see
Speeding, speeding Home.

Oh, to cross that wide, wide sea!
Oh, to touch that Isle afar,
Where my well-beloved are
Worlds away from me.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY WUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXVIII.—FESTIVITIES.

UPON the morning following his very abrupt departure from the *Adora*, Myles sent for Paddy Casey, who was now regularly installed at the *datcha* as valet, or body servant, to the dismay and disgust of Ivan, over whom he lorded it in true Oriental fashion, occasionally enforcing his orders with a cuff, that was sure to lead to a skirmish, in which the luckless Russian invariably came off second best.

"Are there any letters for me, Paddy?"

"Yes, sir,—hapes, as Mrs. Dooley said when she swallied the crab; an'—"

"Where are those letters?"

"In the Ginerál's lock desk, no less."

"Were they addressed to me, sir?" asked Myles, sternly.

"Of coorse they wor, sir,—every wan of them."

"And why did you not give them to me?"

"Bekase they wor in the Ginerál's writin'."

"Addressed to *me*?"

"True for ye, Masther Myles."

"And why did you not fetch them to me?"

"Sure me orders was to keep all the Ginerál's letters for him safe an' sound."

"Those were not the General's letters."

"Sure, yer honor, they were in his writin', an' I thought that—"

"Go and fetch them—instantly!"

"I can't, sir."

"You can not? What do you mean?" cried Myles in a flame, as he, somehow or other, suspected foul play.

"I mane, sir, that when I get a letter I walk straight up to the Ginerál's private room—more power to him!—an' drop it into a hole lined wid brass,

wid a lid on it like an old-fashioned punch jug. It closes wid a click an' then I'm done wid it."

"Then you can not open the drawer, or receptacle?"

"Sorra a bit unless I want to be sent to Siberia."

"You're an idiot? This is too absurd."

"Whisht! But ye're in luck, sir! Here comes the masther in the nick o'time. I'd know his step in a gang of convicts."

General Romansikoff burst into the apartment, and, kissing Myles full in the mouth, which is the most affectionate salutation between men in Russia, poured out a flood of thanks for the heroic action that had saved his niece.

"And what a savage you must have thought me for not writing! But Eileen, as the Americans say, 'kept me posted.' I never could say enough."

"That will do, General. See how I have been decorated by the Emperor!"

"The Cross of St. Kremlin! Bravo! I congratulate you. I said in one of my letters that you were bound to receive recognition, Eileen is such a favorite."

"Apropos of letters, General, I have to inform you that Paddy Casey was so careful of them as to place them in your private desk, accessible only to yourself." And Myles, to the intense delight of Romansikoff, briefly told the diverting story.

"You must have your letters at once. Put on your hat and come with me to the Palace of Peterhof, where the Noble Guard is quartered. I promise you a capital luncheon—very dry champagne and a hot welcome. No excuse! I am on duty for three hours there to-day. Where is your respected uncle?"

"Out on the Field of Mars, General, criticising a cavalry review."

Myles hastily wrote a note to the Baroness, apologizing for his disappearance on the previous evening, and then returned to the General.

"Follow me!" said the latter. "We are all in a pickle here. Eileen left by

the nine train for Fontanka. She was accompanied by one of the girls from your Embassy and escorted by Prince Stodlostovich. She will not return except to go aboard the *Corisande*. The Princess Gallitzin goes as Eileen's chaperon. Dear child! the sea trip will do her a world of good."

"And the Prince—does he go too?" asked Myles, with a high-beating heart.

"Oh, the Prince!"—as the General proceeded to open his hermetically sealed desk,—“he is such a snapshot nobody knows when or where he turns up. He has a large steam yacht with steam always on—sure enough, here are three letters from me, one from my wife, two from Eileen, and others. I trust that your countryman's honest stupidity will have caused you no inconvenience. Read away, O'Byrne."

Myles, who was athirst to drain every drop of ink in Eileen's letter, retired to a corner, where he tore open a note written at seven o'clock on the very morning that she started for Fontanka. It ran:

FRIDAY, 7 A. M.

DEAR MR. O'BYRNE:—Really you were quite too hasty last night on board the *Adora*, and would not accord me a single moment for explanation. On my return from Fontanka, early in the coming week, I expect to see you; and I shall, if necessary, buttonhole you until you hear me out. You will see my dearest uncle to-day, and he will tell you all that he feels.

God bless you!

EILEEN.

"Still cold, still enclosing an icicle—off the ice!" Myles muttered to himself. "Yet, why should she write otherwise, with her princely *fiancé* at her side? Let it go! Here is a second letter,"—tearing it open. "Fudge! the same old sickening story of gratitude, gratitude,—always gratitude!"

"I'll tell you a little secret, O'Byrne," said the General, after carefully examin-

ing the curtains and furniture for secret police. "I am, by the gracious desire of the Emperor, to be sent on a mission of considerable importance—to interview one or two of the most distinguished personages at the Court of St. James. I am to be unknown even to our Ambassador—I mean publicly. And, best of all, dear boy, I go with your people. The Baroness, to whom everything seems to be known, insists upon my coming on her yacht, with Eileen and the Gallitzin—"

"And what of the Prince?" demanded Myles.

"I really do not know. We can very well dispense with him, or let him follow in his boat; for, as I have told you, he keeps the steam on all the time."

"And Miss De Lacey?"

"Oh, she's coming, and is like a school-girl off for the holidays! I never saw her so excited about anything. She is a quiet little mouse, and dislikes the fuss-and-feather business. Now, then, are we ready?"

In a few minutes they were at the dingy little railway station,—the train having been held ten minutes for the General, and an imperial carriage attached; while twenty minutes along the shore of the Bay of St. Petersburg landed them at the pretty town; the numerous domes of the magnificent Palace, so loved by Empress Catherine, glittering and flashing in the liquid sunlight, the noble forest trees forming a splendid foreground and background.

The General was received by a dozen or so of the Noble Guard,—not in any official manner, but with merely a kiss from his intimates, a hand-shake from others less intimate, and a military salute from the younger men.

Myles was presented all round; and, as everybody spoke English, he was, while strolling up the hill toward the quarters of the Guard, almost on brotherly terms with a joyous, manly, hospitable lot of big schoolboys,—for the elder

men passed on, leaving Myles with the "boys."

Peterhof is known as the Windsor Castle of Russia. The "boys" acted as guides through the park, which is cared for with the daintiness of the boudoir of a grand duchess. It is interspersed with charming little *datchas* perched up amongst the trees, and toy lakes resembling mirrors in green velvet frames.

Upon the border of one tiny lake stands Marly, the favorite cottage of Peter the Great, containing his kitchen with its old table and stove, and his bedroom with its quaint old bed and toilet stand; and resting beside it, under glass, an old well-preserved dressing gown. There are very venerable fish in this pond, some of them having chains around their necks placed there by Peter the Great. It is said that they come to the surface to feed when the great dinner bells boom from the Palace. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*. A bell was rung, pretty loudly too, for the edification of Myles; but the fish did not in any way respond. Near Marly is a Greek temple in red and gray marble,—one of the finest in Russia.

Passing through a succession of fairy water scenes, magnificent jets in the recesses of the forest, water nymphs veiled and draped by the spray of a hundred interesting cascades, the party came to a halt while crossing a bridge, in order to permit the young Irishman to gaze in wonder and admiration up between the wooded avenues to the enormous and beautiful Palace of Peterhof, beneath which the whole hill-sides were enriched by gilded fountains, the spray flinging itself high in the air.

Myles, declining a vodka on the plea of the early hour, was escorted by the officer of the day, Prince Galuobrasheff, a very handsome man, who wore, suspended by a chain of pearls, an enormous diamond cross—the insignia of his rank and superior position for the time being.

"This is the stairway," he said, pointing to a dingy oaken set of stairs leading into the Palace, "where Peter III., after his capture, was stripped of his orders, jewels (this cross amongst them), and even of his clothes, leaving only his shirt. Now, Mr. O'Byrne, I will show you some of our Trafalgars,"—leading to a gallery hung with pictures principally representing naval victories, as those of Oranienbaum represent the military glories of Russia.

"Show our Irish friend some of the Irish beauties!" cried one of the "boys," laughingly.

"Of course,—we are coming to them. Don't you hear their hearts beating already? I *do* hear Demetri Demidoff's especially, as we approach a portrait—but you shall see it for yourself. The Empress Catherine employed the great portrait painter of that day to travel over Russia—aye, and a little farther: I think he must have gone over to the Emerald Isle—to paint the loveliest girls he could pick out; and all the pictures are hung in this room,"—as they entered a truly magnificent apartment, from every wall and coign of vantage of which most beautiful young girls smiled down upon them. "This is Demetri Demidoff's ideal,"—pointing to a portrait fresh as when the colors were laid on. "Is *she* not Irish, Mr. O'Byrne?"

"Every inch!" answered Myles *con amore*.

"Do you know a noble young girl in the court of the Empress for whom this portrait might have been painted yesterday?"

"I have the honor of being acquainted with her—Miss Eileen De Lacey," said Myles, as he reverentially gazed at the picture in question.

The likeness was startling, especially those wondrous violet eyes, which seemed as it were to repose in O'Byrne's heart.

The "White Room" was visited, its polished white walls and furniture

producing a charming effect. Here Catherine received embassies and foreign plenipotentiaries; seldom using it for other purposes, its dimensions being on so large a scale.

"I rather imagine that *déjeuner* awaits us," said the officer of the day. "Aha! a right joyous ring in that gong!"

They proceeded to the courtyard, where they were joined by the General, who took O'Byrne's arm and led the way to the anteroom. Here a horde of servants in blood-red *caftans*, high boots and white knee breeches were in waiting, each with two sets of formidable knives, blades bare, thrust into yellow leather belts: one for cutting meat, the other for—let us say throats. Here *zacouska* was served with a dash of vodka between each course; then the General moved into the dining-room—a long, plain apartment, a portrait of the Tsar in one corner, an icon in another, while the colors of the regiment filled the remaining two. The officer of the day took the head of the table; while Myles, being the guest, was placed at the foot, his host sitting on his left hand.

"If Fogarty or old Mac could see me now," thought Myles, as he encountered the splendor of the uniforms, the picturesque *mujiks* with their hair cut square on the forehead a shade below the eyes, the glittering glass and plate,— "if they could see me now, wouldn't they stare? They'd imagine it a scene in a play."

General Romansikoff immediately put Myles at his ease by announcing to the mess that his friend drank but little, and that to press him would only be paying him a sorry compliment.

"I have," added the General, "ordered all sorts of mineral waters for him, so that he shall not leave us thirsty."

When halfway through the breakfast, a pair of large red curtains were thrust aside, and about forty of the soldiers of the regiment gave native and patriotic songs, the harmony being absolutely

perfect, some of the voices very fine."

"Now, Myles," whispered the General, "I am going to propose your health."

"For heaven's sake, General, don't!"

"I have to,—it is imperative. The moment I cease you will be lifted, chair and all, upon the shoulders of four giants; the song of welcome will go on till you shall have made four rounds of the room; at each corner you will be supposed to drain a beaker of champagne, but I have arranged soda water with Alexis Domorouski. So you will travel on roses."

And ere the dismayed son of Erin could protest, General Romansikoff was on his legs, and, amidst frantic applause, proposed the health of Myles; referring delicately but very eloquently to the signal bravery of the young Irishman whom the Tsar had decorated with the Cross of St. Kremlin. This called for certain strange *Vivas*. Then Myles was suddenly hoisted in his chair upon the shoulders of four veritable giants, and, to a song of welcome, marched round the room,—stopping at each corner where the faithful Alexis Domorouski was in readiness with a silver tankard of soda water, which Myles drained off, to the evident delight of those who were not inside the secret. After the ceremony had concluded the General asked O'Byrne to say a few words which he would translate. So the young man delivered himself of a short modest speech, in which he spoke, not without emotion, of his coming departure from a land where he had received such splendid measure of welcome, hospitality, and friendship.

When he ceased to speak, the great curtains were again flung back and the officer of the day danced what reminded O'Byrne of an Irish jig, to the music of song and hand-clapping,—it being the etiquette for an officer to dance first. After him followed the picked dancers amongst the men, who skipped very much as they wished, without being

restrained by any particular step or figure,—though always nimble and graceful. One more bumper and the *déjeûner* concluded.

It was only at this particular moment that Myles remembered that the Baroness Grondno was to call for him for a drive, and it was now an hour after the appointed time; so he asked permission to telegraph, which was accorded on the government wire.

"Delayed at *déjeûner* Peterhof. Noble Guard. Thousand apologies.

"MYLES O'BYRNE."

The farewell dinner given by the veteran to his immediate circle of associates came off in the evening, the old gentleman peremptorily insisting upon his nephew taking the foot of the table. There were about twenty guests, and over the joyousness of the event let us draw a veil. The old man was in his glory, singing Irish songs and telling yarns about the Crimean war. And as for the Tiggits, they were condemned and anathematized in every language under the sun; the veteran being fiercely anxious for their immediate presence that he might do them hurt.

It was a bright and beautiful morning when several droskies took in their inanimate loads, Paddy Casey working like a beaver until the last pair of big boots lay dangling over the side of the last vehicle; the *ishvoshtik*, too, being under the influence of the veteran's dangerous hospitality.

"You did well to-day, Paddy,—you did well, I tell you! The way you coaxed the old woman to boil the cabbage with the ham was elegant; and you humored Ivan with a couple of clouts with your brogues. I'll give you twenty—no, thirty—kopeks for yourself to-morrow,—for yourself, mind!"

"The ould Nagur!" muttered Paddy. "Thirty kopeks for coaxin' the ould cook, an' beatin' Ivan! Well, if that isn't fine pay I'm a hare in the corn!"

(To be continued.)

The Wesleyan Bicentenary.

THE appearance in our issue of July 4 of Mr. Carne's article, in which John Wesley figures in his well-known rôle as a good Englishman and an opponent of the Revolutionary patriots, was apropos of The Day We Celebrate, and was not at all intended to synchronize with the bicentenary of Wesley's birth, which our Methodist friends celebrated with great fervor on June 28. Catholics celebrate the birthday of their Founder every year, the date being December 25; and they have no desire to sound a discordant note while the Methodist chorus is on. For a similar reason we question the good taste of the Reverend Doctor of Divinity who, himself a Methodist, writes in *Everybody's Magazine* about "The Love-Affairs of John Wesley." Candidates for the Methodist ministry reverently study the works of Wesley, and the devout laity regard him as a saint; what, then, are we to say to a clergyman who at this psychological moment drags in the unheroic side of that remarkable man—tells how Wesley consulted the Moravian Elders as to whether he should marry Miss Sophia Hopkey, and then weakly followed their counsel when they gave him *Punch's* advice; how he again fell in love with the nurse—he was always falling in love with nurses—who helped him through a bilious attack, but who proved to be a heartless flirt; and how he finally married an acidulated widow, and did by no means live happy ever after?

Macaulay credits John Wesley with "a genius for government not inferior to that of Richelieu"; and indeed it is true that Richelieu was never called upon to exercise that special kind of "genius for government" in which Wesley was conspicuously lacking. More probably, however, Macaulay wrote as he did because he lived too late to see Wesley under the same conditions as did John

Hampson, who, as the reading world was shocked to learn a few years ago, said to his son: "Jack, I was once on the point of committing murder. It was when I was in the north of Ireland, and I went into a room and found Mrs. Wesley foaming with fury. Her husband was on the floor, where she had been trailing him by the hair of his head, and she herself was still holding in her hand venerable locks which she had plucked up by the roots. I felt"—Hampson was a powerful man, who might just as well have been named Sampson—"as though I could have knocked the soul out of her." The poet Southey tells us that Mrs. John Wesley deserved "to be classed in a triad with Xanthippe and the wife of Job as one of the three bad wives." Charles Wesley had intervened to prevent his brother John from marrying the flirtish young woman, his second *fiancée*; and he was therefore not informed of John's engagement to the widow, which is a pity. As it was, he could only "groan all day." He writes: "I could eat no pleasant food, nor preach, nor rest either by night or by day."

Now, all this is well known to bookish folk, but why emphasize it for everybody at such a time? The devout laity may be surer than ever that Wesley was a saint and especially a martyr; but will the too susceptible saint be as venerable a figure in their eyes as the stern-spoken evangelist denouncing lax morals? The young men preparing for the Methodist ministry may not find Wesley's theology a whit the weaker because of his marital misfortunes, but they may perhaps be troubled with scruples on reading St. Paul's remark about bishops in I. Timothy, iii, 5: "If a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?" These are emphatic words. If we were a Methodist we should resent the style of hagiography affected by the Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D.; as it is, we

can not but consider it in very bad taste.

A much more serious essay on Wesley is furnished by Prof. Rice to the *North American Review*. The writer reminds us that Wesley never contemplated founding a new sect, but merely intended his Methodist societies to hold the same relation to the Church of England as the religious Orders hold to the Church of All Lands. In 1787 he wrote: "I still think that when the Methodists leave the Church of England God will leave them." And the Church of England is this minute farther away from the Methodist societies than she is from the True Church!

A Disreputable Writer.

ONE result of the recent arraignment of Froude in connection with the Carlyle letters should be to divest him of the last vestige of authority as an historian or biographer. It has been shown that he put Carlyle in a false light before the public, depicting him in his least amiable moods, ignoring the bright and genial side of his nature and showing him up as he was only on rare occasions. Froude did precisely the same in the case of Erasmus. The idea got possession of his mind that the great humanist was at heart a Protestant whose cowardice or indifference alone prevented him from taking sides with Luther, and he set himself to bolster up this contention, even going so far as to attribute sentiments to Erasmus which that worthy was at special pains to disavow. The famous Oxford lectures are a rare specimen of mendacity—and audacity.

We notice that certain of the literary critics who manifest much resentment towards Froude for his treatment of Carlyle are at pains (seemingly) to avoid throwing any discredit on other of his literary performances, though it is unquestionable that Mr. Froude dealt with history as he did with biography.

His volumes are packed full of statements recklessly untrue, gross misquotations, and shameful inventions, with a running comment as unfair as it is flippant. A few open-minded persons now realize that Froude's reputation for honesty and fair dealing is forever shattered, but it will probably be a long time before the generality of readers—who have no resentment for false witness provided the Church is the object of it—will cease to attach importance to his works in spite of Sir James Crichton-Browne's declaration that "there has never been a prominent English author who has been as frequently and as flatly contradicted"; and of this declaration of another writer anent the Carlyle controversy: "He [Froude] rarely saw the true meaning and intent of any matter that he studied, but wrested facts from their exact shape and nature and made them conform to his prepossessions and fancies, while he colored them beyond recognition." And this is the writer who for so long a time has been classed among English historians! Still is he quoted as an authority by Protestant controversialists, still are his books to be found in all our public libraries, and they are classified as standard literature.

The only defence of Froude that could possibly be made is that "he wrote admirable English," but as Mr. W. S. Lilly remarks, "surely, when the charge against him is that he said the thing which is not, it is no defence to reply that he has said it in excellent English. As surely, the fact that he is dead and buried, is no reason why the evil which lives after him should be connived at."

Do not forget that what seems to oneself love of souls is often sadly entangled with love of managing, and that one is never quite safe in work except when other people are getting the credit of it.—*Lucy Soulsby.*

Notes and Remarks.

For many days the attention of the whole world has been fixed on Rome, and countless hearts have been throbbing with reverential and affectionate solicitude for the venerable ruler of the Church, hovering between life and death. It was realized that, considering his advanced age and enfeebled condition, the summons to depart could not long be delayed; and from all parts of Christendom prayers have ascended for the august sufferer—for his recovery should this be the will of Providence, or for his happy death.

Pope Leo XIII. has edified the world by his strong faith, his simple piety, and his entire resignation. Not the least important of all his acts, he has shown Christians how they should die. Who can doubt that he was a firm believer in the great truths which he professed and proclaimed? Who has not been impressed by his piety and his resignation? A sublime lesson, and surely it will not be lost.

The name of Leo XIII. will ever be in benediction. He has been a light to the world and a benefactor to humanity. His noble mind and large heart—all his powers were devoted to the glory of God and the spread of the kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth. During his pontificate providential circumstances directed all eyes toward Rome; and in its bishop was recognized the chief pastor of souls, the Vicar of Christ, the Father of the Faithful.

The grief of the Catholic world in the passing of Pope Leo, though manifestly deep and fittingly demonstrative, has an element in it for which those outside the Church have no explanation. They wonder how Catholics can regard without dismay the death of their spiritual ruler, and that none is heard to express concern respecting his successor and the future of the Church. Another

sign vouchsafed to a wicked and adulterous generation; a proof that our trust is in God; that the Church is enduring; that the death of even so great and good a Pope as Leo XIII. is a mere vicissitude of a power that will endure to the end of the world.

That remarkable priest, Father Kenelm Vaughan, has for years devoted his life to the work of popularizing the reading of Holy Scripture in Spanish-speaking lands. He declares that the letters received from the bishops of Spain and Spanish America, "if put into English and published, would be the very best refutation of the horrible and ever-recurring charges of non-Catholics that we forbid the reading of the Bible to the people." The late Archbishop of Mexico made his own palace a bible depot, and appointed his secretary to attend to the work of circulating the Written Word. "Lately also," writes Father Vaughan, "the Argentine Government has taken some thousand copies of my New Testament for use in the national schools."

In view of the common impression that assassination and regicide are pre-eminently Italian arts it is instructive to read what the *Review of Reviews* has to say about a table, recently compiled, of all the assassinations of rulers, whether successful or merely attempted, during the past hundred years. "In all," says our contemporary, "seventy-three crimes are tabulated; and undoubtedly, taken over so wide a field, Italy is responsible for no more victims than other nations." It is an ominous fact, however, that crimes against the heads of States were four times as numerous during the second half of the century as during the first half.

Margaret Bisland, whose name is not unknown to magazine-readers, discusses some aspects of "race suicide" in the July

North American Review. Her contention, in brief, is that the decrease in the birth-rate and the growth of the divorce habit are both due to the so-called "emancipation" of woman—her "alienation from the true aims of her sex." According to the last census, the increase in divorce was two and a half times greater than the increase of population—which is race suicide with a vengeance. In the Western Reserve of Ohio, a locality notorious for anti-Catholic prejudice, there is one divorce to every eleven marriages. "The prodigious increase in divorces among Americans of every class and religion," writes Mrs. Bisland, "is perhaps the most serious menace to the moral and physical stability of our race that has resulted from the non-domestic avocations of the average woman."

The sentiments expressed by Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte when he was formally presented with the Lætare Medal by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons show that the University of Notre Dame was not less happy this year than on former occasions in the choice of a candidate for the honor which it is accustomed to bestow annually on some deserving American Catholic citizen. Among other good things Mr. Bonaparte said:

A Catholic, whether of the clergy or the laity, who commands the esteem of all his fellow-citizens, of whatever faith, lives a sermon which will soften prejudice and silence slander against his Church as can no other. A Catholic tried and found wanting in any field of public or private duty inflicts an injury on the honorable standing, on the salutary influence of the Catholic Church in our country which no learning and no eloquence in her defenders can repair. Our fellow-countrymen not of our faith believe that Catholics can be men of honor and patriotism when they see Catholics who are such men; unless we can show their eyes the wholesome and abundant fruit, we shall preach to deaf ears while we extol the tree which bears it.

Here is a principle of conduct which can not be too often enunciated; and those who know Mr. Bonaparte best

will be most willing to declare that his life has been a practical exemplification of the sentiments which he expressed. That he has impressed the non-Catholic public as a man of integrity and patriotism is shown by the action of President Roosevelt in designating him as one of two special attorneys for the prosecution of officials involved in the Post-Office scandal. We need more Catholic laymen like Mr. Bonaparte.

Years ago Pope Leo XIII. exclaimed: "The Church of God is attached to no corpse but one—the Corpse that hangs on the Cross." The words express finely the ultimate independence of the Church, its power to live eternally, tearing itself free from moribund States, philosophies, theories, institutions or persons. Still it is not easy at all times to break away from alliances that hamper. There is, for instance, much brave talk about breaking away from the Concordat in France, yet it is noticeable that the French bishops have evinced a distinct feeling of relief since it has become clear that M. Combes does not intend—immediately, at least—to denounce the Concordat. Mgr. Minot, the scholarly Archbishop of Albi, is one of the most outspoken prelates in France, yet he welcomed the opportunity to say publicly that the Church is not yet ready for separation from the State. Half of his clergy, he says, would be starved to death in that eventuality. Three other archbishops say practically the same thing, though France has for years surpassed every other country of the world in the generosity of its contributions to the foreign missions, Mgr. Minot's own diocese contributing almost twice as large a sum as any American diocese except Boston.

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Speaking of these contributions, we are reminded that comparative statistics in the case of our own country yield some curious results. The archdiocese of

Boston, which has the splendid distinction of contributing seven times as much as its closest competitor (Baltimore), also averages the highest per capita contribution. The amount per capita is precisely four and three-tenths cents. St. Augustine, one of the poorest dioceses in the country, ranks third in comparative generosity. A surprising number of the most populous and prosperous dioceses rank conspicuously low; and we read in the authoritative report of the collections that "certain religious prefer to recommend to their people the missions in care of their own Order instead of co-operating with us."

The popular Protestant notion that ambition is the vice of high ecclesiastics has often been disproved in our times, but never more strikingly than in the case of Cardinal Vaughan. He was nothing if not disinterested. Unselfishness was the note of his life and the secret of his great influence. Says a writer in the *London Tablet*: "No thought of personal ease or advantage seemed ever to enter into his calculations: the cause of God's Church was always before his eyes, and for that he was willing to spend and to be spent. Health and strength and fortune and reputation were thought of just as things to be used up as required for the saving of souls. He was forgetful of himself, and perhaps sometimes forgetful of others in this absorbing pursuit of the end to which he had consecrated his life. The secret of his power over the souls of men, of his splendid energy and of his unending patience, was just this abandonment with which he gave his undivided heart to the work of the hour. In the rarified atmosphere in which he breathed there seemed no room for the thought of self."

The truth of this declaration is borne out by an incident which occurred during the Cardinal's last illness. It must have been one of his great consolations at

the end that his splendid cathedral was ready for divine service. What more natural than to suppose he cherished the desire to preside at its dedication? Accordingly "he was asked by a friend whether it would be a great disappointment not to live to open the cathedral; the slow look of wonder which came into his eyes was sufficient answer—the thought had never even occurred to him. What could it possibly matter to any human being who opened it? The cathedral would soon be ready for the divine service, and that was the thing that mattered. It was the old, lifelong habit of self-effacement in the presence of larger ideals still strong in the presence of death. He never prayed to live; and if he had any regret at all at dying it was because he thought that if he had lived he might, perhaps, have done something more for the children of the diocese." How characteristic it was of him to say when making his formal Profession of Faith the day before he died, "I attach no value to my humble endeavors or public undertakings, to which people might attribute any importance. I place no confidence in anything which, in the eyes of the world, may recommend me to its consideration. All I have done has been solely for this end—the glory of God, whose poor instrument I have been in all these works. They have been carried out by me *merely as an instrument*, and must necessarily, therefore, be full of imperfections. I rely entirely on the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on the intercession of His Holy Mother, St. Joseph, and the Apostles, especially St. Peter."

To many earnest minds the most discouraging aspect of religious life among non-Catholics is the agnostic or unchristian quality of the sermons reported in the press. One is even tempted to ask at times whether the clergymen of the sects really believe in

the divinity of Christ at all. But it must not be forgotten that in thousands of big and little churches in town and country earnest, believing men still preach a stout faith in the old doctrines. Their sermons are not published for the same reason that the sermons of priests are not published. They are not good newspaper "copy": they are not news; they are not sensational. How virtuous some of these preachers with small salaries and large families must be to resist becoming "liberal" and "enlightened" we shall perhaps never know; but this paragraph from the *Lutheran World* is an aid toward understanding it:

If some poor preacher has been plodding along at a lumbering gait, dull, stupid and unattractive in his weekly instalment of platitudes, let him revamp into life some old exploded piece of heresy; let him train his guns against the constituted authorities of his church; let him assail Moses and the Pentateuch, and proclaim some "news" about the Fall or the Flood; let him employ his alleged "critical insight" in showing that Isaiah and Paul were inspired just like Shakespeare and Whittier; let him make war on an unnecessary Redemption, an incredible Incarnation, and an unhistorical Resurrection—and *that* man's newspaper crown is ready. He will have all the gratuitous announcement he could wish. His greatness as an "original thinker" is assured and the expletives will be ready for his opponents.

Professor William James, of Harvard, is rated by modern scholars as one of the four or five great psychologists of this generation. He is also the possessor of a very happy blending of courage and courtesy which enables him to disagree with a friend without giving offence. In the course of an after-dinner speech during the Harvard commencement, Professor James took occasion to disavow some of President Eliot's pet notions. He said:

The old notion that book learning can be a panacea for the vices of society lies pretty well shattered to-day. I say this in spite of certain utterances of the president of this University to the teachers last year. That sanguine-hearted man seemed then to think that if the schools would only do their duty better, social vice might

cease. But vice will never cease. Every level of culture breeds its own peculiar brand of it as surely as one soil breeds sugar-cane and another soil breeds cranberries. . . . What was reason given to man for, some satirist has said, except to enable him to invent reasons for what he wants to do? We might say the same of education. We see college graduates on every side of every public question. Some of Tammany's staunchest supporters are Harvard men. Harvard men defend our treatment of our Filipino allies as a masterpiece of policy and duty. Harvard men, as journalists, pride themselves on producing "copy" for any side that may enlist them. There is not a public abuse for which some Harvard advocate may not be found.

In the successful sense then, in the worldly sense, in the club sense, to be a college man, even a Harvard man, affords no sure guarantee for anything but a more educated cleverness in the service of popular idols and vulgar ends.

This testimony from one of the most authoritative of the new psychologists will be welcome to the advocates of religious education. When President Eliot spoke so hopefully of education as "a panacea for the vices of society," he had not in mind, presumably, the case of that Harvard professor who was convicted of the crime of murder.

The "money-grabbing priest" of whom we read and hear sometimes has at last been discovered in Mississippi. A clergyman writing from that State says:

Father Bernard O'Reilly, my neighbor, is obliged to teach school for a living. Several of our priests are not able, financially, to attend our annual retreats unless the Bishop pays their travelling expenses. Most of us never see more than two or three hundred dollars per annum. Some of our priests never see the place they call home more than once a fortnight.

The somnolent, ease-loving priest, growing bulky with luxurious dinners, has also been discovered—this time in North Carolina. Father Price, of Nazareth, gives this account of the daily life of himself and his fellow-missionaries:

We rose at about five o'clock and devoted the early part of the day to ourselves—meditation, Mass and breakfast. This latter was furnished by a neighboring family for a few cents, and consisted of coffee, sour bread and a little fat meat.

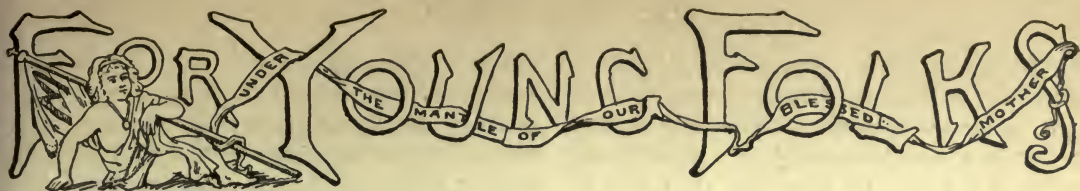
About ten o'clock we were ready for work, which consisted in the first place of arranging the chapel for service, sweeping it out and making it look tidy. If any persons came to see us or passed us, we talked to them about religion, etc.

The account then tells of visiting the sick of all denominations, of praying, singing, preaching, catechising, and conversing with individuals. It continues:

These conversations kept us busy till supper and the night service. At this service we always had the question box, with singing and praying as before, and a lecture with after conversations to all who remained. It was always ten o'clock when we were able to retire. We slept—some of us in a neighboring house, and several of us in the shack [the little wooden chapel] on the benches, using a cassock, coat, or mission case for a pillow.

But this riotous living was not to be endured in that community; a virtuous person, a match and an oil-can, a burning shack, and the mission ended. But it will be resumed, and the honest bigot who set fire to the little chapel will one day be a pew-holder in it. Which is an Hibernicism as well as a prophecy.

Port Tobacco, Maryland, had in the beginning a church whose priest preached "one Lord, one Faith and one Baptism." In less than half a century the Episcopal Church was established there by force, and the priesthood of the New Law was made criminal by statute. Slowly grind the mills of the gods; and to-day the *Baltimore Sun* announces that the Rev. Gilbert F. Williams, P. E. minister, alleges he was "succeeded as rector of the Port Tobacco parish by the Rev. James Poindexter, who 'preached a series of sermons against a series I had preached in that parish, in which I had reviewed a book popular at that time.' These sermons, Mr. Williams says, were distasteful to members of the parish." Marylanders, who sit under that pulpit which denounces at Easter the doctrines it preached in Lent, may well yearn for a return to the days when the unchanging faith of our fathers and religious liberty went hand in hand.



The Dog and the Wheelman.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

COUNTRY dogs, you don't need telling,

In addition to repelling
Strangers from their master's dwelling,
Like to rule the highway too;
Some perhaps are only larking,
But they all are fond of barking,
As you can't have helped remarking
When you've come within their view.

Here's with dogs one way of dealing:
Wednesday last as I was wheeling,
All the cyclist's rapture feeling

In my pretty rapid rate,
Suddenly a brownish-yellow
Mastiff, an immense big fellow,
Bounded with a bull-like bellow
Through a farmer's garden-gate.

Then ensued some lively racing:
After me the dog came chasing,
While, my muscles firmly bracing,

I put on an extra spurt.
Now, I'm given not to lying,
But if I were almost dying,
That our pace was all but flying
I would fearlessly assert.

Viewed as sprinters, dogs are speedy,
But a wheelman who's not seedy
Commonly can keep the lead he

Has in starting such a race;
So, before the second minute
Ended, I was sure I'd win it;
Clearly, doggie wasn't "in it,"—

Couldn't keep the stunning pace.

Soon, all breathless, overheated,
Seeing that he was defeated,
Stopped he, panting: then I treated

That canine with deep disdain,—
Turned around and loudly jeered him,
Bowwow-wowed defiance, fleered him,

Laughed as though I'd never feared him,
Till he fairly yelped with pain.

Since that Wednesday I ride daily
By the farmer's house full gaily,
But the mastiff just turns tail, he
Doesn't bark a single bit.
He has learned the lesson fully
(Often taught the wild and wooly)
That the one who plays the bully
Sometimes finds that he is "it."

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.—THE READING OF THE DOCUMENT.

THE following morning brought a summons for each boy to the library; and even Julian, despite his natural fearlessness, felt rather timid when he passed within the portals of that vast room, sacred to the privacy of old Mr. Mortimer. That gentleman sat at a table with a parchment spread out before him. The document was yellow with age and sealed with quaint seals. The grandfather looked paler than his wont, and there was a stern, hard expression upon his face as he fixed his eyes intently upon each boy in turn. Julian alone never quailed before him; yet the look seemed to pierce him through and through, and an odd feeling came over the lad that each had been brought there to be tried and condemned to some unknown sentence.

"I have brought you here," said Mr. Mortimer, leaning back in his chair and speaking with deliberation, "to make known to you a quest, or competition, which the mad eccentricity of an ancestor has imposed upon his race."

There was a world of bitterness in the old man's voice; however, he went on:

"It is true you are not obliged to accept these conditions. Any one of you may arise, when he has heard what I have to say, and leave this room and this house, never to return. And who knows but that such might not be the wisest course?"

The curiosity of the boys was by this time at fever heat, but none of them dared to put a question.

"Nevertheless," he added, "you will probably decide otherwise; for youth, generally speaking, is rash, adventurous, full of confidence in its own raw metal, and has little to do with wisdom."

He paused again, and strange expressions crossed his face, which an older observer might have interpreted as anger, self-contempt, bitterness and regret; but the listeners were anxious only to hear the end of this wondrous narrative.

"I may as well warn you," resumed Mr. Mortimer, "that I attempted to fulfil these conditions and failed; that each of your fathers failed,—some miserably."

The old man's eyes rested on Julian as he spoke the last words.

"My father before me failed, his father failed, and so goes back this absurd tradition to the fountain-head. And what has this quixotic whim of our forbear done for his descendants? It has put enmity between father and son, set brother against brother. It has left them all discontented and has prevented legitimate effort in any other direction. It has occurred to my mind, moreover, that it may be a myth, a pure invention, an allegory. The lost jewel of which I am about to read to you may have no existence. There may be no hidden room. Now I shall read you the document, and I must modernize the language somehow or it will be impossible for you to follow the visionary's words."

He unfolded the document with a hand which trembled somewhat; for he vividly

recalled the day upon which he in his youth had heard that reading, and, with beating heart and glowing cheek, had vowed never to rest till he had found the lost jewel of the Mortimers. Well, he had grown weary soon, and had found inglorious ease instead. All the rest had been beyond him. Adjusting his gold-rimmed glasses, he began to read, without further comment:

"I, Anselm Benedict Mortimer, being an exile from my country for the profession of the Catholic and Roman Faith, and having for that reason, with my father, crossed the seas, am desirous that my descendants should be imbued with those qualities of truth, valor, purity and honor which have been theirs since the days of chivalry. I do hereby bequeath to that one amongst them who shall discover what shall henceforth be known as the lost jewel of the Mortimers—it is a ruby of exceeding great price, of unusual size and coloring,—the finder of the stone shall come into possession of large sums of money variously invested, with all accumulations, thereupon; and, after the death of the occupant then in possession, shall become the owner of the mansion of Pine Bluff, built by my father on first coming to these colonies.

"But the discovery of this jewel, which is concealed in a hidden room, can not be made without much diligence and courage; and the seeker must undergo ordeals which shall develop manliness, fortitude, endurance, with a habit of truthfulness. For being discovered in a single falsehood shall disqualify him for the quest; and his conduct must be in imitation of those knights who were enrolled in the Order of Chivalry.

"Till the jewel be discovered, the aforesaid mansion shall remain in possession of the eldest son of the eldest branch. But even if he have heirs direct, he must relinquish it to him who finds the jewel. Meanwhile he shall have sufficient monies to maintain him in comfort, and, if he

will, in the luxury befitting his station.

"The eldest son of each branch may alone enter the competition; nor may any younger brother be substituted in his place; nor shall it take place until the youngest competitor has attained his fifteenth year. The list of ordeals through which the seekers must pass are here subjoined, but need not be told to them in detail until they shall have entered upon the quest. Let them but understand that their courage, fortitude and manliness shall be put to severest tests."

Here ended the reading of the document, and the boys looked at one another. To Julian, at least, it seemed as if the twentieth century had faded away, and as if the grim, wainscoted library were a chamber in some enchanted castle. The books themselves seemed spectral, and the grandfather a powerful enchanter. The possession of the ruby or of the wealth which accompanied it did not appeal very much to Julian: it was the promised adventures which fairly turned his head; the thought of seeking for a lost jewel and a hidden room through unknown dangers and thrilling experiences. True he began to remember how frequently his mother had been in sore straits for money to meet all expenses, to pay for his education and to keep him clothed and fed. It would be a fine thing to have a lot of money to give her, and the jewel too, and to let her live in this beautiful house forever.

He looked about him: the other boys were plainly excited. The hatchet-faced boy was leaning forward, his eager gaze fixed upon the parchment. Sedgwick tapped his foot nervously upon the floor, as though he were eager to start that moment upon the quest. Wat's pale face glowed with excitement.

"You will have till to-morrow morning," said Mr. Mortimer, "to decide whether you will accept or not."

"Of course we'll accept, sir!" cried Julian, enthusiastically.

"What! Can it be you are a mammon-worshiper already, Master Julian?" asked the grandfather, with that peculiar intonation in his voice which always brought a contraction to the smooth brow of Julian's mother.

"Oh, it will be such splendid fun, sir!" Julian answered.

The old gentleman elevated his eyebrows.

"It is the chance of a lifetime," broke in John Jacob, excitedly, "to get rich in an instant!"

His voice rang through the room, clear and metallic, with a vibrant eagerness in it strange in one so young.

"You, John Jacob, are oblivious to the fun, I perceive," said the grandfather. "What are *your* views, Sedgwick."

"Oh, I say, sir," replied the oldest of the Mortimers, "no one in his senses would give up such a chance. And, then, the adventures!"

"You seem to unite the practical and the romantic. How about Walter Worthington?"

"I only wish I were bigger and stronger,—that's all!" cried the pale boy. But, anyway, I'll try even if it kills me."

"It has killed some before now," warned the grandfather. "But youth must take its own wild way, I suppose. However, you have till to-morrow morning to think it over. If after the night's reflection you are still of the same mind, you will be enrolled in the band of fortune-seekers, and will very shortly begin your hunt for the hidden room and the lost jewel, as they are somewhat incorrectly called. I should be inclined to reverse the title and speak of the lost room and the hidden jewel—if, indeed, either one or the other exists."

The coldly doubting cynicism with which he spoke of the possible non-existence of the room and the treasure had no effect on the sanguine spirits of the boys. They were presently out upon the lawn, talking at the top

of their voices, arguing, speculating; already examining the façade of the mansion for traces of the hidden room; and prepared, had the word been given, to enter upon any ordeal or inaugurate in any way whatever that wonderful series of adventures.

"Of course if I get it," said Julian, "I'll divide with the rest of you."

"No, no," answered John Jacob, who had convinced himself that he, and he alone, must find the jewel, "there's to be no division."

"Find the ruby first, and then we'll see about the rest," observed Sedgwick, dryly.

"I know I won't get it," said Walter, despondingly; "but I mean to try."

"Cheer up, sonny!" urged good-natured Sedgwick. "You'll gain nothing by being downhearted."

"Even if none of us find anything," put in Julian, "we'll have lots of fun."

"And come in for some hard knocks, curly pate," said Sedgwick, who commended the lad's spirit in taking an easy and cheerful view of the situation.

"Who cares!" cried Julian. "But I wish it were to-morrow. It seems a week off."

"And so we all began," commented the grandfather. He was leaning against the library window, which commanded a view of the lawn. Beside him stood his daughter-in-law, who had come to ask him what it all meant, and if her son were to be permitted to tell her of his share in the famous Mortimer secret. He reassured her upon this point.

"I shall certainly advise Julian to give you every detail."

"He is sure to tell me," the mother answered, "unless he were forbidden to do so. He has never concealed a thought from me in his life."

The old gentleman regarded her with his inscrutable smile.

"He is unlike his father," he observed.

"The very opposite in every way," agreed Mrs. Mortimer. "His father often,

with a view to spare me, withheld confidences, which it would have been better had he given me."

"Are you in favor of your boy undertaking this quest?"

"That I can answer better when I know more. Of course I have the general knowledge that in each generation there is some test or ordeal, which the oldest son in the various branches undertakes; but further than that I know little."

"It has been a sad business altogether," declared the grandfather. "Some, as you know, went down to the grave sadly disappointed, ever yearning for that unattained treasure. Others, again, wandered away into the bypaths of life, embittered and discontented; while others did as I have done, and I suppose were not much the worse for it. After an attempt to fulfil a few of the conditions, I dropped out of the contest, and simply put the matter out of my mind. Never has any one succeeded, and for my part I do not believe that success is possible, for the simple reason that the prizes offered do not exist at all, in my opinion."

"As far as I am concerned, I would rather he had nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Mortimer. "I would keep him far, far indeed, from all danger. But it might not be the best thing for the boy. Effort is a great thing; endurance—"

Here she was interrupted by the voice of Julian crying:

"Mother, mother, where are you?"

Excusing herself to Mr. Mortimer, the mother hurried to where Julian stood waiting, breathless.

"I have been upstairs and downstairs looking for you," he said. "I want to tell you all about everything. It's the queerest story you ever heard. There's a lot of money and a jewel shut up in a hidden room, and we'll have all sorts of adventures looking for them."

"Let us go up to our rooms, dear," replied his mother in her calm way;

"and then you can tell me quietly without jumbling your words."

"All right, mother!" agreed Julian, and together they mounted the broad stairs, past the tall clock which ticked away the hours so solemnly. "I wish it would go faster!" Julian exclaimed, staring at the timepiece as he passed. "I want it to be to-morrow, till we get enrolled and begin the adventures."

"You will begin soon enough," sighed Mrs. Mortimer.

"It will be such splendid fun!" cried Julian. "All the other fellows are wild about it too. I'm going to get up at dawn."

"You're very brave overnight," smiled his mother.

Just as they entered their apartments, Julian, carrying out a train of thought in his own mind, observed:

"John Jacob cares most about the jewel and the money, but I guess all the others want the adventures even more."

Mrs. Mortimer's face contracted as, with sudden pain, she thought of another besides John Jacob to whom those myterious prizes had become as an absorbing dream, haunting him day and night.

"Of course it would be all right to get the money; wouldn't it, mother?" Julian inquired.

His mother regarded him with a new anxiety. What if avarice should seize upon that noble soul to blight and wither it? But no: the face, open, sunny, fearless, reassured her. She drew a chair to the hearth, and motioned Julian to come near her.

"Money, dear boy, is a great power for good and can never be despised. But, O my son, the passion for it has wrought more harm than all else in this weary world!"

"I don't care much for it myself," said careless Julian,—“as long as a fellow has enough to eat and some clothes to wear. But you can do a lot of things

with it, I suppose. O mother, I wish it were to-morrow! and I do wonder what adventure we shall have first?"

Julian threw himself down upon the rug as he spoke, and rested his curly head against his mother's knee; and there were a few moments of deep silence, during which the boom of the sea was heard beating fiercely against the rocks.

Presently the mother's voice broke the stillness of the room:

"Well, now, Julian, tell me all about it."

(To be continued.)

"Robin Redbreast's Corn."

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

In Brittany many legends are yet told of the "boy-bishop," Saint Leonore, or Lunaire, as the French call him. He was born in Wales, and was for years a disciple of the great Saint Illut, the near kinsman of the renowned King Arthur. Among Saint Leonore's fellow-students are reckoned Saints David, Samson, Magloir, and Gildas, the one writer of ancient Britain.

When very young, Leonore was sent by his father to the school of Saint Illut. He was ordained by Saint Dubricius, and some years later he was consecrated by the same holy man. He crossed over to Brittany soon afterward, and founded a monastery on a piece of wild and untilled moorland.

In his journey to France he was accompanied by several disciples. He and they thatched their church and cells with the red fern peculiar to the district, cut the turf for firing, and drained and ploughed the weedy marsh about them in preparation for the seed-time. But, alas! when the spring came it was found that they had neglected to bring any grain with them across the sea, and the barbarous Celts knew nothing of wheat and corn. The disciples were in despair, but Saint Leonore was

more hopeful. "God will help us," he said, with cheerful patience; and he continued preparing the ground for seed.

When the soil was perfectly fine and dry a little robin redbreast was observed sitting on a branch with a heavy wheat-ear dangling from his beak. The bird dropped the stalk and flew away, to return, however, in a short time with another heavily-laden stalk. The Brothers sowed the yellow grain, and "reaped abundantly," as the old legends tell. The Breton peasant of to-day will inform you that the rich harvests of Brittany have sprung from the robin's wheat, just as the many churches scattered over the land are due to the zeal of St. Leonore and his followers; and "Robin Redbreast's corn" is a byword in Brittany for all small beginnings that succeed and prosper.

The date of Saint Leonore's death is unknown. His body was translated to Saint Malo, and the church where it was interred is yet called by his name. The feast of its translation is on the 13th of October, but the saint is honored throughout Brittany on the first day of July.

Strong in Faith.

The little book we call the catechism has had its martyrs. As one instance, we will relate the story of a pious Breton peasant. He was crossing a field one day during the French Revolution and as he leaped over a hedge to reach the road his catechism fell out of his pocket. Some Republican and impious soldiers (the two things rarely separate in the France of those days) saw the book and asked the peasant what it was.

"Why, citizens," was the reply, "it is my constant companion—my catechism."

"What! your catechism? Do you still believe in the old religion?"

"Of course I do, and more than ever."

"Nonsense! You are going to throw

that book on the ground right now and trample on it."

"No, citizen, I am not. I shall never trample on the law of my Lord and my Judge. You meant that as a joke, I think, with all respect to you."

He turned to go away. The rough men rushed upon him, struck him, insulted him, wrested his catechism from him and threw him into the mud; then, as the poor peasant refused to trample on it, they strangled him on the spot.

God's Primer.

One of the leaders of the French Revolution of 1793, the ferocious Carrier, so celebrated on account of the drownings at Nantes, once said to a Breton peasant:

"We are going to tear down your belfries and churches."

"That may be," replied the man, "but you will have to leave the stars; and while that primer is left to us we shall teach our children to spell from it the name of God."

How well this response justifies those inspired words of the Psalmist:

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge!"

The Highest Title.

Among the Christians of Lyons in the days of the first persecutions was a deacon named Sanctus. When he was led before the governor, to all questions asked of him he invariably replied: "I am a Christian."—"What is your name?"—"I am a Christian."—"What is your country?"—"I am a Christian."—"What is your station? Are you a noble or a slave?"—"I am a Christian." Sanctus desired only the title of Christian, deeming it above all other titles of glory and nobility.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Kind Words from Your Pastor" is an unpretentious booklet of seventy-one pages; but we have been impressed with the earnestness and zeal of the writer, as well as the wisdom, experience, tact and kindly spirit that appear on every page. If we were a pastor we should find a use for this pamphlet, which is from the pen of the Rev. John F. Noll, of New Haven, Ind.

—The programme for the celebration of Archbishop Ryan's Golden Jubilee includes the publication of a History of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia in three volumes, the third volume to be a biography of the revered jubilarian. The modesty of Mgr. Ryan is such that he will probably be persuaded to give his *imprimatur* to this last volume only by the consideration that the good pastor giveth his "life" for his flock.

—If not as a great poet, at least as a great patriot Philip Freneau deserves to be gratefully remembered by Americans. His satires, lampoons and war lyrics did much toward stirring the patriotic spirit which accomplished the American Revolution and culminated in the war of 1812. Mr. Victor H. Paltsits has prepared what is destined to be the authoritative bibliography of the various editions of Freneau's works. Only one hundred and fifteen copies have been published, but considering the prohibitive price the edition is large enough.

—Psychology is almost as pleasant and mouth-filling a word as Mesopotamia, and it has been too readily assumed by careless or ill-informed writers that "the new psychology" is necessarily opposed to the doctrine of free will. Mr. W. H. Mallock hardly deserves to be classed as an ill-informed writer though he has shown a tendency of late to be careless as well as cocksure. We entirely agree, for instance, with the *Athenæum* which admonishes him in a rather pungent review (May 23) of his latest book that "It is simply not the case that the 'last word of psychology is determinism,' for the two most distinguished living psychologists (Profs. James and Ward) take a different view."

—A sensible and serviceable booklet on "The Obligation of Hearing Mass on Sundays and Holydays," has been published by the Rev. J. T. Roche, of the Diocese of Lincoln. It is a subject on which many Catholics in town as well as country have lax consciences, and we are glad to see that Father Roche insists strongly on this important obligation. The young man who said to him: "I was forty miles from church and I could not come to Mass as often as I wished; but now I am only twenty-four miles and, of course,

I can come every Sunday," valued the faith enough to wish to preserve it. Nine-tenths of the excuses usually offered for non-attendance at Mass are wholly insufficient to justify a course that too often leads to apostasy. Published by the author.

—The centenary of Robert Emmet's death, which occurs in September, will be marked by the publication of an historical work by his distinguished kinsman, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York. The title is "Ireland Under English Rule." Mr. Justin McCarthy is at work on a volume dealing with a cognate theme, "Ireland and Her Story."

—The need, so often expressed, of a good textbook of English History from a Catholic pen has at last been supplied. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have sent us specimen pages of Mr. Wyatt-Davies "History of England for Catholic Schools"; and Messrs. Bell & Sons will soon publish "Lingard's History of England, Newly Abridged," by Dom Henry Norbert Birt, O. S. B. Catholic teachers have their choice of two excellent books.

—The lines on Death written by Leo XIII. in 1897 have at this moment a pathetic interest. We quote an admirable English translation of them:

The westering sun draws near his cloudy bed,
Leo, and gradual darkness veils thy head:
The sluggish life-blood in thy withered veins
More slowly runs its course—what then remains?
Lo! Death is brandishing his fatal dart,
And the grave yearns to shroud thy mortal part;
But from its prison freed, the soul expands
Exulting pinions to the enfranchised lands.
My weary race is run—I touch the goal:
Hear, Lord, the feeble pantings of my soul;
If it be worthy, Lord, thy pitying breast
Welcome it unto everlasting rest!
May I behold thee, Queen of earth and sky,
Whose love enchained the demons lurking nigh
The path to heaven; and freely shall I own
'Twas thy sweet care that gained my blissful crown!

—The late Cardinal Vaughan was a zealous supporter of the press; his interest in the welfare of Catholic periodicals was intense and unflagging. For some years he was editor of the *London Tablet* and contributed frequently to the correspondence columns of the *Times*. He was numbered among the occasional contributors to the *Nineteenth Century* and to the *Dublin Review* of which he became proprietor on the death of Dr. Ward. His style was singularly clear and terse. In his later Pastorals especially are to be found many passages which are admirable examples of simple and noble prose. A writer in the *Athenæum* remarks: "In his Pastorals, both at Salford and at Westminster, in his popular manuals, and in the articles he contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* and other periodicals (including his own *Dublin*

Review) he achieved a directness and adequacy of expression which many who practise the craft of letters might be allowed to envy." From the same journal we learn that the lamented Cardinal had been at work during these last months on a volume somewhat answering to Cardinal Manning's "Eternal Priesthood."

—A Washington correspondent of the *Critic* calls attention to the extraordinary fecundity of Richard Bagot's work in rhetorical infelicities and grammatical blunders, and then asks, "Who is Richard Bagot, anyhow? I can't help thinking that he is a woman under a *nom de plume*." We have our opinion of this correspondent. Doubtless some women have imperfections, but it is a cruel injustice to charge up the literary and moral aberrations of Richard Bagot to the sex. Bagot is an Englishman who once thought he was a convert to the Faith; but he never learned his catechism properly and was not even decently instructed before baptism. He soon returned to Protestantism, which he had never really deserted, and ever since he has been writing anti-Catholic fiction. His literature is just as strong as his theology.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5.

Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.
Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.

In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis.* \$1, net.

The New Empire. *Brooks Adams.* \$1.50, net.

The Art of Living Long. *Louis Cornaro.* \$1.50.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.

Memoirs and Writings of the Very Rev. James F. Callaghan. *Emily Callaghan.* \$2, net.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. *Edward Hutton.* \$1.25.

Old Squire. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.

St. Margaret of Cortona. *Rev. L. de Cherance, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Castle Omeragh. *F. Frankfort Moore.* \$1.50.

Saint Teresa. *Henri Joly.* \$1.

Ye are Christ's. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* 50 cts., net.

The Four Last Things. *Blessed Thomas More.* 50 cts.

A Spiritual Consolation and Other Treatises. *Blessed John Fisher.* 50 cts.

Letters to Young Men. *Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

Under the Cross. *Faber.* 60 cts., net.

A Story of St. Germain. *Sopie Maude.* \$1, net.

In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock.* \$1.

Helps to a Spiritual Life. *Schneider-Girardey.* \$1.25.

The Rose and the Sheepskin. *Joseph Gordian Daley.* \$1.

The Friendships of Jesus. *Rev. M. J. Ollivier, O. P.* \$1.50, net.

The Unravelling of a Tangle. *Marion Ames Taggart.* \$1.25.

Questions on "First Communion." *Mother M. Loyola.* 30 cts., net.

The Art of Life. *Frederick Charles Kolbe.* 75 cts.

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. *Rev. Horace K. Mann.* \$3, net.

Man Overboard! *F. Marion Crawford.* 50 cts.

Comfort for the Faint-Hearted. *Ludovicus Blosius, O. S. B.* 75 cts., net.

How to Sing. *Lilli Lehmann.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Motter, of the archdiocese of San Francisco.

Mr. M. J. Wrin, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Felix Carbray, Quebec, Canada; Mr. Patrick Dempsey, Rome, N. Y.; Mr. John Bowen, Providence, R. I.; Miss Annie Doyle, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. Philip Dougherty, San Juan, Cal.; Mr. Henry Manning, Lorain, Ohio; Mr. Michael Costello and Mrs. Margaret Ryan, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Mary Van Antwerp, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Patrick Higgins, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. John Steinmann, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McCarty, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Albert Jagerst, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Carraher, Washington, D. C.; Miss Johanna Whalen, Halifax, Canada; and Mrs. Alice Leavitt, Chicago, Ill.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Holidays.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

PACE the summer holidays come on,
And weary toilers ease the jaded brain
With pledge that soon the tense, exhausting strain,
Through many months slow-dragging undergone,
At length shall cease. Hope gladly dwells upon
The soothing sameness of the ocean-main;
Or novel scenes of mountain, wood, and plain
Will steep in joy the workless days anon.

Our whole life through should be one term of toil
Unceasing at a God-appointed task—
The soul's salvation. Let us not recoil
Therefrom, in worldly bliss or ease to bask;
But rather nerve our hearts when work dismays
With thoughts of Heaven's coming holidays.

Pope Leo XIII. of Happy Memory.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.



ENEALOGISTS, an enterprising and intrepid race, inform us that the noble family of the Pecci can trace its ancestry back to the eighth century. It is certain that the Pecci were established in the territories of Siena in the thirteenth century, and that there they then attained distinction. The fact that Benvenuto and Giovanni Pecci were Knights of the Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem (the "Hospitaliers") in the fourteenth century is evidence that their family was already of considerable influence, since every chevalier of that glorious Order

was obliged to show, ere he could obtain initiation, that he was noble by at least four descents, on the side of each parent. At the close of the Great Western Schism of the fifteenth century we find Giacomo Pecci tendering magnificent hospitality to Pope Martin V.* But in the early part of the seventeenth century a branch of the Sienese Pecci settled in Carpineto, a small but then fortified town of the Patrimony of St. Peter, nestling among the Sabine Mountains. The Carpinetans, who are a brave, robust and obstinate, but a very intelligent people, take pride in being of a more than ordinarily pure descent from the heroes of ancient Latium, and they have always been noted for an enthusiastic cult of elegant Latinity; therefore it was quite natural, perhaps, that this cult became characteristic of the boy Joachim Pecci, the future Leo XIII.

Joachim was born in the sequestered Sabine town on March 2, 1810; and when eight years of age he was sent to the Jesuit College in Viterbo. The famous moral theologian, Ballerini, was one of his companions in this institution; and he afterward wrote in the *Civiltà Cattolica* that the young Pecci "excited universal admiration by his vivid intelligence and his exquisite gentleness." In 1824 the brilliant student began a course of ecclesiastical science in the Roman College; and as he had such masters as Pianciani, Carafa, Perrone, Patrizzi, and Zecchinelli, and as he

* "Genealogia dei Conti Pecci," by Sigg. Fiumi and Lisini, of the Italian Academy of Heraldry.

devoted none of his time to visits or other generally-supposed necessary recreations, it is not very surprising that while he was yet in his twentieth year he was assigned to give "repetitions" in philosophy to the students of the Germanico-Hungarian College; and that he had just completed his twenty-first year when he received the degree of Doctor in Sacred Theology. Then he entered the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, an institution devoted to the special training of patrician Levites in the mazes of diplomacy and in the application of the theories of political economy, etc., with a view to their future advance in the prelatical career of the Roman Court. Here he attracted the favorable notice of Pope Gregory XVI.; and in 1837 he was made a Prelate of the Pontifical Household and Referendary of the *Segnatura*. Ordained priest in this year by Cardinal Odeschalchi, he was appointed to the difficult position of Papal Delegate in the province of Benevento.

Then began the public life of the future Pontiff; and the manner in which he fulfilled his arduous and even dangerous duties indicated that he was fully capable of sustaining any one of the burdens, half-ecclesiastical, half-secular, which fell, until lately, to the lot of a prelate of the Roman Curia. The province of Benevento, a Pontifical possession for many centuries, was in the heart of the Kingdom of Naples, and had been for some time infested by brigands and smugglers, who enjoyed the protection of persons of rank and influence in Naples, and even in Rome. Mgr. Pecci determined to render his province a home of law and order, even though many a bloody combat was to be fought, and even though the castles of the brigandizing nobles had to be carried by assault. Of course the culpable quasi-feudal lords protested against the "violation" of their strongholds; and a certain marquiss, more audacious than

his comrades, waited upon the obnoxious prelate, and truculently informed him that he was about to go to Rome in order to obtain the appointment of a new delegate. "Very well," calmly replied Mgr. Pecci; "but before departing, your lordship must pass three months in prison, and on a diet of bread and water." The nobleman was at once incarcerated, his castle was forced, and the brigands captured therein met their deserts. In a few months no more outlaws troubled Benevento. The young delegate soon won the affection of the provincials; and when an alarming illness seized upon his delicate frame, the entire population went processionally, barefooted and in penitential garb, to pray in their chief sanctuaries for his recovery. But no sooner was his health restored than Gregory XVI. entrusted him with the government of Perugia,—a task coveted by none of the Papal officials, owing to the fractiousness of the inhabitants, who, ever since the days of the French revolutionary "liberators" of 1790, had been the prey of secret societies. It is remarkable that during the administration of Mgr. Pecci the Perugian prisons were nearly always empty; the mere knowledge of the delegate's indomitable firmness and incorruptible justice appeared sufficient to ensure respect for the laws.

In 1843 Pope Gregory XVI. appointed our prelate titular Archbishop of Damietta, and Nuncio to the court of Belgium. His rectitude, sagacity and prudence, under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty, won for him not only the sincere regard of persons of every rank but also the confidence of the wise Leopold I., who frequently sought his counsel while shaping his own course as the most conscientious and most successful constitutional monarch of the time. The Nuncio's moderation in political matters, his intense sympathy with the numerous benevolent institutions of then thoroughly Catholic

Belgium, rendered him most acceptable to both court and people; and when, after three years of labor, his physicians ordered a change of climate, Leopold conferred upon the retiring diplomat the Grand Cross of the newly-founded royal Order, and, sorrowfully bidding him farewell, earnestly recommended him to the Pontiff for promotion to the cardinalate. When he presented himself before the throne of his Holiness, Archbishop Pecci was informed that the Belgian monarch had extolled his character and services. "And he solicits a red hat for you," observed Gregory; "but a deputation of Perugians have just now besought me to send you to their city as their bishop. Therefore I commit that diocese to your care; the cardinalitial insignia will soon be yours."

Accordingly, Mgr. Pecci was proclaimed Archbishop-Bishop of Perugia in the Consistory of January 19, 1846, and was reserved *in petto* as cardinal at the same time. But Gregory XVI. died in the same year, and our prelate entered the Sacred College only in 1853. He remained at Perugia thirty-two years; and while he shone as a master in political common-sense, he was ever, and above all else, the model of a Christian bishop. His pastoral letters form a logical and harmonious whole; they constitute a history of the moral and religious needs of Christendom during his episcopacy; and his last one, on "The Church and Civilization" (1878), may be regarded as the programme of that pontificate to which he was destined. His pastorals treated exhaustively on the necessity of the temporal power of the Roman Pontiff, on the dangers necessarily consequent on the law compelling civil marriages, and on the oppression of the Church by the State through the abuses of the royal *exequatur*. All were distinguished by a moderation, as well as firmness of expression. The decree of the Sardinian invader, abolishing nearly each and all

religious establishments, excited much popular discontent in Umbria; notably in the case of the Camaldolese monks, a body of men universally venerated because of their hospitality to the homeless, their care of the sick, and their devotion to the afflicted of every sort. The indignant clamors of the Umbrians reached the ears of Victor Emmanuel, and he issued a decree modifying considerably the rigors of the Law of Suppression. But the agents of the government, almost all adepts or creatures of the Masonic lodges, took no cognizance of the royal mandate. Then, under date of June 21, 1861, Cardinal Pecci addressed a letter to the *Re Galantuomo*, which might stand comparison with that of St. Ambrose to Theodosius. Nor did the monarch resent the boldness of the zealous pastor; and when, on the occasion of a royal visit to Perugia in 1869, the prelate politely but firmly refused to join the civil dignitaries in a presentation of homage, Victor Emmanuel acknowledged the propriety of the abstention. And this prudent reserve was exhibited by Cardinal Pecci in every circumstance. The prefects and syndics growled, but none dared to cross the episcopal threshold with hostile intent; they perforce respected him, and, out of deference for the venerating people, they even frequently tempered the severity of their iniquitous measures.

In 1877 Cardinal Pecci was appointed *Camerlingo* or Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church.* For many years he had been almost a stranger to the Roman world; but in a few weeks the new Chamberlain acquired innumerable admirers by his learning, patience, and *savoir-faire*; and when, on February 9, 1878, Pius IX. departed this life, men began to regard this Bishop of a third-

* During the vacancy of the Holy See, this is the chief dignitary of the Sacred College; and he is the temporal monarch of the States of the Church, having the right to coin money, etc.

rate provincial town as a probable Pontiff.* Few of the many quaint and generally well-founded sayings of the Roman people are so well justified by history as that which declares that "the cardinal who enters the Conclave a Pope comes out of it a cardinal." His Eminence of Perugia certainly entered the Conclave of 1878 a probable Pope; and the second day, February 19, saw him raised to the Supreme Pontificate. When the cardinal-dean asked him, in accordance with custom, whether he accepted the election, he replied: "I deem myself unworthy of the Supreme Magistracy; but since such is the wish of the Sacred College I can only submit to the will of God. In remembrance of Leo XII., for whom I have always entertained the utmost reverence, I wish to be styled Leo XIII." It is generally believed that, in accordance with previous usage, the new Pontiff would have then imparted the solemn benediction, *Urbi et Orbi*, from the grand balcony above the vestibule of St. Peter's had he not learned that the party of the Quirinal had prepared a demonstration which was calculated—at least in their minds—to compromise him in the eyes of the Catholic world.

When a new Pontiff occupies the Chair of Peter we naturally compare him with his predecessor; and when, as in the case of Pius IX., that predecessor has been almost universally admired and beloved, the world is taken by surprise if the new incumbent of the Popedom appears to challenge an equal love and admiration. But let the memory of the predecessor be as deeply cherished as

you will, ere long men begin to discern reasons for taking the new Pontiff to their hearts. The atmosphere surrounding the Pontifical presence is necessarily nearly always the same, be the personality of the wearer of the triple crown what it may. In that presence faith dominates the Catholic more, probably, than it does in other circumstances; and the dissident, in spite of his preconceptions, finds that he is scanning, with one instantaneous and comprehensive flash of his mind's eye, the picture of past Papal glories and sufferings which history unfolds. As this presence is unique, so is its atmosphere; and compared with it, that of no secular court, were it redolent of all past and present earthly glories combined, is worthy of being breathed. Hence, when the mortal frame of our loved Pio Nono was laid in the tomb, we knew that Peter still reigned in Leo, and to him we tendered the olden love as naturally and as reasonably as we proffered our obedience.

And indeed the personality of Leo XIII. was one which inevitably compelled admiration and respect. Pius IX. may have been more gracious, and certainly he was more winningly attractive; but while Leo XIII. also was kindly, he was grave and profound. Pius IX. was generous even unto prodigality; Leo XIII. weighed well and he knew well the value of all things, and he disposed of them in accordance with the dictates of strict justice. We remember Pius IX. as a man of radiant beauty, as the handsomest sovereign of his time; and in the exercise of his pontifical functions he was majesty incarnate. Leo XIII. was sweetly grand; and when he officiated in the sanctuary, it would have been futile to try to discern whether he or Pius IX. appeared the more penetrated by the sublimity of his office. Leo XIII. could not have been termed handsome, but they were sadly in error who fancied that his features reminded

* One of the most accurate biographers of Leo XIII., M. Louis Teste, writing in the *Gazette du Dimanche* (1881), says: "As soon as he was in effective possession of the chamberlainship, he issued his orders with singular will and energy. Surprise was depicted on every countenance. One of his glances became a command; the crowd might agitate about this or that candidate, but Cardinal Pecci already had all the chances in his favor."

them of those of Voltaire. The Cynic of Ferney manifested innate malice and diabolic sarcasm in each physiognomic trait; while the expression of the Pontiff was indeed austere, but delicate and benevolent. His thinness was such as is popularly assigned to an ascetic; his pallid countenance, however, did not repel or even startle you, so warm and pellucid was the eye which glowed with the fire of an extraordinary intellect and of a grand soul. Pius IX. was pre-eminently an orator; and his moving periods would echo for years in the minds and hearts of his hearers, whether these were friendly, indifferent, or hostile. The weapon of Leo XIII. was the pen; whether he wrote in Latin or in Italian, his style was exquisitely pure, and his thoughts were as brilliant as they were exact. Perhaps he did not excite your enthusiasm to that pitch to which Pius IX. could exalt it; but he certainly convinced you. As the idea has been well expressed, Leo XIII., with pen in hand, was a statesman, taught by the Fathers of the Church, composing state papers.

We shall notice only three of the preoccupations which distinguished the pontificate of Leo XIII.—viz., the establishment of concord between the Holy See and the governments of the world; the furtherance of theological and philosophical studies; and the encouragement of a virile press. And firstly, in his effort to establish at least a *modus vivendi* with the civil powers, our Pontiff had to consider what should be his attitude toward the usurper in the Quirinal. He resolved to follow a policy of cool and correct immobility. In all his discourses to the Sacred College, and notably in his Encyclical *Inscrutabili*, he insisted upon the necessity of the temporal dominion of the Pope as a guarantee of his independence as head of the Church; in fine, his sentiments on this subject were the same as those of his predecessor, just

as they will undoubtedly be those of his successor. His course in regard to the usurper installed in the Quirinal might have been summarized in the words, "No concession, no provocation." He prudently endeavored to prevent the hostile measures of the children of the Revolution from developing into greater excesses; but far from consenting in any manner to anything done to the injury of religion, his *Non possumus*, though calmly uttered, was as inflexible as that pronounced by the preceding "white-robed old man of the Vatican."

But if the policy of Leo XIII. in regard to the Italian government was one of cool reserve, he made urgent advances to the other powers. When he mounted the Papal throne very many churchmen opined that any reconciliation between Church and State was, for the present, impossible. They thought that nearly all European cabinets, having given themselves over body and soul to the Masonic lodges, would be unable—even though willing, which they were not—to deviate from their careers of persecution or indifferentism. It was wise, thought these advisers, to allow rulers to run the course they had chosen; by doing nothing to retard the inevitable plunge over the precipice, the Pope would hasten the advent of the day when the half-throttled State would penitently seek the aid of the Church. But Leo XIII. thought differently; hence he initiated that policy of concession and reconciliation, where these were at all legitimate, which caused some chagrin to many ultra-conservatives. In fine, our Pontiff begged the governments of Europe to allow the Church to be of some service to them. Shortly after the issue of the Encyclical *Inscrutabili*, a distinguished personage remarked to the Holy Father that the language of that document differed somewhat from that often used by Pius IX. The Pontiff asked in what the difference consisted, and the gentleman replied that Pius IX.

was wont to reprove the powers for not helping the Holy See, whereas Leo XIII. blamed them for not calling the Holy See to their aid. The Pope smiled and said: "You know how to read; many do not."

This rôle of diplomat was a pleasant and a natural one to Leo XIII.; in the too frequently tortuous ways of diplomacy, he could exercise his subtlety of thought as well as his priestly gentleness. Whether Catholics or not, monarchists or republicans, all thinking persons of any rectitude of purpose admired the venerable Father of the Faithful as he labored for the happiness of Christendom without a word of condemnation for forms which he might have disapproved, and without bitterness toward those who openly antagonized the Church of which he was the head. Before long it was evident that Leo XIII. had done well in refusing to follow the policy of abstention. In all his negotiations with the Iron Chancellor of Germany, his delicate and wise manœuvres showed his opponent that he was drawing that proud spirit whither it had vowed that it would never go—to Canossa. Again and again the vaunt was repeated, but finally the words were swallowed, and the penitent knock was heard at the gates. The conduct of our Pontiff in regard to Nihilism and Fenianism won for the Holy See much consideration from the cabinets of St. Petersburg and London. Had Leo XIII. been an adept in the ways of Palmerston and Cavour, in the policy of fomenting rebellion among the subjects of rulers with whom their nations were at peace, or had he affected the system of non-intervention so impudently actuated by the Third Napoleon, he would have allowed full liberty to the Nihilists and Fenians. But he was a Pope, and the diplomacy of a Pope is honesty.

Perhaps the most notable of the proceedings of Leo XIII. in regard to the secular powers was his conduct toward

the Third French Republic. Unlike the Second, that of 1848, the Third Republic has shown hostility to the Church almost from its birth; and, few among even the most submissive of Catholics did not wonder that the Holy Father contented himself with moderate remonstrances in the matter of the decrees against the Congregations, the military service of the clergy, etc. But could the Pontiff have openly broken with what was, after all, the government of France—of France, the Eldest Daughter of the Church, and the foremost of Catholic nations—without very great danger? Was it not wiser to try to bring the erring republicans to better sentiments? Such was the opinion of Leo XIII.; he deemed it prudent to bend to circumstances whenever such a course was possible; to wait in fine, for the passing of the tempest, in hope that a better order of things would ensue when passion had exhausted itself. He even went so far, in his endeavor to conciliate the anti-clericals, as to advise all Catholics to rally to the support of the Republic. Perhaps some allowances should be made for the irritability which this Pontifical action excited in the over-sensitive minds of a few ultra royalists. Probably they belong to the sentimental and *courtesanesque* school of devotion to royalty, rather than to the reasonable and Christian one, which, while it justly gloried in its motto, "God and the King," ever took care that the order of the words was not reversed, and which—unlike the sentimentalists—never liked to see churchmen bearing the train of the monarch, only to receive his kicks and his caresses with equal gratitude.

Another great object of the solicitude of Leo XIII. was an elevation of the tone of ecclesiastical science, especially by means of an increased attention to the works of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas. While at Perugia he had followed the example of Cardinal Riario-Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, in

founding an Academy of St. Thomas; and he took pleasure in presiding over and in joining in the disputations, which were frequent and unintermittent. His elevation to the Pontifical throne enabled him to seek for participants in his zeal for the propagation of the teachings of the greatest of the Scholastics. In his Encyclical *Æterni Patris*, issued on August 4, 1879, he requested the bishops to restore the study of the Thomistic doctrine in each diocese. Then he founded a Roman Academy for this purpose; and, devoting \$60,000 to the publication of a new edition of the great Dominican's works, he himself entered upon the superintendence of a comparison of all other editions and codices, so that the new monument of scholastic learning might be worthy of its author and of the Holy See. He founded in Rome an Historico-Juridical Academy where lectures are given on the Public Law of the Romans, the Philosophy of Law, Ecclesiastical Law, the Origin and Progress of Commercial Law, the Comparison of Civil Legislations, the Etruscan Law, Sacred and Juridical Epigraphy, Christian Antiquities, etc. He modified the Papal Congregation of Studies, which corresponds to the Ministry of Public Instruction in secular cabinets; and he designed it to be the guide for Catholic teaching in every land.

Leo XIII. fully appreciated the power of modern journalism, both for good and evil. From the beginning of his reign he favored the creation of new journals and the improvement of old ones, with both counsel and pecuniary aid. His ideal of a journalistic equipment was the possession of a polished and well-balanced education, a fund of solid and extensive information in an enlightened mind, a style of writing measured and courteous, and a firm though benevolent heart. When, on February 22, 1879, more than a thousand knights of the pen knelt before him in the Vatican, he thus addressed

them: "Although you ought not to make use of the means and methods in vogue among your adversaries, you can at least equal them in elegance of style, and in the accuracy and prompt use of the information which you impart. You should endeavor even to surpass these adversaries in a knowledge of everything truly useful; and, above all, in the manifestation of that truth which men naturally desire to know, and of which the beauty, force, and superiority are so great that from the instant of its presentation it compels the assent even of its enemies. In order to attain this desirable end, you should use dignified and well-chosen words—a language which will not wound the reader by any excessive acerbity; and you ought never sacrifice the general good to the exigencies of party or of private advantage. And you should take to heart the warning of the Apostle, to foment no divisions among yourselves, but to cultivate a unity of spirit by a firm adherence to the doctrines and decisions of the Church."

Leo XIII. was always a man of delicate health; but he would follow the frequent advice of his physicians, to take some respite from labor, only when he found that his bodily strength was absolutely failing him. At the close of his long and pre-eminently active career, his mental faculties were as vivid as those of most men in the flush of early manhood. He seemed to realize that God had endowed him with a soul of singular robustness; for, shortly after he had donned the tiara, when the sculptor Tadolini asked him to trace some motto on the newly finished bust executed by that artist, he smilingly complied, writing: "*Leo de Tribu Juda.*" That he was a man of God, one of great personal sanctity, was as evident to all who approached him as anything connected with earth can be. That he was a grand Pontiff history will undoubtedly record.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXIX.—SIGHT-SEEING.

ABOUT ten o'clock on the morning after the great dinner Count Mero drove up, according to appointment, to take Myles to see some of the sights in the wondrous city on the banks of the Neva. Luckily, his Excellency did not enter the *datcha*; for the veteran was snoring, Paddy was snoring, Ivan was snoring, while the cook outsnored them all.

Myles, having just finished his bath as the drosky appeared, seemed as fresh as a June rose, though he was far from feeling like one. An entire night in the tainted atmosphere of dubious tobacco and in the fumes of vodka and other deleterious stimulants was a dose to cut into any constitution, no matter how robust; and although he indulged in but one glass of vodka, which he did not finish, and was very careful in regard to the number and quality of his cigarettes, the atmosphere was stifling and oppressive. A spin behind Count Mero's superb horse acted like a tonic, and ere they had reached the Fortress O'Byrne was himself again.

"The Fortress," observed his cicerone, "is the burial place of the latter sovereigns of the house of Romanoff. The pointed tower rises like a mast three hundred and forty feet in height; and for the last one hundred and fifty feet the tower is so slender it might be climbed like a pine tree. This church, Mr. O'Byrne, like your Catholic churches, is always open, and watched over by a number of military guardians. Let us descend, if you will."

They wheeled into a large courtyard, to be saluted with great respect at every

turn, and entered the church. It is heavily and gorgeously gilded within, and has no seats, as is the fashion in Russian churches. Splendid pictures, covered with gold and precious stones gleam upon the walls; and all around, concealed by groves of living palms or by ivy upon trellis work, are the tombs of the Romanoffs. They are all alike—simple, stately sarcophagi of white marble with gold ornaments. The tenets of the Greek religion forbid sculpture upon sarcophagi or mortuary monuments.

"The tombs on the right of the altar enclose the immediate family of Peter the Great," said Count Mero. "He died on February 9, 1725, after a life which redeemed the cruelties of a tyrant by the virtues of a legislator. If a newly-born child appears delicate, we have it measured by the nearest pope or priest, and a picture of it and its two guardian angels painted, which must be of exactly the same size as the child; this picture is carefully preserved through life. Three days after the birth of Peter, one of the most skilful native artists of the day was employed to decorate a measure taken by the pope or priest—a board of cypress, nineteen and a quarter inches long and five and a quarter broad, with a representation of the Holy Trinity and the Apostle St. Peter. Here, Mr. O'Byrne, hangs this curious birth measure."

Myles gazed at it with considerable curiosity.

"Was not Peter very tall, your Excellency?" he asked.

"Well, yes. Count Stackelberg, who knew him personally, describes him as over six feet, strong and well made, with a dark complexion, and a countenance continually subject to distortions. He invariably dressed in a plain green uniform coat, was remarkable for the extreme fineness of his linen, and wore his black hair without powder."

Count Mero, having pulled hard at his bulging lower lip, added:

"Externally, Russia owes to him her being raised from a third-rate power to a political equality with Western Europe. Internally, she owes to him six new provinces, her fleet, admiralty, naval academy, schools, public library, picture gallery, manufactures, the reform of her finances, the emancipation of her women,—in a word, her earliest civilization. Excuse so much talk about Peter; but to be so close to his tomb compels reference to him. This is the tomb of Peter's beloved consort, the Empress Catherine I., who was, as you are doubtless aware, a peasant girl, undergoing many strange vicissitudes ere she was crowned Tsaritsa in 1724. But we have barely time to walk around these tombs, as I want to take you to our great picture gallery—the Hermitage."

After lunching at the Yacht Club, where O'Byrne was received with the most marked courtesy, the Count and he walked along one of the finest streets in the capital—namely, the Grand Moskaia. Passing through the Court of Honor to the famous Hermitage—its remarkable *façade* being supported by enormous caryatides, all with characteristic want of invention repeating each other,—the Count observed:

"This, my dear sir, used to be a very joyous palace in the time of Catherine, that august lady being the original hermit. Here she inculcated the utmost ease and absence of etiquette; one of her rules—which I wish to St. Basil they would practise at our courts of to-day—being equivalent to 'Sit down when you please, and don't wait to be told a thousand times.' Catherine also established a Winter Garden on the roof of this enormous building,—heated, lighted, and filled with shrubs and gorgeous flowers from the Caucasus and Crimea."

In the upper galleries are noble vases in violet jasper; while upon a blue background is a splendid specimen of Guido Reni—a picture of St. Joseph with the

Infant Saviour. In the Spanish School is Murillo's Assumption of the girlish Virgin, who is literally floating upward on her cherub wreath.

Repeating "*Ave Maria!*" Myles, to the intense astonishment of the on-lookers, dropped upon his knees and repeated the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; while Count Mero studied his notes in order to deliver his sing-song description of the art glories of those marvellous galleries.

"Sir," said Mero, when Myles had risen from his knees, "I respect you for the honesty and piety that inspired that prayer. I am strongly of opinion, Mr. O'Byrne, that one day our two great churches will be one—but that subject is quite too vast, stupendous, to talk over here. On the voyage I should like very much to discuss it with you. But now I wish to show you two of the most celebrated, if not *the* most celebrated, pictures in the world, both by Raffaele. One is the famous Madonna from the Conestabili Staffa Palace at Perugia, in its original frame, wisely unaltered and unrepaired; the other, the 'St. George.'"

At this moment a golden bemedalled official came forward, and, bowing low, presented a gorgeously-bound catalogue to the Count, who uttered a few words that sent the official cowering into a recess.

"That scum offering *me* a catalogue, as if I did not know the contents of this gallery by heart!" muttered Mero.

"Perhaps he meant it for me," said Myles, pitying the abject appearance of the attendant.

"Perhaps; and you shall take it as a souvenir."

Beckoning the man to come forward, the Count took the book—which, in addition to its beautiful binding, contained a number of valuable illustrations,—and presented it to Myles, saying:

"This will remind you of the Hermitage, Mr. O'Byrne."

"And of Count Mero, the most

cultivated cicerone. Your Excellency's courteous kindness shall ever hold a niche in my heart."

Passing into another long apartment, jealously guarded by sentries in all directions, as well as by a small cloud of secret police, they entered the gallery devoted to memorials of Peter the Great. Myles gazed with awe at Peter's wooden chariot, his turning lathes and telescopes; his throne with his effigy, seated in the dress he actually wore; a mask from his face with black hair and mustache. In a glass case stood the Tsar's horse, well preserved; also his favorite wolf hound, stuffed, the bright eyes gleaming weirdly. In a corner of the gallery was Peter's desk at which he used to write standing. It was so high that Myles could just comfortably rest his elbows upon it. Beside it was Peter's cane—a piece of iron about an inch in diameter and over six feet long—with which he was wont to clear the road of any obstruction in the shape of a subject who had fallen through the potency of vodka; or, indeed, any person who in any fashion barred the way of his Imperial Majesty.

"Now, Mr. O'Byrne, keep your eyes open; for we are about to enter a jeweller's shop, holding priceless historical relics."

Presently O'Byrne's eyes fell upon a chaos of emeralds and diamonds, watches, chatelaines, boxes, chains, vases, and every decoration of boudoir and toilette. A blaze of brilliants scattered most carelessly in glass-topped tables. One piece of jewelry attracted him from its piteous history—a snuff-box with miniatures of Marie Antoinette and her children, given by Louis XVI. to the faithful Cléry upon the scaffold.

"See this wig of spun silver?" said Mero. "It was worn by Naryskin, Grand Marshal of the Court. But let us have some tea, and afterward we shall go to the Cathedral of St. Isaac. Your eyes must be aching after blinking

over those jewels—fit only for glass cases, after all. Here, come to this window, where we can enjoy a *tchey*, and look out upon the Summer Gardens. That is the quay beyond this building, in which stand some of our handsomest houses, all of them of vast dimensions."

"They are enormous," observed Myles.

"They have need to be," said the Count, sipping his boiling hot tea, while O'Byrne had to wait for his to cool. "Do you know, sir, that these big houses have to hold a great many people,—the owner being enormously wealthy, and compelled, as it were, to keep up prestige? 'A fully appointed house of the first class in Russia,' says Kohl (and he is very correct), 'without mentioning the numerous resident relatives—old aunts, cousins, adopted children, and so forth; without mentioning the educational staff—the German, French and Russian masters; the family physician, companions and others—who, as *majorum gentium*, must, of course, be excluded,—has so astounding a number of serving folk of one kind or another that the like is to be found in no other country in the world.'"

Count Mero paused to call up his memory, as he had committed Kohl's record to a brain cell in order to discharge it at the young Irishman, whose respectful attention and earnestness had completely won his favor.

"The following may be added to those already named: the superintendent of accounts, the secretary, the manager of the household, the valets of the lord, the valets of the lady, the overseer of the children, the footmen, the butler and his adjuncts,—let me see!—yes, the table decker, the head groom, the coachman and postilions of the lord, ditto of the lady (we do a great deal of posting in Russia), the attendants on the sons of the house and their tutors, the porters, the head cook and his assistants, the baker and the confectioner, the whole body of *mujiks*, or servants *minimarum*

gentium, the stove-heater, kvass brewer, the waiting-maids and wardrobe-keeper of the lady, the waiting-maids and governesses of the grown-up daughters, the nurses and under nurses; and, when a private band is maintained, the Russian Kapellmeister and the musicians. What do you think of that for a list, Mr. O'Byrne? And do you wonder at the large dimensions of the houses *now*? We shall pass some of them *en route* to St. Isaac's."

The exterior of these palaces did not impress Myles in any particular way, except as to the dimensions and the dark, gloomy stonework; no brightness, save for half a dozen gaudily liveried servants hanging about the entrance.

"Now, sir, look up at St. Isaac's," said Mero. "The first edifice was founded on piles of wood; then Catherine began one in marble; it was finished most unworthily in brick by Paul I.; whence the epigram for which the author paid in full in Siberia: 'This church is the symbol of three reigns—granite, pride, and destruction.'"

Count Mero, who had refreshed his memory from his notes, continued:

"The present church was begun afresh in 1819, and finished in 1858; but it already shows signs of sinking. It is dedicated to St. Isaac of Dalmatia, on whose festival in 1672 Peter the Great was born. Its porches are fine granite monoliths from Finland. Take notice, Mr. O'Byrne, of those male beggars in the porch who prostrate themselves before all who pass by; and farther on, the female beggars, just inside."

Here Myles encountered two rows of the strangest figures, resembling witches, in high-peaked hoods and sooty black raiment, each carrying a leathern flat pad, like a small table; all bowing and prostrating but uttering never a word. The Count, perceiving the interest that his companion was taking in those quaint personages, remarked:

"These women are nuns, who are sent

out to beg for a certain number of years; a sum being fixed which they are expected to secure for the poor and aged under their care.

"Now you can see the noble and striking proportions of the interior of the edifice. No seats, as you will perceive, are permitted in Russian churches, except for the Emperor and Empress, an abbot or a bishop. The congregation always stand except on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent, when they kneel at certain parts of the service. Everyone prostrates, not at any particular point in the service, but when one feels disposed; and when you see any one seeking an open space, you may be sure that in another moment he or she will fall flat on the pavement. As one writer has described the scene: 'Nothing but brown-haired peasants' heads. To and fro they come, with undulating movement; and then arise, just as the ripe ears of corn bend and bow when the summer breeze stirs them like waves.'"

The cathedral is entered by the *narthex*, or porch. This leads to the *trapesa*, or outer church, whence we enter the church itself. Here, on the top of the steps leading to the altar, is the *ambon*, where the officiating minister stands at certain parts of the service. Behind this is the *iconastos*, or screen, in which are three doors, the central being called the holy, royal, or beautiful door. Within the screen is the Holy Table, with four small columns supporting a canopy, from which a dove is suspended as a symbol of the Holy Ghost.

"The most striking feature in this cathedral, as in every Russian church," said Count Mero, in a subdued voice, "is the golden screen shutting off the inner sanctuary, where the Greek priest is far more entirely withdrawn from the congregation than the Latin priest standing before the altar. Observe those enormous columns of malachite! Don't they look as if *painted* green, the color of your dear Ireland?"

Upon the *iconastos* of a Russian church always hang the sacred icons in regular order. In the place of honor on the south side of the door is the figure of the Redeemer. On the north side is the Madonna, whom the Greek Church holds in the deepest veneration.

"To outsiders," observed Mero, "our services are monotonous,—two choirs alternately taking up a sweet and plaintive chant, in which the words *Gospodi! Gospodi pamilui!* ('Lord have mercy upon us!') soon become familiar. The service books are all in the Slavonian tongue. The grave moment in our service is when the holy doors are opened and the splendor of the inner sanctuary is revealed. All bishops officiate in a *saccos*, in memory of the garment worn by our Saviour; but it is made of the most magnificent material. The celebrant gives the benediction holding two candlesticks,—one with three branches, typical of the Trinity; the other with two, typical of the two natures in Christ. In each the flame is united."

"*Gospodi! Gospodi pamilui!*" now sounded through the sacred aisle: a service had begun.

"Come along, O'Byrne. I have done a big day's work, and must attend a meeting of the Council at five o'clock. Next week we shall, since you so desire it, see the Fortress at Cronstadt and the great prisons. I am for *tchey* now. This way!"

(To be continued.)

Inconstancy.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

WHEN a man said to her last night,
 "My king is dead, my hero gone!"
 She could not name his name aright,
 She could not place the dear dead one.

Yet it was but a little while
 Since life had been a lonely place
 The day she had not seen him smile
 Nor gazed on his beloved face.

Copernicus and His Times.

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(CONCLUSION.)

COPERNICUS' years as boy and man—that is up to the age of thirty-five—corresponded with a time of great intellectual activity in Europe. It is not the custom of some writers to admit this; for intellectual activity is supposed to have awakened after the so-called Reformation. During the years from 1472 to 1506, however, were founded several universities: those of Ingolstadt, Treves, Tübingen, Mentz, Wittenberg, and Frankfort-on-the-Oder. These were not by any means the first great institutions of learning that arose in Germany. The universities of Prague and Vienna were more than a century old, and, with Heidelberg, Cologne, Erfurt, Leipsic and Rostock, besides Greifswald and Freiburg, founded about the middle of the fifteenth century, had reached a high state of development, and contained larger numbers of students, with few exceptions, than these same institutions have ever had down to our own day. In most cases their charters were derived from the Pope; and most of the universities were actually recognized as ecclesiastical institutions, in the sense that their officials held ecclesiastical authority.

At this time—the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century—it was not unusual for students, in their enthusiasm for learning, to attempt to exhaust nearly the whole round of university studies. Medicine seems to have been a favorite subject with scholars who were widely interested in knowledge for its own sake. Almost at the same time that Copernicus was studying in Italy, the distinguished English professor of Greek, Linacre, was also engaged in what would now be called post-graduate work at various

Italian universities, and in the household of Lorenzo the Magnificent at Florence, with whose son—so much did Lorenzo think of him—he was allowed to study Greek. Linacre, besides being the greatest Greek scholar of his time, the teacher later of More and Colet and Erasmus at Oxford, was also the greatest physician in England. He became the physician to Henry VIII.; and toward the end of his life, disgusted with worldly ways, after having read with special attention the seventh chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, gave up the emoluments of his office; and, having founded chairs in Greek and medicine at Oxford and Cambridge, and laid the foundation of the Royal Society, which continues down to our own day to be the greatest force in medicine in England, took orders and became a clergyman in the Church that, if we would believe some of our Protestant friends, needed reform so much that nothing short of positive revolution could have effected that reform.

To those familiar with the times, it may be a source of surprise to think of Copernicus, interested as we know him to have been in literature and devoted so cordially to astronomy, yet taking up medicine as a profession. He seems, however, to have been led to do so by his distinguished teacher, Novara, who realized the talent of his Polish pupil for mathematics and astronomy and yet felt that he should have some profession in life. A century ago Coleridge, the English writer, said that a literary man should have some other occupation. Oliver Wendell Holmes improved upon this by adding: "And, as far as possible, he should confine himself to the other occupation." Novara seems to have realized that Copernicus might be under the necessity of knowing how to do something else besides making astronomical observations, in order to gain his living; and as medicine was satisfyingly scientific, the old teacher suggested his taking it up as a profession. Copernicus

made his medical studies in Ferrara and Padua, and obtained his doctorate with honors from Ferrara.

Copernicus seems to have taken up the practice of his profession seriously, and to have persevered in it to the end of his life. His biographers say that in the exercise of his professional duties he was animated by the spirit of a person who had devoted himself to the ecclesiastical life. While he did not publicly practise his profession, he was ever ready to assist the poor; and he also acquired great reputation in the surrounding country for his medical attendance upon clerics of all ranks. This continued to be the case, notwithstanding the fact that after the death of his uncle his mother inherited considerable wealth, and the family circumstances changed so much that he might well have given up any labors that were meant only to add to his income. In a word, he seems to have had a sincere interest in his professional work, and to have continued its exercise because of the opportunities it afforded for the satisfaction of a mind devoted to scientific research.

Copernicus acquired considerable reputation by his medical services. His friend Giese speaks of him as a very skilful physician, and even calls him a second *Æsculapius*. Maurice Ferber, who became Bishop of Ermland in 1523, suffered from a severe chronic illness that began about 1529. He obtained permission from the canons of the cathedral to have Doctor Copernicus, whose ability and zeal he never ceased to praise, to come from the cathedral town where he ordinarily resided to Heilsburg, in order to have him near him. Bishop Ferber's successor, Dantisco, also secured Copernicus' aid in a severe illness, and declared that his restoration to health was mainly due to the efforts of his learned physician. Giese was so confident of the Doctor's skill that when he became Bishop of Kulm and on one of his episcopal visitations fell ill at a

considerable distance from Copernicus' place of residence, he insisted on having the astronomer doctor brought to take care of him.

In 1541 Duke Albert of Prussia became very much worried over the illness of one of his most trusted counsellors. In his distress he had recourse to Copernicus, and his letter asking the Canon of the Cathedral of Frauenburg to come to attend the patient is still extant. He says that the cure of the illness is 'very much at his heart'; and, as every other means has failed, he hopes Copernicus will do what he can for the assistance of his faithful and valued counsellor. Copernicus yielded to the request, and the counsellor began to improve shortly after his arrival. At the end of some weeks the Duke wrote again to the canons of the cathedral asking that the leave of absence granted to Copernicus should be extended in order to enable him to complete the cure which had been so happily begun. In this second letter the Duke talks of Copernicus as a most skilful and learned physician. At the end of the month there is a third letter from the Duke, in which he thanks all the canons of the cathedral for their goodness in having granted the desired permission, and he adds that he shall ever feel under obligations "for the assistance rendered by that very worthy and excellent physician, Nicholas Copernicus, a doctor who is deserving of all honor." Not long afterward, when Copernicus' book on astronomy was published, a copy of it was sent to the Duke, and he replied that he was deeply grateful for it, and that he should always preserve it as a souvenir of the most learned and gentlest of men.

There are a number of notes on the art of medicine made by Copernicus in the books of the cathedral library at Frauenburg. They serve to show how faithful a student he was, and to a certain extent give an idea of the independent habit of mind which he brought

to the investigation of medicine as well as to the study of astronomy. Unfortunately, these have not as yet found an editor; but it is to be hoped that we shall soon know more of the medical thinking of a man over whose mind tradition in the unworthier sense of that word exercised so little influence.

In 1530 Copernicus wrote a short prelude to the longer work on astronomy which he was to publish later. The propositions contained in this work show how far he had advanced on the road to his ultimate discovery. After a few words of introduction, the following seven axioms are laid down:

1. The celestial spheres and their orbits have not a single centre.

2. The centre of the earth is not the centre of the universe, but only the centre of gravity and of the moon's orbit.

3. The planes of the orbits lie around the sun, which may be considered as the centre of the universe.

4. The distance from the earth to the sun compared with that from the earth to the fixed stars is an extremely small quantity.

5. The daily motion of the heavenly sphere is apparent—that is, it is an effect of the rotary motion of the earth upon its axis.

6. The apparent motions of the moon and of the sun are so different because of the effect produced by the motion of the earth.

7. The movements of the earth account for the apparent retrograde motion and other irregularities of the movements of the planets. It is enough to assume that the earth alone moves in order to explain all the other movements observed in the heavens.

It is no wonder that one of his bishop-friends, Frisio, writing to another bishop-friend, Dantisco, said: "If Copernicus succeeds in demonstrating the truth of his thesis—and we may well consider that he will from this prelude,—he will

give us a new heaven and a new earth." This shorter exposition of Copernicus' views was found in manuscript in the imperial library in Vienna only about a quarter of a century ago. It is mentioned by Tycho Brahe in one of his works on astronomy in which he reviews the various contemporary advances made in the knowledge of the heavens.

The publication of Copernicus' great work, "*De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium*," was delayed until he was advanced in years, because his astronomical opinions were constantly progressing; and, with the patience of true genius, he was not satisfied with anything less than the perfect expression of truth as he saw it. It has sometimes been said that it was delayed because Copernicus feared the storm of religious persecution which he foresaw it would surely arouse. How utterly without foundation is this pretence, which has unfortunately crept into serious history, can be seen from the fact that Pope Paul III. accepted the dedication of the work; and of the twelve Popes who immediately followed Paul not one even thought of proceeding against Copernicus' work. His teaching was never questioned by any of the Roman Congregations for nearly one hundred years after his death. Galileo's injudicious mixing up of Scripture and theological questions in the presentation of Copernicus' doctrine was then responsible for the condemnation by the Congregation of the Index; and, as we shall see, this was not absolute, but only required that certain passages should be corrected. The corrections demanded were unimportant as regards the actual science, and merely insisted that Copernicus' teaching was hypothesis and not as yet actual demonstration.

It must not be forgotten, after all, that the reasons advanced by Copernicus for his idea of the movements of the planets was not supported by any absolute demonstration, but only by

reasons from analogy. Nearly a hundred years later than his time, even after the first discoveries had been made by the newly constructed telescopes, in Galileo's day, there was no absolute proof of the true system of the heavens. The famous Jesuit astronomer, Father Secchi, says the reasons adduced by Galileo were no real proofs: they were only certain analogies, and by no means excluded the possibility of the contrary propositions with regard to the movements of the heavens being true. "None of the real proofs for the earth's rotation upon its axis were known at the time of Galileo, nor were there direct conclusive arguments for the earth's moving around the sun." Even Galileo himself confessed that he had not any strict demonstration of his views, such as Cardinal Bellarmine requested. He wrote to the Cardinal, "The system seems to be true"; and he gave as a reason that it corresponded to the phenomena.

According to the astronomers of the time, however, the old Ptolemaic system, in the shape in which it was explained by the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe, who was acknowledged as the greatest of European astronomers, appeared to give quite a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena observed. The English philosopher, Lord Bacon, more than a decade after Galileo's announcement, considered that there were certain phenomena in nature contrary to the Copernican theory, and so he rejected it altogether. This was within a few years of the condemnation by the Congregation at Rome. As pointed out by Father Heinzle, S. J., in his article on Galileo in the *Catholic World* for 1887, "science was so far from determining the question of the truth or falsity of either the Ptolemaic or the Copernican system that shortly before 1633, the year of Galileo's condemnation, a number of savants, as Fromond in Louvain, Morin in Paris, Berigard in Pisa, Bartolinus in Copen-

hagen, and Scheiner in Rome, wrote against Copernicanism."

As we have said, Copernicus' book was not condemned unconditionally by the Roman authorities, but only until it should be corrected. This assured protection to the principal part of the work, and the warning issued by the Roman Congregation in the year 1820, particularizes the details that had to be corrected. It is interesting to note that whenever Copernicus is spoken of in this *Monitum* it is always in flattering terms as a "noble astrologer,"—the word astrologer having at that time no unworthy meaning. The whole work is praised and its scientific quality acknowledged.

The passages requiring correction were not many. In the first book, at the beginning of the fifth chapter, Copernicus made the declaration that "the immobility of the earth was not a decided question, but was still open to discussion." In place of these words it was suggested that the following should be inserted: "In order to explain the apparent motions of the celestial bodies, it is a matter of indifference whether we admit that the earth occupies a place in the middle of the heavens or not."

In the eighth chapter of the first book, Copernicus said: "Why, then, this repugnance to concede to our globe its own movement as natural to it as is its spherical form? Why prefer to make the whole heavens revolve around it with the great danger of disturbance that would result, instead of explaining all these apparent movements of the heavenly bodies by the real rotation of the earth, according to the words of Æneas, 'We are carried from the port, and the land and the cities recede'?" This passage was to be modified as follows: "Why not, then, admit a certain mobility of the earth corresponding to its form, since the whole universe of which we know the bounds is moved, producing appearances which recall to

the mind the well-known saying of Æneas in Virgil, 'The land and the cities recede'?"

Toward the end of the same chapter, Copernicus, continuing the same strain of thought, says: "I do not fear to add that it is incomparably more unreasonable to make the immense vault of the heavens revolve than to admit the revolution of our little terrestrial globe." This passage was to be modified as follows: "In one case as well as in the other—that is, whether we admit the rotation of the earth or that of the heavenly spheres—we encounter the same difficulties."

The ninth chapter of the first book begins with these words: "There being no difficulty in admitting, then, the mobility of the earth, let us proceed to see whether it has one or a number of movements, and whether, therefore, our earth is a simple planet like the other planets." The following words were to be substituted: "Supposing, then, that the earth does move, it is necessary to examine whether this movement is multiple or not."

Toward the middle of the tenth chapter Copernicus declares: "I do not hesitate to defend the proposition that the earth, accompanied by the moon, moves around the sun"; while the wording of this proposition had to be changed so as to substitute the term "admit" for "defend." The title of the eleventh chapter, "Demonstration of the Triple Movement of the Earth," was modified to read as follows: "The Hypothesis of the Triple Movement of the Earth, and the Reasons Therefor." The title of the twentieth chapter of the fourth book originally read: "On the Size of the Three Stars [Sidera], the sun, the moon, and the earth." The word "stars," was removed from this title, the earth not being considered as a star. The concluding words of the tenth chapter of the first book, "So great is the magnificent work of the Omnipotent

Artificer," had to be cancelled, because they expressed an assurance of the truth of his system not warranted by knowledge. With these few unimportant changes, any one might read and study Copernicus' work with perfect freedom.

Traditions to the contrary notwithstanding, Galileo, because of the friendship and encouragement of the churchmen in Italy, had been placed in conditions eminently suited for study and investigation. Several Popes and a number of prominent ecclesiastics were his constant friends and patrons. The perpetual secretary of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Bertrand, himself a great mathematician and historian, declares that the long life of Galileo was one of the most enviable that is recorded in the history of science. "The tale of his misfortunes has confirmed the triumph of the truth for which he suffered. Let us tell the whole truth. This great lesson was learned without any profound sorrow to Galileo; and his long life, considered as a whole, was one of the most serene and enviable in the history of science."

Copernicus, like Galileo, had clerical friends to thank for an environment that proved the greatest possible aid to his scientific work. His position as Canon of the Cathedral of Frauenburg provided him with learned leisure, while his clerical friends took just enough interest in his investigations and the preliminary announcements of his discoveries to make his pursuit of astronomical studies to some definite conclusion a worthy aim in life. It was their assistance that enabled him to publish his book eventually and bring his great theory before the world.

Copernicus, far from having any leanings toward the so-called "reform" movement (as has often been asserted), was evidently a staunch supporter of his friend and patron Bishop Maurice Ferber, of Ermland, who kept his See loyal to Rome at a time when the secularization of the Teutonic order and

the falling away of many bishops all around him make his position as a faithful son of the Church and that of his diocese noteworthy in the history of that time and place. It may well be said that under less favorable conditions Copernicus' work might never have been finished. As it was, his book met with great opposition from the Reformers, but remained absolutely unsuspected even by the most rigorous churchmen until Galileo's unfortunate and very inadvisable use of it in connection with certain quotations from Scripture.

The greatness of Copernicus' life-work can best be realized from the extent to which he surpassed even well-known contemporaries in astronomy and his practical anticipation of the opinions of some of his greatest successors. Even Tycho Brahe, important though he is in the history of astronomical science, taught many years after Copernicus' death the doctrine that the earth is the centre of the universe. Newton had in Copernicus a precursor who divined the theory of universal gravitation; and even Kepler's great laws, especially the elliptical form of the orbits of the planets, are at least hinted at in Copernicus' writings. He is certainly one of the most original geniuses of all times; and it is interesting to find that the completeness of his scholarly career, far from being rendered abortive by friction with ecclesiastical superiors, as we might imagine probable from the traditions that hang around his name, was rather made possible by the sympathy and encouragement of clerical friends and church authorities. Copernicus the scholar, astronomer, physician and clergyman is a type of the eve of the Reformation period, and his life is the best possible refutation of the slanders with regard to the unprogressiveness of the Church and churchmen of that epoch which have unfortunately been only too common in the histories of the time.

A Woman of Valencia.

III.

ALL was serene and happy in the home of José and Dolores. The advent of the child was the one factor that had been wanting to perfect content; and after he came the good couple wondered how they had existed without him. He followed Dolores about the house while she performed her daily tasks, never so happy as when making a pretence of assisting her when she set him to perform little childish duties, in order to keep him occupied. His innocent prattle was the sweetest music to her ears, his laugh like the echo of the joy of the angels in heaven.

Now and then José would allow Felipe to accompany him to his work; and the boy would amuse himself for hours playing among the flowers and shrubs, planting miniature gardens, which he would disarrange and replant as his father moved about from place to place. He had a most amiable temper, seldom requiring correction; and when he had committed some childish fault his sorrow was instant and earnest. Besides being the idol of his adopted parents he was also the pet of the village.

One night, after he had been bathed and put to bed, Dolores sat mending his little blouse, which he had torn during the day. José came in from performing some out-door task; and going to the bed where the child lay, covered him lightly. Dolores glanced toward him, smiling.

"He is a fine boy," said José proudly, seating himself at the table opposite his wife. "It was a lucky day that we found him, Dolores."

"Indeed yes," she replied. "And he grows more like you all the time, José."

"Do you think so, dear? Now, it has seemed to me more than once that he is beginning to resemble you."

Dolores laughed.

"Why do you think so?" she inquired. "Well, there is his mouth—it is just like yours; and his beautiful smile—that is your very own; there is no other like it, Dolores."

"Is that really so? Well, it must be from being with me so much, and seeing me smile. But they say it is only a fool who always holds his mouth open."

"As though you did that! It is because when you are not smiling your lips are so firm, almost stern, that you are so beautiful when you do smile. And it is the same with the boy, Dolores. When he is sitting still he holds himself exactly as you do; and his nose is precisely yours. It is a pretty nose."

"The nose I got from my mother; and the smile also, by the way. That is a family mark. You did not know that she—my mother—was called *Sonrisa** before her marriage?"

"No, I did not," said José.

"Did you ever hear the name? It is not common?"

"Yes: once in Seville I knew persons thus called," said José, rising from his chair and standing directly in front of his wife. "But this child could have been nothing to them,—nothing."

"What is the matter with you now?" asked Dolores, as he stood looking down at her.

"I was trying to trace a resemblance," he said. "But no—it is not there. And I suppose every one of the same name is not of the same blood. And yet—how strange!"

"What do you find strange?"

"That your family should have been called *Sonrisa*. There is nothing in the world so beautiful as your smile, Dolores—"

"Sit down now and smoke your pipe, my husband," laughingly replied Dolores, as she bent over the little garment she was stitching. "I think you are coaxing for a glass of hot milk with a fresh beaten egg and a sup of wine stirred in,

* Smile.

before you go to bed. That is why you make so many fine speeches to-night."

"Yes, that is it," rejoined José, filling his pipe, but still regarding his wife thoughtfully from beneath his level brows as he smoked. His was a simple soul. His forehead cleared, his eyes resumed their usual care-free expression, and before he went to sleep that night his disquiet—if so it might be called—had been entirely forgotten.

When Felipe had been with them two years, a daughter was born to the worthy pair. As the first wave of mother-love overflowed her gentle, affectionate heart, Dolores realized the difference between it and what she had felt for Felipe. The next moment her soul was caught by a spasm of contrition, as though she had wronged the child; and, causing him to be brought to her, she gathered him to her breast with smiles and tears.

The boy was delighted with his little sister; not the least spark of jealousy entered into his reception of her. This pleased Dolores and made her still more contrite. Like most of his sex, José regarded the newcomer as a mysterious creature to be admired but not touched, lest it should break in his clumsy fingers. While his wife was invalided Felipe grew into closer companionship with him; and when after a couple of months God called the little stranger to Himself, while José shared her grief to a certain extent, he could not comprehend its intensity. But as Dolores sat empty-armed in her desolation, the sweet caresses of Felipe failed to touch her sorely wounded heart. It was only when a feeling almost of repulsion took possession of her against the child who had been left while her own had been taken, that she roused herself once more. With an heroic effort of her noble nature, she banished the evil spirit that tempted her; and, opening her motherly arms, reinstated the boy upon his throne.

The next year another daughter was

born. The mother went through precisely the same experiences. The child lived for the same length of time. But on this occasion the results were different. Dolores was now firmly convinced that the natural distinction her maternal love had made—even though involuntarily—between the son of her adoption and the child of her bosom had received its punishment in the death of the latter. Persuaded that God would never send her another child, she redoubled her care and love for Felipe; and José, ignorant of what had passed in her soul, was pleased to see that she was happy once more.

Felipe was now eight years of age. One day, early in Spring, José was solicited to accompany another gardener to make some suggestions for the improvement of a demesne about twenty miles distant. He expected to be absent about four days. His own work would not suffer, as he now employed an assistant, whom he had trained well to his work.

It was about nine o'clock on the morning of his departure when the boy from the post-office came running over to the dwelling of Dolores and her husband, bearing a letter in his hand.

"For me?" exclaimed Dolores, turning it over and over in her hands. "It is many years now since a letter has come to us,—not since my uncle in Cordova died. But this is for my husband. Well, I must open it: he is not here."

Without gratifying the curiosity of the boy, whose father and mother were eagerly awaiting news of the unusual occurrence, she thanked him, went into the house and closed the door. The letter was short and direct. It requested that José should come at once to the hospital in the town, where he would learn something of importance to himself and wife. He was also requested to bring the child he had adopted now known as Felipe.

Dolores did not hesitate. She felt

that the call was urgent, indeed she was almost sure they were about to lose the boy; and while her heart bled at the thought of parting from him, she mentally conceded the prior right of his parents, whoever they might be. To give up Felipe might break her heart, but to deny him to his father and mother she would have considered a crime. That also, she reflected, might be part of her punishment. Added to this was the element of mystery, perhaps on the eve of being solved. What if Felipe were the son of some great man, now about to reclaim him? Or it might be of one who, dying, had left him a fortune which would elevate him far above the heads of his present protectors? What a privilege to have shared in his preservation for so grand a future! All these reflections and many others occupied her mind as she prepared for their departure. She was fortunate enough to find a carrier's cart about to leave for Valencia; the boy would not have been able to walk the six long miles to the city.

They reached the hospital at midday, Dolores bidding the man to stop for her on his way back in a few hours' time. The foundling asylum was at one side of the building, the hospital for the sick on the other. But Dolores directed her steps to the first locality, hoping to find there the director whom she had known. Nor was she disappointed: he was still at his post.

Precisely at two Miguel Ferrara, the carrier, drew up his donkey cart in front of the hospital, where stood Dolores, brushing the crumbs from her dainty apron. She and Felipe had just finished partaking of a light luncheon which she had provided before leaving home. They had eaten it under the shadow of the deep lintel of the massive gate, and both were smiling. They mounted the cart; and, while Felipe chatted and asked all sorts of questions of the driver, Dolores was very quiet during the journey. But

more than once she pressed the boy close to her side, and several times wiped the tears from her eyes. Still, she did not seem sad,—at least that was what Miguel told the gossips when they surrounded him on his return to La Huerta. On the whole, he would say, it was not bad news that Dolores had heard in the city.

On the fourth day José arrived. Dolores met him with unusual demonstrations of affection.

"Well, now, what is the matter with you, Dolores?" he asked. "One would think I had been away a year."

"So it has seemed to me," she replied. "I have never been so anxious for your return."

"The boy? He is well? Where is he?"

"In the garden. Here he comes now. Embrace and caress him,—*your* boy."

"Of course, of course! What is the matter with you, wife? He has not been ill?"

"No, thank God!"

Felipe now ran to his foster-father. Dolores set about preparing the evening meal; and the little family, again reunited, exchanged accounts of what had occurred during the time of José's absence.

"We went to Valencia, mamma and I," said the boy at last.

"To Valencia?" exclaimed José. "How was that, Dolores. Some more pearls?"

"Without you? No," answered his wife. "I was sent for."

"We were at the hospital," continued Felipe. "And we saw an old woman there, and she kissed me."

José sprang to his feet.

"They have not found—no one is trying to take the child?" he exclaimed, in his agitation.

"Hush!" said Dolores, raising a warning finger. "There is no danger, José. Wait,—I will explain."

The boy's bedtime seemed long in coming that night. But at last he was asleep; and Dolores, taking her husband's

arm as he sat smoking on the bench outside the freshly whitewashed walls, said, very gently:

"Come, José! It is a lovely night. The moon is shining so brightly. Let us stroll through the garden."

He walked by her side in silence for some moments, waiting for the revelation which he divined she was about to make; fearful of he knew not what, yet not nearly so perturbed as he would have been had he suspected the purport of her tale. The moon was full, a soft breeze carrying the fragrance of thousands of flowers all about them as they walked. In the village, but a few hundred feet distant, could be heard the tinkling of guitars and the refrain of a serenader's song. It was a night for love, for mystery, for solemn confidences, for supreme revelations. Dolores felt it in every fibre of her being. She could delay no longer. Her voice was calm, but the hand which lay in her husband's trembled as she asked:

"José, why did you not tell me that you had been married before you saw me?"

He stood still. There could be no evasion of so direct a question. Nor did he wish to evade it.

"It was for so short a time," he said; "and I did not wish to remember it."

"But it was not honest, José."

"No, perhaps it was not. But it was over and done with when I met you. My dearest, I thought there was no need."

"Tell it to me now, José."

They had resumed their walk. He drew his arm around her as he continued:

"I had come home from sea. In a concert hall I saw a young girl dancing. She was so pretty—and she was dumb. They told me she was good; her manners were very sweet and modest. It was in order to help her poor old mother that she danced each night in the music halls. My heart felt compassion for her. She would smile and blush when I looked at her. Then the mother

came and took her away. She was so stern-looking, I did not like her. Well, so it went on for a week; then one night I persuaded the girl to come with me, and we were married. The mother was very angry; she followed us all about. I would have taken care of her, but all she wanted was the girl. At last I could not stand her any longer, and I went to sea."

"Deserted your wife, José?"

"No; for I left them money, and sent more."

"And would you have returned? Did you still love your wife?"

"I did return. But I fear I did not love her,—I have never loved any one but you, Dolores. It was nothing but pity,—nothing but a fancy."

"And when you returned?"

"The girl was dead."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am sure. The mother told me, and the neighbors also: I saw the grave."

"And that is all?"

"That is all."

"Did you not know of a child?"

"It died with its mother."

"Was it a boy or a girl?"

"I do not know."

"How strange are men!—But I believe you, José,—I believe every word."

"And you forgive me?"

"How can you ask? And what of the old mother?"

"I do not know,—I do not care."

"What was the name of the girl, José?"

"Sonrisa,—Felipa Sonrisa."

"That is the same as my mother's. You remember one day I told you, José?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Now I will tell my story, José. The very day you left home a letter came from the hospital, requesting us to come and bring the child. I went, and found lying on her deathbed an old woman who told me she was a cousin of my mother, a Sonrisa. Her daughter had married against her will, and while her husband was away at

sea a boy was born. The old woman, not wishing the father to have it, took it under cover of night to Valencia, leaving it at the door of the foundling asylum. Last month, when death seized her, and she was placed in the hospital, she thought of this child, and asked about it. It was then she learned that it had been taken away some years ago."

"Taken away,—*my* child?" exclaimed José. "Where—*who* has the child? Dolores, can you tell,—do you know? You are a good woman. Perhaps we can find it. They may restore it to me. We will have a brother for Felipe."

"José, you ask too much," said his wife, gravely. "Your child will be ours, if we can reclaim him; but shall we not then have to give up Felipe? We can not keep both."

"But why, Dolores,—if I am willing to support both? How could we send away our boy, who is like our own? How could that be?"

"And you will still love Felipe?"

"Still love Felipe? Do you not know he lies at the core of my heart?"

"But if one had to go—rather if we could not keep both,—then which would you renounce?"

"But we can my wife. Why should we not,—why can we not?"

"Suppose for an instant, José, that we could not,—then which?"

"Dolores, why will you thus tear my heart,—you who are kind as the angels? O soul of my soul, do you not know if it came to the test I *must* choose my own flesh and blood, or be unworthy the name of man?"

She threw her arms about him in a passion of joyful weeping.

"O my poor, foolish José!" she cried. "I wished only to punish you—a little. You are a man of whom the best woman in Valencia could be proud; and I am proud to be your wife and the mother of your son, who is lying there in his little bed while we are talking,—your darling Felipe, with the smile of the Sonrisas and

the hair and eyes and forehead of his father! O my poor, stupid José, not to have guessed, not to have known!"

There are two sweet little maidens—twins—and a baby boy in the happy and prosperous home of José and Dolores. Cherished and beloved they are by father and mother; but the hope of the family, the pride and joy of his parents, the mentor and guardian and watchful playmate of his sisters and infant brother,—is the first-born of that happy household, the serious-eyed, thoughtful and handsome Felipe.

(The End.)

The Catholic South American Nations.

IN view of the fact that the generality of people regard South America as a disreputable land, where scandals of all sorts are of constant occurrence; whose inhabitants, for the most part, are sunk in ignorance and steeped in vice; and where the clergy are especially indolent, ignorant and corrupt,—in view of this fact we think the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan has rendered a distinct service by publishing in the London *Tablet* a defence of the much-maligned Catholic nations of South America, of all of which he has personal knowledge. Father Vaughan is of opinion that non-Catholic travellers are mainly responsible for the wide circulation of the calumnies which he refutes; but we can assure him that they are to be attributed rather to non-Catholic missionaries, some of whom have no scruple whatever about bearing false witness against the Church.

Writing of the clergy of South America, whether regular or secular, Father Vaughan says: "It can not be denied, alas! that Judases are to be found in South America, as in all other countries of the world. But is it right or reasonable, because there are fallen stars to be seen in South America, to condemn for that reason the starry hosts—the hosts

of good, zealous and learned priests who are illuminating the world of this darkness with the Word of God, which they preach by mouth and example?" Among the native-born clergy are men of letters and famed preachers, who, like the members of various religious Orders, are laboring most heroically and with wonderful success in speeding on the march of Christian progress throughout the length and breadth of the Spanish Republics. To the credit of these zealous, self-sacrificing priests is a fine record of beautiful churches, excellent schools, flourishing parishes, fruitful missions, well-conducted charitable institutions, and so forth.

The religious advancement of Uruguay, we are assured, is even more marked than its material progress. The large percentage of illegitimate children shown by official statistics is explained by the existence of marriage laws which render it as difficult as possible for many country people who live at a great distance from their parish church to practise Christian morality. The curse of the country is the government officials, who are generally Freemasons or renegade Catholics, bent only on money-making, ambitious for advancement, and unscrupulous in their dealings with all over whom they exercise authority. It is hoped that wiser legislation and better government will be the final result of the political conflicts which periodically disturb and interrupt the progress of Uruguay.

In spite of iniquitous laws and unscrupulous rulers, the South American Republics are highly-civilized countries, whose inhabitants may be held up to many nations in Christendom as models of religious faith and earnestness. Although Father Vaughan's article is restricted to the religious status of Uruguay, he declares that his statements apply with equal truth to Chili, Peru, the Argentine Republic, and the other Catholic South American nations.

Notes and Remarks.

Already the secular press has begun to circulate reports of wrangling, wire-pulling and campaigning among the cardinals in Rome. It does not occur, seemingly, to the gentlemen who write so glibly of the most venerable body of electors in the world that they are insulting the intelligence as well as wounding the feelings of Catholics. Most of that kind of news does not really come by "special cable dispatch from Rome," as the newspapers impressively claim, but by grapevine telegraph from points not more remote than Chicago or New York. Then, too, a writer who served his apprenticeship "doing" ward caucuses and political conventions is hardly the sort of man to understand an august function which begins with the invocation of the Holy Ghost and ends with the Papal Benediction; nor can he enter deeply into the feelings of a voter who casts his ballot only after making this solemn vow: "I call Christ our Lord, who will judge me, to witness that I elect the person who before God I think should be elected." Catholics will know what to think of reports of wranglings and rivalries among the cardinals, but what impression will be made on the uninstructed and—where anti-Catholic stories are concerned—gullible Protestant public?

The passing of the ex-priest who delivers anti-Catholic lectures synchronizes with the advent of the ex-priest who writes anti-Catholic articles for the magazines. He uses better English than his predecessor, and his theme is not necessarily foulness; though he nearly always shows a significant hostility to the discipline of celibacy, and he often mentions Abelard. Such a one, writing in a sober English monthly review, is scandalized at the moral condition of

Spain, whereof he gives a catalogue of more or less fanciful particulars; and the sort of editors who like that sort of thing have been lecturing the Spaniard on the iniquity of selling indulgences, etc. Now, any Catholic child could inform these austere censors of morals that all the wealth of the Rothschilds could not buy the smallest indulgence within the granting of pope or bishop; an indulgence can be gained only through sincere sorrow for sin and the reception of the sacraments. But in Spain there is an institution popularly known as the Cruzada, a relic of that ancient day when the Spaniards waged "the holy war" against the Moors of the Peninsula. At that time money was sorely needed for the defence of Christendom, and those who gave alms for that intention were dispensed from the obligation of abstinence and of fasting on certain days. The dispensation has never been revoked; and those Spanish Catholics whose consciences do not constrain them to keep the fast or abstinence—and many besides—still keep up the almsgiving of the Cruzada. The transaction has features which we do not admire, but this is the principle of it; and it is this dreadful thing that has scandalized the monk who apostatized and turned his back upon his vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience!

The Presbyterian *Interior* (Chicago) agrees with the Methodist *Western Christian Advocate* (Cincinnati) that Aglipay is hardly the right sort of person to be the spiritual regenerator of the Filipinos. On another point, however, there seems to be a slight discrepancy in the accounts of our esteemed contemporaries. The *Interior* records that at "a secret council" between Aglipay and "the leaders of the American missions in Manila," the renegade priest invited the parsons to join his church. "As his own motto was 'Anything to beat Rome,'" says the

Interior, "he appears to have thought the American Protestants were actuated by no higher motives. Receiving no encouragement," etc. Now, this is fair enough as it stands; but, unfortunately, a clergyman bearing the good old American Methodist name of McLaughlin—the Rev. J. L. McLaughlin—gives a very different impression in the *Western Christian Advocate*. Brother McLaughlin writes: "The schism is purely insurrectionary in that it is not prompted by the least desire for spiritual improvement, and what it will ultimately amount to is altogether uncertain as yet. There is a general fear that it will go to pieces of its own magnitude and inherent weaknesses." Observe that our Methodist friends realize that Aglipay's schism is not a spiritual movement, yet "there is a general fear" that it will go to pieces. Doesn't this sound a little like "Anything to beat Rome?"

Miss Josephine C. Locke, who is credited with great achievements in art-teaching in the public schools of Chicago, had good things to say in an address delivered at the annual meeting of the Chicago teachers' federation. She is not among those who consider the American school system perfectly adapted in all respects to the needs of the people. On the contrary, Miss Locke holds that it is incapable of producing the type of man so common in Italy, for instance, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Florence in the time of Dante, with ten thousand children in her schools, shows a richer and more vital course of study than do the grade schools of America to-day. For the schools of Florence recognized the training of the emotions and affections as necessary to the whole man, the whole child, and so provided for the development of the imagination and the creative instinct along right lines. The school in those days was not as far divorced from life and the occupations as it is to-day.

We are a child among the nations. The American school system, which dates from 1830, has shown itself inadequate to the needs of the people in this respect, that it has mistaken the brain of the

child for the soul of the child, to the complete neglect of the latter. As a result, after two generations of leeway, doing its best, the best it has produced is the commercial brain and the political brain—two forces that are to-day a prey upon society. The type of man produced by the school system of 1830 is rapidly proving himself to be supremely selfish, wilfully corrupt, and intellectually dishonest. It is because this type of manhood can not continue, but is already suiciding, that we feel the friction in our present conditions.... The present courses of study, like the present methods, do not prepare for citizenship; for they do not evolve the latent powers and faculties of the individual child. They leave him passive instead of positive toward life, with false ideals of culture, of morals, of society, and of life itself.

It is a good sign that influential teachers are found to express sentiments like these, and a better sign that they are so heartily applauded in teachers' conventions.

The *post-mortem* tributes to Cardinal Vaughan have brought out into strong relief certain aspects of his character that were known only to his intimates during life. That splendid Anglican layman, Lord Halifax, said of him: "Of singular generosity of character, there was no act of self-sacrifice of which he was not capable. On one occasion he thought he had done me an unintentional injustice. He made me such an apology, so generous to me, so humble about himself, that it won my heart forever." Cardinal Vaughan, as everybody knows, was sprung of one of the oldest families in England, and relinquished his large patrimony to become a priest; yet what most impressed those who met him was his humility and his love of poverty. He called himself habitually "the little slave" of the Holy Family. In the touching sermon delivered at the funeral at Mill Hill, his brother, Father Bernard Vaughan, said: "Well can I recall to mind in the early Sixties coming out here to dine when your founder and another took turns about with the reading, while in silence we partook of the frugal community meal consisting of potatoes, bread and rice." And Mr.

T. P. O'Connor, writing of the days soon after the future Cardinal founded the missionary college of Mill Hill, says: "He had scarcely any resources; sometimes his few pupils and himself wanted even bread. One of the relics of the place is a little cart bearing the simple inscription, 'Herbert Vaughan, Mill Hill.' It was the cart in which the young priest used to go about getting provisions, and sometimes charitable offerings, from sympathizers."

It is possible that the cure of a toothache should be as truly miraculous as the instantaneous cure of caries; but to record the toothache cure in print as a "favor" for which public thanksgiving is to be returned is to afflict the good taste of the Catholic body and to invite the derision of the ungodly without any show of reason. Among the "Thanksgivings" recorded in a pious periodical for July we find the following: "Cure of a severe earache; increase of salary; speedy cure of a swollen neck; cure of a weak back; relief from toothache; the finding of a good private boarding-house; relief from pain in the head." In all these cases the beneficiaries do well to be grateful if they believe that these "favors" have come to them through the pious use of a sacred badge or the agency of "blessed water"; but it is morally impossible for others to share their belief, and hence we question the wisdom of the publication.

The bill for the abolition of the anti-Catholic Oath of Accession failed to pass the second reading in the House of Lords. The arguments of the Catholic peers were generously seconded by some of the non-Catholic members; but the sentiment of the House was too overwhelmingly against the abolition. Even Lord Roseberry, whom Americans regard as a statesman of some girth in international politics, feared for the stability of the British Empire unless

the sovereign professed himself a good Protestant. The Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, on the other hand, while asserting that a Protestant Declaration was necessary, favored the expurgation of the old Oath so as to exclude what is insulting to Catholics. As to this proposition the *Tablet* says: "If that can be done the difficulty disappears. We live in a free country, and the will of the majority must prevail. We admit the nation desires a Protestant sovereign, and to be assured of his Protestantism. That being so, we can have no sort of objection to a declaration which affirms his faith in the most positive and explicit way." It may be set down as a certainty, at any rate, that in spite of the rejection of Earl Grey's bill, the Declaration will not be allowed to stand in its present form.

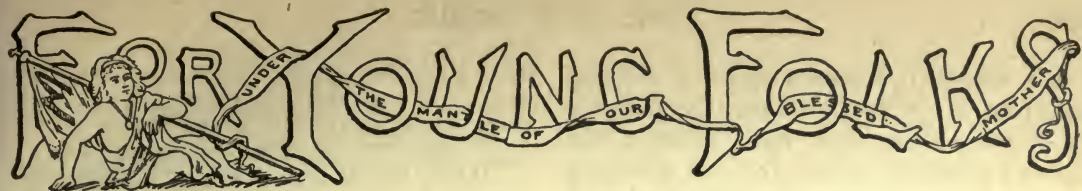
The current *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia publishes a letter dated "Rome, September 6, 1836," when the Eternal City was threatened with devastation by cholera. It was written by the Rev. John McCloskey, who afterward became the first American cardinal. We quote some sentences:

All Rome, indeed, may be said to have put on sackcloth and ashes. Thousands of its citizens, male and female, of its religious orders and pious confraternities, may be seen daily repairing, in penitential garb and solemn procession, to the beautiful basilica in which is venerated the ancient image of the Madonna, chaunting on their way the Litany of the Blessed Virgin or reciting the Rosary. His Holiness, attended by nearly all the cardinals, walked in procession from the Quirinal Palace to the church some days since. It was delightful to observe with what a tone of affectionate enthusiasm was pronounced on every side the accustomed exclamation, *Ecco il Santo Padre,—ecco lo!* ("Behold the Holy Father,—behold him!") The Cardinal Vicar also has given great edification. He has attended no less than three processions; and in one—which was that of the "Sacconi," so called from the species of sack in which their entire person is enveloped—he preceded bearing the cross. Among the disguised penitents was the aged and venerable

Cardinal Gregorio, wearing the sack and barelegged. His servant continued near him, and when arrived at the church was obliged to give him support, as the good old man began to totter from fatigue and exhaustion. How delighted, dear sir, would you not be to behold all these evidences of Catholic faith and Catholic piety! Would you not feel yourself transported into those happy ages when the entire Christian world was accustomed to act in all things under a deep conviction that their state on earth was only one of probation and pilgrimage, and blushed not to impress upon everything around them the outward mark of their belief, publicly and practically reminding one another that the [*torn, but prime?*] concern of this life is a diligent preparation for the next.

This year the number of deaths, mutilations, and serious accidents resulting from Fourth of July celebrations was far larger than that of any previous year. The *Chicago Tribune* reported on July 18 that the number of young patriots who had perished in Chicago and its neighborhood up to date was two hundred and fourteen. It is appalling to consider what the figures would be if casualties were fully reported from New York and other large cities. The destruction of property by fire and explosions was also unusually great. In a few years the conscientious statistician will be obliged to announce that more lives have been lost and more treasure expended in celebrating Independence Day than in the long and bloody war by which Independence was achieved. Formerly the day was celebrated by the reverent reading of the Declaration of Independence, by patriotic oratory, and by drinking copious draughts of weak lemonade; nowadays life is made literally irksome by noisy explosions, to the imminent danger of life and property. The fact is notable and perhaps not without a sorrowful significance. A great and mysterious change has come over our people within a generation; yet we do not like to admit that the deadly toy-cannon and the destructive rocket are fitter symbols of the national temper than the Declaration of Independence.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS



The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.—JULIAN TELLS HIS MOTHER.

FIRST, mother," began the boy, "there's some old man—I think he's old, anyway—and he said he was an exile from his country for the Faith. Now, that's fine, mother. I'd rather like to be an exile for my religion. But he left a jewel—a great, big ruby—and a lot of money to any fellow that can find the stone. For it's lost in a hidden room, and—"

"Did you say *any* fellow?"

"Oh, any of us,—the oldest boy in each branch of the Mortimers! And we've all got to look for it—Sedgwick, Jake, Wat and I. Won't it be fun? There's to be lots of adventures, and the old chap wants us to do all kinds of things that are hard and pretty dangerous."

Mrs. Mortimer's face paled and she sat very still and rigid, her eyes fixed upon the fire; while Julian, who had knelt up beside her in his excitement, watched her with glowing cheeks and eager gaze.

"Did he say what his reason was for making all these conditions?" she asked presently.

"Oh, yes! He said he wanted his descendants to have truth and honor and fortitude and a lot of other things; and he thought having to work so hard for the jewel and the money would be good for us."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Mortimer. "That puts it in a new light. I thought it was, perhaps, some evil genius who had resolved to put a curse upon his descendants."

"Jake says he's a bloke, but I think he's fine, mother. I liked his letter ever so much."

"Since his intentions are good, it alters things," said Mrs. Mortimer. "And it seems to me that the descendants themselves have only to keep in the right path to succeed, by the blessing of God. But they'll need that."

"Yes. Father Wallace at the college used to say: 'Get God's blessing on what you're going to do, and then go ahead.'"

"Yes, that is the true spirit. And I would wish you to go into this contest as St. George went to conquer the dragon. We love to read of glorious ones like him. Think of his splendid courage, and how he went, lance in rest, straight for that horrible foe."

The mother, pausing, cast a loving look at the bright, brave face before her, and the chestnut curls glistening in the dancing firelight.

"But," she continued, "there are other heroes—many of them—who have never mounted a steed nor ridden over any plain nor worn shining armor nor carried burnished spear; and it is the very qualities they possessed that your ancestor wishes you to acquire."

Mrs. Mortimer was excited, carried out of herself by this new crisis in her son's life. Supposing the jewel and the fortune to be real—and, despite her father-in-law's coldly doubting words, she believed in them,—success in the quest would open out a noble prospect for her Julian. And while her mother's heart quailed at thought of the dangers through which her darling would have to pass, she reflected that nothing worth having was ever obtained without effort, and that danger was everywhere around. The adventures would be a tonic and

a stimulant to future effort. If, in the eagerness of the moment, she remembered the boy's father, who had wrecked his life on what he lived to call a fool's quest, it was to console herself with the assurance that Julian was of another mould, and, moreover, completely under her influence.

"If you go into this contest, then, Julian, it must be with a noble motive. The merely commercial spirit by which you tell me John Jacob is possessed will never carry you through such an undertaking, nor will your own mere love of fun be any better. By catching the spirit of your ancestor and striving to carry out his wishes, you will gain much even if you fail."

The boy's face grew earnest as he listened. Under all his careless gayety of manner he was full of fine feeling, and whatever was high and noble always appealed to him.

"You must be like the knights of old, my dear. I have often read to you about them."

"Yes, they were splendid fellows. I guess, mother, it would be pretty hard for us boys to be like them."

"Not so hard as you think. You have only to try. Think it well over before you give your answer to-morrow, and try to feel as the knights used to feel when they were entering the Order of Chivalry. Then if you choose to accept the conditions—"

"Of course I'll accept, mother!"

"To be sure you will, rash boy!" laughed his mother. "But try, at least, to look upon the affair as something more than a frolic."

After that there was silence. The mother did not believe in too much preaching. When she spoke again it was to inquire of Julian:

"Which of your new companions do you like best?"

"Well, let me see! Sedgwick has the best muscle: we were trying out there, and he's a good fellow. Little Wat

hasn't much muscle, but I like him even if he is a bit girlie and always wishing to be big and strong."

"What about John Jacob?" asked the mother.

Julian hesitated. Something in the last-named boy jarred upon Julian's perfect honesty and openness of character.

"Jake's all right, I guess," he answered, doubtfully. "But—well, he laughs at fellows, and he likes to be very smart, and he says he knows more than his father by a heap. He's cocksure of finding the jewel, because he'll play some tricks and get out of adventures that are too hard. I told him I didn't think that was quite straight, and he snatched off my cap and ran away with it, calling me 'Julia!'"

Now, this was an offence which Julian could ill brook—but he suddenly remembered that he was telling tales.

"I didn't mean to talk about it. Of course he was only in fun. But I was just trying to describe what he's like."

"He is very like one who will overreach himself by his cunning," said Mrs. Mortimer. "But all *you* have to do is to go straight yourself, and not heed what others do."

"That's so," agreed Julian. "Every fellow's got to stand on his own feet. And I told Jake he'd better let my cap alone in future, and myself too, or I'd make him."

His mother was amused at the boy's pugnacity.

"Keep your energies for the quest," she said smilingly. Then, as she regarded Julian's handsome face, her mother-love awoke and with it a very passion of fear. "O my darling," she cried, "what if this quest should take you from me, or blight your beautiful life?"

She seized him in her arms and held him close pressed to her, great lad as he was; and he returned her embrace with his boyish bear's hug.

"Dearest little mother," he cried, "nothing will ever take me away from

you; and I'll always love you anyhow, and do what you want!"

The firelight shut in mother and son as in a charmed circle, ruddy and burnished. The sea boomed outside at the foot of Pine Bluff, and on the stairs the great clock tolled midnight.

"Hurrah," exclaimed Julian, "it's to-morrow!"

"Dear me, yes; and here you've never been to bed! Hurry off at once; and, O my boy, my boy, whatever happens, be true to yourself and to God!"

"I will!" answered the lad solemnly, standing still a moment, the ruddy firelight glowing upon his face, his head thrown back and his mouth smiling.

"My brave young knight, I believe you will," said the mother. "And now to sleep, darling! And try not to dream of dangers."

"Perhaps I'll dream where the ruby is," said Julian, as he vanished through the door. "I read a story like that once."

He was gone, and the mother heard his feet pacing up and down in the adjoining room, while his mind was full of dreams and hopes, and of that wonderful morning which seemed so far away. His head was scarcely on the pillow, though, when he fell asleep, and never dreamed at all, but woke to see the sun shining in, a broad ribbon across the floor, and heard the shrill voice of John Jacob already upon the lawn. Julian was out of bed in a moment, and hurried through his toilet, rushing down at last with bounding step and beating heart, the very picture of a healthy, happy boy.

"Halloo, Jake!" he cried from the door, putting his hand trumpet-wise to his mouth to give a lusty shout.

"Halloo!" answered Jake, who was busy poking amongst the weeds on the Bluff, as if he had begun the search on his own account. "I thought you were to be up at dawn."

"I never woke," laughed Julian; "and

of course mother didn't call me. How did *you* get up so early?"

"I couldn't sleep," Jake answered, shortly. "And it isn't so very early. It's near eight."

"Near eight? Where are the others?"

"Snoozing, I suppose, as you were," said Jake. "I guess I'll beat you all easy enough, if you go on at that pace."

"Don't crow too loud!" exclaimed Sedgwick's pleasant voice from the brushwood. "I was up a good sight before you, Jakey."

Jake, somewhat taken aback, growled out an inarticulate word or two, and went at the weeds with greater energy than ever.

"Looking for an underground cave?" inquired Sedgwick.

"No, I'm not!" retorted Jake,—getting very red, however. "I'm trying to pass the time till breakfast's ready."

"I've a bit of an appetite myself," said Sedgwick. "I've been down to the shore. I could eat *you*, curly pate, boots and all."

"Try on Wat!" laughed Julian, as Walter appeared, looking paler and more sallow than ever.

"He's not such a tempting morsel as you are," answered Sedgwick.

"Don't try to be too funny," put in Jake. "But I say there's the gong!"

"Goody!" cried Julian, beginning to run, while the silvery notes of the summons to breakfast still floated out over the lawn. "I'm starving too."

So in they all trooped to a substantial breakfast; their grandfather, who sat stately at the head of the table, saying not a word of the events of the day before nor of the days to come; but helping everyone to cold ham or bacon and egg, to radishes, toast or tea, as if such momentous questions as the search for a fortune had never been under consideration. He joked with each boy in turn after his peculiar fashion; and it was only when he stood up from table that he requested all to be in attendance in the library, half an hour later.

"As if we've thought of anything else!" whispered Jake.

"Except breakfast," added Sedgwick.

"Half an hour seems a good while to wait," observed Julian, "Let's do something to pass the time. Let's play tag."

Now, this proposal seemed rather beneath the elder boys' dignity; but presently they relaxed and went at it hard and fast, their voices borne upward into the tall trees, and downward to mingle with the hoarse voice of the waves.

A few moments before the time appointed Mrs. Mortimer called Julian to her and bade him kneel for that space in the solitude of his room, to ask for the blessing he desired, and to resolve that he would be brave and strong and full of endurance. So that he entered the library with a feeling different from any of the rest—assured that he had put the matter on a solid basis and was relying on a strength greater than his own.

The library looked much less sombre than on the preceding day. A long window opening to the floor let in floods of sunshine, which lay on the green carpet as though on a sward. The books seemed to wear a bright and friendly aspect, and even the grandfather was smiling cheerily. He sat back in his chair and greeted each boy with a nod and a laughing word. But it was not in the library that the final agreement was to be made, or the conditions to be laid down for the contest. So presently Mr. Mortimer, arising, said:

"I will now lead the way to the west wing, that you may enter the competition and be enrolled in the adventurous band of fortune-seekers in the presence of Anselm Benedict himself."

The boys were startled at the idea of being admitted into the presence of a man dead for about two hundred years. But they made no sign, and obediently followed their stately relative through

long corridors, hitherto unvisited, toward the west wing, a part of the house which was never used.

At last the grandfather turned abruptly into what he called the west wing and paused before an oaken door, curiously carved in many a quaint device. The old man's voice trembled as he threw wide the heavy portal and motioned across the threshold.

"Now, lads, who enters here has entered upon the quest."

With one accord the boys followed him into the room.

(To be continued.)

Little Princess Mafalda.

The third and last child of the King and Queen of Italy—whose sex, like that of her sisters, was a great disappointment to her father—is named for her great-grandmother, a Portuguese princess—Mafalda, which is the Portuguese for Matilda. The Italians, who share in the disappointment of their sovereign, have an added grievance in the fact that the child bears the foreign name of a foreign princess. They resent this very much; and from the beginning, instead of speaking of the little princess as Mafalda, they have styled her *Malafata*, which means deformed.

Strange to relate, the child was only a few months old when it was discovered that she was really deformed—being a hunchback. It is said that the services of the great Dr. Lorenz have been bespoken for the poor little misshapen princess.

A Graceful Compliment.

Titian said to Charles V., whose portrait he was painting: "This is the third time, sire, that I have the honor of painting your likeness."—"Then," rejoined the Emperor, "it is the third time that you immortalize me."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Among the friends of James Clarence Mangan, whose centenary is still being celebrated, was a kinsman of Father Maturin, the well-known English-Irish-American convert. He was a Protestant clergyman, eccentric in his habits and eloquent in the pulpit. It is said that "Sir Walter Scott offered to edit his works after his death, and Byron strove to get a hearing for his plays."

—One of the last official acts of the Holy Father was the appointment of Mgr. Volpini as secretary of the Consistorial Congregation. The very next day—and several days before the last illness of Leo XIII.—Mgr. Volpini was suddenly stricken, and died almost immediately. He was the possessor of an exquisite style of Latinity, and his services were in constant demand in connection with the official documents of the Holy Father. *R. I. P.*

—In a valuable monograph entitled "Studies Concerning Adrian IV.," Professor O. J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, attempts to clear up the controversy surrounding the alleged grant of Ireland to Henry II. by Pope Adrian IV. His conclusions, briefly stated, are (1) that Adrian offered Henry only the feudal, not the absolute, possession of the island; and (2) that the bull *Laudabiliter*, which many students have regarded as a genuine Papal document affirming the grant, is only a Latin exercise by some medieval student, and not an authentic paper at all. Precisely the same conclusion is arrived at regarding the supposed letter of Henry to Adrian. Prof. Thatcher, whose competence and freedom from bias are pleasantly evident in these "Studies," has been engaged for some years on a life of Pope Adrian IV. The University of Chicago Press.

—The third of the "Educational Briefs" published by the Parochial School Board of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia is wholly admirable. It is a reprint of the famous second chapter of the first volume of Janssen's "History of the German People,"—the chapter dealing with "Elementary Schools and Religious Education of the People." The care taken to instruct the people by means of sermons, pictures, the Holy Scripture, and religious manuals is elaborately detailed; and abundant proof is afforded that the doctrine of the Church on indulgences, the veneration of the saints, etc., was set before the people in a form which no manual of religion in our day has improved upon. So, too, of Bible-reading. A distinguished Protestant historian, Prof. James Harvey Robinson, of Columbia University, wrote after reading Janssen: "The popularity of the earlier [Catholic] editions of the Bible is a far better explanation

of the vogue of Luther's translation than the old mistaken assumption that Luther was practically the first to bring the Scriptures to the attention of the people."

—So little is known in this country of the last days of Lord Acton, whose attitude during the Vatican Council and afterward gave much uneasiness to his Catholic friends, that we gladly call attention to the statement, in a footnote to an article by Father Thurston in the *Catholic Quarterly*, that "for some years before his death at Cambridge Lord Acton's figure was familiar at Sunday Mass."

—Mr. W. E. Henley, author and critic, died July 12, at the age of fifty-four. His curious attack on R. L. Stevenson, whose intimate friendship he enjoyed for many years, is now generally believed to have been prompted by a desire to protect Stevenson's reputation from the reaction that is sure to follow excessive adulation. "Hawthorne and Lavender" is Mr. Henley's best-known performance apart from his collaboration with Stevenson.

—Apropos of the Emerson celebrations, a writer in *Everybody's Magazine* tells an amusing story of the Concord man's absent-mindedness. "One very hot day Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was standing at the corner of Tremont and School streets, mopping his brow, holding his hat in one hand, with the mouth up. Emerson, coming along and seeing a venerable man with his hat thus outstretched, dropped a quarter into it and walked on without recognizing the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

—In suggesting a series of biographies of the saints for children—books appealing to the instinct of hero-worship, written simply and attractively, emphasizing the interesting incidents, avoiding improbabilities and grotesque exaggerations—the *Ecclesiastical Review* makes some observations which seem to us the quintessence of common-sense. We feel justified in quoting at some length:

The miraculous is undoubtedly an important and true element in such lives, but it does not always serve as an incentive to virtue. Whilst, therefore, miracles have a legitimate place in Hero Stories of Christian Saints, they are not the essential things, since they are not the things which we are expected to imitate. They are important in so far as they do indeed demonstrate that those who are so good as the saints gain special favors and intercessory power with God. But what exercises the main educational influence is the fact that the saints attained this favor and power by a steady development of noble character, by fidelity to Christian teaching. It is the goodness and the lasting reward, not the miraculous which results from heroic living, that needs to be emphasized in the training of the young. Any method that insists on all kinds of wonders may instill a certain awe in the child, but with it goes frequently a tendency to credulity. There are any number of pious people

who expect that God and the saints will work their miracles in our behalf when we ought to use our common-sense and go about things smartly with some pain and sacrifice of ordinary comfort. They overload their stomachs or go to parties and catch cold, or they risk their position by their sharpness of tongue, and apply to St. Anthony to work a miracle to save them the trouble of it. It takes very little teaching to convince the child that, since God is omnipotent and supremely good, He may work miracles for His favorites when it is wise to do so; but it also takes a great deal of rough handling in later life to remove the superstitious notion from such as have learned more about the miracles than about self-sacrifice, that God ought to work miracles for people who cry and pray but are too indolent to work out a difficulty by sticking to their duties. Let some one write *Hero Lives of the Saints* for our boys with that thought in mind.

The danger of cultivating credulity in children might be even more strongly emphasized without harm. Whether in adults or infants, a stomach for the marvellous is no sign of deep or strong faith. Wise instruction, while keeping the faithful in sympathy with the historic mind and the historic heart of the Church, seeks to tighten their grip on the handful of things that are essential to faith. Legends and unauthenticated marvels have a fashion of slipping away from grown-up people nowadays; and if these have not been instructed in the solidities, faith runs a chance of slipping away with them. Unquestionably the element to be emphasized in hagiography is not the marvellous so much as the heroic.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5.

Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.

Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.

In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis.* \$1, net.

The New Empire. *Brooks Adams.* \$1.50, net.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.

The Art of Living Long. *Louis Cornaro.* \$1.50.

Memoirs and Writings of the Very Rev. James F. Callaghan. *Emily Callaghan.* \$2, net.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. *Edward Hutton.* \$1.25.

Old Squire. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.

St. Margaret of Cortona. *Rev. L. de Cherance, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Castle Omeragh. *F. Frankfort Moore.* \$1.50.

Saint Teresa. *Henri Joly.* \$1.

Ye are Christ's. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* 50 cts., net.

The Four Last Things. *Blessed Thomas More.* 50 cts.

A Spiritual Consolation and Other Treatises. *Blessed John Fisher.* 50 cts.

Letters to Young Men. *Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

Under the Cross. *Faber.* 60 cts., net.

A Story of St. Germain. *Sophie Maude.* \$1, net.

In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock.* \$1.

Helps to a Spiritual Life. *Schneider-Girardey.* \$1.25.

The Rose and the Sheepskin. *Joseph Gordian Daley.* \$1.

The Friendships of Jesus. *Rev. M. J. Ollivier, O. P.* \$1.50, net.

The Unravelling of a Tangle. *Marion Ames Taggart.* \$1.25.

Questions on "First Communion." *Mother M. Loyola.* 30 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Dostal, of the archdiocese of Dubuque.

Mr. H. G. Cornet and Mr. Horace Grimes, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Mary Foy, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. Eliza Mulloy, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. W. T. Davoren, Denver, Colo.; Miss Rose Curran, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Elizabeth Hitchens, San Francisco, Cal.; Sarah J. Hopkins, Waterloo, N. Y.; Margaret and Elizabeth Meagher and Mr. Daniel Mooney, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. Louisa Reid, New York; Mrs. M. H. Murray, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Barbara Hartmaier, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. John Noonan, Marengo, Iowa; Miss Jennie Hannigan, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. John Carroll, Newark, N. J.; Miss Mary Sullivan, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. John Francis and Mr. Daniel McGarry, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Mary Hollister, Mt. Carmel, Pa.; Mr. William McFadden, Harrisburg, Pa.; Dr. John Stanton and Miss H. A. Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Mr. George Schiller, Pittsburg, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!





THE BETTER PART.
(HOFMANN.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Leo XIII.

WE trace the passage of the streams that flow
 From source to ocean, marking how their way
 Is fringed with life, the while by night or day
 The waters mirror back the heaven's glow.
 And when the silent currents deep below,
 Have carried life to lands that sterile lay,
 They yield their power before the salt sea-spray,
 And deeper do the ocean surges grow.

So fraught with blessings flowed the stream of life
 Of him whose deeds reflect the light of heaven,
 Who loved Christ's blood-bought flock with
 shepherd's heart,
 Who prayed and toiled for peace in hours of strife;
 And now the current has its soul-strength given,
 To form of great eternity a part.

The Emblems of Mary.



CARDINAL NEWMAN compares the Blessed Mother of God to "a fair tree stretching forth her fruitful branches and her fragrant leaves and overshadowing the territory of the saints."

So does her image seem to overshadow the whole history of the human race. Her prototypes are on every page of sacred lore. Prophets saw her with the clear eye of supernatural divination; and the poets and seers of Holy Writ described her in glowing imagery, in immortal poesy, in metaphor and simile, which have been reproduced in the liturgy of the Church and sung in her

offices. Many of these figures were taken from the exquisite scenery of those Eastern landscapes: the hills which overlooked Jerusalem, clothed with the olive, the pine, the cypress, the myrtle or the cedar; from the profusion of nature, where the orange blossom fills the air with sweetness, where lilies, tulips, anemones grow in rich abundance, decorating the meadows as for some gorgeous festival; where the pomegranate, the golden citrons and green fig, as is related "were simply common plants"; where the grapes grow purple and luscious under fertilizing skies.

Again, there is little doubt that the wonderful language of psalmist and singer gained a beauty and solemnity from those impressive festivals of the Old Law: the Feast of Tabernacles, when the chosen people lived in tents of olive, myrtle or cypress; the Feast of Harvest, when the first fruits of ripe corn were offered; the Feast of the Pool of Siloam, which was celebrated with so much festivity, so much of light and singing, that the Scribes called it emphatically "*the festival*"; and there was a Jewish proverb that "he who has never seen the rejoicings at the pouring out of the water of Siloam, has never seen rejoicings in his life." Of course there were many other festivals, impossible to enumerate, the ceremonies of which were marked with an individuality, an austerity, and at the same time a joyousness which seemed to come from the close intercommunication which the early leaders of Israel had

with the Deity or with God's ministering spirits.

The Mother of God is familiarly represented as the Ark of the Covenant, the haven of salvation, which is to open wide and receive the storm-threatened pilgrims of life. For by her share in man's redemption, she offered him a shelter from the general destruction which would otherwise have involved mankind. "The Ark," says a chronicler, "being the most remarkable and conspicuous object in Jewish ceremonial worship, is constantly dwelt upon by the Fathers of the Church with special delight as the great figure of our Blessed Lady." The Ark, too, was made after the design of God: "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shown thee on the Mount," said the Lord to Moses.* It was of a most precious substance, fashioned of incorruptible wood, covered upon all sides with purest gold, in perfect harmony of form. Its cover was called the mercy-seat, because thereon was placed the Seat of Jehovah. There was the Lord consulted and answers received from Him. The Ark was kept carefully within the Holy of Holies, that nothing profane might approach it. The application of all this symbolism to the Mother of the Redeemer is, indeed, most apparent and most consoling to her faithful children.

The Enclosed Garden is another and very beautiful emblem of Our Lady, which may be applied in various ways as regards her miraculous preservation from all taint of evil. But it seems to have a direct bearing upon her life in the Temple, the very synonym of peace and tranquillity, of devout contemplation and intimate communing with the Most High. She went upward, with Joachim and Anne, her parents, to Jerusalem, type of the heavenly city upon which her thoughts were ever fixed; crossing the Jordan and ascending

the slopes to the Hill of Galilee, whence Galileans, resting upon their journeys, gained the first glimpse of Sion. Mary parted from her loved ones, and, entering "the house of the Lord," gave herself up to an interior life. In one of the apocryphal gospels, respectable because of antiquity, it is recorded that the devout Joachim and Anne returned home blessing God, because the Maiden had not turned back from the immolation of herself in the holy place. She ascended the fifteen steps to the apartments reserved for the women, chanting, as the custom was, the holy Psalms.

The watch kept before the Court of the Women was a very strict one. The priests alone were permitted to open and shut the doors; and it was their bounden duty to remain constantly upon guard that none might enter unlawfully. During the night a priest or levite had to continue this duty of supervision; and if any one was found asleep at his post, he was beaten and his garments burned,—this latter punishment being looked upon as the greatest disgrace. The watchers spent intervals of rest in what was called the House of Burning, and thence were assigned to different posts. When all appointments had been made, and "the heavens were bright all up to Hebron," the lamb was prepared for the morning sacrifice, and a thousand silver bugles invited Jerusalem to worship. The eastern gate leading from the Court of Women to the upper court was called the beautiful gate, and therein was erected the altar for the burnt-offering. There Mary joined in the figurative sacrifice and prayed for the coming of the Messiah.

This symbol of the Enclosed Garden has been beautifully used in art, appearing in many of the ancient masterpieces, particularly where the Annunciation or Immaculate Conception is represented. Thus in a celebrated picture by Francia in Munich, the Divine Infant is laid on

* Ex., xxv, 40.

the flowering turf, while Mary looks down upon Him with love, and both are inclosed in a trellis-work of roses. Filippo Lippi represents the same idea by a balustrade, beyond which is a hedge of roses, inclosing the Divine Child, surrounded by adoring angels, one of whom scatters rose leaves over Him. The *Madre Pia* kneels likewise in adoring admiration beside the little St. John.

The Burning Bush is another of the emblems of the Mother Blest. Chaucer apostrophizes her as

The bush unburnt, burning in Moses' sight.

In the Vespers for the Feast of the Circumcision the comparison is directly made by one of the antiphons: "In the bush which Moses saw burning with fire, yet not consumed, we see the emblem of her admirable virginity. Mother of God, intercede for us!" The terse, forcible words of Holy Scripture relate how Moses led the flocks of his father-in-law, Jethro, the Madianite, till he came to Mount Horeb, in the inner desert. A simple, pastoral scene, and yet on a sudden in that wondrous solitude was witnessed "a great sight: a bush burning, yet not burnt." When the Lord saw that Moses "went forward," He called to him from the flame of fire. Moses responded, "Here I am"; and was bidden to remove his shoes before treading the holy ground. Moses, like Mary, having corresponded in every degree with the divine invitation, received from Adonai, the leader of Israel, wonderful promises for the deliverance of the people of God. In artistic representations of the subject, Moses usually appears in the act of untying his sandals; and is sometimes introduced into pictures of the Madonna because of his connection with this mysterious symbol.

In another antiphon of the Sacred Office Mary is likened to the Fleece of Gedeon. "When Thou wast born in an ineffable manner of a Virgin, the Scriptures were fulfilled. Thou didst

descend like the rain into the fleece." Here, again, is a Scriptural scene, dramatic in its very simplicity, and full of exact similitudes to the Immaculate Mother, as well as of lessons for her children. Gedeon was busy at his humble labor of threshing wheat when the angel saluted him with the startling words: "The Lord is with thee, O most valiant of men!" And, though Gedeon was actually preparing to fly from his enemies, he added: "Go in this thy strength, and thou shalt deliver Israel out of the hand of Madian. Know that I have sent thee." The chosen one, in his humility, began to argue: "I beseech Thee, my Lord, wherewith shall I deliver Israel? Behold, my family is the meanest in Manasses, and I am the least in my father's house." The angel promised him that the Lord should be with him; and, confident in this power, lowly and self-distrustful, but obedient to the divine command, he went forth to victory. A sign was given him, at his request, to aid him in the struggle; and the sacrifice he had made was consumed by miraculous fire. Gedeon was, then, divinely commanded to destroy the altar of Baal and to erect another, which he did, despite a fierce storm of opposition. Summoning all the people of God, he exhorted them to unite against the common foe; and for their encouragement he obtained a miracle. He asked that a fleece left upon the ground by night should be wet while the ground remained dry, and that on the following night the contrary should be the case. This event is regarded by the Fathers as a foreshadowing of the miraculous birth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and Mary is compared to the Fleece of Gedeon.

Various flowers are emblematical of Mary, and are so used, whether in Holy Writ, in the writings of the Fathers, or in the Liturgy of the Church. The rose, as the most perfect of flowers, symbolical of love and emitting the most exquisite

fragrance, is frequently made synonymous of the Virgin of pure love. She is hailed as the Mystical Rose and the Rose of Sharon, giving forth, amidst the thorns of bitterest trial, an odor of sweetness and charity, of fervor and patience. Dante represents Mary as the Mystical Rose blooming in Paradise; "while attendant angels, circle within circle, floating round her and singing the *Regina Cœli*; while saints and patriarchs stretching forth their hands to her, is all a splendid but indefinite vision of dazzling light, crossed by shadowy forms." As the Mystical Rose, an invocation which the Litany of Loreto has made familiar, she is introduced into the creations of many artists, giving that ideal touch in which excelled the painters of those medieval days of exalted faith and fervor. Sometimes there is a rosebush, or again a plantation of roses in the background, or vines trailing roses, to point out the perfect rose, the rarest flower of grace.

The lily is, however, universally accepted as the most excellent figure of Mary all spotless. "I am the flower of the field and the lily of the valley," says the spouse in the Canticles; and she is further described as "a lily among thorns." The Lily of Israel became in all times an accepted appellation of the Blessed Virgin. This emblem was adopted by the French monarchy in honor of the Lady Mary, and on the banners of Christian France it was borne victorious on many a field. It was also adopted for the same reason by the city of Florence, and hence many Florentine artists introduce the majestic flower into their pictures. The austere symmetry of its outline, its delicate whiteness, its golden petals, are suggestive of that most exquisite type of female loveliness, which has inspired numberless artists and attracted in all ages the tenderest devotion of noble souls. This title of Mary received its apotheosis, as it were, when the dogma

of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed, and which seemed to have been prefigured long ago when the capitals of the pillars in the gorgeous Temple of Solomon were adorned with lilies.

The Cedar of Lebanon, by its incorruptibility, its healing qualities, its fragrance, its grateful shade, and the height which it extends heavenward, has likewise become an emblem of the Virgin Blest. "I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus," says the sacred writer, in words applied by the Church to the Mother of the Saviour. In the Canticles she is again compared to the trees of Libanus, and from the top of that beautiful Galilean hill the heavenly Bridegroom invites her to come and be crowned.

But it is not to the cedar alone that the Virgin Mother is compared. St. Bernard in one of his Advent homilies addresses her as the celestial plant, the true tree of life, alone worthy to bear the eternal Fruit. She is "exalted as the palm-tree of Cades and as a rose plant in Jericho, as a fair olive-tree in the plains and as a plane-tree by the water in the streets." Her "branches of honor and grace are stretched out as the turpentine-tree." And again she is likened to a "cluster of cypress in the vineyards of Engaddi."* And all these symbols are fitting expression of her loveliness, of her manifold attributes of grace, mercy, godliness, and power over the Heart of Jesus. The delicate green of the olive, the cypress pointing heavenward, the plantain stretching its refreshing shadow over the wayworn, the palm indicative of her perfect victory over sin and death, and of the aid which she extends to the pilgrims of earth in their constant warfare and final departure, are all true types of the Mother of fair love and hope and knowledge.

An emblem of singular appropriateness and beauty is that of the Mystic Hill,

* Canticles, i, 13.

where rests the celestial Bridegroom "when the day breaks and the shadows retire"; the mountain of myrrh, the hill of frankincense. The sole, perfect place of rest for the sad Heart of Jesus: everywhere else betrayal and unfaithfulness. Mary stood with the calm majesty of the hills amid the storms and tempests of those evil days; enduring all things, touched with the first and the strongest beams of heavenly light. So she shall stand till the end of time, the symbol of strength for the weak and weary. There is forever an idea of repose, of unchangeableness, of immutability about hills, as they arise between heaven and earth, witnesses to all time of the Creator. Thence, too, magnificent views are obtained, objects are seen afar off, and a something of infinitude fills the mind. Hence this simile may be extended in all directions with regard to the most blessed amongst women and is suggestive of numberless thoughts.

Mary is likewise symbolized by the Golden Gate,—in its material sense, that precious gate, richly adorned with jewels and with a wealth of tradition, where Joachim and Anne met after their consoling vision and in the hour of their joy; in the mystical sense, as the golden gate of heaven which Mary opened to mankind through her Divine Son; the Gate, too, through which Jesus, the Prince of Light, came to enlighten a darkened world. The Gate of Heaven and the "Gate ever shut" of the Prophet Ezekiel are other variations of this comparison.

A text from the Book of Wisdom symbolizes the Blessed Mother as Mirror of Justice, a clear crystal reflecting perfectly the justice of God. It is on that account sometimes introduced into pictures of the Immaculate Conception. The Sealed Book, the Sealed Fountain, the "Well ever filled," are all mystically interpreted as referring to Mary. The Tower of Ivory was applied to her because of her beauty, for tradition

declares her to have been the most beautiful amongst the daughters of men. House of Gold represented, as it were, her exceeding great price in the sight of the Most Holy Trinity. Tower of David, built with bulwarks, "hung with the bucklers of valiant men," is another similitude of the Canticles, and a familiar invocation of the Litany of Loreto. This Tower, built by Melchisedec, fortified and beautified by David, defended by the noble Maccabees, is described as "showing like burnished gold in the western sunlight; near it rising a palm-tree almost as lofty and as fair to see. Upon the wall above the gateway David's watchmen had stood looking for tidings of Absalom, and far to the east and west went the wail of Ephraim when Absalom was slain." It was distinctly a place of refuge and of strength, and as such foreshadows Mary, haven and safe refuge for sinners.

In the Apocalypse the Divine Mother is described as "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." The moon is symbolical of her perpetual virginity, and refers to the Immaculate Conception and her complete triumph over the old serpent. The star is one of the most frequently employed emblems, as Star of the Sea, Morning Star, Star of Jacob, the Fixed Star. In art it often appears upon the veil of the Virgin or on the right shoulder of her mantle; or again in a crown of twelve, alluding to the twelve Apostles and to the foregoing text from the inspired Seer of Patmos.

The King's Daughter is still another appellation of Mary Immaculate. "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the king in a vesture of needlework." Another form of the same idea is the Queen of Heaven with superbly jewelled crown. This crown in historical pictures varies with the country wherein the representation is made.

In connection with this representation of the Virgin may be mentioned that touching tradition of the Church of the Ara Cœli, on the ruins of Jupiter Capitolinus in Rome. When the Emperor Augustus was at the height of his glory, he entered the sacred enclosure of that celebrated temple and demanded of the Sibyl if any one should ever be as great as he; and this was on Christmas Day. The Sibyl had recourse to her oracles; and when the sun stood at its zenith she beheld its disc surrounded by a golden circle, whilst a wind shook the building to its foundation and a mighty voice cried: "This is the altar of the King of Kings!" And, lo! upon an altar appeared the Queen of Heaven glorified, holding the Divine Child on her lap. The affrighted Sibyl exclaimed: "Mighty Cæsar, this Child is greater than thou, and it is He whom thou must adore!" The Emperor, penetrated by a mysterious emotion, prostrated himself before Jesus, and forbade the Senate to inscribe, as they had purposed, the imperial name amongst the gods.

In the Christian church that has succeeded the Pagan shrine, and that now crowns the Capitoline Hill, the festival of Christmas is celebrated with charming and unique ceremonies. The Most Holy Babe there preserved is piously believed to have been carved by St. Luke. On the morning of the great day little children there announce the Word of God. They are permitted likewise to penetrate into the cloisters at early dawn, and to awaken the friars with tinkle of tiny bells. Lights and torches are everywhere enkindled, and each monk as he emerges from his cell is presented with a lighted taper. They proceed to the chapel, which is a blaze of glory; new bands of children meeting them on the way and joining in the sacred songs. At last the faithful are admitted to that wondrous spectacle, which recalls the everlasting splendor of the New Jerusalem, where Mary, "to

the particular glory of all the saints," is crowned Queen of Heaven.


The Blessed Virgin is often addressed as the Dove: "A Dove in the cleft of the Rock." "Come, my Dove, to be crowned." In art, a dove above her head signifies the Holy Ghost; and seven doves, the sevenfold Gifts. Another symbol used in art as a reminder of Mary's share in the Redemption is the apple, the cause of man's fall; and when it is in the hands of the Mother, she is described as the Second Eve. The serpent under her feet refers to the promise, "She shall crush thy head." The globe signifies her triumph over a fallen world.

So, through the unbroken history of the Church, in the marvellous symbolism of her Liturgy, these emblems are recalled to the minds of the faithful in the antiphons, the prayers, the psalms; and are again reproduced in the painted windows of historic fanes, in Christian art and sculpture; embodying whole pages of sacred mysticism, in their incentives to devotion, their exaltation of the Divine Motherhood, and in the constant reminder that as all evil came to man through a woman, so all good proceeds, and shall proceed to the end of time, from a Woman—sweet Mary, Mother of Mercy, who, as ages roll away, sits enthroned beside her Son, while the angels bow before her, and the universe proclaims her Blessed.

If we desire to live a life of truth and honesty, to make our word as strong as our bond, let us not expect to keep ourselves along the narrow line of truth under the constant lash of the whip of duty. Let us begin to love the truth, to fill our mind and life with the strong white light of sincerity and sterling honesty. Let us love the truth so strongly that there will develop within us, without our conscious effort, an ever-present horror of a lie.—*W. G. Jordan.*

The Happy Island.

BY JANET GRANT.

 NE day early in the year 1880 a ship bound for Valladolid landed two passengers on a little island that lies off the coast of Yucatan, below Cape Catoche, and is known as "the Happy Island." The strangers were both about thirty years of age, but in appearance they presented a decided contrast. One was of the French creole type, dark and thickset; the other tall and slender, with a florid complexion and a blonde beard, which he wore in the English fashion. His spectacled eyes would have furnished a Sherlock Holmes with a clue to the character of a man who was either a student or had spent much time over mercantile accounts.

The latter was the fact. Thomas Grieggs, a merchant of New Orleans, had come to this little spot in Central America to take possession of a coffee plantation, or hacienda, bequeathed to him by a relative. His friend, Pierre Le Duc, was a young lawyer of the Crescent City.

Here in the tropics, Spring already reigned in her perfect beauty. Surpassingly fair, the land rose above the intense blue of the Caribbean Sea like a splendid gem in a setting of turquoise. Two native porters of a half-Indian, half-Spanish race promptly took possession of the travellers' luggage and led the way through the adobe town toward the *posada*, or inn.

Entering upon the market-place, the foreigners observed women in short skirts and white bodices passing to and from the fountain, carrying upon their heads the picturesque earthen water jugs of the tropics. Others were washing the family linen in the great adobe basin, into which the water dripped slowly through the open mouth of a rudely modelled, Gorgon-like head that might

have been a representation of some old Aztec deity.

In this square was the church, and now and again an open gateway afforded a glimpse of a patio filled with luxuriant bloom. Before one of these attractive gardens Le Duc suddenly arrested his steps.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "look there!"

Grieggs, who had been plodding along in nearsighted fashion, also slackened his pace.

What they saw was a young girl plucking flowers. She was fair as a lily, a remarkable type of beauty in that country; and her red-gold hair hung in bright waves upon the shoulders of her white frock.

"She might pose for Rossetti's 'Blessed Damosel,'" ejaculated Le Duc, his ardent Southern imagination interested at once.

"Come on," said Grieggs, dryly; "or presently the door of the garden will be shut in your face."

The pausing of the strangers in the street had caught the attention of the girl, and for a second she stared at them in startled surprise. Then, as Le Duc doffed his hat and bowed low in mute apology, she laughed with the innocent merriment of a child and hid herself from his view behind a clump of palms.

The following day Grieggs and his friend visited the hacienda. They found a good tract of rolling land planted only here and there with coffee trees. The greater portion of it had never been cultivated. Le Duc naturally expected the owner to show some disappointment at this discovery; but, to his surprise, Grieggs took the matter coolly. He talked of having young trees set out, and speculated upon the chances of finding ore on his property.

The merchant, unfortunately, fell ill of an ague, and a month passed before he went again to the estate. Having recovered at last, he rode out one morning, attended by two native servants whom he had hired. Le Duc, however,

did not accompany him. The enthusiastic Southerner, being conversant with Spanish, had made inquiries concerning the beautiful girl whom he had seen in the garden. He learned that Lueza was an orphan and the companion of the wife of the Señor Ruiz, owner of the largest plantation on the island. He called on the Señor, and the latter invited him to dine at his house. Le Duc had already seen and talked with Lueza many times.

On this day noon was approaching—the hot hour of the *siesta* when all the island went to sleep,—yet Grieggs did not return. Alarmed, Le Duc set out in search of him. At the head of the bridle path that entered the plantation he found Grieggs' horse and the mules of the natives tied in a little grove of coffee trees. Securing his pony near them, he proceeded across the rough ground. He was on the point of calling aloud the name of his friend, when the fear that the natives had proved treacherous occurred to him. Might he not offset them more effectually if he entered upon the scene unannounced? He began to run with all possible speed; and, having gained the summit of a little knoll, presently came upon the party without being perceived by them.

Grieggs had set his servants to dig, apparently hoping to discover ore; but his manner was irritable and nervous, and he walked to and fro, glancing about him as though striving to locate some landmark he had expected to find. The natives watched their new master with furtive curiosity and distrust. Swarthy fellows, with long jetty locks that hung over their brows, they were clad in homespun cotton cloth, and each wore a bright-colored sash about his waist.

Again Le Duc was about to cry out to his comrade, but as the "Halloa!" rose to his lips the gaze of Grieggs became fixed upon an object a few hundred yards from where he stood. Pointing toward it, he asked some

question of the laborers. One answered, wonderingly; the other continued to dig, still eying him askance. Grieggs spoke again, still indicating the object beyond. The next moment, with exclamations of animosity, his servants sprang upon him like savage creatures of the wilds.

Were Le Duc not at hand, the strait of his travelling companion would have been indeed desperate. As it was, the Southerner speedily leaped between the excited men. As none of the party were armed, it was a contest of physical strength. Before long the natives, finding that they were likely to get the worst of the struggle, took to flight; and, knowing the land, were able to conceal themselves behind one of the hillocks. They thus escaped, taking the horses of the foreigners, who had a weary journey afoot back to the town.

At a loss to account for the attack upon him, Grieggs, with his friend, called upon the priest of the picturesque town,—a venerable man whose acquaintance Le Duc had already made. When the latter introduced the merchant, their host started; but the next moment the good *padre*, in the conventional phraseology of Spanish courtesy, placed his house and all that he possessed at the disposal of his guests. He listened with intentness to the strange tale that Grieggs told haltingly in the unfamiliar language, and at its conclusion said:

"Señor, your story is indeed extraordinary. You say you gave an order to your servants, and thereat they fell upon and were about to murder you? May I ask the nature of the command that so swiftly aroused the fierceness of their natures?"

"*Padre mio*," said Grieggs, frankly, "my uncle, from whom I inherited the coffee plantation, was reputed a very rich man, yet I have come upon no trace of this fortune save a few lines written on a scrap of paper. These refer to a treasure buried on his estate here, beneath the ruins of a small chapel.

To seek this wealth I came to the island. At first I mistook an Indian mound for the grass-grown foundations of the building. Under pretence of searching for ore and also for fragments of Aztec pottery, I directed the men to remove a part of the débris, intending to return alone later. As I gazed abroad over the land, I beheld another mound, and decided that I had previously made an error in locating the ruins. I asked the men if this latter spot marked the remains of the chapel, and upon receiving an affirmative reply I bade them dig there. For answer they set upon me as I have told you."

The priest nodded his head.

"My friends," he said, "you must get away from here to-night."

His visitors protested.

"To remain might cost your lives," persisted the *padre* with gentle firmness. "I will explain to you the anger of the natives. When I was a young priest, I was in charge of a little church which stood in the open country. My people were of the mixed race who worked the neighboring haciendas, and the families of the overseers. Tradition said that the church had been built by a pirate in expiation for his sins. Another story was that he had used its crypt as a hiding-place for his ill-gotten treasure. Some eighteen years ago there came to this island a man who spoke the English tongue. He took up land in the vicinity of this church. The planting of the tract with coffee trees progressed but slowly. Nevertheless, it was plain that the stranger intended to live among us: he picked up something of our language and married one of our native girls.

"Before long the man heard the story of the pirate's gold. One night, aided by his wife Conchita, he gained entrance to the church, and while there sacrilegiously broke off and carried away a piece of the stucco that formed the ornamentation of the altar. This he regarded as a talisman that would unlock for him the secret of

the treasure. Needless to say, I knew nothing of his connection with the matter. It was supposed that some desperado had mutilated the altar. Soon afterward the man from the North made a voyage to New Orleans. He returned, and a few days later the little church was blown up by an explosion of gunpowder. He must have brought the gunpowder with him, for there was none on the island. Doubtless, in his eagerness for the gold, he forgot that he would thus betray himself. Forced by an uprising of the natives to flee for his life, he put to sea in an open boat, leaving behind his wife and an infant daughter. From that day to this he has never been heard of on the island, nor has any one sought the pirate's treasure reported to lie beneath the ruins of that beloved little church. Your attempt to do so nearly brought upon yourself the fate the natives would fain have meted out to the desecrator of the holy place a generation ago."

"And the name of this man?" demanded the Englishman.

"It was the same as yours," answered the *padre*, reluctantly; "though among the people he was known as the Señor Ingleso (the Englishman)."

"My uncle!" exclaimed Grieggs under his breath.

"And the wife?" asked Le Duc.

"I protected her from the anger of the people; she died repentant for having let her infatuation for her husband lead her to forget her duty to God. That was ten years since. The little Lueza was left in my charge. I found her a home with the señora who lives across the square. Señors, I will hide you here in my poor dwelling until evening. Then I will furnish you with a boat in which you may reach the mainland and thence take passage to some port on the Gulf."

"Sir, I must needs accept your offer, and with all my heart I thank you," replied Grieggs. "Had I known the truth, I should never have sought the treasure; and I see now, from what

you have told me, that the ruins of the chapel are not on the lands of my plantation at all. Moreover, the hacienda belongs not to me but to Lueza. I will not seek to deprive her of it. In truth, I have contracted a distaste for this country," he continued, with grim humor, "and have no mind to seek further for the pirate's gold. But how remarkable it is, sir, that you, who were so wronged by the unscrupulousness of the man whom I must call my uncle, should be the one to rescue me from the vengeance of those whose hospitality and friendliness he so ill requited; that you should have lavished your paternal kindness upon the wife and child whom he cast off!"

"My son, to return good for evil is to sweeten the bitterness of the heart," rejoined the priest. "By succoring the forsaken wife and child I accorded my forgiveness to that reckless man."

When night came, the strangers disappeared in pursuance of the plan of their generous host. With them went Lueza as the bride of Le Duc. For the love of the latter and the beautiful girl had grown with tropical rapidity. And, as the *señorita*, mindful of her mother's desertion, would not be left behind, the old *padre*, having satisfied himself that the Southerner was a good, honest fellow, married her to the husband of her choice, and pronounced a blessing upon the little party as they embarked upon their perilous voyage.

They wrote to him later, when they had reached New Orleans in safety. But to this day the hacienda remains unplanted. The *padre* says the story of the pirate is but an idle tale. Be this as it may, the natives will suffer no one to dig for the traditionary treasure beneath the tangle of vines that grow thick above the ruins of the ancient chapel. Is it because these unworldly people lack the greed for gold that this garden of the Southern Seas is called "the Happy Island"?

God's Sunny Way.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

GOD'S care is over us,
His gracious hand
Points out a way
We can not understand.
It may be that the path
Is rough,—O sweet
To know there is a rest
For weary feet!

To know that for it all
We shall have strength,
And hear the "Welcome Home!"
Of God at length.
God's hand is over all,—
O heart, be still!
What is, is best for thee;
Then trust His will.

His wings o'ershadow thee;
And all the day
He walks, faint heart, with thee
The thorny way.
His feet have pressed the briers
Before thine own;
Then never say, sad heart,
Thou art alone.

O love of God, too deep,
Too sweet for me!
I blindly walk the way
I can not see.
God's sunshine blinds me;
I can only say:
"I thank Thee, O my God,
For this Thy way!"

The Story of Mary Stuart.*

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

TO one of our great statesmen is attributed the saying that we never read a book or hear a sermon without either learning something new or being reminded of a truth we had forgotten. The story of Mary Stuart will ever remind us of the dignity of endurance, the sublimity of forgiveness, and the sustaining power of the Catholic Faith throughout the bitterest trials. "Aged eyes weep upon her matchless wrongs,"

and young hearts thrill at the tale of her dauntless courage in face of every peril.

Love hangs like light around her name
As music round the shell,
Queen for whose cause our fathers fought
With hopes that rose and fell.

She stands forth from the pages of history, from scenes of barbarous statecraft and sectarian violence, the most accomplished lady of her time; a brave, brilliant, high-spirited princess, scorning the cowardly and the base, the hypocritical and the cunning. She could join with her favorite minstrels in the songs of gay Navarre and trace the daintiest embroidery with exquisite skill; or, mounted on a charger and wearing a steel corselet, could lead her troops in one wild rush to battle,—truly the daughter of a soldier-king. She is unrivalled amongst monarchs in her exercise of the heroic and difficult Christian virtue, forgiveness of injuries. She was too wholly true to find untruth in others, and “thought men honest that did but seem to be so”; and too many of her misfortunes sprung from her misplaced confidence in seeming friends.

She was born in Linlithgow Palace on the 8th of December, 1542; and, according to some writers, received the name of Mary because of her birth on a feast-day of Our Lady. She became Queen of Scots when only eight days old, and her mother was appointed Regent. A treaty of marriage was concluded between Mary and the Dauphin of France; and whilst still a child she was sent to that country, where, at sixteen, she was married.

Scotland was in the throes of the Reformation. In 1560 a Parliament, which assembled without lawful authority, passed stringent measures against all who practised the ancient Faith,

abolishing the Mass under pain of imprisonment, scourging, exile, and death. Mary's sickly young husband had died, and at this stage two envoys were sent from Scotland to invite her to return to her native land,—the Catholic party sending the Bishop of Ross; the Protestant, the Lord James Stuart, afterward Earl of Murray, Mary's illegitimate brother. He had been trained for the priesthood, but abandoned the Faith of his fathers and became a leader amongst the Protestant nobility.

Arrived in France, he gained Mary's confidence, and then betrayed her counsels to Elizabeth. The English ambassador writing to that sovereign informs her that Murray is entitled to a reward for having done the work of a spy. Thus early had he begun to plot his sister's destruction, which eventually he was to accomplish. He was, as Aytoun writes, “the head of all conspiracies but never once the arm.”

When Mary sailed for Scotland an attempt was made to capture her on the high seas, her ships being chased by the English squadron; but the scheme failed, and she safely reached her kingdom, the government of which was in the hands of the Protestant nobility, supported by Elizabeth. The ruling faction, enriched with the spoils of the ancient Church, and usurping Mary's authority, could not but regard her as a foe, and doubtless they thought it would be an easy matter to overthrow the rule of a girl of nineteen. But, as Hosack reminds us, she had within herself resources not dreamed of in the sour philosophy of the Reformers. Her beauty, her exquisite charm of manner, her kindly heart gained the love and loyalty of her people, and her reign began with every indication of being a fortunate one.

In a spirit which contrasted strongly with that shown by the Reformers, she decreed that the new religion should remain as by law established, and per-

* The writer acknowledges her indebtedness to the works of Dr. Gilbert Stuart, Dr. Lingard, John Hosack, B. L., John Skelton, Agnes Strickland, Hon. Colin Lindsay, and the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, S. J.

mitted every freedom to its followers. But when she claimed for herself the privilege of worshiping God according to her conscience, the noisy champions of private judgment refused to the sovereign the liberty she had freely granted to the lowest of her subjects. The celebration of Mass in the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, was the signal for a tumult. At a public banquet the walls were decorated with pictures from the Old Testament, intended to insult the religion of the Queen, who at the same time was presented with a Protestant Bible.

The town council ordered "all monks, priests, and nuns, and such like idolaters and filthy persons," to leave the city under pain of branding on the cheek and perpetual banishment. The preachers threatened the nation with the vengeance of heaven if Mass were allowed to be offered; and John Knox expressed from the pulpit the pious sentiment that the death of the Queen would be a public boon. However, if she had the curses of the Reformers, she had the blessings of the poor, for whom she set aside a portion of her income, and presided in court to see that they received justice, no matter what might be the rank of their opponents.

She had been a widow for two years when she met handsome, dissolute, vain and vindictive Henry, Lord Darnley, on whom she fixed her affections. Assuredly love is blind, or Mary had detected his true character before it was too late. She announced her intended marriage to him at a convention in Perth. The night before she left that city, she received a warning that her half-brother Murray and certain of the nobility had conspired to murder Darnley and to imprison her. This plot would seem to foreshadow the design which was eventually carried out, and so far improved on as to cast suspicion of the murder on Mary herself. She escaped from Perth by a midnight ride, and was married to Darnley in

Holyrood Chapel. The nobles, finding their plot defeated, tried another means of robbing Mary of her crown, and endeavored to rouse the nation to rebellion. But popular sentiment was on the Queen's side, and the people flocked to her standard. She herself rode at the head of the royal troops, and swept the rebels from Edinburgh to Dumfries, and over the Scottish border into England, whither they fled to their patroness, Elizabeth, who had secretly fostered the rebellion.

Mary pardoned Murray, but refused to overlook the treachery of the others; and to all appearance her position was secure. In Darnley she found her cross. He was a drunkard and unfaithful. More than once it was predicted that if he did not mend his manners, he could have but a short career in Scotland. The Privy Council remonstrated with him, and declared that he should thank God for having given him so wise and virtuous a wife, and behave himself better.

Darnley wished to enjoy all the privileges of royalty, and so demanded the crown matrimonial. Mary refused this on the advice of David Rizzio, her secretary, an able and accomplished man, in whom she had full confidence. Naturally, Darnley thereafter regarded the secretary as his enemy, and so was induced to join that powerful party who had secretly supported the rebel lords, and were again plotting the overthrow of the Queen's authority. They hoped to accomplish this by the assassination of Rizzio. They flattered Darnley into believing that their object was to gain the crown for him, and to punish Rizzio for his insolence. Darnley fell into the snare, not perceiving that his own destruction and the securing of the government of Scotland for the conspirators and their friends was the end and aim of the plot.

It had been resolved to commit the murder in the presence of the Queen,

three months before the expected birth of her child, the heir to the Scottish crown; and it was anticipated that her death would be the natural consequence of the outrage. Failing that, the conspirators had determined to imprison her, to restore the rebel lords to power, and to proclaim Darnley king; well knowing that a pretext for getting rid of him could soon be found. For cold-blooded, deliberate infamy, what plot can match with this, ostensibly for the punishment of Rizzio, in reality for the destruction of Mary Stuart, her husband, and her unborn child? Bonds of agreement to the murder were drawn up between the rebel lords and the conspirators, and were signed by Darnley and other nobles, who then proceeded to carry out their plans.

At seven in the evening of the 9th of March, 1566, Holyrood Palace was surrounded by five hundred armed men. The Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay, with their retainers, took possession of the court. Darnley entered the Queen's room by a private staircase, and found her at supper with the Countess of Argyll, Rizzio, and others. He was followed by Lord Ruthven, who was clad from head to foot in armor. George Douglas and others of the conspirators followed. Mary confronted them and bade them leave her presence. But Ruthven, drawing his dagger, advanced upon Rizzio, who clung to the Queen's garments, crying, "*Justitia, justitia!*" Darnley restrained Mary by sheer force, holding her by the arms. One ruffian presented a pistol to her breast; another, rushing forward, aimed a blow at her with his sword; but her page, an English lad named Antony Stenden, struck the weapon aside with a lighted torch. Rizzio was stabbed over her shoulder, so that her clothing was actually sprinkled with his blood. He was dragged to the antechamber, and there was instantly killed. There were fifty-six wounds in his body; and so eager were the assassins

to slay the defenceless man that in their haste they stabbed each other. Mary was then imprisoned in an upper chamber, until her fate should be decided.

On the following day Parliament was dissolved by a proclamation issued in Darnley's name only, and on the same afternoon the rebel lords made their appearance in Edinburgh. The fact of their leaving England before the murder had been committed proves that they were certain of the success of the plot. So far, indeed, it had succeeded. Rizzio was dead, Mary a prisoner, and the rebels had returned to power. But every scheme was scattered to the winds by the splendid courage and resolution of the Queen. Darnley began to fear for his own safety; and, in dread of his new associates, betrayed their plot to Mary, and she persuaded him to fly with her from a spot where they were both in peril.

Her first intention was to escape through the turret window, and a rope was conveyed to her by Lady Huntly in a dish supposed to contain food; but, owing to the height of the window, it was impossible to carry out this plan. Nothing daunted, Mary devised another that was yet more daring. She wrote a letter on her handkerchief, and contrived to get it sent to her faithful captain of the guard, Arthur Erskine, asking him to have horses ready at a certain place and time. Whilst her jailers were deliberating what was to be done with her, she fled down the private staircase and through the chapel "to the cold March midnight air," to where the horses awaited her; and, accompanied by Darnley, had soon left Holyrood and the nest of traitors behind.

She gained the stronghold of Dunbar Castle in safety; and once more the great heart of Scotland beat true to Mary Stuart. Her sufferings and her daring escape appealed to her people, and they rallied round her. Within

three days eight thousand Borderers assembled at Dunbar; the Earls of Huntly and of Atholl and a host of other nobles flocked to the Queen's standard; the rebel lords, the assassins and their associates fled to Newcastle; and Knox, "who never feared the face of man," fled to the fastnesses of Kyle, where he remained until the assassins of Rizzio were again in power.

Murray repudiated all connection with the murder; and Mary, believing him, retained him in her counsels. She was not aware that he was using all his influence in England on behalf of the murderers, whom he described as his dear friends.

With the birth of the infant prince in June came a better understanding between the royal pair; but unhappily it did not last long, owing to Darnley's misconduct. He had, nevertheless, still sufficient influence with her to enable him to keep the assassins of Rizzio out of the country. As he had deserted and betrayed them, he had sound reason to fear them.

The friends of the assassins, recognizing that as long as Darnley had any authority they would not be allowed to return, determined to get rid of him. They first urged the Queen to divorce him, a proposal, which she, as a Catholic, emphatically declined. Then, in accordance with the strange and savage custom of the age, a bond was drawn up, declaring Darnley to be a young fool and tyrant; and those who signed it—Bothwell, Huntly, Argyll, and others of the nobility—bound themselves to murder the King and to support one another in that undertaking.

(To be continued.)

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXX.—THE DANCE ON THE CORISANDE.

LIGHTED by electricity from stem to stern, from truck to deck, lay Sir Henry Shirley's beautiful yacht; a large crowd upon the quay and bridge gazing with rapture and indulging in cheery comments upon the guests as they drove up to the gangway; for permission had been given to Sir Henry to moor the *Corisande* to the quay. About a quarter of a mile off lay the *Adora*, also brilliantly illuminated; the Grondno shield in red and white at the peak of the foremast, the imperial insignia at the main.

Sir Henry in full evening dress, wearing his ribband of the Bath, received his guests at the foot of the gangway; and the first to arrive was the redoubtable veteran, enshrined in the garment in which he had led his fair bride from the altar, then a very fine specimen of its kind, but now very much creased and shrunken.

"Here I am, Sir Henry!" he gaily exclaimed, as he stepped aboard. "I'm the right man in a tight place. Be the mortal frost, before the dancing's done—and I mean to welt the deck till daydawn—these duds will be in rags, and you'll have to sew me up in a sack all but me legs and arms and mouth,—for I may want them betimes. Faix but you've taken the shine out of all St. Petersburg! They're crowding down to the quay as if it was to Donnybrook Fair, no less. Oh, what a sight that was! A line of outside jaunting cars from Leeson Street Bridge to the Fair,—aye, and a line beyond, up the Merrion road, and—whisht! here comes one of the neatest of Uncle Sam's grand-

I AM so longing to go and see God, and talk to my friends the saints; but it is not for a little slave to choose, but to obey; I am quite willing to linger here in pain so long as God wills.

—Dying words of Cardinal Vaughan.

daughters!"—as a party from the United States Embassy came laughing down the gangway, Miss Abell in the lead. "What a bouquet of beauty! Bedad, I wish this old sack fitted better! But sure it's the *man*, Sir Henry, not the rags on his back."

"Oh, my," cried Miss Abell, "but this is magnificent—to the Queen's taste! Why, sir, this boat would light up New York Bay from Staten Island to the Battery."

Count O'Reilly, who was now ever at her side, observed:

"I have heard a lot of the beauty of that Bay. I shall see it some day."

"Yes, and very soon, I hope. I am getting dreadfully homesick, like every true American."

The Count leaned over and whispered in her ear, to which she replied:

"Not at all! I'll be married in the church that converted me. I'll ask very few; and all the poor of the church where the grace and glory of God flashed upon me shall come. I'll give all new clothes and new dollar bills and—"

"I want the first Irish jig with you, *mavourneen*!" said the veteran, clicking his heels.

"With delight!" cried the joyous girl. "But it must be very late in the evening; for this countryman of yours has asked me for so many dances that I shall begin to-night to *obey*,—that awful word to an American girl!"

A large gathering of the very élite of Russia had by this time gathered on deck—for many had run up to town from their country places, since a dance upon an English yacht was as novel as it was charming. The Grand Orchestra discoursed superb dance music from behind an orange grove in the bows, and the ball began with the best waltz ever composed—"The Blue Danube," by Strauss.

The Baroness Grondno, with a large and animated party, arrived just in time to join in a whirl with Sir Henry

Shirley, who, albeit a little slow and perhaps ponderous, danced steadily and well, and sustained the shocks of collision with other dancers as firmly as the mainmast of the *Corisande*.

"Where is Mr. O'Byrne?" asked the Baroness.

"In the saloon, enjoying his favorite John Jameson," responded Sir Henry. "He is a splendid fellow."

"I thought that he was most abstemious," said the Baroness, in a somewhat hard tone.

Sir Henry laughed.

"He can hold his own with a coal heaver."

Passing Percy Byng, who was paying devoted attention to the beautiful daughter of the house of Edregevitch, the Baroness Grondno beckoned him to her side.

"Where is Mr. O'Byrne?"

"Singing Irish songs in the saloon."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, come down and see and hear him, Baroness. Mademoiselle was about to descend for an ice."

Following the pair, she stopped short on the companion way stairs, to behold the veteran warbling at the top of his lung power—which meant a good deal—Moore's charming melody, "Oh, where's the slave so lowly?"

"Didn't I tell you, Baroness?" whispered Percy, delightedly.

"You are silly! It was Mr. Myles I referred to."

"Oh! If you had said 'Myles'! But you didn't: you said 'Mr. O'Byrne,' and—"

"Where is Mr. Myles?"

"He dined with me at the Yacht Club. Old Mero trotted him all over the city to-day. That's a wonderful old chap; he's a mine of knowledge. Tap him on any subject, and, by Jove, out comes a bagful of knowledge."

"Is Mr. Myles (as you *will* have it) coming here to-night?"

"If old Mero lets go of him."

"Count Mero *must* let go of him. Like a good boy, take a drosky and—"

"Here he comes—Mero and all!" cried Byng, advancing to meet Myles, to whom he whispered: "She's cracked about you, old man; just as Eileen is about me, but in a different way,—the violet and the sunflower—ha! ha! She was sending me off to the club to fetch you."

"Pshaw!" muttered Myles, not in the least pleased at this information.

"I missed you, Mr. O'Byrne," said the Baroness; laughingly adding: "When I asked Sir Henry where you were, he said that you were in the saloon singing and drinking. But I did not believe it."

"I assume that he meant my uncle."

"Yes. I saw him, and he was giving them one of Moore's melodies. Are you not going to ask me to dance?"

"I had hardly imagined that—"

"No silly conventionalities! Here!"—showing him her dance cards, which were gotten up with the *Corisande* in relief and the coat of arms of Shirley. "Take one,—take all."

The old sense of Irish chivalry leaped into life, and Myles, without a second's consideration, cried:

"All!"

There was a look of triumph in the lady's eyes as this little word came to her; and while princes and barons and "nobles of high degree" approached to crave the honor of a dance she answered, "Nay!" turning to Myles like a child for approbation.

"Is there no place we can sit down for a quiet talk?" asked the Baroness, after a rapid but delicious waltz.

"Five hundred I should say."

"One will do."

The first coigne of vantage was occupied by O'Reilly and his *fiancée*.

"Have you been dancing, dear?" inquired the Baroness of Miss Abell.

"Yes: performing conventional circles at such a rate I'm all used up and must go to Paris for repairs. I don't like the way those men trip round. The dance

to them is like an army manœuvre. How does Mr. O'Byrne work the racket? Have you a first mortgage on him?"

"Let us try this waltz," interposed Myles, "with or without O'Reilly's permission."

"Or my Lady of Grondno's," laughed the American. "Do you know, Morrie dear"—addressing her *fiancé*, for whom she had already discovered a pet name,—“I'm afraid I am going to marry the wrong man?"

"Indeed?" laughed O'Reilly.

"Why, you can't think of waltzing with O'Byrne here! I fancy he learned it from the fairies whirling around an ancient rath."

Again and yet again Myles led out the Baroness, till finally she begged for respite and a quiet corner.

"Now, Mr. O'Byrne, do let us rest. Our last *tête-à-tête* was in the garden of the Empress."

"Where you kept calling my attention to a beautiful rose, and most skilfully parrying one or two subjects upon which I am exceedingly keen," he laughed.

"Indeed!"—opening her dull black eyes in a would-be baby stare.

"Oh, yes! I wanted to ask you one question in particular."

"Ask it now,"—her heart palpitating in a strange way.

"I wanted to ask you about Miss De Lacey and—"

"Oh, that girl! Do you want to save her again? She ought to have been here, fallen overboard, and then you could have leaped into the water. Ha! ha!"—a mirthless laugh, or an attempt at one.

Myles was now firmly resolved to have a reply to his question without any equivocation.

"I wanted to ask you if Miss De Lacey was engaged,"—holding the Baroness with a baleful eye.

"To whom?"

"Prince Stodlostovich."

"Not that I know of,"—and she shrugged her shoulders.

A great wave of rapture washed over Myles' heart. Eileen was not engaged to this multi-millionaire. But it might be,—why not? Her action upon that last night—but, then, her letter! She was to come on board at the last moment. He must hold his soul in patience.

"Why do you pester me with questions about the young lady?" said the Baroness, with some asperity. "What is it to me whether Miss De Lacey marries a prince or a pauper. She is a sweet, commonplace little girl, a favorite with the Empress—because she is such a good listener. I don't listen: I prate."

"You led me to infer that they were engaged," said Myles, following up his first success.

"I don't care about the love affairs of young and foolish maidens. I was one once upon a time. Come on deck: I want to speak seriously with you."

Myles now felt that a very decisive and perhaps unpleasant moment was at hand. The Baroness Grondno wore a peculiar expression,—an expression he had never perceived before. It was half entreaty, half command,—and more womanly than her usual tone.

"Come over here and lean on the rail."

She led the way to the rail, and, placing her elbows upon it, her chin in the hollows of her hands, her wrists clasped in flashing bracelets, her fingers beringed to the tips, she went on:

"Now, Mr. O'Byrne, I want to say many things to you, and I trust to you as an Irish gentleman that what I may say is not to be marked up against me. I am very, very wretched!" And she began to sob.

Myles, being absolutely ignorant of woman's ways or wiles, could only stand by and occasionally exclaim: "Don't, please, Baroness! Anything you say shall be buried. Don't cry, please!"

"I am not crying. It is only a slight nerve attack. I am subject to it when deeply moved."

"Nerves must be a great nuisance,"

he observed, not knowing what to say.

"Yes. Nerves are the outposts of the heart. Now, Mr. O'Byrne, may I ask you why you are so pressing in your questions as to Mademoiselle De Lacey? Are you in love with her?"

Honest Myles did not hesitate a second.

"I am," he said.

"O my God! I—I feared as much!"—this almost aloud.

"But," added Myles, "on the honor of an Irish gentleman, Miss De Lacey does not know of it—does not suspect it—never shall know it."

The Baroness grasped the rail hard till her knuckles were white.

"And—and—why?"

"Because, although my blood is as good as that of the De Laceys, I have no position, no fortune,—in fact, I have nothing."

"And does a woman who loves calculate how near a man stands to a throne, the number of pounds, shillings and pence he has to his credit in the bank, whether he wears tawdry gilding on his clothes? Oh, fie, Mr. O'Byrne! I tell you that if I loved a man it would be the *man*, not his title; it would be the *man*, not his bank account; the *man*, not his gold lace. Out upon you, Myles O'Byrne, that can view a woman's love only after such a sorry fashion! I have studied you. You are an honest gentleman, to whom one woman is very much the same as another; and after you have danced with her, you could hand her back to her chaperon without another thought. Am I right?"

"Well, in a way, yes."

"And now you imagine yourself compelled to fall in love with this nonentity because you were brave enough to save her life."

"O Baroness, are you not putting it a little too strong?"

"Pshaw! I don't bandy words or juggle with sentences. I say what I care to say; and, whatever my faults, I

do not lie. It would be too far beneath my position to do so; for I hold a position second to none, sir. I am noble in my own right; my husband was noble—of the first class, Mr. O'Byrne. There are two classes. We are of the grand nobles. I have territories, not merely estates. I have mines, gold and silver, in the Urals. I have a castle in the Caucasus, another in—but why go on? Why am I talking this absurd rodomontade? Well, immensely rich as I am, if I loved a man, I would hurl lands, castles, titles, yachts, mines into the Neva; yes, they would not be worth that"—snapping her finger—"if weighed against the man of my choice." And she hurriedly wiped her lips with a piece of old lace worth a king's ransom.

"I am sure, Baroness, that you would love with a great love," said Myles, thinking only while he spoke of his own hopeless love for Eileen.

"Why, here they are,—up a tree!" cried Miss Abell, followed by Count O'Reilly.

"Tell them to go away!" whispered the Baroness, fiercely.

"A hundred thousand pardons!" laughed the girl. "Supper in ten minutes. Come along, Morrie!"

The Baroness replaced her hand on the arm of Myles.

"I was going to tell you how I could love. I *do* love, Myles O'Byrne; and I love *you*."

The bomb had fallen and exploded at his feet. He was dazzled, bewildered, albeit prepared for any move on the part of the Baroness; for her manner was strange and she had led up to the declaration with all her rough skill. What was he to say? What was he to do? The idea of this young woman so far unsexing herself as to declare her passion for him! Was it not a caprice, the whim of one overlaid with the riches of the earth,—a rose-tinted cloud that would pass, that *must* pass? She was to him as one led to the dance and then returned to her chaperon.

His heart did not give one additional beat, or throb one abnormal throb. What was she to him? He could always earn his living—and be free. Suppose he fell in with her mood and married her? He would be only the husband of the Baroness Grondno, and would be assailed in other people's minds by the unjust suspicion that he had sought her for her wealth. Yes, he would dearly like to own that magnificent steam yacht flashing hundreds of lights upon the rushing Neva; to own those castles and territories, and that account in the Imperial Bank of Russia. But he could not honestly repay this woman in what she seemed to yearn for, and he would ever be true to his ideal of manhood.

The deeply agitated woman by his side, her hand almost convulsively clasping his arm, suddenly continued:

"You must not, you shall not, you *dare* not consider me unwomanly, Myles. In my position of power and wealth, and in my territory, I am a queen, and I must not be disobeyed by a subject. But you, Myles, shall be my king, and I your subject. Nay, hear me out!"—as O'Byrne showed signs of a desire to break in. "You are poor, and your poverty has made you as proud as Lucifer. Either of us should speak. Not *you*,—I must do it. I shall come to you, Myles,—I who am as proud as any woman in the Tsar's dominions; who have been wooed until I have sickened at the word *love*. Those sham, hollow-hearted, dastardly fortune-hunters, who would marry me, then perhaps desert me and fly to their beloved Paris or Venice to spend my possessions! I know them, but they do not know me. From the moment I laid eyes upon you at Fontanka, the day I drove over with the Princess Gallitzin, I felt that I had met my fate. I knew—"

"But, Baroness," interposed Myles, "you understand—"

"You must not think me unwomanly," she went on. "How many a true heart

has been withered, broken, by a foolish silence! I repeat, I would not have you consider me unwomanly for all the world. You should see the school for little girls I have endowed and supported, also the boys' school, the foundling asylum, and three homes for aged women. I hate to have to say these things, but I must justify myself, if I can, in thus bursting the fetters of conventionality. My nature, Myles, is a deadly earnest one, is a defiant one, an intensely passionate one. Why should I, with everything at my command, implore and beseech the love of (what you are pleased to designate yourself) a bank clerk? It seems like madness, yet for your love I would lose the whole world."

She plunged her eyes into her pocket-handkerchief and sobbed as though her heart would break, whilst Myles could only say:

"Don't cry, Baroness! *Please don't!*"

"A moment more! I see that I have come face to face with my fate. You are destined to be mine: I consulted the Wise Woman of Preobrajenskoi; and believe me that I shall make you a good wife. Now, Myles, I shall say no more on this subject until we are afloat. I want you to consider the matter and weigh it well. You are no schoolboy. Am I a schoolgirl? I know my mind; and when I resolve upon carrying out a project, *I carry it out.*"

And, giving his arm a vise-like squeeze, she glided away, and in a trice was whirling in a dreary waltz with Sir Henry Shirley.

(To be continued.)

LET us never be afraid of innocent joy. God is good, and what He does is well done. Resign yourself to everything, even to happiness. Ask for a spirit of sacrifice, detachment, renunciation; and above all for the spirit of gratitude and joy,—that religious optimism which sees in God a Father and asks no pardon for His benefits.—*Amiel.*

Graceful Charity.

THE refined wit of the cultured Frenchman is always enjoyable; when it embodies in addition the delicacy of the truest Christian charity it is admirable as well. A little incident in the life of a former Bishop of Châlons, Mgr. de Prilly, merits narration as a case in point.

This good prelate, who died in 1860, was not less noted for his charity than for his undaunted heroism, displayed particularly during a cholera epidemic. A citizen of Châlons, the father of a large family, was on one occasion reduced to the very extremity of misery. He had experienced business reverses, and these losses had been followed by a prolonged illness which had completely exhausted his resources. Anxious to procure food for his starving children, he consulted an acquaintance, who advised him to solicit the help of the holy Bishop.

Acting on the advice, he proceeded to the episcopal residence and was admitted into the presence of Mgr. de Prilly. The destitute father with some hesitation exposed the indigence to which he had been reduced. The Bishop listened with his usual kindness; then, opening his purse, handed his visitor fifteen francs. The latter took the sum, but in doing so it appeared to him that he was guilty of a sort of sacrilege. With a scruple of conscience which did him honor, and thinking that the prelate had aided him as a Christian, he declared that he was a Jew.

Mgr. de Prilly reopened his purse.

"My good friend," said he, "all men are children of God. I have just given you fifteen francs in the name of the Son; here are fifteen more in the name of the Father."

The words and the act were as graceful as they were charitable. As a model of good form and of good morals they are worthy of remembrance.

At the Bier of Leo XIII. As to His
Successor.

IT is not surprising that the death of Leo XIII. should have excited universal sympathy, or that men of all creeds and of no creed should have paid tribute to his memory, extolling his virtues and lauding his labors for the religious welfare of mankind. He was the only Pope that the modern world has ever really known. Circumstances undoubtedly providential rendered him more conspicuous and brought him nearer to the heart of humanity than any of his predecessors. An exemplar of all Christian virtues, high-minded and large-hearted, learned, progressive and liberal, strong of will, and of wondrous energy even in old age, he was recognized as one of the truly great men of the time. But the deprivation of temporal power revealed him to the world in a new light, and the world was attracted and captivated as never before. In Pope Leo XIII. was recognized the leader and ruler of Christendom.

The influence of his successor is sure to be increased, and he is likely to enjoy greater freedom in the city where he should be supreme,—as independent of Italy as of any other nation. But should the next Pope be confined to the Vatican, his God-given power will not be restricted, nor will the progress of the Church be in the least retarded. One must be faint-hearted indeed to doubt that any means really necessary for the mission of the Church will ever be wanting to her. The breach of Porta Pia was no obstacle to the spread of Christ's kingdom on earth.

Flippant, flowing and contradictory has ever been the gossip of the world. It is natural that tongues should wag in speculation as to the next Pope—the eligibility of the different cardinals and their chances of election, the party among them whose influence is greatest,

the policy best to be pursued by the future head of the Church. In almost the same breath it is asserted that one or another member of the Sacred College is certain to be the choice of his colleagues, and that it is altogether probable the next Pope will be a "dark horse," an unnamed and, to the world, unknown personality among the electors. But as the world has learned something about the Papacy through Leo XIII., we venture the prediction that in the case of his successor it will learn something about the way in which Popes are chosen. The world moves in all directions. In the troubled times of Pius IX. doubt was often expressed by unbelievers whether he would have a successor. It is a striking fact that nowadays no one questions the stability of the Church. But her children know that she is also indestructible, that Christ is with her even to the consummation of the world.

A Bouquet of Roses.

"THERE is in physics a charming experiment," says Père Gratry. "One causes to appear, suspended in the air, in the middle of the room, a bouquet of roses; one sees it and yet there is nothing." Could it be so with God? Could He be only a fancy without any real existence?

Under what condition can the operator make the imaginary bouquet appear? Under one alone—an essential one: it is that the bouquet actually exists, not at the point where we see it, but at another invisible one, where mirrors, skilfully arranged, reflect the image to the spot where it appears to be.

Such is the divine ideal. If you find it in yourself, it is because it exists—not in your brain, but somewhere higher than yourself. There is no ideal without a corresponding reality. If you think of God, it is because God exists.

Notes and Remarks.

We have already referred to a sensational article on the Church in Spain contributed to one of the leading reviews by an apostate priest in England. As usual, we are asked to refute this tirade and to name books which afford correct views of Spain and its inhabitants. It is quite useless, we think, to combat a writer capable of a statement like this: "The Church, in its cut-and-dried casuistry and perverse view of man's moral nature, has never classed cruelty as a sin." It was Coventry Patmore, we believe, who said: "One fool will deny more truth in half an hour than a wise man can prove in seven years." It is to be hoped that Mr. McCabe is more foolish than perverse. He spent one or two years in Belgium, and he wrote of that country as he has written of Spain. It would be a great mistake to take him too seriously. His contributions to the reviews are of a piece with his books, among which is a volume entitled "Twelve Years in a Modern Monastery." It need not be told what kind of a book this is. But sensible people judge of such productions in this wise: If the monastic life is what the writer represents it, he was a dull man to have required so many years to ascertain the fact, or a bad man to have led such a life for so long a period. Mr. McCabe deals in assertions, and he shrieks them as shallow men shriek their opinions,—not caring for facts and not having any convictions. Catholic readers ought to remember books like "A Corner of Spain," by Mrs. Coles Harris, written, we believe, before her conversion to the Church; and Lady Herbert's "Impressions of Spain."

The sessions of the National Council of the National Educational Association in Boston were remarkable for the frank and broad-minded way in which the

question of religious education was discussed, and especially for the number of influential educators who contended for some sort of religious instruction in the schools. So unanimous was the sentiment on this subject that when Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, insisted that the principle of the separation of Church and State logically entailed the exclusion of religious instruction from the schools, he found himself occupying a position of splendid isolation. Says the *Pilot*: "This attitude of Dr. Harris aroused immediate antagonism, most of the educators present feeling that the speaker was twenty-five years behind the times." Another pleasant feature of the convention was the part taken by the Catholic Union of Boston in the entertainment of the visiting teachers,—“opening its building for the entire day on the Sunday preceding, and on all the days of the convention; arranging for a special sermon at the High Mass at the cathedral; keeping an information bureau, supplying guides, telephone, facilities for letter-writing and telegraphing; and giving delightful social entertainments on every evening of the convention's session.” And by no means the least interesting item of the report is the information that there were four hundred and forty Catholic public school-teachers to assist the Union in the work of entertainment. Who will undertake to measure the good effects of that week in Boston, in the softening of prejudice and the inculcation of high ideals of education?

The "Heathen Chinees" is peculiar, but he is not so incorrigible as some of his Occidental brothers. The well-known Bishop Von Anzer, Vicar Apostolic of Shantung, has written to a friend in England saying that he and his fellow-missionaries now enjoy "profound peace" in the land of the Boxers. The Bishop also states that the Chinese

government is establishing a public school system after European models—and thereby hangs a tale. In order to exclude the missionaries from any advantage accruing from State-supported schools, all teachers in the public schools were at first required to march their pupils twice a month to the pagoda, where they prostrated themselves before the “tablet of the forefathers,” imploring Confucius for wisdom. Naturally Bishop Von Anzer could not permit members of his flock to participate in this act of idolatry. He took up the matter at once with the local viceroy, and as a result he now has two German-Chinese schools subsidized by the State but dispensed from the worship of Confucius. No religious instruction of any kind is permitted in these schools, but the Bishop is allowed to supply such instruction in a neighboring building. It is not altogether gratifying to the vanity of any Christian nation to feel that it has lessons of toleration to learn from the Chinese Empire; but these facts speak for themselves.

“A tournament of ignorance” is the phrase employed by the New York *Evening Post* to characterize the “journalistic absurdities” provoked by the election of the new Pope. It is one of the small inconveniences resulting from the secrecy of the conclave that the reporters have to base their alleged reports solely on their imaginations and on scraps of “inside” information picked up in the convivial atmosphere of the Roman *cafés*. The true account of the conclave would not be so sensational, though it would undoubtedly be more edifying. Fortunately for those whose tastes run to such revelations, Cardinal Manning left among his notes—they were published by his biographer—some reminiscences of the “machinations” preceding the conclave of 1878, which elected the lamented Pope Leo: “Cardinal Bilio said [in one of the preliminary discus-

sions] that he held it necessary, in the present conflict of the Church, that the next Pope should be a foreigner, and then suggested myself. I said that in my judgment, as they already knew, the next Pontiff must be Italian in blood and speech, and one who knows and loves Italy and is known and loved by Italians.... We then agreed on Cardinal Pecci, and undertook to speak to other cardinals.”

This is electioneering indeed, but of a kind not over-familiar to American newspaper men. As to the emotions of Cardinal Pecci himself when he heard his name so frequently announced in the counting of ballots, we may judge by what Cardinal de Bonnechose afterward recorded of him: “Just before the voting began he [Cardinal Pecci] went to one of the most revered members of the Sacred College. ‘I can not control myself,’ he said: ‘I must address the Sacred College. I fear they are about to commit a sad mistake. People think I am a learned man; they credit me with possessing wisdom; but I am neither learned nor wise.’” It is obviously unreasonable to expect reporters from New York or Chicago to imagine such electioneering as this; and hence, well-meaning young fellows though they are, they write according to their lights.

The telegraph sometimes effects strange coincidences. Two weeks or more ago a dispatch in one of the French papers announced the death of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Crochet, of Nagpur, India. Several days afterward we received a long letter from him, in which he renewed his thanks to our readers for their generous alms to the famine-stricken orphans of his vast diocese, promising never to forget his benefactors in America. “That awful famine,” he wrote, “was the best missionary India has had in recent times. What an opportunity it afforded and still affords for the spread of the Gospel!” The good

Bishop certainly made the most of it, though he was able to bear for less than three years the heavy burden imposed upon him at the death of Bishop Pelvat. He had been a missionary in India for thirty years, and was respected and beloved as a man of God. For many months he had suffered from heart disease, and later on was stricken with paralysis. Rallying a little, he was urged to return to his native France for a change; but he preferred to die where he had labored and suffered. "My episcopal life has been a long series of miseries," he says in concluding his letter, itself a painful effort. "What I have witnessed is enough for one man's life." We bespeak the prayers of our readers for this noble Bishop, though it is hard to think that one so good is not already enjoying eternal rest.

one last kiss on her loved ones, then flees in tears from her home, leaving on her husband's desk these words, written in a trembling hand: "For some time past I have felt the symptoms of leprosy. I have no longer strength to struggle against and resist its progress. I am afraid of bringing misfortune on our children, lest from my breath, my caresses, my presence they should fall victims to the contagion. Farewell, then! Make my children good; at least save them from the leprosy of the soul, if you are unable to save them from that of the body. It may be that we shall never see one another again in this world; but God, I hope, will receive us all in heaven. Good-bye for the last time!"

It is easy to understand that the missionary was powerless to respond to this address, so pathetic, so heart-rending. He raised his hand in silent benediction, praying that his afflicted flock might be preserved from the leprosy of the soul.

The prevalence of leprosy in the Republic of Colombia is something appalling. Thirty thousand, it seems, is a low estimate of the number of lepers there. The misery of their condition is indescribable. A Salesian missionary writing from Bogota gives a consoling account of a mission to the inmates of the lazaretto at Agua de Dios, many of whom are blind and not a few as helpless as infants. The fraternal charity of these unfortunates is beyond praise. A touching instance of devotion on the part of a young mother stricken with the dread disease was related in an address to the missionaries on their departure. After portraying her anguish when the conviction was forced upon her that she had become a leper, the speaker continued:

Days wear on; the disease makes steady advance; she realizes it, and she feels at the same time a mortal anguish. She has a husband and children. One morning, after a night of almost superhuman struggle, she makes up her mind. She gathers together her few belongings, and then draws near the cots where her little children lie peacefully asleep. She looks round to see if she is perceived; and, finding herself alone, she stealthily bestows

The number of priests in this country who live to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of their ordination is small indeed compared with the number who die before reaching the age of fifty. And it would seem that priests whose lives are most arduous live longest and enjoy best health. At least such was the case with the venerable Father Parisot, O. M. I., who lately passed to his reward at Castroville, Texas. For upward of half a century he had exercised the ministry in that State, bearing privations and braving hardships which are not supposed to fall to the lot of clergymen in a country like the United States. But, then, almost nothing is known of the strenuous life led by missionaries in many parts of the South. Father Parisot was an ideal priest, learned and pious, zealous and self-sacrificing. He was among the pioneer priests of Texas; and the wondrous progress of the Church in that immense State is largely due to his indefatigable labors, which were as varied as they were indispensable. The death of this venerable missionary was no less edifying than his life. He celebrated Mass for the

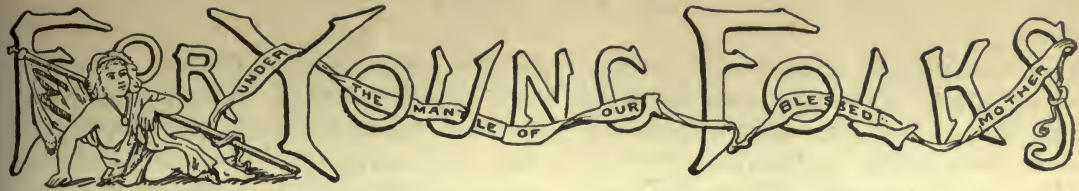
last time on the feast of his patron, St. Peter Fourier; and then with saintlike fervor prepared to meet the Master whom he had served so well. May he rest in peace!

A study in thirsts might be a profitable theme for the temperance essayist. The fact that the sale of mineral waters in this country last year was ten thousand gallons in excess of what it was the preceding year moves the *New York Sun* to exclaim: "Americans are the greatest water-drinkers in the world!" To offset this we may observe that the consumption of wine and beer last year exceeded the records for the preceding year; and this statement, in turn, must be modified by the consideration that the consumption of spirits was considerably less. The *New York Press* makes this curious and probably verifiable observation: "It is one of the interesting phases of human nature, as shown by official figures, that panic years, such as 1893 for instance, saw a much larger consumption of spirits than did years of general prosperity. Good times, when labor is employed and money is in abundance, seem to stimulate activity in the wine and beer trade, while the consumption of spirits mounts high apparently in years of dissatisfaction and distress."

Even though the formal celebration has been postponed until 1905, American Catholics have good reason to pause and give thanks on August 5, the centenary of the establishment of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. The postponement has been decided upon, we are informed, "as a mark of sympathy with the French religious in their present persecution, and in the hope that by that time official France will be again at peace with the Church." Let us hope that by that time, too, the process of the canonization of the Venerable Julie Billiart, begun fourteen years ago, will

have been advanced. The daughters of this holy foundress have preserved her spirit to a degree that is remarkable; and the influence of their training—whether in the parish schools or in women's colleges—has been great and distinctive. The Congregation was born amid the chaos resulting from the first Reign of Terror in France; it is not a little significant that the Sisters have felt constrained to postpone their great act of thanksgiving until the fury of another reign of terror is abated. It is ever so. The powers of evil are noisy, violent and spasmodic; the hosts of God move on serene and silent, steadfast and confident. They only "come in out of the storm," as it were: they never dream of abandoning the field.

The death of the Most Rev. Archbishop Katzer removes a prelate distinguished for holiness of life, enlightened zeal, and administrative ability, and is mourned throughout the State of Wisconsin. As a professor in St. Francis' Seminary, as pastor of the cathedral congregation in Green Bay, as secretary and Vicar-General of the late Bishop Krautbauer, as Bishop of Green Bay, and finally as Archbishop of Milwaukee, he became widely known, and won a host of friends and admirers among all classes of citizens. He was respected and beloved by the Catholics of Wisconsin, and by those outside of the Church he was held in high esteem for his sterling virtues and rugged manhood. It is high praise of Archbishop Katzer to say that he was admired most by those who knew him best. First impressions of him were not always favorable, but long acquaintance was sure to inspire a full measure of confidence and affection. His life was entirely devoted to the religious welfare of his immense flock, whose prayers for the repose of his soul will be prompted in most cases by a feeling of affection as well as by a sense of duty. May he rest in peace!



Clara at the Window.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"YOU small, cunning sparrow with coat of gray,
I have some questions to ask to-day:
What is it you cry when you watch me eat
A slice of gingerbread, brown and sweet?"—
"Here, here, here!"

"And when my cake I share with you,
What do you call me then, tell me true?"—
"Dear, dear, dear!"

"Here are some lettuce leaves scattered about;
If you would like them, I'll push them out."—
"Push, push, push!"

"What will you say, gossip, if I tell
You dropped a worm right in the well?"—
"Hush, hush, hush!"

"Sparrow, what are you when day by day
You take our cherries and grapes away?"—
"Thief, thief, thief!"

"Of all the robbers I ever saw,
Stuffing fruit in your greedy maw,
Always wanting another meal,
What are you, sparrow, of those who steal?"—
"Chief, chief, chief!"

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IV.—ANSELM BENEDICT.

THE boys, having crossed the threshold, found themselves in a spacious chamber, wainscoted and hung with gorgeous tapestry. Its furniture was of most ancient fashion. The chairs, straight and high-backed, had carved legs, representing the claws of animals. There was no carpet upon the floor, which was of highly polished oak. In the centre of the room stood a massive table, so heavy and substantial that it might have been made from

some monarch of the forest; it was piled with all manner of curious objects. The windows were stained and mullioned. Over the whole place hung an indescribable air of mystery,—the enchantment of the past. It was precisely like a page out of Scott, while some romance of the Middle Ages seemed to lurk in every one of its corners.

The grandfather stood still a moment, looking round him; then he said:

"I am now about to introduce you to Anselm Benedict himself."

Advancing to the very end of the room, he touched a spring in one of the tapestried panels. Instantly a door flew open, displaying an alcove richly hung with tapestry of velours, and displaying a figure which caused every boy to start. So cleverly was the portrait arranged that it seemed as if the personage represented were really alive and might at any instant begin to speak.

Julian's first startled feeling gave place to one of profound astonishment.

"Why, I thought he was old," he exclaimed, involuntarily; "and instead he's young and handsome!"

The boyish voice sounded oddly out of place in that apartment, heavy with the shadows of the past, and it gave Julian himself a creepy feeling.

Handsome that mysterious ancestor undoubtedly was; straight and tall as an arrow; with a sensitive face, full of fire and passion; eyes whose strange depths thrilled even the least impressionable of the boys; curling locks, falling loose over the shoulders; and a mouth that expressed courage and tenderness, as well as scorn for what was mean or base or cowardly.

"He's just splendid!" said Julian.

John Jacob was busy appraising the severely plain but rich habiliments, the

fall of costly lace at neck and wrists; while Sedgwick was most occupied with the sword, so richly jewelled at the hilt.

Walter whispered to Julian:

"He has awful eyes! They scare me like everything!"

Meantime the grandfather stood regarding the portrait with a cynical smile, as if he were an enchanter who had brought this splendid figure from out the past, and was scornful of his own power. After a moment or two of silence, Mr. Mortimer began to address his ancestor as follows:

"So, Anselm Benedict, your face is once more uncovered to the light, and a new generation—shall I say 'of your victims'?—are arrayed before you. These, like the others, are full of mad daring, eager to fulfil your commands and certain of success. You best know if success be possible."

It seemed as if the proud dark eyes of the pictured youth answered the old man's taunts with defiance, whereas in the voice of the living man there was a deep bitterness against the dead.

"Yes, there you are, after two hundred years or more; and your influence is still upon us. There you are about to enroll in your service these four young lives. What will you make of them, Anselm Benedict? What has your mad whim made of your descendants?"

The speaker seemed to have forgotten for the moment the presence of his four young listeners, who looked from him to the portrait with interest and curiosity.

"I shall, however, do my part, since you have imposed upon each occupant of this mansion the duty of seeing your commands enforced and your wishes made known to all who seek to enter upon the competition."

Having thus addressed the portrait, he turned to the boys.

"To-night you will fulfil the first condition. Each one of you in turn must spend an hour after midnight here, alone, with Anselm Benedict. Face to

face with him, you shall look into the very depths of your own nature, and discover if you have the qualities necessary for success in this quest, and if you are determined to pursue it."

Now, this was not precisely the sort of adventure upon which any of the boys had counted, and not one amongst them relished it. Walter Worthington grew pale to the very lips. Sedgwick shifted uneasily from one foot to another and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. John Jacob looked perturbed and a frown darkened his hatchet face; while Julian revived his own courage by promising himself to get his mother to say her beads for him. His sagacious mind began to reflect:

"He was a good man, this Anselm Benedict, or he wouldn't have been exiled for the Faith; and he wants us to be good, because he said so in his letter. So he won't do us any harm. Besides, courage is one of the things that he thinks his descendants should have."

Meantime the grandfather was watching the boys, and smiling with deep and somewhat contemptuous amusement. He saw, after all their eagerness to begin and their defiance of difficulties and dangers, how little this first test was to their liking.

"The service of this Anselm Benedict is not precisely a summer frolic, my lads," he observed; "and you will have to obey his commands very exactly indeed, or give up all chance of finding the ruby and the fortune. Therefore, Sedgwick, as soon as the clock in the hall tolls midnight you will be brought to this place by a messenger, and here remain till one o'clock. At that hour John Jacob will take your place. At two it will be the turn of Walter Worthington; and last of all Master Julian will be led here by one specially appointed for the task.

A thrill ran through his auditors as each one was cited thus to appear in the silence and ghostliness of night. It was like a summons to a secret tribunal,

where the thoughts and feelings of each one should be made manifest.

"Am I right, Anselm Benedict?" inquired the grandfather.

And it seemed as if the speaking eyes of the portrait made answer:

"Yes."

"Now, go out, all of you, down to the shore," said the grandfather. "Keep your nerves steady for to-night. You, Julian, need not be anxious about your mother, as I shall take her out to drive with me. And you will be notified in due time to assemble here to learn the second test."

He waved his hand in dismissal, and they all trooped off, rather a silent and preoccupied band of boys at first. It seemed as if the shadow of that fatal competition had already shut them in. However, they rallied a good deal when they reached the shore. The salt air brought color to their cheeks and a sparkle to their eyes, as they grouped themselves upon a huge rock, looking out seaward and discussing the situation. John Jacob had very little to say. He was busy revolving in his own mind if it would be possible to shirk this ordeal, which he particularly dreaded, and to cover up the deception successfully.

Julian was the first to recover his cheerfulness. He began to roll about in the sand, to gather pebbles and send them splashing out to scare the sea gulls; then he took off his shoes and stockings, so that he might walk close to the water and let the incoming waves roll over his feet. After awhile Sedgwick joined him, and the pair had a royal time, racing over the sand, dabbling in the water, and indulging in impromptu wrestling matches. John Jacob meanwhile lay back upon the sand, staring up at the sky, full of his own plans; and Walter wandered dispiritedly up and down, kicking at the sand with his toe.

"Halloa you fellows!" cried Sedgwick. "If you knock under at the very first

blow, you'd better chuck the whole business."

"The letter told us at once we'd have to be brave," added Julian. "Of course we didn't exactly think of that kind of bravery; but I guess we'll get through somehow, and it's no use worrying beforehand. The next thing we have to do may be easier."

"Confound him for an old bloke!" cried John Jacob. "What does he want to keep us up all night for?"

"I'm afraid I'll never get through the hour," lamented Walter.

"Well, you see, fellows, it's got to be done," remarked practical Sedgwick, "or you may as well bid good-bye to the stone and the fortune."

"I'll never do that," said John Jacob, springing up and pacing restlessly about,—"not if I die for it."

"So say we all!" chimed in Julian, taking off his cap and waving it in the air. "Hurrah for the jewel and the hidden room!"

A strange and startling thing followed; for his words seemed to be repeated clearly and distinctly from within the solid rock beside which the boys were gathered. They all turned and stared as if the rough granite would reveal the secret. But no: it stood stern and gray in its mighty strength, jutting away out into the water, where the waves churned themselves into white froth around its base.

"I guess it's an echo of some sort," suggested Sedgwick. "But it sounded mighty queer."

"Mighty queer, indeed!" muttered John Jacob. "I don't half like how things go around this place."

There were tears of positive alarm in Walter's eyes. He could not trust his voice to speak.

"Of course it was an echo!" cried Julian, rallying his courage. "Hurrah, I say, for Anselm Benedict and the lost jewel of the Mortimers!"

Again the words came back clearly

and distinctly, though with a hollow and sepulchral sound.

"Well! I won't try it again," said Julian. "We've had enough of that. I vote that we go back to the house."

The vote was carried. Bright as was the sunshine, wholesome and pure the air, the boys seemed to have lost their taste for the shore; and they went back to the house, sitting upon the veranda, very gravely and quietly for them, discussing the one absorbing topic of the night-watch.

"I wonder what we'll think of it to-morrow morning?" said Julian. "It's bound to be ghostly and all that. But it's rather thrilling, the sort of thing the hero does in tales of adventure; and he always comes out all right."

"If we could go all together!" put in Walter.

"It wouldn't be much of a test if we could do that, sonny," Sedgwick exclaimed, somewhat contemptuously.

John Jacob was silently pondering in his own mind on the possibility of slipping through the servant's hands and not going into the room at all.

"What do servants care about tests?" he thought. "I can slip down again at two o'clock, and when he unlocks the door get in behind him."

John Jacob was so elated with this plan that he quite recovered his good-humor, and chuckled to himself till Julian asked:

"Halloo, Jake, what's the joke?"

"I'm laughing at the idea of us fellows being in such a pickle about nothing. What is it to stay in an empty room for an hour!"

Julian's opinion of his cousin's courage rose considerably. He was quite impressed by his boldness, and frankly said so. But Sedgwick remarked, rather dryly:

"I hope you're laughing hardest at yourself; for you were the most scared of all when you heard what we had to do, and when that echo came out of the rock."

"I wasn't either," contradicted Jake. "Wat was scared nearly out of his wits."

"We were all pretty badly frightened this afternoon," said Julian. "I feel creepy about it yet and about to-night. You must have a lot of pluck, Jake."

"I have a level head," said that worthy, enigmatically; "and I guess we'd better try to put the whole business out of our minds till the time comes."

This being good advice, all four tried hard to follow it and to forget the evil hour which awaited them.

Mr. Mortimer and his daughter-in-law had been absent all day, having driven over to a neighboring village. It was quite dark when they returned, and Julian's mother went straight to her room.

When nine o'clock came, the grandfather dispatched the boys to bed. Julian, going upstairs, found his mother very pale, with traces of tears on her face, and dressed for out of doors.

"What is the matter, mother dearest? Where are you going in the dark?"

"Julian dear lad, I have to leave you. Your grandfather declares that my continued presence here would give you an advantage over the other boys. John Jacob has no mother, and the others can not be spared from home. I think he is right, Julian. You must stand on an equal footing with the rest."

"I will go with you, mother, and give up the whole job. What do I care for rubies or money!"

"No," said his mother. "Having undertaken this quest, it is best for you to pursue it to the end, if possible. You must not begin life with a failure."

"If only you could stay!"

"Since I can not, I commit you to the care of our Mother in heaven; and I leave you prayer as your best weapon. In it you will find strength and all else you need."

As she spoke there was a sound of wheels without.

"The carriage come for me!" she

declared; and the mother held her boy in a close embrace, letting her tears mingle with his.

When Julian was left alone he knelt and prayed with all the fervor of his boy's heart. It reminded him of the time when he was planning to steal away to be a martyr in China or Japan, and of the struggle it cost him to think of leaving his mother. She had, happily, discovered his intentions, and advised him to wait till he was grown up.

He got into bed, very lonely and miserable. But he soon fell asleep, and was awakened by the clock tolling twelve. He remembered that Sedgwick was just then being led into the west wing, and for a time he tossed about excitedly. Presently, however, he dozed off again; and was aroused this time by the strangest figure he had ever seen.

(To be continued.)

The Goblin and the Miser.

A FABLE BY KRILOF.

A certain goblin used to keep watch over a rich treasure buried underground. Suddenly he was ordered by the ruler of the goblins to fly away for many years to the other side of the world. His office was of such a nature that he was obliged to do as he was bid whether he liked it or not. Our goblin fell into a terrible perplexity, wondering how he should preserve his treasure in his absence. He worried himself; he pondered over it; and at last an idea came into his head. The master of the house to which he was attached was a terrible miser. The goblin having dug up the treasure, appeared to the miser and said:

"Dear master, they have ordered me to go away from your house to a distant land. But I have always been well disposed toward you, so don't refuse to accept this treasure of mine, as a

parting token of affection. Eat, drink, and be merry, and spend it without fear; only when you die I am to be your sole heir. That is my single stipulation. As for the rest, may Destiny grant you health and long life!"

He spoke and was off.

Ten, twenty years went by. Having completed his service, the goblin flies home to his native land. What does he see? O rapturous sight! The miser, dead from starvation, lies stretched on the strong box, its key in his hand; and the ducats are all there intact. So the goblin gets his treasure back again, and rejoices greatly to think that it has had a guardian who did not cost him a single farthing.

Ostriches in Harness.

On ostrich farms the birds are often used instead of horses. "Go and hitch up an ostrich," would seem to us a strange command to give a hostler; but it is frequently heard where these monstrous creatures are kept. They make very good substitutes for the four-footed beasts, going very swiftly, although they can not pull heavy loads.

At Jacksonville, Florida, there is an ostrich named Oliver that can run a mile in two minutes and twenty-two seconds. His owners declare that he is better than a horse; for he eats less, never shies or runs away, and is never lazy or tired. He seems to like his work; and when he sees his own little carriage being made ready, he runs toward it with wings outspread, as if asking to have his harness put on.

Once a man on a bicycle tried to pass Oliver on the road, but could not. "The idea of being beaten by that awkward bird!" he said, and tried again; giving up at the end of two miles. Some drivers of fast horses have had a similar experience, Oliver having easily distanced them all.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century: Apparitions, Revelations, Graces," by Bernard St. John, is the title of a new book soon to be published by Burns & Oates.

—A new book by the Rev. Dr. Barry, entitled "The Dayspring," will appear in the autumn. It is described as a story of modern life, the scene being laid in Paris between 1868 and 1871.

—The first of the two volumes of the centenary edition of Mangan's writings is announced by Messrs. O'Donoghue, of Dublin. It will contain a large number of pieces never before collected. The second volume will consist of prose writings.

—Among reliable books on Dante, for which there is now an increased demand,—since the presentation of M. Sardou's travesty—the little volume by Father Bowden of the Oratory deserves to be included. It supplies the information for which many readers are in search, and which is not to be found in any other brief biography, at least in our language.

—There are guide-books and guide-books, and, in the case of many of them, it would require a course in surveying to enable one to unravel their intricacies. Not so with "The Boston Guide-Book," by Edwin M. Bacon, prepared especially for the National Educational Association which lately met in the "Hub." This hand-book is convenient in size, and is really complete and explicit. The publishers are Ginn & Co.

—We are requested to state that "The Art of Living Long," which was recently reviewed in these pages, is to be had only of the author who, by the way, is the organist of the Holy Rosary Church, Milwaukee—Mr. W. F. Butler, 57 University Building. There are two editions of the work which are sold at \$1.50 and \$1 net. The price is low for so handsome a volume and so good a guide to a long, healthy and happy life as Louis Cornaro left to posterity.

—As one of the last echoes of the Emerson festivities, we may quote the *Bookman's* protest against the fulsomeness of the unintelligent and tasteless anniversary addresses—"pompous little affairs, full of funeral formality, praising him for things he had nothing to do with, and admiring those qualities which mattered the least.... For our part, we believe that as a moralist he plagiarized a good deal from Moses; and as a founder of civilization, had a fair amount of help; and that when it came to prophecy, it was easier for him than for others, because so many of his sentences were of a kind that any future would fit." The absolute need of checking the enthusiasm of

the Emerson celebration is evident from the fact that—making due allowance for his intellectual and spiritual quality—the claims made for Emerson by his admirers were every bit as extravagant as the awe felt for Mrs. Baker-Eddy by her deluded followers.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Scotland publishes a useful pamphlet entitled "Hints to Catholics Confronted with Modern Agnostic Difficulties." They really are only hints, and they are for the unlearned; but large numbers of men working in shops among amateur theologians of the school of Ingersoll will be glad to have them.

—A forgotten work from the pen of Mr. Justice Byles is about to be re-edited by Mr. W. S. Lilly. Its title is "The Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy." In preparing the notes for this new edition, rendered timely by the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Lilly has enjoyed the co-operation of another Catholic expert in Political Economy, Mr. C. S. Devas.

—The English critics are bestowing very unusual praise on Hilaire Belloc's new volume, "Caliban's Guide to Letters," so called upon the outer cover "for purposes of sale," as the author whimsically remarks, while he gives the book quite another title within covers. The *Athenæum* hopes that the book will be widely read if only to disprove the proverb that Englishmen never appreciate good-humored and amusing irony.

—Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who, in spite of his own excellent literary work, must be described as the husband of Mrs. Meynell, will shortly publish "Benjamin Disraeli: an Unconventional Biography." The personal rather than the political or literary side of his subject will engage Mr. Meynell, and the volume will contain numerous illustrations, as also reminiscences and anecdotes contributed by friends of Disraeli.

—James McNeil Whistler, who died at his home in Chelsea, England, July 17, has commonly been acclaimed as the greatest of American artists, but the propriety of the description is open to question. Whistler was the son of a major in the army of the United States, and his general education was received at West Point. But he studied art in Paris and he never lived more than a few years in this country. He was born in St. Petersburg, whither his father was invited by the Emperor of Russia to introduce a railroad system into that country.

—The publishers of the *Reader*, a new metropolitan magazine, have sent us the July number with an implied request that we advertise the

Reader apropos of an article on "The Catholic in Fiction," by Mr. John J. a'Becket. We gladly record our admiration of Mr. a'Becket's article—it is an excellent one; but any Catholic who buys a copy of the *Reader* on account of it will not do so on our recommendation. What the editor of the *Reader* himself thinks of the article we gather from the press notice which he thoughtfully sends us. We quote: "Unconsciously the author has turned his mind inside out, and since his mind is absolutely typical of Catholicism, he has given a most valuable revelation of the Catholic standpoint. *The very fact that the article provokes the fair-minded lay reader is proof of its Catholic qualities.*" (Italics ours.) On which we have just two observations to make: (1) Catholic men of letters—there are three well-known Catholics among the contributors to the July *Reader*—who send contributions to such magazines with the laudable purpose of abating prejudice are about as usefully employed as a perspiring curb-stone orator delivering a temperance address to a man in a drunken stupor; (2) Catholic editors who wax enthusiastic whenever a Protestant publication prints an article by a clever man like Mr. a'Becket, but who do not seem to be able to read when there is question of the Catholic magazines, ought to quit editing at once and forever.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5.
 Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.
 Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.
 Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.
 In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis.* \$1, net.
 The New Empire. *Brooks Adams.* \$1.50, net.
 The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.
 The Art of Living Long. *Louis Cornaro.* \$1.

- Memoirs and Writings of the Very Rev. James F. Callaghan. *Emily Callaghan.* \$2, net.
 Studies in the Lives of the Saints. *Edward Hutton.* \$1.25.
 Old Squire. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.
 St. Margaret of Cortona. *Rev. L. de Cherance, O. S. F. C.* \$1.
 Castle Omeragh. *F. Frankfort Moore.* \$1.50.
 Saint Teresa. *Henri Joly.* \$1.
 Ye are Christ's. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* 50 cts., net.
 The Four Last Things. *Blessed Thomas More.* 50 cts.
 A Spiritual Consolation and Other Treatises, *Blessed John Fisher.* 50 cts.
 Letters to Young Men. *Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, O. P.* 75 cts., net.
 Under the Cross. *Faber.* 60 cts., net.
 A Story of St. Germain. *Sophie Maude.* \$1, net.
 In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock.* \$1.
 Helps to a Spiritual Life. *Schneider-Girardey.* \$1.25.
 The Rose and the Sheepskin. *Joseph Gordian Daley.* \$1.
 The Friendships of Jesus. *Rev. M. J. Ollivier, O. P.* \$1.50, net.
 The Unravelling of a Tangle. *Marion Ames Taggart.* \$1.25.
 Questions on "First Communion." *Mother M. Loyola.* 30 cts., net.
 The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. *Rev. Horace K. Mann.* \$3, net.
 Man Overboard! *F. Marion Crawford.* 50 cts.
 Comfort for the Faint-Hearted. *Ludovicus Blosius, O. S. B.* 75 cts., net.
 How to Sing. *Lilli Lehmann.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Henry Muehlsiepen, V. G., of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. Joaquin Bot, diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. James Clancy, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Peter Parisot, O. M. I.

Mr. Charles Oertel, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Anthony Judge, South Hadley, Mass.; Miss Margaret Munroe, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. James McHugh, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Isabella Healy, Washington, Ind.; Mr. John Kerr, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Margaret Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Davoren, Grand Rapids, Minn.; Mr. William Coughlin, W. Troy, N. Y.; Ellen Finlay, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. Louis Leonard and Mr. W. C. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

By FR. M. LIGONNET.

*Andante Expressivo.*SOPRANO.
ALTO.

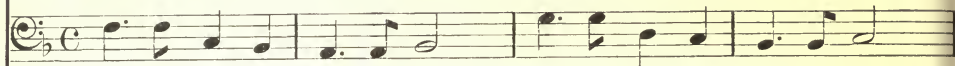
Ky - ri - e, e - le - i - son, Chris - te, e - le - i - son,

TENOR.



Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Sanc - ta De - i Ge - ni - trix,

BASS.



Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Sanc - ta De - i Ge - ni - trix,

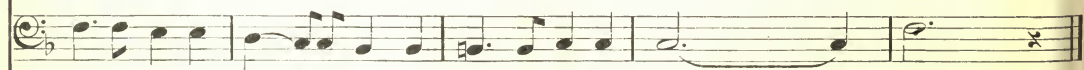
ORGAN.



Ky - ri - e, e - le - i - son, e - le - i - son, e - le - - - i - son.



Sanc - ta Vir - go vir - gi - num, O - ra pro no - - - - bis.



Sanc - ta Vir - go vir - gi - num, O - ra pro no - - - - bis.





HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 6.

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They Can who Do.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

ACHIEVEMENT is the surest test of power

In letters, art, or other toilsome field
Of human enterprise wherein we wield
The brain or hand to pluck bright glory's flower
And wear it proudly for a transient hour:

Performance, not mere promise, makes men yield
Their tributes warm; ability concealed
Ne'er caused a mortal 'bove his mates to tower.

Distrust their strength and skill who *could* do great
And worthy deeds—if only they would try;
Distrust thine own, nor childlike vainly prate
Of powers that from the world all hidden lie.
Thou *canst* do what already thou hast done:
Of claim to higher merit thou hast none.

The Office of Our Lady, and Manuscript "Hours" of the Middle Ages.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THE custom of reciting the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary is no longer a general practice even amongst educated Catholics at the present day; but the great number of manuscript "Hours" still existing prove how universal was this custom amongst the upper classes in England ere the cruel storm of heresy and persecution wrecked the ancient homes of faith, bringing desolation and indifference in its train.

Even a cursory glance into old chronicles serves to show that the laity in

Britain began centuries ago to say the Office of Our Blessed Lady. It is also abundantly proved that our ancestors learned this office by heart in their childhood, and, moreover, that they were in the habit of reciting it together; for we find evidence of this during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They even recited it whilst dressing, as we learn from the "Boke of Curtesay," wherein Lytyl John is thus admonished:

While that ye be aboute honestly
To dresse yourself and do on your arraye
With felowe wel and trefably
Our Lady matyns loke ye that ye say,
And this observance use ye every day.*

By their ancient rules, the Carthusians were allowed to say the Office of Our Lady whilst they were at work; and Cassian tells us that the ancient monks of Egypt were allowed to sing their psalms as they worked.

At Eton, the thirtieth chapter of the statutes prescribes that the scholars of the same royal college, in the mornings as soon as they shall have arisen and whilst making their beds, shall say the Matins of Our Blessed Lady after Sarum use. They were also before going to supper to say the Vespers of the same Office.†

When the Sarum rite ceased to exist in England, the Office of Our Lady according to the Roman use was introduced, and thousands of copies were printed abroad, chiefly in the Low

* See Caxton's "Boke of Curtesay."

† "Ancient Laws, etc., for King's College and Eton," p. 552.

Countries. That these Hours often found their way to England is clearly demonstrated by the fact that many of them are still cherished in families where the true Faith has been preserved despite the trials of the so-called Reformation. Some copies bear the names of the owners unto the third and fourth generations.

It is interesting to note that up to the time of the "Great Apostasy" the Office of Our Lady used in England was generally according to the ancient and venerable rite of Sarum, which rite differs in some respects from the Roman. There was also an Office of the Blessed Virgin according to the use of York, printed, reliable authorities tell us, by Ursyn Milner in or about 1516,—only one copy of which, however, was extant some years ago; nor is it now known where that copy is.

Among the valuable manuscripts in the Public Library at Boulogne-sur-Mer there is a fine Hours of Our Lady which experts believe to be according to the rite of York. It differs from the Sarum, with which it has been compared; and the Litany contains the names of Saints Alban, Oswald, Edmund, Augustine, Wilfrid, Cuthbert, Swythyn, Edward, Hilda, Everildis, and others.

There are minute instructions regarding the method of reciting the Office of Our Lady to be found in the Ancren Rewle. It would appear that each anchoress had to copy or transcribe the Hours of this Office for her own use; for the author goes on to explain: "Let everyone say her Hours as she has written them; and say every service separately as far as she can in its own time, but rather too soon than too late....At the one psalm she shall stand, if she is at ease; and at the other sit; and always rise up at the *Gloria Patri* and bow. Whosoever can stand always in worship of Our Ladye, let her stand in God's name; and at

all the seven Hours say *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*."

There is also a devotional treatise on the Divine Offices called "The Miroure of Oure Ladye," which contains a translation of these Offices as used by the Sisters of Sion in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, together with some interesting instructions on the Office of Our Lady. In this work various mystical significations are assigned to the several Hours in close conformity with what Durandus gives in his "Rationale." The general arrangement of subjects for contemplation during the recital of the Office of Our Lady is, we are told, as follows: at Matins, the Annunciation; at Lauds, the Visitation; Prime, the Nativity of Our Lord; Tierce, the Circumcision; Sext, the Purification; None, the Adoration of the Three Kings; Vespers, the Flight into Egypt, Complin, the Assumption.

In all the Sarum Prymers these subjects are engraved at the beginning of the different Hours, though they are not invariably given in this order. Any one who has examined manuscript Hours and the early printed prayer-books and Offices of Our Lady, as well as the Sarum Hours and Prymers, can not fail to have noticed the number of Little Offices they contain. In many of these books the Little Offices of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Cross are inserted after the corresponding Hours of the Office of Our Lady; thus showing that they were recited daily, besides those of the Blessed Virgin.

We read of a pious lady, Miss Dorothy Daniel—who afterward became the wife of Mr. William Bell, of Temple Broughton,—that, "being so much given to prayer, besides the Office of Our Blessed Ladye and of the Dead, the Gradual and other penitential psalms, hymns, litanies, Offices of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Cross, prayers of the manual which were her daily exercise; in the time of Lent, she would never

sleep before she had read over the whole Passion of our Saviour according to one of the four Evangelists, in Latin, which she understood well." Indeed, it was a common practice with our forefathers to read a Passion daily for the souls in purgatory.

All the Hours and Prymers (which, before printing was invented, were often magnificently illuminated), and all the Offices of Our Lady printed at Antwerp, Douay, St. Omer's and Rouen—many of those which came from the latter three places are in English and Latin—contain the Passion of Our Lord and a prayer to Our Lady—*Obsecro te, Domina*. This was called in days gone by the *Obsessia* or "Besieging Prayer of Our Ladye"; and a rubric in the Sarum Prymer of 1534 prescribes its recital before an image of Our Lady of Pity,—that is, a representation of Our Lady seated, with her Divine Son dead and lying on her knees. The old English devotion to Our Lady of Pity was very great; and a writer on this subject tells us that he "does not believe there existed a church in England in which an image of Our Ladye of Pity was not to be found." It may not be generally known that the Thirty Days' Prayer is the modern form of the *Obsessia*.

Many of the Hours contain the armorial bearings and not unfrequently the portraits of the owner and his wife, attended by their patron saints, and on their knees before Our Lady. The so-called Bedford Missal is in reality the Hours of Our Lady compiled for the Regent of France, and bequests of these Books of Hours often occur in wills; for example, in 1429 Ralph Avirley leaves his Red Prymer to Thomas Stone; and in 1443 Henry Markett of York, merchant, left his second best prymer to Henry, his son. It is interesting to find that, until the time of Louis XV., it was the custom in France to include in the trousseau of a bride a pair of beads and a copy of the Hours of Our Blessed Lady.

Henry VI. recited this Office daily; and in the statutes of King's College, founded by him in the year 1443, we are told—in the forty-first chapter, entitled "Of the prayers to be said by the Provost, Fellows, and Scholars"—that "all the choristers present in the college shall, after Matins and Prime, divided on either side of the choir, arrayed in surplices, recite alternately and without note, and in a distinct and clear voice, the Matins and other Hours* of the Blessed Virgin; and also at the hour of Vespers, or at the first sound of the bell, they shall recite among themselves in a similar manner, without note, and in a distinct and clear voice, the Vespers and Complin of the Blessed Virgin; and let them finish before the bell for the Vespers of the day."

We read of Sir Thomas More, the martyred Lord High Chancellor, that he "used everie day to say Our Ladye's Matyns, the Seaven Psalmes and litanies, and manie times the Graduell psalmes, with the psalme *Beati immaculati in via*, and diverse other pious praiers, which he himself composed."

Alcuin, in the distribution of the various Offices which he drew up for each day of the week, assigns Saturday to our Blessed Lady; and the Office of Our Lady, which the Council of Clermont, A. D. 1094, required to be recited daily with the Divine Office, was ordained to be celebrated with solemnity on Saturdays.

Ladies were equally fervent in saying this Office. Cardinal Fisher says of the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VIII., that: "First in prayer every daye at her upringsyng, which comynly was not long after five of the clock, she began certain devocoyons; and so after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the Matyns of Our Ladye." Queen Katherine also daily recited the Office of Our Lady on her knees. This

* By "other Hours" are understood the four Little Hours.

custom—no unusual one, as we have seen, amongst ladies of education in England—made such an impression on the Venetian Ambassador that he remarks upon it when writing to his own government: "They are all present at and hear Mass every day; and if any can read, they take the Office of Our Lady to church and recite it in a low voice in alternate verses, after the manner of religious Orders." History tells us that St. Margaret of Scotland used to recite the Office of Our Lady every day,—of course according to the primitive form, as she died in 1093.

Even taking into consideration the fact that during the Middle Ages the leisured classes rose considerably earlier than they do at present, it is also undeniably clear that they retired to rest much earlier; therefore, in point of time, their days were no longer than ours. How large a portion, then, of their waking moments must have been given to God! How many, many minutes must they not have snatched from recreation or amusement in order to devote themselves to prayer! Truly we, who live the strenuous lives of the twentieth century, are filled with wonder when we pause an instant in our breathless race for wealth or pleasure or high intellectual attainment, to look back into a past dim, perchance, with an ignorance which latter-day science has dispelled, yet irradiated by the luminous light of faith, and brightened by countless examples of piety and learning.

No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result, to himself or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and an unjust act. And all of us may know also that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and to ourselves; though we can neither say what is best nor how it is likely to come to pass.—*Ruskin.*

A Start in Life.

OURS seems to have been from the beginning a singularly successful career," said one of a party of gentlemen gathered around the hospitable table of George Allen, the inventor of a certain turbine-wheel which had brought its originator both fame and fortune. For the first he cared little; with the second he did a great deal of good, both in public and private.

Mr. Allen smiled.

"It has been fortunate for the past twenty-five years," he answered. "Previous to that time I had many a hard bout with fate, and was on the point of giving up in despair when a lucky accident and a romantic incident changed things for me."

With one accord the eyes of his companions turned to the portrait of Mrs. Allen which hung above the head of the table.

"You are all wrong," observed the host. "She had no part in that romantic incident. I did not meet her until some years later."

"Let us have the story," said the gentleman who had first spoken.

"Willingly," replied the host. "It is certainly an unusual one, and you may find it interesting. To begin. I received a good education with the Jesuits; but my father, who was in comfortable circumstances, went down in the great financial panic of '57. He did not live long afterward, and my mother soon followed him. From her I inherited a little money; from my father, a taste for invention, which in his case had always fallen short just of success. I had had the turbine-wheel project in my mind for years, and every cent I owned in the world I put into the venture; feeling sure that it was all I claimed for it. But I could get no one to take hold of it with me; and by

degrees I found myself almost penniless, with an invention on my hands which, if I could but make other people see its possibilities as I saw them, I was confident would make me a rich man before many years.

"By the advice of an attorney—an old friend—I had, as a last effort, gone up the Hudson to make a final appeal to a manufacturer of immense wealth, who, it was thought, might consider my proposition. But he would enter into no discussion on the subject, telling me justly enough (as I realized afterward) that he thought my coming an intrusion, as he had left the city for the purpose of getting away from all business cares and anxieties.

"Very much disheartened, and railing to myself at the selfishness of mankind, I was returning to the city, when, in the middle of the night, an accident occurred which wrought havoc with the engine and left us standing miles from a railroad station. There were very few passengers on the train, and a farmer near whose house the accident had occurred offered us shelter for the night. We accepted the invitation; and the next morning, when I awoke in a delightfully old-fashioned room under the eaves, with a dormer window at either end, commanding as beautiful a view as I have ever seen, I resolved to take advantage of the rest and quiet of the place and remain there a few days, if my host would permit it, in order to recuperate a little before going back to begin the struggle anew. The old gentleman was willing to keep me, his wife and daughter equally so, and I roamed about for the next two or three days, drinking in the invigorating air and getting up a hearty appetite. Though still very much discouraged, the change benefited me greatly; and I had resolved to go to New York at the beginning of the next week, look out for a position in some factory, and put money away carefully until I should

have accumulated enough to try my experiment anew.

"But fate—or Providence—changed all that for me. On the third day of my stay in the old stone farm-house I was setting out for my usual long walk when I met a woman wheeling an invalid chair, in which half sat, half reclined an old lady. She seemed quite feeble; her face was the color of ivory, her hair as white as snow; but the eyebrows were still dark and thick, and from beneath them a pair of piercing grey eyes looked forth at me—it seemed almost with a glance of recognition. I went on my ramble, which lasted all the morning. On my return I was getting ready for dinner when my hostess, Mrs. Bond, made her appearance with a look of great concern.

"Is anything wrong, Mrs. Bond?' I inquired.

"I will tell you,' she answered. 'Do you remember meeting an old lady in a wheeled chair this morning as you were about to start on your walk?'

"Yes,' I replied; 'and she seemed to know me, I thought; but I am sure I never saw her before.'

"We have had a great time with her to-day,' said Mrs. Bond. 'She is a Mrs. Wilkinson; and has been with us several years. She was a widow with one son, a young man about your age. He was lost on the Atlantic on his way to Europe. The shock unhinged her reason, though she is perfectly harmless. Her eccentricity consists in the idea that her son is away and will soon be at home. This morning she saw you and at once declared that you were he. She wants to see you,—indeed, she has been raving about you ever since. If it is not asking too much, my husband and I think it would be a great kindness if you would humor her.'

"What should I do for the poor lady?' I inquired.

"Go to her room and satisfy her that she has made a mistake.'

"What would be the use? Is she not, perhaps, in the habit of making such mistakes?"

"That is the thing," replied Mrs. Bond. "She has never had such a fancy before—that is, in so far as we know. She insists that you are her boy, and you really bear a wonderful resemblance to him."

"How do you know that? How can you tell?" I asked.

"Here is his picture," she replied, taking a photograph from her pocket. "Look at it,—don't you think it resembles you?"

"That picture certainly did look like me. But for the difference in the style of dress it might have been myself."

"Yes," I said, returning it to her: "it is indeed very like me."

"Just then a piercing shriek resounded through the house."

"Charles, Charles!" cried an agonized voice. "Why do you not come to your distracted mother?"

"I shivered; my heart bled for the poor woman,—I had a tender heart in those days, gentlemen—"

"It has not toughened with years," said one of his guests.

"However that may be," continued the narrator, with a smile, "I was deeply touched by the anguish of that poor mother."

"Come to her, Mr. Allen,—do come to her!" said Mrs. Bond.

"I will go," said I. "But the last condition of that woman will be worse than the first, when she discovers her mistake."

"That you can not help. She needs comfort now."

"I followed Mrs. Bond to the room of the distressed woman. She was lying on a sofa. At sight of me she lifted her arms and tried to rise. I hurried to her side. She clasped me round the neck, weeping and exclaiming:

"Charles, my boy, my boy! Where have you been all this time? Why have

you remained so long away from your poor mother?"

"She did not expect any answer, it seemed; but kissed and caressed me, cried over me, and would not let me go. Everybody in the room, including myself, was in tears."

"You must never leave me again," she said at last. "Now I am happy; now I can die in peace."

"She insisted on my dinner being brought up with hers. After it was over, the maid gave her some sedative and she soon fell asleep holding my hand in hers. Then I stole away, hoping that when she awoke she would have forgotten all about the events of the morning. But such was not the case. I was seated on the piazza when she came down, leaning on the arm of her maid. She uttered a joyful cry when she saw me:

"Charles, they told me I would find you here. But why did you pass me without recognition this morning? Surely you knew your mother. Why did you do that, my boy?"

"My sight is not very good, mother," I replied, using the word for the first time. "You knew that. And I did not expect to see you here."

"Yes, yes, you are nearsighted," she replied. "But you do not wear glasses any more, do you? And I have grown older and very pale. I am quite feeble and my hair is white."

"Yes, mother," I said, "you have changed."

"But you have not: you are exactly the same. And yet it seems such a long time since you left me that morning. You were the only one saved, weren't you?"

"The only one," I answered.

"I sat on the piazza with her until supper time. The doctor came. He had previously been coached by Mr. Bond. He humored the invalid in every particular; and when he was going he beckoned me to follow him. Accompanied

by my host, we walked to the gate.

"'Young man,' said the doctor, 'have you any pressing business in town?'

"'I have no business anywhere,' I replied. 'But I am very desirous of getting into something.'

"'It is here—to your hand,' he went on. 'Mrs. Wilkinson is fully persuaded that you are her son. She has not long to live—perhaps three months; it may be not more than as many weeks. Stay here till she goes. It is a beautiful place; a finer spot for a summer vacation you could never find.'

"'I am sorry for the poor lady,' I said; 'but you ask an impossibility, doctor. I am not in a position to remain. I am an impecunious fellow who has frittered away almost his last dollar, and must needs try at once to earn a few more.'

"'You do not look like a dissipated young man,' rejoined my host, gravely.

"'And I am not,' said I. Then I told them the whole story.

"Mr. Bond reflected.

"'Stay here a while,' he said at length. 'Mrs. Wilkinson has been with us ten years; we have seen a good deal of her money. I wish to do her a kindness. If you do not consider it humiliating, I invite you to be my guest, free of charge, unless she offers to pay your board, as I am sure she will.'

"'That would be still more humiliating,' I answered.

"'No, not under the circumstances,' said the doctor. 'You are young: some day you will be able to repay Mr. Bond. As for the old lady, there can be nothing but good sense and good feeling in accepting what she will imagine herself to be doing for her own son. If she persists in this delusion, stay. It will not be for long. This joyful occurrence may even hasten the end.'

"'I allowed myself to be persuaded and remained. I wheeled my supposed mother about in her chair, sat by her sofa, read to her,—played the part of son to perfection. And I grew to be very

fond of her. She had a beautiful character. After I had been there about six weeks, I was sitting with her one day when the maid was absent.

"'Charles,' she said, 'I feel very weak this morning. With this heart affection of mine I may go off at any moment. Of course when I am gone you will have my share and your own of your father's estate; but I have saved a little money for you, besides. In my desk you will find three packages done up in yellow paper. Bring them to me. Here is the key.'

"I did as she requested. On one package was written the name of Charles Wilkinson, on the other that of Mrs. Bond. The third was directed to Anne Drake, the maid.

"'This is for you, Charles,' she said, placing one in my hand. 'Put it away carefully. I will take the others. When you go down to dinner send Mrs. Bond to me.'

"When Mrs. Bond came from the invalid's room she looked serious and important. What happened there I never knew, but the presumption is that she had received a legacy. No doubt Anne Drake had a similar experience; she was equally reserved. For myself, I was undecided what to do, and awaited further developments before opening the package addressed to Charles Wilkinson.

"Three days later my adopted mother died. After the funeral I learned her husband's will had provided that, in the event of their son's death, the property should revert to the relatives. However, her income was ample, enabling her to save a considerable sum of money. What the others received I never knew; but, by the advice of my lawyer, I retained my share, which amounted to ten thousand dollars in greenbacks of various large denominations. That gave me my start, enabling me to put my wheel on the market, with what result you all know. Since that time Providence has blessed all my efforts."

"A very remarkable story," said one of the gentlemen present,—an observation to which the others assented.

"If almost any one else had told it," said Mr. Burnap, a grey-haired man of pleasant appearance, seated near the host, "it would have seemed to be a fish-story; but I can materially vouch for its truth."

"You? How?" asked Mr. Allen, in some surprise.

"I am the nephew of Charles Wilkinson, senior," said Mr. Burnap. "My mother was his only sister. When my Aunt Louise died, there was a great deal of speculation in the family as to what had become of her surplus income. Finally it was decided that she must have given it to some charitable institution during her lifetime. I am very glad she made such good use of it as she did. And, knowing her character, I have not the slightest doubt but that she would have made the same use of it had she recovered her reason before her death. She was a very appreciative person, and would have given you, Allen, the reward you deserved."

"But *did* I deserve it?" asked the host.

"Without doubt you did," replied Burnap. "Not one young fellow in a thousand would have done as you did."

"Unless he saw a reward at the end," observed another. "That money was fairly, if easily, earned,"—a remark which voiced the sentiment of the entire company.

Schnaderhüpfen.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

THERE is no sea without its tide,
 No wood without its leaf and tree;
 Nor night descending drowsy-eyed
 But brings its gentle dreams of thee.
 Nay, not a night without its star,
 Nor day but wakens with its sun;
 Nor is there bosom near or far
 But throbs for some beloved one.

The Story of Mary Stuart.

BY MARY CROSS.

II.

AFTER a round of debauchery in Glasgow, Darnley had fallen ill, of smallpox; and Mary hastened to him, finding him in miserable, neglected solitude. He entreated her pardon for his misconduct, saying that his sole desire now was that they should live together in peace. It would have been strange indeed had she refused to respond to the appeal of the man whom she certainly married for love, and she agreed to overlook his errors. As soon as he was able to travel, she returned with him to Edinburgh; and by his physician's advice he was lodged in a house specially prepared for him, and called the Kirk of Field. The Queen visited him daily, and remained at least two nights with him during his brief stay at this fatal spot. Their reconciliation was complete.

On the 9th of February, 1567, the Queen had promised to be present at a ball held in honor of the marriage of one of her maids. She visited Darnley as usual, and remained with him until it was time to return to Holyrood for the bridal festival. At two o'clock in the morning the Kirk of Field was totally demolished by gunpowder, its very foundation-stones being loosened and blown into the air; and five of its inmates were buried in the ruins. The bodies of Darnley and his servant were found eighty yards away. It is supposed that the unfortunate young King overheard the murderers, and attempted to escape with his attendant; they were detected, pursued, captured and strangled. A fur cloak and slippers snatched up by Darnley to protect him in his flight were found beside him. Certain persons living near the spot afterward deposed to hearing his cries for mercy.

The tidings of this tragedy were soon conveyed to Holyrood. First overwhelmed with astonishment, grief, and dismay, Mary next addressed herself to her nobles in a state of the most painful distress, entreating them to employ every art to discover the perpetrators of the cruel and dastardly crime.

Little wonder that her peremptory orders were not obeyed, when we remember that her chief officers of justice were in the plot, and her own ministers were the conspirators and murderers. Lord Lennox, Darnley's father, besought her to take immediate steps for the detection and punishment of the murderers; and he accused, amongst others, the Earl of Bothwell, to whom public suspicion had already pointed. Accordingly, Bothwell was brought to trial. One of his accomplices, Argyll, was the presiding judge; another was foreman of the jury; no witnesses appeared against him, and the solemn farce ended in his acquittal. At the next meeting of Parliament, the Castle of Dunbar and lands were granted to him; and on the evening of the same day he gave a supper to a large party of the nobility, and laid before them a bond, which he asked them to sign.

This document set forth that it was against the interest of the realm that the Queen should remain a widow, and it recommended him as the fittest husband for her. He was already a married man. All who were present signed this shameful and shameless deed, binding themselves to procure the said marriage, and to risk their lives and goods against all who should seek to hinder or oppose it. Then it was put into execution.

Mary had gone to Stirling to visit her infant son. On the homeward way she was stopped by Bothwell, riding at the head of a thousand horsemen. He told her that she was in great danger, and that it was unsafe for her to enter Edinburgh. A short time previously she had been warned by her ambassador

in Paris of some mysterious danger threatening her, and it was the duty of Bothwell, as sheriff of the county, to provide for her safety.

Having induced her to enter Dunbar Castle, he dismissed her attendants; and, having her at his mercy, asked her to accept him as her husband in accordance with the wish of her nobles. When she rebuked his audacity he laid before her the bond; and, as day after day passed without any one coming to her rescue, she was forced to conclude that her nobility were in truth in league with Bothwell. But she still refused to listen to his proposals, and he had recourse to other means. In Mary's own words, "by persuasion, accompanied by force, he ended the work begun." Melvil, the only one of her attendants who was not in the plot, tells us that Bothwell boasted his helpless captive would have to marry him whether she liked it or not; and for upward of a week she was in the power of an utterly unscrupulous man. Into the means whereby he obtained her promise we shrink from inquiring.

Bothwell had obtained a dispensation for his first marriage; but, as the conditions had not been complied with, it was now annulled on the grounds of consanguinity. On the 15th of May, 1567, his marriage with Mary Stuart took place. Thence dates, it is said, the Scottish superstition that marriages in May are unlucky. On her wedding-day Mary appeared a miserable, broken-hearted woman. When the French ambassador remarked upon the strangeness of her demeanor toward her husband, she begged him to excuse it, saying that happiness would never more be hers and death was what she most desired.

How are we to reconcile this attitude of despair and wretchedness, so utterly unlike her usual spirited conduct, with the passionate and guilty love her enemies allege that she bore Bothwell? They represent her as consenting to the murder of Darnley in order that she

might be free to marry Bothwell. But why was there any abduction? The bond, signed by her nobles, urging her to marry Bothwell, provided her with a sufficient excuse for the marriage had she desired any. With that document to support her, had she been a too eager, too willing bride, as alleged, the episode of Dunbar was superfluous and her conduct afterward impossible to explain.

From the time she was beguiled into Dunbar Castle until her marriage she was never out of Bothwell's power. For three weeks afterward she was kept a prisoner at Holyrood, surrounded by his guards; and once, when left alone with her bridegroom, she was heard to shriek with terror and to beg some kind hand to end her misery.

According to Catholic doctrine, to render marriage valid there must be not only an outward agreement but an inward consent. In Mary Stuart's case this latter was wanting; and when in 1570 she appealed to Pope Pius V., his Holiness pronounced the marriage with Bothwell null and void, because her consent had been extorted by force and violence.

As soon as she was married to Bothwell, a new conspiracy to rob her of her rights was formed. Her nobles had found it useless to try to rouse rebellion; therefore they had recourse now to the safe and oft-effective weapon of foul slander. They publicly charged her and Bothwell with adultery and murder, and so poisoned and inflamed the public mind that they were soon able to take the field; their alleged object being to punish Bothwell for his share in Darnley's murder, and to separate the Queen from what they called "her disgraceful bondage" to him.

Mary issued a proclamation, reminding the nobles that they had recommended Bothwell to her as a husband, and she called upon her loyal subjects to resist the fresh attempt to usurp her authority.

A few thousands responded to her appeal, and the opposing forces met at Carberry Hill. Envoys came and went between the two, seeking to make terms that bloodshed might be prevented. Mary was urged to place herself in the hands of her nobles and to dismiss Bothwell. She expressed perfect willingness to part with him, and agreed to surrender on condition that her adherents were allowed to leave the field without molestation, and that the nobles returned to their allegiance. Lord Morton, in their name, assured her that she would be received and served as the sovereign, and that loyal obedience would be rendered her. On that understanding she dismissed her army, and Bothwell mounted his horse and rode away.

Let us remember that the nobles had signed a bond urging Mary to marry Bothwell, and pledging themselves to uphold such a marriage. Once it was accomplished, they pronounced it monstrous and unnatural, and declared Bothwell to be foul with infamy. They took up arms to bring him to justice, so they said; but at Carberry Hill they permitted him to depart, and without hindrance he gained Dunbar Castle. The formidable army at command of the nobles did not lay siege to it, though he remained there for twelve days. After he had had ample time to arrange for his escape, a reward was offered for his apprehension. Accepting this apparently in the light of a friendly warning, he betook himself to the north of Scotland.

At a later date he was pursued by Tullibardine and Kirkaldy, who were specially commissioned to do so; he escaped them, to be made prisoner on the coast of Norway; he was delivered up to the King of Denmark, in whose dominions he remained until his death in 1577. In *Notes and Queries* for October 25, 1851, there is a statement to the effect that the late Chevalier Bronsard had read in manuscript the

second part of a confession made by Bothwell previous to his death. The manuscript was in the private cabinet of the King of Denmark. In that confession he admitted the outrage at Dunbar which Mary's words implied.

To return to Queen Mary after her surrender at Carberry Hill. On reaching the rebel camp, she speedily realized that her trust had been betrayed, and that she was in the hands of "remorseless foes." The very soldiers reviled and insulted her in the coarsest terms. She was led captive to Edinburgh, a banner carried before her on which was painted a figure of Darnley, and the words, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!" The populace, inflamed by the preachers, joined in outrageous abuse. So, covered with dust, disfigured by tears, faint with fatigue and sorrow, she was borne through the streets of her own capital, a mark for the scoffs and insults of the vilest of her subjects.

It was resolved that she should be imprisoned for life in the fortress of Lochleven; and thither she was conveyed by night, in total violation of the terms on which she had surrendered. Existing documents tell us how harshly she was treated there. The food given her was coarse and insufficient; she could not get even warm clothing without a multitude of appeals; she was deprived of books and writing materials; and her jailer was the impure Margaret Erskine, mother of her illegitimate brother, Lord Murray. The clergy daily denounced her as a murderess, and it is probable that her life would have been sacrificed to the ambition and to the bigotry of her subjects but for the intervention of the English ambassador, who, by Elizabeth's command, assured the nobles that if they attempted anything to the personal injury of the Queen of Scots, they should be made an example to posterity. Elizabeth at the same time conveyed to Mary a message of sympathy, accompanied by a diamond ring

as a pledge of her sincerity. So long as "the lioness of England" was in this mood, Mary's subjects dared not openly attempt her life. But they compelled her to sign her abdication.

Her friends had conveyed a letter to her, assuring her that a renunciation of her rights extorted by threats would not be valid, and she was guided by their counsel. Certain of the nobles proceeded to Lochleven, and she signed her abdication on compulsion. Lord Lindsay told her that if she declined, he would first make her sign the paper with her own blood, and then throw what was left of her to the fishes; and he grasped her arm with such brutal violence that the marks of his fingers appeared black upon it. Under protest, she signed "the traitorous scroll."

On the same day, the confederates took a further step against their sovereign, declaring that they had in their possession certain documents, in the Queen's own handwriting, which proved beyond doubt her guilty love for Bothwell and her share in Darnley's murder. These were the famous (or infamous) Casket Letters which have long been branded as forgeries. One of the strongest arguments against the genuineness of these much-discussed documents is that they were not accepted as reliable evidence by Queen Elizabeth and her council.

Four days after Mary's compulsory abdication, the infant prince was crowned, and Murray accepted the regency. He visited Lochleven in the hope of prevailing upon Mary to recognize him as regent. That she decidedly refused to do. But she entrusted to his keeping certain of her jewels. On being proclaimed regent, he summoned a Parliament which passed an act declaring Mary guilty not only of murdering her husband, but of attempting to kill her child. "The natural love a mother bears her offspring is a sufficient answer to that," was her indignant comment on this new and atrocious charge.

Murray sent a copy of the act to Queen Elizabeth, with the most valuable of the jewels Mary had entrusted to him at Lochleven; and he sold them to her Majesty at a decided bargain. The remainder he gave to his wife. So much for the honor and honesty of "the good Regent"!

Mary's supporters did not remain inactive; and, finding themselves gaining in strength, they set on foot many plans for her liberation. She made several attempts to escape. On one occasion she changed clothes with a washerwoman, and, carrying a basket of soiled linen, she passed the guards without detection; and had been rowed halfway over the loch when one of the boatmen noticed her hand, and, exclaiming, "That is not the hand of a washerwoman!" rowed her back again to the prison. Finally, a page, "the little Douglas," got possession of the keys of the fortress, and opened a gate, through which the Queen passed in the garb of Mary Seyton, one of her maids. A boat was in readiness, and the page having locked the gates behind him, threw the keys into the water. On the opposite shore Lord Seyton was waiting with a small company of horsemen, and he escorted Mary to his own castle. In a few days an army had rallied round her, and the loyalists of the north were marching to her aid. But the Hamiltons, jealous for the glory of their house, would not await the arrival of the reinforcements; and Mary, against her better judgment, was prevailed upon to engage in the battle of Langside.

The regent's force was superior in numbers, and triumphed over the unavailing courage of the Queen's adherents. From Cathcart Castle—now a ruin—she witnessed the defeat of her army; and she escaped to Dumfries, riding ninety miles without a pause, except to change horses. Her first halting-place was the house of Lord Herries; afterward she took refuge in

Dundrennan Abbey. She had now resolved to throw herself on Elizabeth's hospitality, relying on that Queen's repeated professions of friendship, and remembering how Elizabeth had interposed to save her at Lochleven. In vain her friends sought to dissuade her from this step. She left the Scottish shore in an open boat, and landed at Workington on the opposite side of the Solway.

(To be continued.)

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXXI.—DANGER AND DIVERSION.

MYLES gazed at the *Adora*, but could not concentrate his thoughts, which were tossing about in the cyclone of astonishment that had smote him so unexpectedly, so rapidly, so unhappily. He had no reply but one to the tearful imploring of Baroness Grondno. Were Eileen De Lacey not nestling in his heart, his commercial instincts would have smitten him hard, while his ambition would have done the rest. But in the depth of his heart lay stored the image of the girl whom he so hopelessly loved; and no other woman, be she rich or poor, as beautiful as Aphrodite or wise as Minerva, could ever hope to supersede her. He must act decisively with the Baroness Grondno; no equivocation, no playing with words, no holding out false light from the heights of Hope. The woman—aye, and womanly woman—had flung the earnestness of life and death into the scale, but it was for him to balance the weights as gently as he possibly could.

"She's mad!" he argued; "she *must* be mad! What in the world does she see in me, when with a single word she could have dozens of princes and potentates at

her feet? It is sheer, though temporary, insanity; flattering, I suppose, to me, but too gorgeous a white elephant even for an inspector of 'public buildings,' as they designate gentlemen who have nothing to do but lounge about the streets. I won't stand any nonsense. I won't wait. It must end. The foolish lady shall have her answer to-night—*now!*"

As he was striding in the direction which the Baroness had taken, Sir Henry Shirley was being introduced to a tall man with a piercing eye and a face so dull and immovable that it looked as though it were of marble. He was in plain evening dress, but a star peeped occasionally from behind the fold of his coat.

O'Reilly, who was acting as master of ceremonies, called out:

"Come here, Myles! I want to present you to Colonel Miriadoff, the head of our Secret Service."

The Colonel bowed coldly but with the Russian bow which is at once so dignified and so graceful.

"Pardon me, Sir Henry Shirley," he observed, "for intruding upon your brilliant festivities; but I am on duty. His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael is about to honor your dance with his presence. Now, six of my *attachés* will stroll in separately within ten minutes or so,"—adding in a whisper: "There are two men aboard whom I shall, with your permission, put ashore before the arrival of his Imperial Highness."

"I have had no intimation of it," said Sir Henry, gravely.

"But *I* have had, Sir Henry," was the brief response.

"Are they—"

Myles was about to say "Nihilists" when O'Reilly playfully clapped his hand over his friend's mouth.

"You and your *attachés* are, of course, at liberty to go all over the boat; but let me beg of you not to

have a row or frighten the ladies," pleaded the gentle Sir Henry.

"Have no fear of a row or that the ladies shall be frightened. Those fellows shall be lowered over the side into my boat. Then, Sir Henry, I shall be glad to return and take a glass of champagne with you."

"A bottle, Colonel, if you please."

Myles, although intensely excited, prudently refrained from asking questions, as he soon saw four very muscular, resolute men stroll on board, and silently disappear in different directions under order from their chief.

Sir Henry suggested a waltz, which set the company dancing, himself leading with Miss Abell.

A little later Myles had strolled over to the other side of the yacht just in time to perceive two well-roped but seemingly lifeless forms being lowered into a boat that was bobbing up and down directly beneath, while another and smaller boat lay close at hand.

"Stand back, Mr. O'Byrne!" said the cool voice of Colonel Miriadoff. "Instantly! Danger!"

As he spoke he lowered something like a small box into the other boat, sheltering himself behind the bulwarks as far back as he possibly could. Then he issued a command, and the smaller boat, the painter having been let go, glided out into the swift-flowing current of the Neva.

Myles O'Byrne felt a strange sensation come over him. Here, in the blaze of electric light, dancing, gossip—in the very heart of the highest civilization,—a policeman (for he was nothing better) came quietly aboard, asked permission to search for two men, and, with his fellow-policemen, disappeared noiselessly down into the bowels of the yacht, without making a sign. In less than a quarter of an hour he (Myles) was peremptorily ordered to stand back, and two limp and lifeless bodies, roped together and muffled up, were lowered

into a boat, and never a sound; and lastly the policeman in command followed very rapidly, with a bundle in his arm, which he lowered with alarming celerity, and apparently in dread, into a second boat, the painter of which was let go by the occupants of the other boat, and the smaller skiff, having received a shove, glided out into the current.

"What did it all mean? Merciful Heaven, could these men have been Nihilists, and the package so bravely and yet so carefully handled by Colonel Miriadoff a case of dynamite? O'Reilly, a word with you!"—drawing the Count into a corner, where in a whisper he confided his suspicion.

"Not unlikely," said the Count. "My God, and Alice on board! If you are correct in your suspicion, I must say Miriadoff has done splendidly. He is as cool as he is clever. But not a word to a living soul!"

Myles held his peace, knowing that if Miriadoff wished to speak he could do so. But the Colonel, quietly adjusting his collar and tie, observed:

"Let us go and take that glass of champagne,"—advancing to where Sir Henry stood, and reminding him of his promise; O'Reilly and Myles bringing up the rear.

"Well?" exclaimed Sir Henry, after he had drained his beaker. "How did you succeed, Colonel?"

"All is well, Sir Henry," answered Miriadoff; "and not a moment too soon."

At this instant a clattering of hoofs was heard; the orchestra ceased to play the waltz, substituting the Russian national hymn; and his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael, with two of his staff, came on board, Sir Henry receiving him at the gangway head.

"This is indeed an honor," observed the courtly host.

"A very great pleasure to me. Permit me to introduce my escort. This is

Prince Alexander Kovno, and this Prince Stodboswitch."

Meanwhile Colonel Miriadoff slowly and deliberately drank his wine, remarking that it was a little too dry for the Russian palate, but nevertheless in superb condition.

"Did you find your stowaways?" asked Sir Henry.

"Oh, yes, naturally!"

"And what did you do with them?"

"Transhipped them, Sir Henry. By the way, I see a lady of my acquaintance, to whom I should like to say a word." And, bowing low, he moved a few steps. "Your forethought and prompt action, Madame la Comtesse, shall have fullest recognition and ample reward."

"Thanks, Colonel!" (She spoke in a tone impossible to be overheard, and in a strange tongue.) "On receiving the information, I had only twenty-five minutes in which to verify it. Then I came to you and on here, where I am not known to a soul. You know the rest."

"It was a close shave," said the chief. "Those two men—Volchon and Kravawitch—were pledged to kill the Grand Duke, and themselves if they found all exit barred,—aye, and this charming group of distinguished people. They came aboard as sailors from the *Adora*—the yacht of the Baroness Grondno,—the name of the boat in gold letters on their caps; hence they were allowed to pass. They were cleverly captured, however. The handling of that bomb was ticklish business, and I was rather pleased when I lowered it into the boat. That rash young Irishman O'Byrne would, I really believe, have leaned over the rail to see it explode. Come, take an ice, Madame la Comtesse. And, in order to divert suspicion, I shall have the Irishman lead you to your drosky.—Mr. O'Byrne," he added, "permit me to present you to the Countess Nautchoff. Will you oblige me by leading her to her carriage?"

She does not speak or understand English,"—this to prevent any awkward questioning.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Myles unconsciously offered his arm to the most expert of the female secret police in all Russia; a woman who went everywhere, into any society from the Winter Palace to a Cossack's cot; a woman who spoke a dozen languages and dialects, and who from a countess could turn into a fishwife, from a "holy beggar" into the most fashionable belle.

"The Colonel has no sinecure," said Myles, breaking the silence.

A smile and shake of the head.

"We have had two stowaways aboard."

Another smile and several shakes of the head.

"I give it up!" muttered Myles, as he handed the Countess into her drosky and returned to the *Corisande*.

The stentorian voice of his uncle was shouting:

"Clear the deck, boys! I'm going to dance a real old-fashioned jig with the beautiful American girl. Clear the way, I say, and shake out the music. Now, *mavournen*, step out and stand facing me. Count O'Reilly, tell the bandmaster to humor the music, and we'll humor the floor."

Now, O'Reilly had to drive it into the leader's head that a jig was a jig and not the "Dead March," and that an Irish jig was the very liveliest of all jigs; begging of him to pick out some wild Cossack tune full of life, and go at it in earnest.

The leader, all smiles, after addressing the members of his orchestra, tapped his desk and let go a tune that would have caused a rheumatic to caper.

"More power to you!" exclaimed the veteran to the bandmaster as he led Miss Abell to her allotted place. "Remember, my dear, that you must dance on one spot about as big as a dinner plate."

"What am I to do *now*?" asked the laughing and blushing girl.

"Foot it like a fairy, Miss!" cried Paddy Casey, who had smuggled himself in "unbeknownst."

Paddy's unexpected appearance was greeted with a roar of laughter, in which the Grand Duke joined most heartily.

With solemn gravity the veteran began to foot it, telling Alice to do the same. And very winsome she looked, her arms akimbo and her dainty feet peeping in and out of her laces.

"Whoop!" cried the veteran, as he wheeled her around.

"Whoop!" she retorted, as she whirled back to her place.

"Cover the buckle, Major darlint!" called Paddy from the rear.

Now the veteran began to dance, his steps eccentric,—now a whirl, now dancing with his back to his partner, now facing her, then whirling her as if she were a teetotum.

"Cut the pigeon's wing, Major!" roared Paddy, who had cleared a small space for himself, and was dancing and whirling in time to the veteran. "Faix this *is* diversion! Whoop, there's element in *this*!"

The veteran cut the pigeon's wing—acknowledged to be the most difficult step in jig dancing,—coming out with all the honors; and then the final patter, whirl, and *pogue*, or kiss, without which the jig would not be considered as having been danced at all.

"Now, darling, hold tight!" And as he whirled the fair and laughing American girl on the last round, he bestowed upon her cheek a smack that might have been heard in the Winter Palace.

Rapturous applause was unstintingly bestowed, and all went below for refreshments. Then came the Russian national hymn, and the Grand Duke took his departure.

"I hadn't a chance of speaking to you, Mr. O'Byrne. Will you do me the favor of breakfasting at Count's

to-morrow, say midday?" observed Prince Stodboswitch.

"Won't you ask me too, Prince?" interposed Percy Byng. "I have not seen my dear Myles in an age."

"I'll ask O'Reilly, good boy! Good-evening!"

"You have only one day more in St. Petersburg, gentleman," said Sir Henry; "so make the most of it. We sail on Wednesday. This will give you time to get your baggage on board, to lunch,—and utter your tender *adieux*, Percy."

"By the way, Percy, are you not going to escort the Baroness over to the *Adora*?" said Myles. "I see her waiting for escort."

"You do it, old chappie! She'll jump at your offer. Here she comes with the Edregevitch girl!"

"Your girl!" laughed Sir Henry. "By Jove, we'll all spin over and take a nightcap on the *Adora*. The fresh morning air will do us no harm."

This suggestion saved O'Byrne a great deal of worry; for he felt sure that the Baroness would return to the charge, and he was in no mood now to enter into any such discussion. He went over with the others, and smoked a cigarette or two in peace, as luckily, Sir Henry was in bondage with Madame Grondno.

As Myles descended to the naphtha launch, the Baroness whispered in his ear:

"Take time. Time does everything, after all."

"What a strange night I have had!" thought Myles, as he repaired to his bed. "Most extraordinary,—most extraordinary! I wonder if those two Nihilists were killed? Smothered, I suppose!"

(To be continued.)

THE nimble lie

Is like the second-hand upon a clock.

We see it fly; while the hour-hand of truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,
And wins at last; for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal.

—Longfellow's "Michael Angelo."

A Benefactor of Mankind.

ALTHOUGH to Sir Walter Raleigh or his followers belongs the credit of having introduced into England and Ireland that useful and now almost indispensable article of food, the potato, there is good reason to believe that previous to that time it was known in Spain, and had been brought into Flanders from Italy, and thence to Germany. But in France, until the time of Parmentier, it was rejected even by the animals to whom it was given as food: there can be nothing more unpalatable to man or beast than a raw potato.

The universal recognition of mankind has given to Parmentier a well-merited popularity. But all the praise which this clever man had already earned in the estimation of his friends by his arduous labors in the cause of science is effaced by a discovery—we might call it a revelation—namely, the propagation of a food so precious as the potato.

Antoine Augustin Parmentier was born on August 17, 1737, at Montdidier, a small town in Picardy. His father, a distinguished soldier, died young, leaving his widow without any fortune and with the task of educating three children. Too poor to pay for the tuition of her sons at college, this courageous woman, assisted by a generous ecclesiastic, learned Latin that she might be able to teach it to them herself.

At the age of eighteen, Augustin, whose naturally impulsive and generous disposition could no longer endure the sight of the privations imposed on herself by his beloved mother, went one morning and offered his services to the principal apothecary of Montdidier. A year later he started for Paris, where one of his relatives, a distinguished pharmacist, recognizing his wonderful aptitude, taught him all the resources of his useful art. Parmentier scarcely slept, so

devoted was he to the study of medicine and chemistry; and in a very few months had made such progress that he was enabled to enter the corps of pharmaceutists which accompanied the army to Hanover.

He at once became noted for his courage and devotion on the field of battle as well as in the hospitals, braving death and contagion most fearlessly. Five times he was taken prisoner by the Prussians, and it was during his fifth captivity that he made the discovery by which his name has been so gloriously distinguished.

The prisoners had nothing for food but black bread and sometimes a kind of vegetable known to botanists as *morelle tubéreuse*, or "tuberous night-shade,"—a title not likely to commend itself to the palates of the prisoners, as previous to this time it had not even been given to animals. The companions of Parmentier murmured and complained; but he ate the tuber with relish; and, by reason of his chemical knowledge of its component parts, was convinced—endeavoring at the same time to persuade his fellow-captives—that no vegetable could be more wholesome and nourishing. This fact, learned in prison, was afterward to enlighten the whole world.

Parmentier's sole desire was to return to France; but when the declaration of peace permitted him to realize it, he was obliged to submit to various trials and disappointments. The army corps being disorganized, he found himself without employment until, through a competitive examination, he obtained the position of apothecary to the Hôtel des Invalides.

He spent his life in the midst of his work until the Academy of Besançon, struck by the paucity of vegetables in common use, offered a prize to the author of the best article on plants which might supplement the customary cereals. Parmentier was filled with joy

at the announcement of this competition; it recalled to his mind the Prussian prisons and his experiences therein. In a remarkable article he predicted the future which was in store for the tuber with which he had become familiar, and whose characteristics he had studied. His essay won the prize. The benefits which resulted from this publication were incalculable. The plant which had formerly been despised and calumniated, repugnant even to galley-slaves and to animals, reputed as causing fever, scrofula, leprosy, and other diseases, was now to become one of the principal foods of mankind.

The only recompense desired by the young savant was to open the doors of persons of influence to his great discovery; and, after having convinced the ministers, he next sought the King. Louis XVI. at once adopted the views of the persuasive, indefatigable doctor; and accorded to him for experiment an immense tract of land called the Plain of Sablons, situated on the road to Neuilly.

Parmentier confided his precious tuber to the bosom of the earth, indifferent alike to quips and raillery, and went every day to observe the progress of its growth. As soon as the first leaves appeared, followed immediately by the blossoms, he gathered a bouquet which he carried to the King. Louis received it with enthusiasm, took it about with him all day, and said joyfully to his courtiers: "Messieurs, this is what will save my people from famine."

The tubers having ripened, the plain of Sablons was so covered with their abundance that sentinels were placed around it to keep away the crowd; the savants who had formerly derided their *confrère* being now the loudest in their applause.

A great festival was then proclaimed, still remembered in scientific as well as culinary annals. A first-class cook was engaged and ordered to prepare the

excellent vegetable in every known manner, besides others invented for the occasion. Lavoisier, Benjamin Franklin and François de Neuchâteau were bidden to the convivial feast. The *parmentière* was proclaimed a success. But this title, though complimentary, has never come into general use: the vegetable has always been known as the potato.

It can hardly be credited that this benefactor of his people was on that very account accused by the leaders of the Revolution and denounced by the so-called democracy as one who had pretended that the potato was in itself nourishment sufficient for mankind. He was deprived of his modest residence and of his position in the Hôtel des Invalides. They might have sent him to the scaffold if they had not found that he could be made useful to themselves. He was banished to Marseilles, where the hospitals were in a very disorderly condition; and in a short time he had arranged everything to the satisfaction of those who were no longer obliged to suffer from the errors and carelessness of inexperienced practitioners.

The discoveries of Parmentier were principally along agricultural lines, as relating to the different qualities of food. He published a great number of books on the properties of corn, gluten, and grape juice, which he desired to have brought into use as a sugar for the poor. He also contributed by his skill greatly to ameliorate suffering in the hospitals.

Honors now came to this good and learned man. All the scientific societies accorded him membership; the Institute opened its doors to him; Napoleon decorated him with the Cross of Honor he had himself founded; and on the 17th of December, 1813, after a most laborious life, he died, enshrined in the esteem and affection of his contemporaries. It was not till 1848 that the city of Montdidier erected a statue to him who had not only been an honor to his native place, but a benefactor to mankind.

The World's Homage to Truth.

“YOU say that there is no longer any question of a personal God,” declared a Catholic to one of the atheists of our time; “and yet to all our documents we place figures which proclaim this God. When you date your atheistic decrees, what do you do but declare that they were made a certain number of years since the coming of God on the earth? And note that there can be no equivocation here. You can not say: ‘Of what God are you speaking?’”

“You date your most atheistic decrees a certain number of years after the coming of Jesus Christ, the living God of the Gospel,—of that God who sees you and judges you. And when you take your vacation at Easter, what do you do but celebrate, in spite of yourself, the Resurrection, the triumph of the Man-God? You tried a century ago to proclaim a new era and a new chronology, to do away with the one that annoyed you. How long did that reform last? The centuries of God returned, in spite of all the efforts of those heroes of crime whom you call your ‘great ancestors.’”

Whether one wishes it or not, whether one knows it or not, the world dates its new life, it reckons its history and its years from the moment when Jesus Christ descended upon the earth. All that precedes are only the years of waiting for the Saviour; all that has taken place since His coming is dated from the number of years which have passed since that great event. Atheists do this with the rest. It may displease them, but they submit to the law of the world, the law of God. Their very impiety renders homage to truth.

“FRIVOLITY, under whatever form it appears,” said Madame de Staël, “takes from attention its strength, from thought its originality, from feeling its earnestness.”

Notes and Remarks.

The hope recently expressed in these columns that the middle-men and popularizers of science would speedily catch up with the leaders of modern philosophic and scientific thought on the road back to conservative views, seems already in part fulfilled. Mr. George Perry Morris, who may be regarded as one of the middle-men, concludes an article in the popular *Booklovers' Magazine* with these sentiments: "It is significant that, whereas much scepticism is prevalent now in circles that are just being touched in their thought by the implications of a materialistic philosophy which was dominant in academic circles a decade or two ago, the fact now is that materialistic philosophy has lost standing in the circles of thinkers, and is being displaced by an idealistic philosophy with all its postulates as to the *necessity* of stages of conscious personality other than the one lived here on earth. In due time the reaction will come among the second-hand thinkers and with the multitudes, as it already has come among the men of original and fundamental thought."

"Second-hand thinkers" is not a first-rate phrase, but it is admirably expressive.

We have already noted a movement toward the Church among the schismatic Chaldeans, great numbers of whom, headed by bishops and priests, flock to Mossul to be instructed and reconciled by the Chaldean Patriarch of Babylon. It is the beginning of the end of the Nestorian heresy. A similar movement is progressing in Egypt among the Copts. Numerous conversions are reported by missionaries writing from Minieh and Alexandria, where a new patriarchal church was lately consecrated. The Catholic Copts at present number upward of 22,000.

Divine grace is also working among the separated Greeks. Some time ago the Ecumenical Patriarch addressed a letter to all the Orthodox prelates, inviting them to convene for the discussion of the following questions: "Is the time come for preparing the foundation for a friendly and reciprocal rapprochement with the Roman Catholic Church? If so, how shall this union be facilitated?"

* *

Speaking of Egypt reminds us of an edifying instance of fidelity to the Faith under trying circumstances on the part of a recent convert. The incident is related by a missionary who was witness of it. A young girl who had made her First Communion was forbidden by her parents to practise the Catholic religion. The child recited her accustomed prayers in secret and patiently awaited her opportunity to visit the church unobserved. "She had to wait until four or five o'clock in the evening," writes the missionary, "before she could escape the vigilance of her people and slip away to confession and Communion. Yet she had not tasted a drop of water, although the heat was over a hundred degrees in the shade." What a lesson to "born" Catholics in civilized countries!

The subject of indulgences has always been one of the storm-centres of religious controversy, and it is still a fertile source of misunderstanding to fair-minded non-Catholics. We note with pleasure, therefore, that our interesting contemporary, the *Lamp* (Anglican), took occasion of the feast of the Portiuncula to dispel whatever prejudice its readers might still entertain regarding indulgences. We quote a paragraph:

Those who would secure the Great Pardon promised St. Francis must make sacramental confession, receive the Blessed Sacrament, and their contrition be entirely satisfactory to Almighty God, who readeth the secrets of all hearts and can not be deceived by a sham or superficial repentance. Plenary indulgences of any kind are not the easy things to obtain that Protestants

falsely charge the Catholic Church with teaching them to be. As a matter of fact, the Catholic Church is no match for Protestantism when it comes to the question of plenary indulgences. Martin Luther's doctrine of "justification by faith only without works" makes the obtaining of a plenary indulgence on the part of a Protestant the simplest and easiest thing imaginable: no penance, no confession, no communion, no alms-deeds, no visit to any shrine, no saying of any prayers is required,—a mere act of faith is all that is essential; and such an act made at the moment of death completely wipes away every penalty of sin and secures an immediate admission of the soul into the Paradise of God. No wonder Protestants generally hold in high disdain the Catholic doctrine of indulgences; the Protestant doctrine of "justification by faith only" is so much more comfortable and vastly less trouble.

Probably not one in a thousand of those who hold indulgences "in high disdain" could state the teaching of the Church on that subject with any approach to correctness. Most of the objections urged against the Church nowadays are historical rather than doctrinal, and this is especially true of indulgences. The Protestant prejudice against indulgences has been derived from that storehouse of mythological lore, the popular history of the German "Reformation." We must wait for time and grace to wear it away.

Though for thirty years and more the life of the late Father Antrobus had been a comparatively hidden one, his death has been widely mourned. The handsome and courtly gentleman successively attached to the English embassies at St. Petersburg, Washington, and Paris could not be forgotten by those who met him, even once. His conversion to the Church in 1864 was condoned by his non-Catholic friends and admirers; but when, a few years later, he joined the Oratory, there was the usual lamentation, we remember, because a brilliant career had been sacrificed to what was called an "eccentricity." As a priest of the Oratory, the life of Father Antrobus was remarkable for sanctity and usefulness.

He was admired by his confrères as an exemplar of the virtues which shone so conspicuously in St. Philip Neri, venerated by the people to whom he ministered, and beloved by the poor and the little ones, to all of whom his name will ever be a blessed memory. The death of Father Antrobus has cast a cloud of sorrow over the Oratory in England, the shadow of which will long remain. May he rest in peace!

Ruskin, who said so many wise things, declared that "the great difficulty is to open men's eyes. To touch their feelings and break their hearts is easy: the difficulty is to break their heads and let the light in." Dom Gasquet is reminded of Ruskin's words by a conversation with a London journalist "of unusually acute intelligence and sound judgment," whose view of the religious difficulties in France was that they were due to the contumacious refusal of the religious communities to apply for authorization. When Dom Gasquet at last brought him to understand that the religious had really no choice in the matter, but were simply dissolved and their property seized, the journalist said: "But this is an injustice compared with which the Dreyfus affair, which stirred the heart of the English nation to its very depths, was as nothing." Precisely. When a French Jew, after at least the semblance of a court trial, was degraded from his position in the army and sent into exile, the world went mad with indignation; now that many thousands of men and women against whom no offence could even be alleged have been exiled and their honestly acquired property seized without the formality of a trial, the world looks on with philosophic calm. The lot of the women is especially hard.

"Thousands of poor unfortunate ladies," says Dom Gasquet, "have been turned adrift into the world, whose only fault is that they have associated to

serve God in prayer and good works. Thousands of them have grown old in the cloister and are thus unfitted to begin life again. Most of them are poor and unable to support themselves in any new sphere of work, and still less able to begin life afresh in any new country where they can enjoy the liberty to serve God, which is denied them in their own. In all parts of England our bishops tell the same tale of the piteous stories of these exiled ladies, who, without means of any sort, or with means of the slenderest kind, have applied and are applying to them to be permitted to set up a new home in our midst, in the vain hope of being able to earn their bread by a little teaching or a little nursing. It would be cruel not to undeceive them at once, but these numerous requests have of late added greatly to the anxieties, as the need of refusal has to the sorrows, of our bishops. What is before these ladies no man can tell; and already we hear of nuns whose only course has been to seek dispensation from their vows and find the necessities of life in taking up the work of domestic servants, and in serving as shopwomen behind the counters of the Parisian millinery establishments."

One of our esteemed Canadian exchanges utters a protest against ornamenting Catholic homes with indecent decorations,—against beautifying "parlors with pictures and statues of pagan divinities in various degrees of dishabille." It is prepared for sneers at its "lack of artistic sense" and its "narrow-minded strictures"; and we have no doubt that its anticipations will be fully realized. Parents injudicious enough to hang upon their walls "pictures that are scandalous, to say the least," will undoubtedly scoff at the exaggerated prudery of critics who denounce them. Yet the *Catholic Record* is quite right in saying that "they who have the nude, or semi-nude,

or anything bordering on it, leering at them day in and day out, are not going to be uplifted morally. And let it be understood that the art which panders to human passion—the art gone astray from the Church which inspired and fostered the canvases which are the wonder and despair of the moderns—should not be tolerated in Catholic homes. We can get copies of pictures which are artistic and edifying, and have therefore no excuse for giving place to object-lessons in the flesh and the devil."

The failure of Volapük to establish itself as the universal language is no conclusive proof that the idea itself is not a feasible one. Max Müller said, shortly before his death: "The conception of an artificial, international language existing side by side with national languages may be realized. I am sure that a language can be created more regular, more perfect, more easy to learn, than any of the natural dialects of humanity." The newest candidate for international honors is "Esperanto," which already counts some eighty thousand enthusiastic advocates, including several university professors. It was invented by a Russian, Dr. L. Zamenhof, in 1887 (Volapük was the invention of a priest); and the predominating element in it is Latin. Max Müller was so far impressed with this artificial language as to rank it "very high above its rivals."

The assertion is made that while our countrymen can be trusted to give an excellent account of themselves when summoned to fight in a just war, they are by no means ideal soldiers at other times. There was much—very much—in the conduct of our volunteers in the Philippines that was worth forgetting, and there are passages in the annual report of the Judge Advocate of the Army that are unpleasant reading for

the mere civilian. During the past year 19 officers and 4,864 enlisted men were convicted by court martial of some offence; and this record is by no means exceptional. It is, indeed, better than that of the previous year by nearly a thousand convictions. Yet the fact that one out of every twenty of the "guardians of the peace" was thus convicted goes to show that unless the *morale* of the army continues to improve its prestige will begin to suffer severely.

The remarks of Andrew Lang on unchristian English bishops and clergy holding offices conditional on teaching more old-fashioned Christianity might also be applied to our friends the English Ritualists, who swear to use the services as in the Book of Common Prayer, "*and no other.*" And yet some of them declare that they never say the Communion service without secretly restoring the Offertory and other parts of the Mass rejected by the Prayer Book framers. How is this reconciled to conscience by good men? Is the explanation found in Döllinger's judgment on the whole business even from its shiftiness beginning?—

"Anglican doctrine is a collection of heterogeneous theological propositions tied together by the Act of Uniformity; propositions which in a logical mind can not exist by the side of one another, and whose effect upon the English churchman is that he finds himself involved in contradictions and disingenuousness, and can escape the painful consequences of it only by sophistical reasoning."

The future historian of the "Gaelic revival" will have to record not only that the Gaelic language was faithfully studied in Germany when it seemed to be neglected everywhere else, but that German scholars were among the most enthusiastic promoters of the much-discussed revival itself. One of the most

eminent of the German Celticists, Dr. Kuno Meyer, has created something of a sensation by his impassioned appeal for the establishment of a school to be devoted exclusively to Irish history, philology and literature. "Here," he said in his recent address in Dublin, "is the oldest vernacular poetry and prose of Western Europe, handed down in hundreds of manuscripts, very few of which have been edited, many of which have hardly been opened for centuries, while the majority have only been hastily glanced at. What a task for generations of students! Who can say what revelations await us, what revolutions in our knowledge may be in store here!"

The death of the venerable Monsig. Muehlsiepen, of St. Louis, Missouri, would have been far more widely noted had it not been overshadowed by popular mourning for the Holy Father and the late Archbishop of Milwaukee. For thirty-five years he had been the Vicar-General of the German-speaking Catholics of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, and he devoted himself with rare singleness of purpose to their welfare. Some words written by the reverend editor of the *Western Watchman*, who knew the late Monsignor well, afford a happy illustration of his sturdy character. "Personally, Father Muehlsiepen was a very quiet, humble and retiring man. His voice was seldom heard, but his work was always felt. He was the servant of the priests of the diocese, irrespective of nationality; and his grip was always packed, ready for a call to any part of the State to take the place of a priest who was sick or unable to hold service in his parish. For many years he spent as much of his time on trains as he did in his home. And he rarely took a sleeper. Even in his late years, when the infirmities of old age demanded consideration, he could not be induced to take the luxury of a Pullman car." *R. I. P.*

Notable New Books.

The City of Peace. By Those who Have Entered It. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland; Benziger Brothers.

There are tastes and tastes in books, but a true story of conversion is sure to interest the "born" Catholic. "The City of Peace," however, is a volume of extraordinary fascination; for it contains the frank and intimate record of seven notable conversions. The authors are: Dom Bede Camm, a learned Benedictine writer; Alice Wilmot Chetwode, the translator of Pastor's "Lives of the Popes"; Mrs. Bartle Teeling, a writer whose name is familiar to our readers; Susie Teresa Swift, formerly a Brigadier Organizer of the Salvation Army, now a Dominican nun; an anonymous Anglican clergyman who wrote "On the Threshold of the Church," and has since gone within; and two Jesuits, Fathers Darlington and Browne, both Oxford masters, and both Fellows of the Royal University of Ireland. It is impossible to discuss these "human documents" separately in a brief book-review,—impossible and unnecessary; for all are narratives of exceptional charm. It is enough to say that these spiritual autobiographies—each of them a veritable Pilgrim's Progress, all having much in common yet each unlike every other—ought to be the very best sort of reading for unhappy souls lingering undecided at the gate of the City of Peace. To Catholics the book teaches never-to-be-forgotten lessons of charity, of thankfulness, and of prayer.

Life and Life Work of Pope Leo XIII. By the Rev. James J. McGovern, D. D. Monarch Book Co.

Life of Leo XIII. and History of His Pontificate. By Francis T. Furey, A. M. Catholic Educational Co.

Like most religious biographies, these timely works have been written for the edification of the general reader, and are not intended to be either a full and exact record of the facts nor a judicial summing up of the great career of Leo XIII. Regarding one important matter, for instance,—the date of the death of Pius IX.—the reader who should go to these popular Lives of his lamented successor for information would find that Monsig. O'Reilly (p. 288) gives the date as January 7, 1878; Dr. McGovern (p. 273) as February 5 of the same year; while the correct date is that given by Mr. Furey—February 7. Dr. McGovern seems to have planned his work along the same lines as Monsig. O'Reilly, especially in the chapter dealing with the election of Leo XIII.; but his narrative is colored by his own observations in Italy and his own reflections on contemporary events. Illustrations are abundant. Mr. Furey's work, while bound in holiday covers,

awkward in size, and disfigured by an utterly tasteless and unnecessary page-border, is really a useful summary of the life and pontificate of the lamented Leo, with a thin stream of commentary running throughout it. In each work are reflected the affection and enthusiasm which the White Shepherd of Christendom inspired in all sorts and conditions of men.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. By Emily Mary Shapcote. Manresa Press.

The lamented Cardinal Vaughan concludes the preface to this welcome book with these words:

I gladly bespeak for the following Marian epic a kindly and devout reception. It reminds one of the "Mariale" attributed to our own St. Anselm. The same strain of love and admiration runs through both; and, though the metre in each is different, the fact that the metre in neither ever changes produces on the ear a sameness and monotony of rhythm in each which has advantages and drawbacks. In any case, this is an epic full of love for Mary, our incomparable Mother, the Advocate, the Hope and the Refuge of Sinners.

We can not do better than appropriate the words of Cardinal Vaughan for our own. Miss Shapcote's work is indeed epic in conception, though, as she herself says, it is "unembellished by art." Of its devotional quality it would be hard to speak too highly, and pious persons will find it excellent for spiritual reading in private. The introduction shows that the author is possessed of an uncommonly good prose style.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. By Archer Butler Hulbert. The Arthur H. Clark Co.

The first two volumes of this series were received with much enthusiasm; the third, many readers will think, does even better than support the excellence of the former volumes. It is written in a nervous, graphic style which one would hardly look for in a book with such a title, but which is admirably suited to float the rather substantial matter with which it deals. Washington's Road (Nemacolin's Path) is the theme; but, as in the preceding volumes, the mere question of a highway is entirely subordinated to the history that can be grouped around it. The present volume is one of the most readable accounts of Washington's first campaign that has ever come before us, in spite of the mass of information it affords.

History of Philosophy. By William Turner, S. T. D. Ginn & Co.

We were strongly impressed with the value of this learned and skilfully planned work when we read it in manuscript; and now that the publishers have done their work so well we have no hesitation in saying that it is a model text-book. It comes to fill a large gap. Hitherto no similar manual in English has even attempted to treat Scholastic Philosophy in an adequate way; and now that the best non-Catholic universities are

providing special courses in that important subject we expect Dr. Turner's work to be in frequent demand as a reference book even in those secular or sectarian institutions where it is not used as a regular class manual. Catholic teachers will find it by all means the best text-book on its subject in English. The author modestly observes that the plan of the work precludes any claim to originality, which is indeed true; but to produce a text-book at once comprehensive, compact, well-proportioned, accurate and readable is a feat of some originality, as an examination of existing manuals would show. Both author and publishers deserve substantial gratitude from our colleges and seminaries, from the clergy and the learned laity.

The Philippine Islands. Blair and Robertson. Vol. III. 1569-1576. The Arthur H. Clark Co.

The present volume of this most interesting and important work is made up of various documents covering the last three years of Legazpi's administration of the islands, the governorship of Guido de Lavezaris and the beginning of that of his successor, Francisco de Sande. These documents, some of which are no less picturesque than interesting, deal with early voyages, conquests and explorations; encounters with the Portuguese and conflicts with the natives; the labors of the Augustinians, the first missionaries to the Philippines, etc. There is also a great amount of curious information about the natives—concerning their religious beliefs and rites, social conditions, etc. Of varied interest is the narrative by Fernando Riguel and others entitled "News from the Western Islands." It is printed in both Spanish text and English translation. Events occurring during 1570-73 are described in quaint detail. This document concludes with the invocation: "May the good prospect of riches and traffic be all to the service of Our Lord!" The maps, portraits and other illustrations of the present volume greatly enhance its value. The frontispiece is a portrait of Fray Martin de Roda, provincial of the Augustinians in the Philippines and a devoted friend and firm defender of the natives. The volume is worthy of a place in one of the most notable series ever projected by an enterprising publisher.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). By Frances E. Herring. T. Fisher Unwin.

This pleasant volume affords a large amount of information, more or less valuable, concerning Britain's great colony in North America, of which little is generally known to outsiders. Colony and colonists are described with vividness and enthusiasm; and there is no end of adventures and incidents, all of which, the author assures us, were actually experienced. We content ourselves with

a bare reference to the character sketches of the fisher folk which are given as nearly as possible in their own words. A number of pages are devoted to an account of the Passion Play, as organized by the Oblate Fathers among the Indians of British Columbia. It is the best description we have seen of a pageant rarely picturesque and deeply impressive. Mrs. Herring's book is to be cordially recommended. It is nicely got up, and its illustrations from photographs are excellent and numerous.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. By Johannes Janssen. Vols. V. & VI. Translated from the German by A. M. Christie. B. Herder.

Although the period which these two volumes cover is a brief one, the events with which they deal are of high importance. Of special value and interest is the general estimate made by the early Protestants of the decline of Germany as compared with its Catholic past. Special pages are devoted to the last days of Luther,—the story of whose suicide, by the way, is rejected by Dr. Pastor. Many other subjects not less interesting, though too numerous to mention, are treated of at length in these volumes. It will suffice to say of them that they are drawn up on the same lines and in the same style as the previous ones. Of the high authority of Janssen's work or the ability of Pastor's editing it is unnecessary to speak. Everyone knows that this History embodies the latest research, that it deals with facts which are incontestable, even though the historian did not wholly escape the influence of partisan feeling. The translator has done his work well, and the publisher deserves our congratulations. There is a meritorious index.

Introibo. By the Rev. Cornelius Clifford. Cathedral Library Association.

Father Clifford's purpose in this volume was to unveil some of the beauty of the Mass to those who, while vaguely apprehending its essential meaning and grandeur, are insensible to "the poetry in which the mystery is enwrapped." Yet it is not poetry alone that he discovers to the devout reader, but a great store of substantial religious thought, that suffers no disadvantage from the graceful turns of speech in which he expresses it. To those who are little given to meditating on the words of the liturgy as it varies from Sunday to Sunday, these meditations will appeal with the force of a new revelation; to our readers who have followed the delightful studies of Father O'Kennedy in the same field, they will also be welcome. The fact that some of Father Clifford's views provoke dissent implies no disparagement, but is only a proof of their stimulating and personal character.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Helps and Hindrances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"McDONOGH THE MISER."



MORE than a hundred years ago a handsome and well educated young man took the society of New Orleans by storm. He was a native of Baltimore, and he had everything commonly supposed to make one happy—money, position, and health. Mothers sought him in hopes to win him as a son-in-law, and no social function was thought complete without this gallant gentleman.

He was brave, too, as a gentleman should be; and in the battle where General Jackson saved the Crescent City from the British, young McDonogh fought by the side of the other patriots, distinguishing himself there as in the drawing-rooms of society.

Then there came a great change in his life. A grief made shipwreck of his hopes. Religious scruples came between him and the maiden he loved and would have wed. He was a Scotch Presbyterian of the straitlaced school, while she was a fervent Catholic. He would not yield, she could not; and so they parted.

He broke up his magnificent establishment in the French Quarter, where slaves did his slightest bidding and luxury wrapped him about; and took up his abode across the river, in what was and is known as Algiers, a title earned from its lawlessness and dismal surroundings. Here he dwelt in an humble little plantation house, seeing no one except the colored men who worked for him.

He still continued to do business in

the city across the river, but he never took the ferryboat. Each weekday morning, whatever the weather, one of his faithful servants rowed him to the opposite shore in his own skiff. Only once in thirty years, and that during a violent storm was this habit interrupted. His old friends saw him no more, and in time forgot him, or only spoke of him in terms like these. "Oh, McDonogh? He's about half crazy, and they say he's a miser."

Yes, he was a miser, or so everybody said; and if laying up money makes one that, people spoke correctly. Little by little, dollar by dollar, he laid aside a great fortune; and when his bent, poorly clad figure was pointed out to strangers, he was called McDonogh the Miser,—never anything else. The market man related that he ate nothing but soup-meat and potatoes, and little of these; the ferryman told how he never wasted five cents with him; the newsboys had their stories of how it was impossible to sell him a paper; and not until the day when he was seized with his last illness in the street was he known to take a hired carriage. He was believed to be without vices, but even that was laid up against him; for he was said to be too stingy to drink or gamble.

Saddest of all was the fact that the children jeered at him, calling him "miser," and often pelting him with stones. And, then, one day he died; and when his will was read it was found that he had left his enormous wealth to the children of Baltimore and New Orleans for educational purposes; asking only that in return they should sometimes put a few flowers on his grave. More than twenty large schoolhouses have been built with this

money, and there is a large working fund besides.

After people found out that he was a philanthropist instead of a miser—or rather a miser that he might do good—they began to say pleasant things of him. His slaves related how kind he was to them, building a church for them and setting them free. Two cargoes of black people, freed by his efforts and generosity, were sent back to Africa, whence they had come.

In every schoolhouse built with his money there is a bust of "the children's friend," as he is sometimes called; and on his birthday the little ones bring flowers in his memory and are told of what he did for them. And yet one can not help thinking that a kind word spoken while he lived would have been better.

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.—THE FIRST TEST AND ITS RESULTS.

The strange figure standing beside Julian's bed when he awoke was that of a tall man, who seemed in the dim light to be quite gigantic. His face was pale and withered and covered with a close network of wrinkles; his hair was powdered in the fashion of a bygone age, and tied in a queue at the back; and his dress was a costly but out-of-date livery, with knee-breeches and shoe-buckles. This personage stood intently regarding the boy, through whose mind flashed the question:

"Can this be Anselm Benedict himself grown old, or magically preserved these two hundred odd years?"

Presently a harsh, metallic voice, which sounded weird and unnatural at that hour of the night, broke the stillness.

"Arise: your time has come. The timepiece without strikes three."

Julian obeyed as in a dream, the old

man leaving him while he dressed; and as they went down the broad staircase the boy caught a brief glimpse of a wild, haggard face staring out at him from a doorway. Julian shuddered.

"If Jake, who was so brave in the afternoon, looked like that, the test must be awful."

But he clasped his rosary close and prayed to our Heavenly Mother to help him; and, so praying, passed through the dread portal, being firmly impelled across the threshold with surprising strength of arm by his ancient guide. He found himself in darkness, save where the bright rays of electric light shone full upon the alcove and brought out with startling effect the face and figure of his ancestor. Surely that was the countenance of a living man! Those eyes, looking into his with fire and tenderness, belonged to a real man; that half-scornful, half-tender smile about the lips would broaden into a laugh or harden into sternness. Some such bewildered thoughts were passing through Julian's mind as he watched with boyish gaze, startled yet full of eagerness.

He was afraid with that strange, creepy, shuddering horror which the hour and place inspired. But he tried to think how those knights of old, about whom his mother had so often read to him, would have acted under similar circumstances. Valor, with truth and honor, was one of their first qualities. He realized suddenly how this brave ancestor himself would have despised a coward. He breathed his little prayer for courage, threw back his head and marched straight up to the portrait, looking full into that noble face. Then he sat down, of his own accord, in that massive chair, which had stood where it was, as tradition said, for more than two hundred years; while its great arms, like claws, seemed to seize and hold him.

He looked quite a small boy, helpless

and insignificant, in his twentieth-century costume of jacket and knickerbockers. But there was a fine courage about him, and the strength that comes from a naturally noble disposition which has been carefully trained and vigilantly watched over by a loving and intelligent mother. Little by little his fear fell from him; he forgot the terrors of the lonely west wing, the dark room with its furniture and appointments which had survived many generations of Mortimers, and the terrifying stillness of the night. He became conscious of a growing admiration for that brave gentleman living on the canvas, for his beauty and manliness, for the heroic things he had done, and for his crossing seas an exile for the Faith. He forgot himself and even his faults and follies, which his grandfather had informed him should be laid bare to the searching gaze of those piercing eyes. He felt as if he had known this Anselm Benedict, and a desire grew in his mind to learn more of his ancestor's life and character. He knew he had been a soldier and a favorite of some king, that he had been driven into exile and had endured much persecution; but he determined, if possible, to learn his history. He cried out in his enthusiasm that he, too, should like to lead a noble life; and he fancied that the smile on the pictured lips grew more tender, and that the eyes looked into his with kindness, as if he had found a friend.

So quickly passed the hour that he was astonished when the quaint servitor put his hand upon his shoulder and told him his time was up. Julian sprang to his feet, crying out in quite a natural and friendly way:

"Oh, isn't he splendid! But it can't be an hour yet! It seemed so short! I had a heap of things to think of."

The man stared at him in genuine surprise, muttering under his breath, "A miracle!" as he bent his head before the portrait with something of genuine

respect and affection, put out the lights, and thrust Julian from the room; after which he locked the door, and in silence followed him through the winding corridors, the lantern he carried casting wavering gleams on wall and ceiling. He conducted Julian to his apartment, and the boy said:

"Good-night!—I don't know your name."

"Nicholas," said the guttural voice.

"Good-night, Nicholas!" repeated Julian.

The man, in reply, straightened himself—for he had been a soldier in his youth,—and for the first time in his career of service with the Mortimers made a military salute to one of the fortune-seekers.

When Nicholas had retired, Julian's first care was to kneel and offer a fervent act of thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin; though indeed he scarcely realized that the first ordeal was over. It was then four o'clock; but, despite his fatigue, he wished it were time for the house to be astir, that he might meet the other "fellows" and hear their experiences.

"Jake looked pretty well scared," he thought. "Something different must have happened to him."

Julian nestled comfortably amongst his pillows, wishing that his mother were there, so that he could tell her all about it.

"There's no one understands a fellow as she does," he reflected; "knows just what you want to tell her."

When at last Julian woke and saw the sun, like an old, familiar friend, looking in at the windows, he hurried downstairs, where he found Sedgwick upon the lawn. The latter looked very pale and tired, but he had a new something of manliness and dignity about him which even careless Julian noted. The two stood and looked at each other.

"Well, curly pate?" began Sedgwick.

"Well, old fellow?" responded Julian.

"It was a hard pull."

"Not nearly so hard as I thought. And the time passed so quickly!"

Sedgwick stared.

"It didn't go very quick with me," he said, gloomily.

"What did you do first?" Julian inquired.

"Oh, I suppose we all did about the same! That rum-looking old chap came for me—"

"Nicholas," put in Julian.

"How on earth did you learn his name?"

"I asked him," Julian replied, simply.

"Cricky, but you're a cool one! Anyway, old Nick—if that's his name—came for me at twelve sharp. The tolling of the hall clock sounded like the Doomsday trumpet, or something or other. He pushed me in; the room was all dark, except the lights round the picture; then he locked the door."

Julian nodded. "It was exactly the same for me," he assented.

"I never was in such a pickle in my life," Sedgwick avowed frankly. "I felt as if there were a thousand spooks hanging about the corners. I was afraid to look around, and I didn't care much about staring into Anselm's face. After a bit, though, I felt as if I must look; so I stared at him as hard as I could. Then I began to shiver and shake, as if he was searching me through and through and finding out everything I ever did. Great Scott, but he's a corker for turning you inside out and making you ashamed of yourself! I quaked, I can tell you. I got through the hour somehow, and you bet I never was so glad to see any one in my life as old pigtail."

John Jacob came up while Sedgwick was still speaking, and a more haggard and miserable object in the light of the summer morning it would be hard to imagine. The great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead and he was shivering as if with cold.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Jake?" asked Sedgwick, suddenly catching sight of his ashen face and staring eyes.

"It feels like ague," Jake said, with a laugh so wild and forced that his companions were startled. "I guess there's malaria or something here, and if this goes on I'll have to try change of air."

"Look here, Jake," answered Sedgwick in his downright fashion, "you're in a blue freak since last night. Out with it, man! I was myself. Tell us what happened. You'll feel all the better for it."

Thus adjured, Jake began,—taking care to keep back certain portions of the revelation relative to his little scheme of yesterday.

"When we got to that infernal door I just turned round for a minute to look back, and that old blackguard in livery—"

"What's the good of calling names?" protested Julian.

"He caught me by the back of the neck and gave me such a shove into the room that I very nearly landed foremost against the table. Then he planted me in that confounded chair and went out. The room danced round me. I was scared,—I'll admit that. I seemed as if demons or something were hopping about, and grinning faces looking out of corners, and voices chattering. The place is haunted, or the Old Boy himself is there. Anyhow, I wanted to get out of staring at that old bloke upon the wall, and I thought I'd try another chair. The moment I tried to get up, the arms stretched out and held me fast."

While he spoke, Jake's terror in the memory of that moment became uncontrollable, and he had to wipe the beads of sweat from his forehead.

"It was horrible! I thought they were the arms of something that had caught me."

The other boys uttered horrified exclamations.

"I found out that they were just iron clamps to hold a fellow if he tried to get out," went on Jake. "And I heard a voice—it was the same one that came out of the rock, I'll swear to it—saying: 'Coward! traitor!' Just because I wanted to take another chair, I suppose. So there I was forced to stare at that odious picture, while that horrid Anselm seemed to read off a list of everything a fellow ever did. He's a wizard, that's what he is; and I'm not at all sure that he hasn't kept himself alive by some black art."

In his excitement Jake blurted out what he would at another time have carefully hidden.

"I was nearly wild by the time the old monster came and unfastened the arms, chuckling to himself like a fiend. As soon as we reached the hall, I got away from him, and never stopped running till I got into my room. Oh, if there are any more tests like that, I guess I'll take grandfather's advice and quit!"

When Julian asked for Wat, he was told that he was not yet out of bed; though later in the day he heard all details. Wat frankly admitted that when first put into the chair he must have been unconscious, for he remembered nothing. After he woke up again, he got on better than he had expected.

All the boys were surprised to hear Julian's account of his own night's adventure.

"I was so busy looking at Anselm Benedict and thinking about him that the dark room didn't bother me a bit," explained Julian. "I tried to remember the few things I had heard about him and to piece them together. I didn't find the time long at all. Nicholas was good enough to me. He came up to my room with me and gave me a salute like that."

As Julian raised his hand to his

forehead to imitate the sign, Jake cast a sour, envious look at his cousin. From that moment he began to dislike him.

Sedgwick, on the other hand, cried out admiringly:

"You're a brick, Julian! I guess you've got more grit in you than any of us."

"Oh, well—I said my prayers before going down, and all that," Julian added, lest the others might suppose he was boasting of his own strength.

Sedgwick fidgeted and looked uncomfortable. He had forgotten all about his prayers in the excitement of the moment.

Jake gave a wild laugh. "I guess if I said prayers, I'd be ashamed to tell any one," he sneered.

"Why should I be ashamed of saying my prayers?" Julian asked, in all simplicity.

"Because prayers are good enough for girls, but what boys say them?"

"All the fellows at the college said them every day," Julian declared stoutly. "And some of the squarest fellows there used to go oftenest to the chapel."

"A rum lot they must have been!" grumbled Jake.

"Prayers helped me a good deal, I know," Julian went on, addressing Sedgwick. "But, anyway, I'm glad that test is over. I was horribly afraid when old Nicholas came to get me—"

"In spite of your prayers!" interposed Jake.

"I began to say them *then*," Julian explained.

"You ought to have been a girl, Julian Mortimer!" Jake retorted.

Julian's face flamed.

"I tell you what, Jake," he cried, "if you dare to say such things to me!"

"Don't heed him, sonny!" put in Sedgwick. "You were the best man of the lot last night, and so you can afford to let Jake spout. He's pretty well bowled out this morning."

"I ought to have remembered that," admitted Julian, "and have known how to take a joke."

While he was saying so breakfast was announced, and the grandfather received them. His keen eye noticed that Julian's face was as brave and bright as ever and his appetite undisturbed. He also observed the signs of past conflict in the other lads, and all but laughed outright at Jacob's broken-down appearance. He made no allusion to the matter, however, till breakfast was over. Then he observed, with his cynical smile:

"Of the four little Indians, one has fallen down, leaving but three. I hear, however, that Walter Worthington means to rise up again. This afternoon, if he be sufficiently recovered, I will announce to you the second test. Meantime go out and play football or something of the sort. Outdoor exercise, John Jacob, is an excellent tonic for ague."

John Jacob flushed scarlet but said nothing, and off they all trooped. But they had not the energy to attempt so strenuous a game as football; and their grandfather, looking out of the window at them, said to himself:

"The poison begins to work. One is knocked under, two have no heart for play; and the other has escaped marvellously so far, but he is depressed by his comrades."

Walter Worthington presently appeared, looking very pale, with great circles under his eyes; but his spirit was less subdued than Jake's. He was determined to continue the quest, if, as he said, his strength only held out.

"I wonder what the next test will be?" Julian observed, meditatively.

And the boys all wondered in turn and tried to guess, but it was of no use. Not an idea suggested itself, and they could only wait for the afternoon, when their grandfather should make known to them the second test. He did not keep them long in suspense. Immediately after luncheon he summoned all four to meet him in the library, thence to proceed to the presence of

Anselm Benedict, where all tests were announced.

"I think," said Mr. Mortimer, "that this second trial will commend itself much more to you than the last. But I must remind you that diligence, activity, endurance will all be brought into play."

Julian regarded his grandfather with eager eyes, which began to sparkle with interest and excitement; while even the haggard Jake, the weary and dispirited Wat, and the sobered and saddened Sedgwick plucked up heart a little. Their grandfather regarded them with a tantalizing expression out of half-shut eyes. He enjoyed playing with their curiosity and delaying the answer to the question which hung on every lip:

"What can be this second test?"

(To be continued.)

Teaching Parrots.

There are two ways of teaching parrots to talk. Sometimes Polly is shut up in a darkened room with her owner and obliged to listen to the same word repeated many times. A clever parrot will learn a word or phrase after four or five hundred repetitions, though dull ones often require a week or more before they say the words correctly. No sound except that which comes from the teacher's mouth is allowed to reach the bird's ears.

Another way is to place the parrot in a well-lighted room and speak to him from a place of concealment, like a closet. This is not considered as successful as the former manner, as his attention is distracted by the things he sees.

Only male parrots learn to talk. The females never acquire the gift of speech; and the name "Polly" is hardly appropriate for the gay birds that chatter so cheerfully among strangers in a foreign land.

With Authors and Publishers.

—We note with pleasure the announcement of an English translation of the more important Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII., with a review of his Pontificate. The work has been prepared by the Rev. John Wynne, S. J., and will be published by Messrs. Benzigers.

—Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons publish a key, on separate cards, to the exercises in their new "Shorthand Instructor," an excellent text-book already noticed by us. Teachers in shorthand classes will find this card key of great advantage if used in the manner suggested by the publishers.

—The Brothers of the Christian Schools have prepared for general distribution an illustrated life of their sainted founder. It is dedicated to the Catholic young men of America, and is designed to foster vocations to the great teaching community of which St. de La Salle was the founder.

—Enthusiasm for Dante shows no sign of slackening in Italy. A Florentine publisher, V. Alinari, has had the *Divina Commedia* illustrated by the best Italian artists; and another Florentine, Alberto Razzolini, has depicted the great vision in miniature on as many postal cards as there are cantos in the poem. Besides these there were at least half a dozen erudite and permanently valuable works produced in Italy by eminent Dantean scholars last year.

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers have sent us the first two issues of their "New Century Catholic Series" of readers. These books are printed, illustrated and bound in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. Children will be delighted with them, and teachers will rejoice to see a series of books for Catholic schools second to none in mechanical excellence. The editor's work is well done, and shows a comprehension of the child-mind. In future issues of this series Catholic authors should have generous representation. The name of only one, we believe, appears in the contents of the Second Reader.

—On the first appearance in 1897 of "Carmel in Ireland," by the Rev. James P. Rushe, O. D. C., we expressed our appreciation of it; we have now to commend with equal heartiness the appendix of more than seventy pages which appears in the second edition. It contains historical data drawn from letters written by Irish missionaries of the seventeenth century; and, though of interest primarily to the members and friends of Carmel, it is not without value to the general student of Irish Church History. The list of extraordinary faculties granted to missionaries in Ireland in the seventeenth century, for instance,

affords a truer notion of the curious emergencies Irish priests had to be prepared for than could be gleaned from a digest of the Penal Laws.

—Among recent Belgian publications of international interest we may mention "Op Wandel," a volume of sketches by the Abbé Hugo Verriest; and a political history of Ireland, written in a very anti-English spirit, by M. P. van Zuylen.

—Among the most feeling verses written by the late Mr. Henley were those referring to his only child, a daughter, who preceded him to the tomb. A writer in the London *Tablet* notes that she was baptized in the Catholic faith, the faith of her mother.

—The centenary of the birth of Gerald Griffin, which will fall on December 12 of this year, ought not to pass unobserved. The publication of a new edition of his works would be the very best way to revive interest in the gentle Irish scholar, who, after winning fame as an author, became a Christian Brother at the age of thirty-five, and spent the rest of his too short life in teaching poor children.

—Under the title "A Short Catechism on the Religious Life," a priest of the diocese of Dublin publishes an excellent translation of a small manual prepared by his Eminence Cardinal Svampa for the nuns of the diocese of Bologna. It contains the essential points of theological teaching in reference to the religious state, and will enable those for whose use it is specially intended not only to understand thoroughly their vocation, but to perform their sacred duties with greatest merit to themselves and highest benefit to others.

—The name of M. René Bazin is not unknown to our readers, and his election to the French Academy has doubtless given pleasure to them as well as to a host of admirers in his native country. Referring to the high honor conferred upon this distinguished author, the *Messenger* says: "The author of 'The Ink-Stain' and 'The Land which Perisheth' has not sought merely to whet the curiosity of his readers, or captivate their fancy, leaving an after-harvest of regret or shame; but he ever appealed to the higher instincts of the human heart. M. Bazin has not sought success. For a quarter of a century his life has been quietly passed in teaching law at the Catholic University of his native city of Angers. Even when literary fame had come to him, he retained his professorship, interrupting his lectures by brief visits to Paris and long excursions through France's ancient byways. Through all his exquisite works, rich in human sympathy, written

in a style fresh and limpid, colored and shaded as a stream is by the flowers and verdure of its banks, the love of his native land, attachment to family and friends, sympathy with the afflicted and the poor, manifest themselves in a sincere and noble realism, and with eloquence of lofty feeling which not infrequently appeals to tears."

—It may be true, as often alleged, that no woman is numbered among the great composers of music; but it is only fair to record that at least several women of our time have been very popular composers. Among them is Ingeborg von Bronsart, who recently celebrated the Golden Jubilee of her career as an artist in Germany. Some of her operas have had a run of popularity that even an American humorist might envy.

—It was natural that so ardent a patriot as John Boyle O'Reilly should have wished to be laid to rest in his native land. A memorial to him in the form of a beautiful Celtic cross was unveiled last month at Dowth, near Drogheda; and it stands in a place which the poet selected for his grave when he was a mere boy, and where, with a boy's far thought, he had carved the letters J. B. O'R. on a stone of the old wall surrounding the burying ground.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Studies Concerning Adrian IV. *Prof. O. A. Thatcher.* \$1.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. *Emily Mary Shapeote.* \$1.25.

The City of Peace. *By Those who Have Entered It.* 90 cts., net.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). *Frances E. Herring.* \$2.

History of Philosophy. *William Turner, S. T. D.* \$2.50.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. *Johannes Janssen.* Vols. V. & VI. \$6 25.

Introibo. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net.

The Philippine Islands. *Blair-Robertson.* Vol. III. \$4.

The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5.

Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.

Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.

In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis.* \$1, net.

The New Empire. *Brooks Adams.* \$1.50, net.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.

Memoirs and Writings of the Very Rev. James F. Callaghan. *Emily Callaghan.* \$2, net.

The Art of Living Long. *Louis Cornaro.* \$1.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. *Edward Hutton.* \$1.25.

Old Squire. *B. K. Benson.* \$1.50.

St. Margaret of Cortona. *Rev. L. de Cherance, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Castle Omeragh. *F. Frankfort Moore.* \$1.50.

Saint Teresa. *Henri Joly.* \$1.

Ye are Christ's. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* 50 cts., net.

The Four Last Things. *Blessed Thomas More.* 50 cts.

Under the Cross. *Faber.* 60 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Andreis, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; and Rev. James Monaghan, diocese of Wilmington.

Mr. John Harris, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Charles Cotter, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. H. C. Renchard, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Daniel Rourk, Batavia, N. Y.; Mr. Dennis Phelan, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Eckenroth, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. James Lavelle, New York; Mrs. P. O'Callaghan, Westfield, Mass.; Mrs. N. L. Gorman, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. William Reed, Mr. Frank Blattner, and Mrs. Catherine Regan, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. T. A. Sullivan and Mrs. John Lally, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. A. C. Volz, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Miss Mary Lee, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Francis Fitzmaurice, Wonewoc, Wis.; Mr. Nicholas Kellett, Toronto, Canada; Mrs. J. T. O'Donnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Catherine Reynolds, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. B. J. Steger, Hudson, Mich.; Miss Rose McCarthy, S. Glens Falls, N. Y.; and Mr. John Weiss, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Quid Prodest?

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

WHAT doth it profit? Soon or late we ask,
In mood reflective, as in calm review
We scan our life: the ends we fain pursue,
The aim ulterior of each daily task,
The fleetingness of joys wherein we bask,
The underlying doubts that still renew
That dread of death no sophistries subdue,
Albeit we wear the while a smiling mask.

What doth it profit us to gain the world,
Fame, wealth and power, with pleasures manifold—
All goods and gifts that perish at the grave,—
If when, our brief life spent, and Death's bolt hurled,
We find ourselves for aye outside Christ's fold,—
If we have lost the soul He died to save?

On Our Lady's Assumption into Heaven.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

I.



HAT the sacred body of Christ's Mother was taken by her Divine Son from the grave and assumed into heaven is the belief of the universal Church, as well as the constant tradition of all times. St. Athanasius, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Sophronius all express this ancient belief. The words of the Fathers will be quoted immediately; but first let us hear the testimony of Juvenal of Jerusalem, as given by the historian Nicephorus:

"It was not without a divine counsel, that the Apostle Thomas was not present at the interment of the Blessed Virgin; for when he came soon after to Jerusalem, and the tomb was opened that he might behold and venerate the holy body, there was nothing found but the grave-clothes, carefully arranged in a befitting place. And when he and those who were with him had reverently kissed those holy relics, they were all filled with wonderful delight and surrounded by the sweetest odors. Then, restoring the tomb to its former state, they withdrew; and this miracle, delivering it over to their posterity, they have handed down even to us."

We will now briefly adduce some reasons from the Fathers, but especially from St. Augustine and St. Damascene, for the fitness of this privilege of Holy Mary.

(1.) They compare Our Lord to Adam, Holy Mary to Eve. And Adam said: "This now is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." Our Lord, they declare, might say: 'My bone is of her bone, My flesh of her flesh.' They likewise quote Psalm cxxxi: "Arise into Thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy sanctification." All the Greek Fathers call Mary the most sacred ark: "He was contained in the ark of her womb." Again they apply to this great feast the text: "The temple of God was opened in heaven, and the Ark of His Testament was seen in His temple."* And St. Bonaventure,

* Apoc., ii, 19.

in this context, makes beautiful application of the words: "The priests bore the Ark of the Testament into its place."*

(2.) Christ says: "Where I am, there also My minister shall be."† But who ever ministered unto our Divine Lord as Mary did? She gave Him what no one gave Him—her pure flesh and blood to form His adorable flesh, her holy womb to bear Him, and her bosom to feed and warm Him. Therefore, they argue, where He is, there is she, body and soul.

(3.) St. Augustine observes: "It is incredible that the body from which the Son of God received His flesh should become corrupt and reduced to ashes. The body of the Virgin to become the food of worms! I could not understand it, and I shudder to think of it."

(4.) That holy body was, as it were, the beginning of our salvation; because from it was derived the flesh of the Saviour whereby we were redeemed. It is only fitting, then, that that same body should participate in a singular way in the merits of redemption. But at the last day the bodies of all mankind will arise: if Holy Mary's body did not arise till then, it would not have received any special privilege.

(5.) This honor was due from the Son to the Mother, especially as we read that "Solomon placed his mother on a special throne at his right hand."‡ It is due from the bridegroom to the bride; and it is of our Blessed Lord and His Holy Mother that several commentators understand the words of St. Matthew (xxv, 1): "They went out to meet the bridegroom and the bride."

(6.) The blessed in heaven all desire the glory of their bodies, and look forward to it as to an additional (accidental) happiness. Now, it seems to our minds unfitting that the Most Holy Virgin should be left any time without the fullest and most absolute

perfection and glory of body and soul.

"All the later saints and Doctors of the Church," says Suarez, "have accepted this tradition—St. Bernard, St. Laurence Justinian, St. Anselm," etc. St. Rupert applies to the Assumption the words of the Canticles: "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising?" Hugo of St. Victor, reckoning the privileges of Holy Mary, says: "She passed away without the pains of death; and in her body she lives in heaven, seated in wonderful glory at the right hand of her Son, according to the saying of the prophet: 'The queen sat on thy right hand, arrayed in golden garments, decked with variety.'" St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Bonaventure, St. Antoninus, St. Alphonsus, Gerson, and the schoolmen hold this belief unanimously; and it is confirmed by the celebration of the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, which is of most ancient date in the Church.

"Furthermore," observes Suarez, "we appeal to the common belief of the faithful; and this is indicated to us by the words and devotion of the simple as well as of the learned. We appeal also [for proof of this common belief] to the Roman Martyrology, to the Missal, the Breviary, the Introit of the Mass, to the antiphons, verses, and responses; in all of which it is repeated over and over again that the Blessed Virgin was assumed into heaven. Nor is it proper to attribute assumption to the soul only; both because *assumption* is used properly and strictly only with regard to the body, and because the Church never uses the word *assumption* in reference to the entrance of the souls of the saints into heaven, but only calls it their passing away, their migration, or their natal day.

"Indeed," he continues, "this privilege touches God Himself and the Christ of the Lord; and in itself is especially befitting the high dignity, supreme sinlessness, purity and charity of the Blessed Virgin. For it was not fitting

* III. Kings, viii, 6.

† St. John, xii, 26.

‡ III. Kings, ii, 19.

that she who in her bodily innocence was so unlike the rest of the world should, nevertheless, like the rest of the world, be allowed to see corruption and be detained in it till the day of doom."

There are two reasons which, to me personally, carry strong conviction:

(1.) While the body of Our Lord on this earth was scourged and crucified, buffeted and spit upon, God was so careful of Holy Mary that not even on the road to Calvary, nor on Calvary, when the populace were raging with hatred against her Divine Son, and when naturally they would be excited against her, was a hand allowed to be raised against her; nor do we read that even a wrathful glance was cast upon her. God, I would believe, did thereby give beforehand a proof that the holy body which He so miraculously protected on that terrible day was to be saved at death from the vileness of the grave, worms, and corruption.

(2.) When I read the promise of Our Lord that on the last day He will raise up our dead and crumbled bodies, because we have, while living, partaken of His adorable flesh and blood, the mystery of the Assumption comes to me as a confirmation of that sacred promise. For if Mary, who first gave Him His adorable body, and who partook of it so often in the Holy Communion after His Ascension, be not in heaven, it would not truly make me disbelieve, but it would weaken my belief; whereas, when I think with myself, 'Behold what He has done to the body of His Holy Mother!' the thought, I confess, 'helps my unbelief.'

While, then, this mystery of the Assumption is not an article of faith, because it has not been defined by the Church nor laid down in the Scriptures, it has, nevertheless, been so generally received and believed that, in the words of Suarez, "it could not be called in doubt by any pious Catholic, nor without temerity be denied."

II.

At what time and how long after death the assumption of the holy body of the Blessed Virgin Mary took place are points very much disputed, and therefore uncertain. All are agreed on the date of Our Lady's death—namely, the 15th of August. Some think that it was forty days afterward that the assumption took place. Others think that the death, resurrection and assumption occurred on the same day, because the Church celebrates all on the same day. But the opinion of Suarez seems to have special weight. He says:

"The third day has a certain congruity; for even in this it was fitting that the Blessed Virgin should imitate her Divine Son. On the third day she arose, and on that same day she was assumed into heaven; for *there was no reason for delay on her part as there was in the case of her Divine Son*. And in that assumption it is the pious belief of all the Fathers that not only the choirs of the Blessed and the angelic hierarchies but Christ the Lord Himself came to meet her, and led her with wonderful honor and rejoicing to her throne.... She ascended into heaven by the power common to all glorified bodies. We say 'She was taken up by angels,' because they accompanied her as an escort of honor. And we use the word *assumption* rather than *ascension* for two reasons: because the power of ascending does not belong naturally to human persons, as it did to the divine person of our Blessed Lord; and, secondly, because it is more correct to say of the body that it was *assumed* than that it *ascended*; of the soul, that it *ascended* rather than that it was *assumed*; for it is the proper faculty of the soul, not only in its glorified state but even by its natural and ordinary power, to ascend."

When a person dies the soul is separated from the body. In the case of Our Lord, His soul went to Limbo, His

body remained on the cross. In the case of ordinary mortals the soul goes to judgment, the body remains on the bed of death, to be removed later on to the grave. In the case of our Blessed Lady the soul at once ascended into heaven, as there was no impediment of sin to prevent it; but the holy body, according to St. John Damascene, Andrew of Crete, and Simon Metaphrastes, was committed to the earth; and these ancient writers declare that the interment was accompanied with wondrous miracles.

St. Bede makes mention of this tomb, and says that a church was built on the spot. And Burchard, in his description of the Holy Land, informs us that after the terrible slaughter at Jerusalem this church remained for a long while concealed, but that after a time it again became known. "Even in our days," says Suarez, "those who visit Jerusalem declare that they have seen this Church of the Sepulchre. A book on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin attributed to St. Jerome states that the church lies in the Valley of Josaphat, between Mount Sion and Mount Olivet." And Suarez quotes St. Bede as saying that the sepulchre of St. Joseph was hard by. "In that sepulchre, therefore," continues Suarez, "was the body of the Blessed Virgin laid; and it remained there, perfect and incorrupt, unto the time of her glorious resurrection, as all the ancient Fathers teach; and as indeed is of itself most reasonable, considering the dignity, the purity, and the innocence of Most Holy Mary."

As to this transit, or passage, the same writer beautifully and thoughtfully adds: "In this transit from temporal life to the heavenly country, the Blessed Virgin did not cease or interrupt her act of divine charity and love; but rather continued, in a higher perfection and necessity, to perform that same act, which up to the very end of her life she had freely exercised,—if it be true,

as possibly it is, that the act of divine love here below and that in heaven arise from the same motive. And if any one think them different, it is certain that there was no interruption between the act here below and that exercised in the heavenly courts. It is very likely that the soul of the Blessed Virgin during life never ceased to make acts of love, but especially at the time when she was approaching her end; for truly she was not distracted either by pain of body or perturbation of the senses; nay, rather, inasmuch as she had known the hour and moment of her death from divine revelation, as the ancient Fathers attest, the nearer she approached to that wished-for goal, the more vehemently did she burn with divine charity and love; and, thus disposed, she arrived at the instant of death, when she began both to see God and to love Him for evermore in the beatific charity."

An Event on the Mountain Side.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THERE was an air of innocent and unusual excitement about Miss Watson's movements. Her hands shook so that she could not tie her bonnet strings; and when she went to fill the cat's saucer with milk she poured it on the white floor instead. At last, when she was ready to set out on whatever errand or quest had so disturbed her, a peep into the narrow looking-glass told her that there were several details of her toilette—a crooked bonnet, for instance,—that needed attention.

"I declare," she said to her aunt aged ninety-two, "I shall never get there in the world! Now, this is the medicine to take at three o'clock; and I've put the drinking water on this chair close to you; and, whatever happens, don't you strike a match."

Just then there came a knock at the door. Miss Watson was in despair. Not once in many days did a neighbor cross her threshold; but, neighbor or not, this visitor should be "sent packing." She opened the portal gingerly, and a man lifted his hat. I do not suppose that Miss Watson had been the recipient of a similar courtesy a dozen times in her life, and she was disarmed.

"My little daughter"—and here Miss Watson, opening the door wider, saw a child at the man's side,—“my little daughter is thirsty. May she have a drink of water from this nice old well?”

Miss Watson had not thought much of her well, and had had serious thoughts of a patent pump; but the long, weather-beaten well-sweep seemed to acquire a new dignity from those pleasant words.

"Wait till I get a dipper," she said. "And won't you come in and sit down?"

"No, I thank you!" replied the visitor. "We have something of a walk before us, and I am not well." Here, as if to prove his words were true, he had a fit of coughing that left him white and weak.

To a New Englander any cup of tin is a "dipper," and the dipper of Miss Watson made several shining journeys to the oaken bucket before the travellers turned to go.

"I am afraid we have detained you," the stranger remarked. "You were going out."

"Well, I was going, to be sure," replied Miss Watson; "but there isn't any particular hurry. I'm going to a vendue. One of my neighbors is dead and his nephew has come to sell his things off. It's around the other side of the mountain. Maybe you're walking that way?"

"We are," said the stranger; "and we'll walk along with you, if you are willing."

Miss Watson went into the house to repeat her instructions to her aged relative; then ran back once more to put

the cat out, so she would not attack the canary. But at last the trio were well started.

"Your little girl seems bashful," said Miss Watson.

"She does not speak English well," was the reply. "But she is thankful to you,—are you not, Dolores?" he asked in accents strange to Miss Watson; and the little maid returned the radiant and eloquent smile which stands for gratitude in any language.

As they went along Miss Watson became voluble, as often happens when one who lives in seclusion meets a sympathetic listener.

"I wouldn't have taken you for a foreigner," she began.

"No?" and the stranger looked amused.

"You're white as anybody and your English is all right. Now, what might you be? Italian, perhaps?"

"My kind lady," he returned, "with your permission we will dismiss the subject of nationality. Will you enlighten me in regard to this sale—vendue, you called it?"

"Yes," she said; "but I wish that you'd first tell your little girl to look out for poison ivy. Every time she picks a checkerberry I'm scared."

The little one warned, Miss Watson continued:

"Well, you see where I live, on this sort of shelf on the mountain, Abner Dean lived about half a mile further along. I've always known Abner. He and I were children together here on the mountain; and we were young folks together, and—"

"I understand," said the stranger, gently.

"We expected to get married, but he went down to Hilltop and saw somebody he liked better, and I wouldn't hold him to his promise. That was fifty years ago. I kept my promise just the same, and he or anybody else never knew I cared. He had six children, and

they all died except one. There was a consumptive streak in the family."

"And the one who didn't die?"

"He ran away to sea. His father was very strict with him; and one time when he went to a dance down in the village Abner said: 'No son of mine goes to such a sink of iniquity; and if you go again you needn't come home.' And Sammy went again, and the next morning he rode over to the Shoals and shipped on a Spanish schooner that had stopped there to get a load of fish. After that Abner never spoke of him; but he became more and more religious, and was a master-hand at expounding the Scriptures and railing at sinners. His wife was a poor weak little thing, and I must say he took good care of her till she died. Now he's gone, and his nephew from up the coast has come to take possession of things. Everything's got to be sold to pay the mortgage.

"There are some things I want to bid in, if I can afford it. I can't bear to see his old rocking-chair go to strangers; and there's the old grandfather clock, that I used to see him wind when he was so little he had to get on a chair to do it. And, if I've got enough money, I'm going to get the looking-glass. The day I was sixteen he said: 'Do you want to see a pretty picture?' and made me look in that glass. But, as I said, he never knew I cared because he married the Hilltop girl; and I was a real good neighbor, if I do say it, and always was ready to help with the children when there was sickness. I loved every one of them, and I want to buy the cradle they were all rocked in. They are sure Sammy is dead; but if he ever comes back alive, I want to say, 'Sammy, all I could do for you was to save the old cradle.' He was the prettiest of all the children, but high-strung like all the Deans. If he'd been a meek-spirited creature like his mother, he'd never have run off. But I've talked

you nearly to death, and there's the house! I see we're in time."

The old Dean dwelling, grim and grey and dignified with the weight of two hundred years, sat where the shelf of the mountain suddenly widened to a plateau. There was even room for a row of elm trees, which took root sturdily and flourished as well as those in the lowlands. The yard was filled with a thin crowd of people, and in the house they fairly swarmed.

The reticence maintained by the dead man had excited curiosity for many miles around, and the result would have been ludicrous if it had not been so pathetic. Summer boarders, in clothes of latest vogue, examined the marks upon the pewter porringers and Lowestoft teapots; and farmers' wives and village women held up the homespun sheets and towels, and put a possible value upon the ancient chairs. Abner Dean's Sunday suit was brought forth to the light of day and searched for moth holes, and the faded gowns of his wife were mercilessly discussed. A lady in a smart summer suit had seized the cradle, pronouncing it "Too cute for any use," and threatening to become its possessor at any cost. At that sight Miss Watson, who had managed to maintain her composure hitherto, broke down and wept furtive tears in the friendly shelter of a blue and white counterpane which was stretched upon a clothesline for inspection. The stranger caught a glimpse of her.

"Be brave, madam!" he said in his somewhat formal manner. "Strange things sometimes happen."

Little Dolores slipped her hand into an old one covered by a faded cotton glove, and put her face against its owner's sleeve.

The auctioneer got upon the kitchen table and rang a bell.

"My friends," he said, "this is a solemn occasion. A fellow-citizen has been snatched away, to be seen no more.

At this momentous time we should realize that existence is fleeting, and I will proceed to business. The contents of this house—the beautiful contents, my friends,—are to be knocked down to the highest bidder; and as some of you are desirous of getting back to Hilltop, I will, by request, first attract your attention to this cradle. This is a cradle, gentlemen, that may have come over in the *Mayflower*. I defy any one to say that it did not. How much am I offered as a starter?"

The lady in the silk gown was alert, and the tears were running down Miss Watson's old cheeks.

"Half a dollar!" came in silken tones that matched the gown. Then, as if to verify the stranger's prediction, something happened; for he arose and interrupted the auctioneer.

"There is no need of continuing this sale," he said.

The auctioneer's mouth opened, but so amazed was he that no words came. Abner's nephew was more fortunate.

"Upon my word, sir," he began, "you are making yourself rather officious. May I ask by what right—"

"Cousin," said the stranger, "these things are mine and I do not choose to sell them. I am Samuel Dean."

"How do you do, Samuel!" exclaimed the cousin. "You have been rather late in coming forward; but, so far as I am concerned, you're quite welcome to the whole house, mortgage and all." And he extended a friendly hand.

One by one they crowded about the pale man who had come to claim his own; and, as the news spread through the house, it was "Sammy, do you remember?" and "Sammy, have you forgotten?" and a chorus of "Who would have thought it?" One was silent. Miss Watson, holding fast to Dolores, trembled but did not speak.

"I think," said Samuel, "that there could be no better time for an explanation than this, when you are all together. I

was eighteen when, after a misunderstanding with my poor father, I shipped on a Spanish schooner at the Shoals. For thirty years he would not forgive me; but a while before he died his heart softened and he wrote me this letter. 'Come home,' it reads. 'I shall be gone, but the old house will be here. Come home, my son!' And I have come home, and brought my little girl, whose mother is dead; and please God, we are going to make a home again here on the mountain. She is of different blood from you, and your ways and hers will at first seem strange; but I ask you to be her friends when I am gone."

Then they saw that the scourge of the Deans was pursuing him, and knew that the little maid might not have her father long.

And yet he lives to-day,—frail, it is true, and often, as it seems, at the door of death; but happy and at peace. The air from the pine forests upon the mountain and the careful nursing of Miss Watson have combined to grant him a new lease of earthly days. The aged aunt has long slept with her ancestors; and Miss Watson, with the cat and canary, is domesticated at the old Dean home.

The religion of Dolores troubled the good Puritan until she found out that it was the faith of the child's father as well. Then she was reconciled; for if Sammy believed it, it could not be wrong. There are whispers that she even goes over to the Beach to Mass on special occasions; and for once rumors tell the truth.

EVERY child should be measured by its own standards, trained to its own duty, and rewarded by its just praise. It is the *effort* that deserves praise, not the *success*; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or duller, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has.—*Ruskin*.

In the Morning Watch.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

LOW i' the distant offing
 The voice of the surge is crying;
 Toward shadowy hills of the deep
 One white sail is flying.
 Spar and compass and keel—
 Loot for the night and sea—
 Trim, young bark of a yestermorn,
 What is the port for thee?

Over the whistling marshes
 Torn surf and the gloom are falling,
 Out on reverberant waters
 Death in the wind is calling.
 And ever the Bridegroom waiteth,
 Patient beyond all ken,
 For a glimpse of the ships—and a ship
 like thine
 That may never come home again.

The Story of Mary Stuart.

BY MARY CROSS.

III.

THE deputy warden of the Marches received Mary on her landing in England, and conducted her to Carlisle Castle, where she was detained as a prisoner. There it was intimated to her that it was impossible for a maiden queen to receive her until she had proved herself innocent of the charges against her. In reply to her spirited remonstrance, Elizabeth stated that the said charges should be investigated, and proposed that Murray and his associates should be called to give an account of their actions before commissioners to be chosen by the two queens. Mary agreed to this conference. Before Murray did so, he asked that the judges should first give him an assurance that the Casket Letters should be held a sufficient proof of Mary's guilt. It is not known what reply, if any, was returned him.

In July Mary was removed for

greater security to Bolton Castle; and in October the conference was held at York, the Duke of Norfolk presiding. Whilst it was proceeding Murray secretly put several suggestive questions to the judges. Had they authority to pronounce sentence on Mary if she were found guilty? Would they promise to pronounce it without delay? Satisfied on these points, he submitted his so-called proofs to the commissioners. We may fairly ask what became of the neutrality the judges had sworn to observe when they examined these papers without the knowledge or consent of the opposite party? The letters produced were written in Scotch, and were shown, neither as copies nor translations, but as the actual letters written by Mary. Yet the same men afterward produced documents written in French, and swore just as solemnly that these were the letters written by Mary.

Up to the close of the conference, neither the originals nor copies of the letters were delivered to Mary's commissioners, though repeated demands were made for them. The proceedings resulted in an acquittal. The finding of Elizabeth and her council was that "there had been nothing sufficiently produced nor shown against the Queen [of Scots] whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen, her good sister, for anything yet seen." Does not this imply that the council did not believe in the authenticity of the Casket Letters? Their opinion is worth a good deal. Some of the shrewdest and wisest men in England were amongst them, and had the first sight of the letters when they were fresh from the hands of Mary's accusers. The Earl of Sussex declared that, so far from being satisfied of Mary's guilt, he believed she could prove a stronger case against her adversaries, and he advised that she be induced to resign her crown without a trial.

Mary commanded her agents to charge Murray and his associates with the murder of Darnley; but, instead of any investigation being made into that, Murray was informed that, as Scotland was disordered and disquiet, the Queen of England thought he had better return to his own country. Murray availed himself of this opportune counsel and returned to Scotland, receiving before his departure the sum of £5000 from Elizabeth's treasury for his attempt to ruin his sister's character. His receipt for the money is still in existence.

As Lord Sussex had advised, an attempt was made to entrap Mary into resigning her crown in favor of her son, through the persuasion of the Bishop of Ross and Elizabeth. The latter wrote to Mary, assuring her that in this way only could she secure her own safety, and promising that in return the charges against her should be committed to perpetual silence. Sir Francis Knollys was dispatched to Mary, with instructions to terrify the royal captive, if necessary, into renouncing her rights. Guided by her own noble instincts, she saw through the snare. "The pack of traitors thought that they had hunted her down at last; but, standing gallantly at bay, she bade them do their worst." She told Sir Francis that she did not desire the accusations against her to be buried in silence, but that they should be publicly examined; that if she gave up her crown at this crisis, the whole world would construe the act into an avowal of guilt; smiling in disdain of his threats, she said that she could always face death or suffering, but never dishonor; and she would die as she had lived—a queen.

In 1569 the northern counties of England rose in rebellion, headed by the gallant Earl of Northumberland, Blessed Thomas Percy; the object of the rising being to release Mary and to restore the ancient Faith. They were defeated by the royal troops, and the vengeance

taken on the wretched peasantry is unequalled. In the many rebellions in Scotland during Mary's reign only three persons perished on the scaffold: on this occasion there were three hundred executions in the county of Durham alone, and Elizabeth rebuked the sheriff because there were not more. The Earl of Northumberland fled to Scotland, where he was captured by Murray and imprisoned in Lochleven. Murray offered to deliver him up to Elizabeth in exchange for Mary, for whose blood Knox, with one foot in the grave, was shrieking. The Reformer wrote to Burleigh urging him "to strike at the root"; and there is little doubt for what purpose the surrender of Mary was demanded. Elizabeth agreed to the proposal; but before her acceptance reached Murray, he was shot as he rode through Linlithgow, by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, whom he had injured. The event forms the subject of a fine ballad by Sir Walter Scott.

At last the protests of the Kings of France and of Spain induced Elizabeth to pretend that she would consider the restoration of Mary to her rights; and Lord Burleigh was sent to the royal captive, now imprisoned at Chatsworth, to make terms with her. He first proposed that the Scottish strongholds of Edinburgh and Dumbarton should be yielded up to Elizabeth. To this Mary returned an unqualified refusal. "Your Queen may do with me what she will," she said; "but never shall it be said of Mary Stuart that, to save herself, she betrayed the independence of her country."

She accepted other conditions, and the treaty for her liberation was signed. But, as Elizabeth informed the Scots regent, Mar, it was merely a play to keep Mary's friends in good-humor; and so far from the promises being fulfilled, Mary was removed to the stronger prison of Sheffield Castle, wherein she was doomed to spend fourteen years

of captivity. Discovering the treachery, she informed Elizabeth that she now held herself free to seek the aid of foreign princes to recover her rights. Thereafter she asked the help of the Duke of Norfolk to escape. The Duke was in correspondence with her for that object, when the plot was discovered and Norfolk was sent to the Tower and executed on a charge of treason. Another of Mary's adherents also perished on the scaffold in the person of the Earl of Northumberland, who had been two years a prisoner in Scotland. His wife had gathered £2000, which she offered as his ransom to the regent. But that noble sold his prisoner for the same price to Elizabeth. The money was paid in gold. The earl was beheaded, with his last breath professing his fidelity to the Catholic Faith. The scandalous circumstances of his betrayal and his demeanor on the scaffold created a profound sensation.

Time passed. A favorable opportunity for getting rid of Mary seemed to present itself when feeling was running high against the Catholic party, on account of the atrocious "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." Lord Burleigh again offered to deliver her up to the regent and his nobles, provided they would undertake her immediate execution. He received the assurance that she should be secretly put to death within three hours of her arrival in Scotland. Certain nobles chosen by the regent were to go to England, to be detained there as hostages until their sovereign was executed. Before the agreement was concluded, it was brought to a stop by the sudden death of Mar. Twice within two years the surrender of Mary to her foes was prevented by the unexpected death of the Scots regent.

Her long and close imprisonment had by this time seriously affected her health. The damp, ill-ventilated prison had brought on attacks of rheumatism and other ailments. She renewed her often-

denied request for the services of a priest; but Elizabeth was inexorable, saying that Mary had perfect liberty to exercise a much better religion, and with that must be content. Mary replied that she had listened to a number of Protestant preachers, and conversed with them also in private, but she never had found any two who agreed on the most cardinal points of the Christian Faith. There were only two things in which they did agree—abusing the Pope and praying for the Queen, which by law they were bound to do. With these exceptions, there seemed to be amongst them as many different religions as there were heads, and instead of converting her, they had but confirmed her in her Faith.

From her sick bed she wrote Elizabeth a letter of remarkable eloquence and power: "Since equity and right must yield to your tyranny, I carry my appeal to the Eternal God, whose dominion is over all princes. To Him in whom there is no craft or fraud I uplift my voice, beseeching Him to deal with us both at the judgment as we shall deserve. In His name, in His presence, at the foot of His throne, I charge you remember that you have been the spring and source of my most cruel afflictions. From the first day of my captivity until the present hour, I have endured trials more bitter and grievous than death, usage hard and unbecoming to a slave. Show me some compassion; permit me to expose the cruel calumnies of my enemies; do not deny me the small consolation of passing the remnant of my life in peace. I entreat you by the Cross and Passion of the Redeemer allow me to leave your dominions, that I may refresh my tired body after this long and painful captivity. But if a prison is still to be my lot and earthly joy denied me, do not oppose me in my hopes of heaven: let me have a priest to comfort my afflicted soul, and perform for me the offices of that holy Faith in

which I have lived and in which I shall surely die." The request was not granted. A young man, whose only crime was his Catholic Faith, was tortured daily in her sight, and finally hanged under her window.

Even when her prospects had been darkest, she had had one ray of hope which she believed her enemies could not quench. She looked for deliverance to her son. When he had grown to manhood, she appealed to him. After prolonged suspense, she received his reply, which was such as only Darnley's son could have returned. He informed her that as she was a prisoner in a foreign land, he did not consider that she was in a position to enter into any association; but he should ever be prepared to recognize her as queen-mother. Thus abandoned by her son, the difficulties and trials of her position increased, as did her enemies' harshness. She was given into the custody of the Puritan knight, Sir Amias Paulet; and he speedily prohibited her from giving alms to the poor, one of her few remaining consolations. With her days burdened by constant dread, with no prospect but dreary captivity and a sudden death, she negotiated with the Prince of Parma to gain her liberty,—a fact she never denied. But from first to last she did deny complicity in the contemporary plot of Anthony Babington to assassinate Elizabeth.

Babington, whilst a page in Sheffield Castle, had seen and pitied Queen Mary. He and a few rash young men were caught like foolish flies in a web spun by the Secretary of State, Walsingham, whose paid agent and spy then succeeded in entrapping Mary's secretaries into a correspondence with the conspirators. Thereby the long-desired end was achieved, as she was held responsible for her servants; and for several months their letters and her own had been intercepted and laid before Walsingham. Babington and his companions were

arrested; Mary was removed to Tixall and her secretaries to London. For seventeen days she was kept in close confinement. When she was taken back to her former prison, she found that her cabinets had been ransacked and every scrap of paper was gone. Paulet had also taken possession of all her money except £3, which he left her to pay her servants. She said to him quietly that there were still two things of which he could not deprive her, and which she would retain until she died—her royal blood and her Catholic Faith. Mrs. Curle, wife of one of her secretaries, had given birth to a daughter amidst these melancholy scenes, and Mary besought Paulet to allow his chaplain to baptize the child. He bluntly refused. The Queen, taking the infant on her knee, baptized it herself, giving it her own name of Mary.

Babington and his associates were sentenced to death, and Elizabeth questioned her ministers whether no new device could be hit on whereby their pains might be prolonged. Burleigh informed her that the law knew of no severer punishment than that already prescribed for treason; but, if her Majesty pleased, the executioner could be ordered "to protract the extremity of their pains." The fearful order was issued, and the result was a scene so horrible that at last the spectators interfered and insisted that the remaining prisoners should simply be hanged.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE peculiarity of ill-temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men and women who are all but perfect but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered, or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill-temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics.

—Henry Drummond.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXXII.—GOSSIP AND A TELEGRAM.

"FAIX, but it's some gintlemin that has their beds med for them, tucked in an' all!" observed Paddy Casey, as he lugged in with a din and clatter the capacious bath-tub in which Myles O'Byrne was wont to make his matutinal ablutions. "Luck is no word for it, sir. Sure it's like findin' a crock o' goold an' houldin' the *leprechaun*; for if ye don't hould him the goold will turn into brass, no less."

"What does all this mean?" yawned Myles, who would gladly have taken another "forty winks"; for the mad conduct of the Baroness, the sight of the Nihilists as they were swung over the side of the yacht, and the escape under God's mercy of all on board, kept him awake till far into the pearly light of the morning.

"I mane, sir, that it's yerself that's *in it*. An' sure it will be a great day, glory be to God an' His Holy Mother! I have a deep interest in the matter, for there's a little widdy at Fontanka after meself. Howsomever, with all her tinder mercy, she'll have to wait till after this say voyage. Your case is different entirely, Masther Myles—"

"Well, Paddy, what *are* you driving at?" inquired the other, who was now thoroughly awake.

"I'll tell you, thin, in a jiffy."

Paddy shut the door, peeped into an old-fashioned wardrobe, looked under the bed, and then, clearing his throat like an orator about to deliver a harangue, exclaimed in a stage whisper:

"You're goin' in the packet wid the Baroness, Masther Myles; an' so am I, the saints be praised! I heerd her

colloquin' wid her secatary. I always thought till now, sir, that a secatary was a man; but it seems that famales is turnin' their hands to everything—"

"What are you leading up to?" asked Myles.

"The weddin', sir,"—with a grin from ear to ear.

"What wedding?—whose wedding?"

"Why, who else's but yer honor's? I heerd all the plans. She didn't know I spoke Roosian, an' I didn't let on, sir."

"Now, what do you mean, Paddy, by interfering in matters that do not concern you?"

"I didn't interfere, sir,—sorra a bit. It just kem to me. I couldn't help but listen; mostly, moreover, as it was such elegant news. You see, it kem to me this way, Masther Myles. I—"

"Oh, don't pester me! Come to the point."

"Sure, sir, if I was a bailiff an' servin' a latitat on ye instead of—"

"I do not ask for your comments, Paddy. I don't need them."

"Glory be to St. Anthony, ye won't be needin' nothin' when this say voyage is done, an' we're landed in furrin parts! If I had five minutes"—addressing himself beseechingly to the ceiling—"I'd tell what would make ye lep out o' that bed an' go to the Church of St. Catherine on the Nevsky, where the hotel is that Count O'Reilly lives in barrin' when he's wid the Emperor or the Grand Juke."

"You can have five minutes, Paddy," said Myles sternly, taking his watch from under his pillow. "Go on!"

"Bedad, I'll go on as if I was ridin' the winner at Punchestown. Well, Masther Myles, I was waitin' for that letter that the Baroness sent to ye—it's there, sir, beside ye on the bed,—an' she tould me for to wait whilst she put the pen at it. Her secatary come in. Then she forgot me, an' I stayed standin' like Luke Brady's goose that was left over after the fair. 'Are ye

gettin' everything into order?' says she to the secatary.—'Yes, ma'am,' says the secatary.—'Ye'll have his luggage all aboard?'—'Yes, ma'am,' says the secatary.—'He's for to have the shute of staterooms the Tsar occupied.'—'Yes, ma'am,' says the secatary.—'An' ye've seen to the cigarettes?'—'Yes, ma'am: I just got them from Colonel Demidoff; they are the same as the Tsar smokes,' says the secatary.—'An' ye have arranged for flowers?'—'Yes, ma'am,' says the secatary.—'They come from the Crimea this mornin'?'—'An' pope Filcovitch is aboard?'—'Yes, ma'am: he's atin' his third breakfast,' says the secatary.—'Ah, all goes well! Here, my man,' an' she turned to me, but I pretinded not to understand her.—'Oh, he has no Roosian!' says the secatary.—'I forgot. Are all the licenses ready?'—'Yes, ma'am: the pope tould me so betune his second an' third breakfast,' says the secatary.—'Well, see that the holy man wants for nothing.'—The secatary bowed; there was a smile on her face as she took herself off. Then the Baroness gev me the letter an' twenty roubles, no less; an' here they are, Masther Myles," said the honest fellow, pushing the money under Myles' pillow.

"What do you mean, Paddy? I don't want those roubles. But I thank you, all the same."

"I thought, wid all respect to yer honor, that as a weddin' comes expensive, an'—"

"Whose wedding?—what wedding?"

"Yours, sir, of coorse; whose else's?"

Myles fell back on his pillow, feeling inclined to laugh.

"And are all these preparations for me, Paddy?"

"Every mother's son of them, sir. That's what I call a lady. She looks after everything, an' ye needn't raise hand nor foot higher than a bee's knee until ye're the owner of castles an' steam yachts, an' elegant lands an'

bogs!" cried Paddy, glowing with delight.

"Then I am to be married on board the yacht?"

"Sorra a doubt of it. She has everything as ready as if it was a wake. She has the pope, as they call them here,—bad cess to their impidence! There's only *wan* Pope, an' he's St. Peter come down to Rome for a while. An' as for this ould *shoneen*, God pardon me, I have no regard for him at all, at all!"

Things looked rather serious for Myles.

"That will do, Paddy. Take your money, my boy. And now fill up my bath,—not another word!"

As Casey retired he muttered:

"Faix ye'd think it was a funeral that I was tellin' about. Oh, my, isn't he the lucky man! The Prince o' Wales is nothin' to him."

As Myles was making his toilette he naturally considered the situation, and arrived at the conclusion that the Baroness Grondno was crazy. He had read of crazy women, under the glamour of hallucination, imagining that they were in love, madly, passionately, and that they had met their fate. He knew of one instance where a girl residing at Aghrim went crazy over a photograph—that of Tom Noonan, sometime a clerk in the bank. The Baroness must be dealt with harshly, without gloves. To deceive or lie to the unfortunate maniac would be positively sinful. He must only avoid her as much and as long as possible, and then let her have the truth fairly and squarely. Why, such a woman, her reason being tainted, would stop at nothing. If he went on board her yacht, she might have him drugged in some manner, and married without his being aware of the fact. Most men would have jumped at her offer. It seemed so strange,—*her* offer! But he, possibly, was as crazy as herself for rejecting it; and for what? A dream. Eileen De Lacey was not for him.

"If we stood on even terms," he

sighed, "I would woo her. But her riches and my poverty have made a gulf between us wider than the broad Atlantic—the bridgeless chasm of unequal station."

After a cup of delicious tea, with a slice of that brown bread so beloved by all good Russians, Myles took the train, which dropped him at the Field of Mars, and strolled to Count Mero's corner of the Winter Palace. As he reached the great doorway, where lounged half a dozen golden uniformed attendants and as many sentinels, all of whom saluted the Cross of St. Kremlin, an imperial carriage dashed up, and the next moment Count Mero came tripping down the crimson carpeted stairs.

"Ah, Mr. O'Byrne! Delighted to see you! I am hard pressed to catch the 12.15 train to Gatchina; though I can have a special, of course. Jump in and give me the pleasure of your company to the station."

Myles complied with alacrity, the scarlet-coated imperial footman banging the door and leaping to his seat.

"The Emperor holds a meeting of his Privy Council at one o'clock. The court is there. You missed a dine and sleep on account of the injuries to your hands. Let me assure you that you are *persona gratissima*, and the story of the little archduchess wondering at the size of your paws gave great amusement as told by the Empress to the other tiny archduchesses. So you sail to-morrow? Let me hear you say that you are sorry to leave us."

"Sorry," Count Mero, could never express what I feel. And my sorrow in leaving goes hand in hand with my deep sense of gratitude for the many favors so generously extended to me."

"Tut, tut, man! You deserved them, and more. I hope to meet you in London in about a month."

"There was a rumor that your Excellency might sail with us."

"I gave a half promise to Sir Henry.

These, you know, are busy times—the court preparing to leave for Yalta, and the sea-bathing for the children. But kindly let me have your club address."

"I have no club. I have always been too poor," said Myles, in his honest, boyish fashion; while inwardly he murmured: "Now, if I had belonged to the Stephen's Green Club or the Kildares, what a throb of pride and pleasure!"

"Any address, my dear fellow, so as I shall find you. The Russian Embassy in London gets me," continued Mero.

"This is my address, your Excellency." And Myles wrote on a small piece of paper the number of the quaint little cottage at Sandymount.

The imperial carriage had now reached the station, and its occupants sprang out. On every side the people *en route* bowed low, heads bared; while the station master, cap in hand, stood at a specially reserved saloon compartment. A hearty shake hands with Myles, and the Count took his place, two secretaries in uniform slowly and respectfully following him.

"Tell Sir Henry that I am coming to the boat to drink to his safe voyage and *return*." And the train slowly departed, as is the fashion in Russia.

"A fine fellow!" muttered Myles, as he turned away.

On re-entering his carriage, O'Byrne found himself not a little embarrassed. Not being able to speak Russian, he could not tell the footman, waiting hat in hand, where to go.

"Now I am in a pretty fix! I want to be a howling swell and to meet everybody I know—oh, I have it!" And, turning to the footman, he called out: "Europa Michaeloffsky!"

In a trice they were wheeling along the wide, ill-paved street that leads to the station, lined by great, hideous buildings, every one of them a military barrack.

The carriage got blocked at the crossing from the City Hall to Michaeloffsky

Street, and another very stylish English victoria was stopped at right angles. The police were making frantic efforts to clear the way for the court equipage, when Myles, who had been eagerly gazing at the wondrous panorama, turned to meet the soft, sad violet eyes of Eileen De Lacey, whose victoria was almost within speaking distance. She was intensely pale, and it was evident that she had been gazing at him during the block, which was now being rapidly dissolved. O'Byrne, under an uncontrollable impulse, was about to leap out and accost her; but her bow was so icy, her usually mobile features so unmoved, that he almost recoiled, and returned her salute with a *hauteur* in which the blue blood of the O'Byrnes superbly asserted itself.

"Adieu!" he murmured as the carriage spun along. "This ends my dream! Adieu, Eileen! I shall always love you, and your eyes shall ever remain in my aching heart to gaze into my very soul."

Halfway to the hotel the veteran, who was afoot, stood to admire the imperial equipage. Suddenly perceiving that it was occupied, he raised his hat, saying:

"Glory be to God, there's my nephew—my own—seated as bold as brass in the Emperor's chariot! Faix maybe he has the Tsar beside him or under the seat. Well, how these few pounds I sent him, *did* work like a four-leaved shamrock! It was a great day for the O'Byrnes. Be the mortal frost, they're made now! And see the widow he's getting,—as rich as Cræsus, no less."

The equipage pulled up at the Hôtel de l'Europe; but, after a moment's reflection, Myles resolved to drive on to Content's. He found Percy Byng seated in the hall.

"At last! I want you, Myles, to come shopping with me after luncheon. I have some little gifts to send, you know."

"Take a woman with you. She knows what to do and how to do it."

"Very sagacious, my Hibernian friend.

But it is for women that these gifts are intended, and they would blow the gaff on me."

"But I don't speak Russian."

"You need not speak,—just point at what you want. The fellow behind the counter will bring it to you. Then he'll write the price on a piece of paper in good English. You'll shake your head and write on the same paper one half. Then he'll demur, and come down at last to twenty-five off."

"Well, you're an artful young fellow!"

"Not so young as you think,"—with a very successful attempt at looking "a knowing one."

Content's is situated in a small plantation, gay with the color of wondrous flowers. You breakfast and lunch at Content's, but you dine at Cubat's.

They found Stodboswitch awaiting them. He was preparing some strange-looking liquid, which was of his own invention and named by him "vodka coque-tail." Myles tasted it through politeness, and found it execrable; while Percy undisguisedly fled to a cuspidor and spat it out.

The Prince roared.

"You'll come to like it later. It is an acquired taste. I shall introduce it in the United States next month. Yes, I run over to visit Mr. Hitchcock,—a splendid fellow. He was the United States Ambassador here. And he has such charming daughters. Luncheon awaits you, gentlemen."

Needless to say the breakfast was worthy of a prince, Content serving his famous roast chicken stuffed with a single truffle, and rare wines from Monopoli.

"Myles, the 'Governor' insists that you are to come to our yacht. She is only a cockleshell compared with the *Corisande* or the *Adora*, but very snug and roomy. You are to come and live aboard. Won't it be jolly! Your wife is invited, too. The *mater* will see to all that sort of thing."

"My wife?"

"Of course. I hope it's nobody else's," said the young fellow, delighted with his own joke.

"You're a downright fraud, Percy!" retorted Myles. "Tell me who she is."

"Oh, come now! Aren't you going to get married on the *Adora* to the Baroness?"

"Where in the world did you pick up that yarn?" asked O'Byrne, not a little annoyed.

"I have it from the best authority."

"Name it."

There was a something in the eye of the questioner that compelled Percy to say:

"Your own man,—Paddy. But I should not have mentioned it."

"Don't look so bewildered, Mr. O'Byrne!" laughed the Prince. "A funny piece of gossip; hurts nobody, not even the lady."

Myles deemed it better to pass it by, but he mentally resolved to leave Paddy to the "tinder mercy" of the "little widdy at Fontanka."

At this identical moment the offending Casey burst into the room holding an envelope high in air.

"A telegraph for you, sir!" and he placed it on the table.

Myles, saying "Excuse me, gentlemen!" opened it. He became deadly pale.

"No bad news, Myles?" cried Percy.

"It is bad news," was the slow reply; and he read:

"Mother is dangerously ill. Come instantly."

"AUNT KATE."

The cable was from Sandymount, and about four hours old.

(To be continued.)

MANY take advantage of what they call a true interest in our welfare in order to rub gall into our wounds. The man who boasts of his frankness and of his hatred of flattery is usually not frank—but only brutal.

Notre Dame des Dunes.

ON Whitsunday of the present year the five hundredth anniversary of Notre Dame des Dunes was celebrated in Dunkirk; the Archbishop of Cambrai, with fifteen bishops from various dioceses in the north of France, taking part in the ceremonies. Pontifical High Mass was sung in the Church of St. Eloi, the patron saint of Dunkirk; and in the afternoon a procession was formed to convey the statue of Our Lady from its shrine in the "Fisherman's Chapel" to the Church of St. Eloi, where a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Quimper. A large concourse of devout worshipers attended the services, which were solemnized without any interference on the part of the government, if we except the arrival of the Préfet du Nord, who formally requested the fifteen bishops to return to their respective dioceses, in accordance with Article 20 of the Law of the 18th Germinal, in the year Ten,—a decree issued in the period of the Revolution. Fervent prayers were offered for unfortunate France.

The devotion to Our Lady des Dunes dates from the Middle Ages. In 1383 the town of Dunkirk, which had been taken by the English, was recaptured by the King of France, the victory being attributed to the miraculous aid of the Mother of God. The town was restored to the Count of Flanders, in whose possession it had been previously to the invasion of the English.

At the close of the month of May, 1403, whilst the fortifications destroyed in the war with the English were being repaired, a small statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child was discovered buried in the sand close to the foundations; and on its being removed a spring of pure, clear water welled up out of the ground. The chronicles of the time record that the appearance of this spring was exceedingly welcome, as the

water supply in the town was brackish and unpalatable.

The image was carried to the principal church, amid the veneration of the people; it was, at first named Our Lady of the Fountain—Notre Dame de la Fontaine,—and under this title it was honored, until at a later period the name was changed to the one it at present bears. A chapel was erected on the spot where the statue was found, and there it was enshrined. But the building suffered much during the vicissitudes through which the town of Dunkirk passed—the various sieges by the Spaniards and English—so that it had to be reconstructed in 1654. Later on, when the fortifications were rearranged by the celebrated Vauban, it was enclosed in a bastion.

In 1793 the town was again besieged by the Duke of York. The inhabitants were then celebrating the services held in thanksgiving for the return of the fishermen from their yearly perilous voyage to Iceland; and, without breaking off their devotions, they defended the town with such valor and persistency that the siege had to be raised. This was attributed to the direct intervention of Notre Dame des Dunes on behalf of the pious Bretons.

During the Revolutionary troubles the statue was concealed by the wife of an army officer; and in 1816, when religious peace was restored, the chapel, which had been used as powder magazine, was rebuilt; and the image, held in profound veneration and affection by the fishermen and their families, was again placed on the altar of her own sanctuary.

Among the historical personages who have worshiped and presented gifts at the shrine of Notre Dame des Dunes we may mention the Emperor Charles V.; his son, Philip II.; Queen Marie Teresa; and our late Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., who passed through Dunkirk in 1846, while he was Papal Nuncio at Brussels.

The Countersign.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

IN 1880 we were fighting on the frontiers of Afghanistan, and confronted by all kinds of peril. The country is mountainous; the only roads are in the bottom of deep gorges, or narrow defiles. An army could easily be exterminated if the enemy held the heights or the openings of the narrow passes. Moreover, the natives had been clever enough to disguise themselves as English soldiers; so that, at a distance, the uniform no longer served to distinguish friends from foes.

One day our regiment reached the opening of a pass several miles long. We knew that at the other end were the Connaught Rangers; we wished to unite with this corps in order to concentrate our forces. To do this was a difficult and very dangerous operation, as the Rangers were ignorant of our presence in the vicinity, and we knew neither their countersign nor any signal of recognition. To advance would be to expose ourselves to a lively firing, under the impression that we were enemies in disguise.

The colonel ordered a halt. Then he addressed the men as follows:

"We are in a perilous position; the enemy surrounds us with superior forces; our only safety lies in our uniting with the Connaught Rangers. We must, at any risk, inform them of our presence; for, knowing neither their password nor their sign of recognition, we run the risk of not being able to approach them near enough to be recognized. Is there among you a volunteer who is willing to expose his life to save the regiment?"

A young Irish soldier stepped forward from the ranks.

"I am at your orders, Colonel. What am I to do?"

"Try to enter the lines of the Con-

naught Rangers and give this message to their colonel. But reflect well: I will not try to conceal the danger to which you will be exposed."

"May God protect me, Colonel! I am ready!" replied the brave young man.

We saw him enter the gorge where, in all probability, death awaited him. He had his beads in his hand, and he told us later that he kept repeating "Hail Marys" as he marched along.

On reaching a sharp turn in the road, he was suddenly stopped by the sound of a voice above him. He looked up and saw on the cliff an English sentinel, who aimed at him, shouting:

"Halt! Who are you? A friend? Give the countersign!"

As the poor soldier did not know the countersign, he believed himself lost. He said, as a last prayer, "God, receive my soul." He spoke the words distinctly, making the Sign of the Cross as he did so.

The sentinel immediately lowered his gun, saying: "Advance, friend!"

The colonel of the Connaught Rangers, who was a Catholic, had that very morning given his regiment for a countersign the Sign of the Cross and the words which accompany it. X. Y. Z.

As long as we live in this world concupiscence remains, and there must be a struggle, a warfare, between the flesh and the spirit. And the more we advance in sanctity, the higher the degree of perfection to which we attain, the more severe does the struggle become, because the more acute is our perception, on the one hand, of what is good, and, on the other, of what is evil. The greater the saint, the greater the struggle; and hence it is that the saints always regard themselves as the greatest of sinners, and are the most deeply affected by a sense of their imperfections, the most convinced of the necessity of mortification and the assistance of divine grace to keep them from falling.—*Brownson*.

Judging by Appearances.

TWO friends, old men both of them, were the other day sipping their after-luncheon coffee in a Boston restaurant. One of them, who prides himself upon his knowledge of character, said:

"Is it not strange how quickly one can judge of the lives of those who meet in such a place as this? Now, that girl at the table to the left of you is evidently a spoiled child of fortune."

"But," answered the other, "she is dressed so plainly and ordering so little!"

"Oh, I don't judge from externals! I look at her face. If ever I saw perfect, unadulterated happiness, there it is. I don't believe she has a care or a dismal moment. Now, that one in blue on the other side is evidently one of the army of workers, with a family on her hands, a drunken father or invalid mother, perhaps. See the lines about her mouth and the careworn look!"

Just then there was a general stir. The smiling little maid stooped down, picked up a pair of crutches and went to the desk, one poor foot dangling in the air, with her twenty-five cent check; while the lady with the wrinkles and the careworn look walked out to her carriage.

"I noticed that you were interested in those ladies," volunteered the cashier to the old gentleman, whom he knew well. "The lame one I call Cricket because she's so cheerful. She supports her grandmother and two little brothers by making buttonholes; but she's happy as the day is long. And the other? Why, she's Miss Fanshawe. Her father owns most of the stock in the — steamship line."

The two old friends looked at each other, and then the one who thought himself so fine a judge of character made some remark about the weather.

A New Pope.

"WE have a Pope." Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, is now the Bishop of the Universe. He has taken up the burden of his vast responsibility, and the mighty reign of the Roman Pontiffs continues with the accession of Pius X. The election shows how groundless were all the speculations about the successor of Leo XIII. The choice of the Sacred College was known by his colleagues to possess in a high degree all those virtues and talents requisite for the august office of ruler of the Church; and without dissension or delay he was called upon to assume it. That the candidate most worthy of the supreme dignity and best qualified for the tremendous responsibility was selected, does not admit of doubt.

Forecasts concerning what is termed the policy of the new Pope are as senseless as were the speculations in regard to his chances of election. The head of the Church is guided by traditions that are inviolable. His policy, if policy it can be called, is unchangeable, though circumstances are never the same, and the course of events is ever changing. Pius X. ceased to be an Italian the moment he became Pope. Christendom is now his country. All that is in his power to do for the religious welfare of the whole world he will attempt and, God helping, accomplish.

Of the personality of Pius X. little is known outside of the patriarchate of Venice, though his name has long been a familiar one to Italian Catholics as that of a cardinal-bishop in high favor with the King as well as the Pope. The title which he bore was one of honor, involving no special duties. His life was a retired one, entirely devoted to the welfare of the flock entrusted to his care. He was an ideal bishop, beloved and highly venerated by Catholics and respected by the enemies of the Church

in Italy for his mild and conciliatory character and devoted patriotism. As Shepherd of Christendom, he will have the love and obedience of Catholics everywhere; and as the representative of a power which is above the world, will combat its spirit and command its respect.

Notes and Remarks.

It has taken American Catholics a long time to make up their minds to act on the advice given by General Grant to a gentleman of our acquaintance, who in an interview with the President ventured to call his attention to the injustice done by our government to Catholic Indians. The President listened with great interest to all that his visitor had to say, and answered (we quote from memory): "You Catholics ought to get together the way the Methodists do, and show up here whenever you have anything to complain of." At last Catholics have got together, and we like to believe that they will "show up" when occasion demands. And we may be allowed to express the hope that they will never attempt to settle any question that is settling itself, or become the tool of either of the great political parties. The Catholics of the United States are not all Democrats by any means, and it is well that they are not.

The testimony of non-Catholic travellers in favor of the superior zeal and the self-sacrifice of Catholic missionaries in foreign lands would fill volumes. A writer in *Blackwood's* records that at a famous health resort sectarian missionaries and their families converge every summer from hundreds of miles away to seek renewed vigor. "They have a thoroughly good time right through the summer months, and who would grudge it them?—unless perhaps the perspiring merchant down in his Treaty Port, who rarely gets more than a fortnight

holiday, besides being a mere unheroic sinner into the bargain. Walking through the unstirred pool of heat that fills the Tokyo streets in August, I have often missed familiar Protestant figures in the Christian quarters of the city; and their absence during the long dog days served only to accentuate the worn black garments of the Roman Catholic men and women who moved slowly to and fro at their endless work among the poor: high or low thermometer is all the same to them. 'Unmarried people need no change.' It would be less than justice to charge all sectarian missionaries with comfort-seeking while abroad; but if Protestantism could command missionaries as zealous as our priests and nuns, how proudly and how generously would not devout and wealthy Protestants support their efforts!

Those who have attended the lectures or perused the writings of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, who for many years has ranked in the forefront of American sociologists, must have observed how frequently he quotes the famous encyclical of Leo XIII. "On the Condition of Labor." In his post-mortem tribute to the lamented Pontiff Dr. Wright said: "I consider that the encyclical of Leo XIII. on the Labor Question has given the foundation for the proper study of social science in this country. It is a *vade mecum* with me, and I know that it has had an immense influence in steadying the public mind." Dr. Wright is not the only non-Catholic scholar that has been at great pains to expound this great document. We know for a certainty that it is frequently cited in the leading universities of America.

Only ignorant people nowadays refer to the Middle Ages as the Dark Ages—being in the dark regarding them. Even moderately well-informed persons know that the Middle Age was in reality an

epoch of enlightenment and progress. A correspondent of the *Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican), after describing a visit to Dorchester, England, where a beautiful abbey church founded by St. Birinus is being restored at great personal sacrifice by the Anglican vicar, is moved to say:

This [Dark Ages] is one of the most vicious and misleading terms that has ever been applied to any period of history. I use the words advisedly. Our whole conception of the life of the Middle Ages is distorted on account of this word "dark." We think that the people were sunk in superstition and idolatry, whereas the missionary spirit never shone so brightly since the days of the Apostles as it did then. These same "Dark Ages" produced some of the greatest thinkers, whose writings are still read with profit and pleasure; produced buildings which are still the wonder and delight of the beholder. And, what is more significant, they produced saints—men who, like the blessed Apostle, were in journeyings often, who gave up everything to carry the Gospel to the heathen. There were no missionary societies behind their backs to guarantee their living.... We are told that the old monkish missionaries were mistaken, but they did the work for the Kingdom in a manner which we can but feebly imitate.

There are forty thousand Maronites in the United States, most of them in New York city. As the result of the extreme poverty of the region of Lebanon, Maronites began to migrate to this country in considerable numbers twenty years ago. They have, of course, their own peculiar rite,—a fact which makes it more difficult for the ordinary agencies of the Church to care for them than for other Catholics; and, as they are mostly poor, the task of building their own churches and supporting their own clergy is a burdensome one. Fortunately, those in New York cluster mostly in a single locality. They are under the immediate charge of Father Kāirallah Stephan, chor-bishop and Maronite patriarchal vicar.

The fears so freely expressed by certain prominent Catholics regarding the Federation movement are not shared by President Roosevelt, as is plain from

the letter which he addressed to Mr. T. B. Minahan, regretting his inability to attend the convention at Atlantic City. The alarmists declared that the purposes of this movement were not clearly defined; that the unification of Catholic societies in the United States might be very injurious to the interests of religion; in a word, that no good had come, or was likely to come, of the movement. President Roosevelt wrote as follows:

I have received your letter, and also have spoken personally about the matter with Bishop McFaul. I regret greatly that it is out of my power to accept your very kind invitation. I believe most heartily in the work you are doing in your American Federation of Catholic Societies, and it would have been a peculiar pleasure to have accepted your invitation. I am well aware of what your society has accomplished for the social betterment, not only of Catholics but all our people, in promoting the unification and naturalization of our countrymen, and in working for morality and decency, and especially in the intimate home relations, upon which the ultimate well-being of the entire State rests. Wishing you all success, and congratulating you on what you have done in the past, I am, with great regards, etc.

Apropos of the bumptiousness of certain "higher critics," the editor of the *New Zealand Tablet* recalls an incident in the life of our illustrious countryman, Benjamin Franklin, which may be new to some readers. During, and for a short period after, the War of Independence he represented the United States at the French court. His fame as a scientist and philosopher had preceded him, and he was made welcome at the reunions of the learned world of Paris. Some of the "higher critics" of the day pinpricked him with ridicule for his defence of the Bible, and he determined to find out how many of the scoffers had any acquaintance with it. One day he notified one of the learned bodies that he had come across a beautiful story of ancient pastoral life, and that he would like the society's opinion of it. At the next gathering of critics, Franklin read to the expectant scholars a manuscript

copy of the Book of Ruth. They were enraptured with it, and clamored that it should be printed. "It is printed already," Franklin replied, "and is a part of the Bible." On another occasion he copied and read to an assembly of freethinking wits a curious and venerable "ancient poem." This gathering of "higher critics" greeted the relic of literary antiquity with profuse admiration. Volleyed superlatives were sandwiched between eager inquiries as to its authorship and the place and manner of its discovery. And then the philosophic tormentor informed his conceited dupes that the "ancient poem" was the third chapter of the prophecy of Habacuc—the beautiful prayer of the seer "for ignorances."

A study of M. Edouard Rod, who visited America last year as the guest of Harvard, and whose lectures at the University and elsewhere were much admired, is contributed to the *Bookman* by Mr. Albert Schinz. The article, as a whole, is of value chiefly to specialists, but the concluding paragraph has a religious as well as a literary interest:

Rod was brought up in a Protestant milieu—in French Switzerland,—and on this account he becomes particularly interesting for us. Like other Protestant writers of the same origin who have lived in France, such as Rousseau and Madame de Staël, he advocates the exclusive rights of conscience in ethics. The French were never altogether convinced: they always went back to the old Catholic idea—namely, conscience is not enough: man needs a superhuman guidance in many delicate problems of life. Even lay authors, who do not in the least care about the Church, show a distinct tendency toward ignoring conscience (Rosny's "Nell Horn"). Without attempting to discuss Catholicism and Protestantism, the remark may, however, be made that Rod has, in fact, and very unwillingly, put his finger upon the weak point of Calvinism, which always denied to anything or anybody, Church or priest, the right to stand between man and his conscience. See Léonard Perreux: his conscience does not help him. There is no doubt also that frequently, in actual life, men who have done their best to act conscientiously do not feel relieved. The relatively large number of conversions to Catholicism, about

which so much has been said recently, may well be due to this same feeling—namely, that conscience, while prompting to action, very often does not teach us *what* to do. It is natural in such cases to look for help from the Church and the representatives of God on earth, the priests.

An incident related in the recently published life of Sir Henry Acland is quoted by the London *Tablet* to illustrate the spirit of French officialism; the story is no less pat as an illustration of English independence:

Sir Henry, during a yachting trip to the coast of Brittany in 1883, happened to be in port on occasion of the blessing of the harbor and shipping by the priests. With natural good-feeling, he dressed his yacht with all her bunting, with bouquets on bowsprit and counter, and a golden bunch of broom at her masthead, so as to do honor to the ceremony by her gala turnout. But this expression of sympathy with "Clericalism" was not to the taste of the French authorities, and an official came on board with strict orders that the decorations should be removed. The curt order met with an absolute refusal, and the official withdrew, to return a quarter of an hour later with a still more peremptory demand for the hauling down of the obnoxious bunting. In great indignation, Acland threatened to telegraph to Lord Lyons if another word was said on the subject; and the official withdrew to show himself no more.

The incident was worth recording. Sir Henry's command of French may not have been perfect, but his indignation, one may be sure, was superb, and must have been good to witness.

Our national ethics, it must be admitted, are the ethics of the "dust"—so to speak. The dollar is hailed as almighty; the dollar is worshiped; the dollar "maketh all right that is wrong." Of old, we were scandalized because England and Germany manufactured idols for pagan nations; now an American newspaper proudly announces that we have succeeded "in bringing the trade [the idol trade] where it really belongs." A hard saying this—"where it belongs." The wicked British and Germans who made Buddhas, Krishnas, Sivas, Ganeshes and Jumjums may now be scandalized in

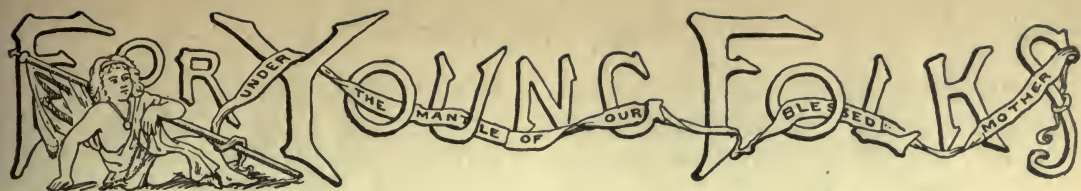
their turn, if they will; for "Philadelphia idols will glower in the dim scented gloom of far-off temples; the almond-eyed devotee will burn his paper prayers to a Frankford god; the shaven bonze will swing his censer before images made in Jersey City and Tacony." And American missionaries will go to the Philippines and elsewhere to convert the poor benighted Catholics and make them Christians like Us!

To the terror of municipal politicians, the question just now rising above the political horizon is not the theoretic one concerning the need of religion in education, but the eminently practical one, "Ought the present scandalous injustice of favoring one section of the people because they possess no definite creed, or are indifferent to the religious training of their children, be allowed to go on forever?" To test your political friends, just ask them to give you a simple "Yes" or "No" to this question.

Commenting on these words, which are quoted from the *Church Calendar* (Holy Family Parish, Chicago), the *Catholic Union and Times* remarks: "The suggestion is a good one. Why not carry it into effect? Find out just where some so-called leaders do stand on the School Question. Catholics always have been becomingly modest concerning the matter. They have paid their taxes and at the same time supported their own institutions of learning—primary and advanced—without a whimper. Even Canada is away ahead of us in this particular line."

Bien dit! But why "even Canada"?

Pius X. is the two hundred and fifty-seventh successor of St. Peter. Fifteen Popes were Frenchmen, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, six Germans, three Spaniards, two Africans, two Savoyards, two Dalmatians; one was an Englishman, one a Portuguese, one a Hollander, one a Swiss, and one a Scandinavian. All the others were Italians. Seventy of the number have been canonized.



The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.—A CAMP IN THE FOREST.

BEFORE announcing the second test the grandfather arose from his chair and signed for the boys to follow him. All of them except Julian did so with visible trepidation; for they knew that he was leading them into the presence of Anselm Benedict. Julian felt an eager desire to see once again that portrait which had so completely fascinated him, and he remarked to his grandfather as they passed along the corridor:

"I feel as if he were a friend, sir."

"Eh!—what?" inquired the old man in surprise, and he stood a moment and looked down at the eager face. "Whom do you mean?"

"I mean Anselm Benedict, sir."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer.

"Is there any book about him in the library?" Julian asked.

"There is a book," answered the grandfather slowly.

"May I see it, sir?"

"I suppose so. No one has ever made the request before. The midnight hour in that gentleman's society was generally found to be sufficient." He ended with a short laugh.

"There's another thing I wanted to ask you, sir," said Julian, as the long corridor they were pursuing turned into the west wing. "Where does Nicholas keep himself?"

The grandfather cast upon the boy so strange a glance that it startled even the fearless Julian.

"What do *you* know about Nicholas,—how did you find out his name?"

"I asked him," Julian answered simply. "When?"

"When he brought me back to my room last night."

Mr. Mortimer stared. "Well, you are a wonderful boy!" he exclaimed. "Few, except in the message he had to deliver, have ever heard the sound of his voice."

"He told me his name was Nicholas, and then he did this,"—and Julian imitated the military salute.

"He did that, did he?" queried the grandfather, in astonishment. "Then, let me tell you he saw in you, my boy, something which he never saw in any of your race."

They were now at the mysterious door.

"Grandfather," asked Julian, stopping before it, "who is Nicholas?"

"He is the evil genius, he is the avenger," exclaimed Mr. Mortimer in a strained, hurried voice.

Without giving time for any further explanation, he opened the door and entered. Julian followed close; the other boys came on slowly, passing over the threshold with reluctant steps, and remaining in that portion of the room farthest from the portrait. But Mr. Mortimer, having touched the spring of the panel, motioned them with a quick, impatient gesture to advance. He was plainly irritated and in a nervous mood.

Sedgwick looked pale; but he confronted the portrait bravely, with that manliness which Julian had before admired. Jake's face was positively hangdog; and Wat's lip quivered as, white to the lips and with trembling hands, he placed himself beside his cousins. But Julian's countenance was bright and cheerful, and he smiled at his handsome kinsman of long ago, who seemed to flash a friendly greeting from his dark eyes.

"I shall announce your second decree, Anselm Benedict," Mr. Mortimer declared curtly, "and Nicholas can do the rest. Your ancestor here portrayed before you," the old man went on, addressing the boys, "directs that you shall go forth into the forest which lies to the right-hand of this dwelling, extending inward from the bluff, and there encamp for a period of two weeks. During this time you shall perform all menial offices for yourselves, procuring the chief part of your own food, and maintaining during the day, and on certain nights when the moonlight shall permit, a search for the cavern in the forest, undeterred by whatsoever obstacles may offer."

Even the most dejected of the boys began to kindle into positive enthusiasm. Here, at least, was a test after their own hearts. Why, it would be capital fun!

"If during that period of two weeks no trace of the cavern is found, the competitors are free to abandon this test and continue to pursue the search in other ways, or they may obtain an extension of the original time and remain longer in the forest. I know of a person who has spent the greater part of his life in that way. I should be inclined to believe that the cavern is a fabulous one, so many having failed in the search. But there is a tradition from way back that one did find that cavern and thus fulfilled the second test."

"Did only *one* find it out of all who have ever been looking for it?" asked Julian, awestricken.

"Only one," answered Mr. Mortimer.

And Julian looked inquiringly from his grandfather to the young face in the portrait, where the same smile seemed to greet him, and whence a feeling of hope and encouragement entered his heart.

"If one has found it," said the boy, with sudden enthusiasm, "another may, and perhaps it will be some of us."

"Perhaps," agreed the grandfather coldly.

"Anyway, it will be fine fun camping

in the woods and looking for a cave."

"You are a very sanguine young person," said Mr. Mortimer. "But let that pass. You will all leave for the camp at four o'clock, and return two weeks hence, victor or vanquished. It will be to your interest to give as much time as possible to the search during the day and on the appointed nights. Loitering by the wayside will never find the cavern. You are now dismissed, and I would advise you all to proceed to your rooms and make preparations for approaching departure."

The boys could hardly control themselves in the old gentleman's presence, following him in silence along the corridor; and he had scarcely disappeared into the library when they broke into an eager buzz of talk, each voice rising above the other. Even Jake was jubilant as any one. He believed that his own peculiar methods of action and his ferret-like disposition would avail much in such a search; and he was boy enough to enjoy the idea of a two weeks' frolic in the open air.

The little band assembled on the lawn precisely at four o'clock, and set off in the direction of the forest. As Julian looked back, the great mansion of Pine Bluff seemed to stare darkly at them. But a ray of sunlight fell across the veranda, stretching down upon the lawn; and a bird with a flute-like note flew joyously up into the blue. Both seemed like friendly messages to the lads, telling them of hope and gladness.

The forest, as they approached it, looked somewhat dark and forbidding.

"It is like the forests in the fairy-tales I used to read when I was little," observed Julian; and there on the outskirts was Nicholas, precisely like the goblin or the dwarf or the genius who used to lead adventurous mortals into the gloomy depths. He was standing under a tree, spectral in its shadow; and he solemnly came forth to meet them.

"Good-day, Nicholas," cried Julian cheerily.

The ghost of a grim smile crossed the old man's lips as he slightly nodded his head, precisely like a wooden image, and marshalled the boys into the forest before him. He traversed each leaf-strewn path with quick, martial strides.

Julian promptly began to sniff the odors of the woods.

"I like that piny smell," he said gleefully. "And mixed up with it there's sassafras and wild flowers and lots of things. The forest is just full of smells."

Wat darted off into the underbrush after a squirrel, and came back laughing from the chase, with a faint color on his pink cheeks. Sedgwick cut himself a fine stout cudgel and decapitated several bushes. Jake plucked absently at the leaves as he passed, and stuffed a handful of slimy ones, picked up from a marshy pool, down Julian's back. Julian gave a wild yell, supposing that a snake had touched him; while Jake doubled up with malicious laughter.

At last they reached a clearing in a dense grove of ancient trees; and here stood, with spectral solemnity, four tents, awaiting their occupants. Nicholas, having thrust each boy into that lodging designed for him, disappeared as silently as he had come. There was something weird about these canvas dwellings, snow-white in the summer sunshine, standing out in relief from the dark wood and background; and their interiors seemed at first, unreal and mysterious. A basket of eatables stood inside each entrance; some clean straw was thrown into a corner, with a rug folded upon it. There was fishing tackle, a crab net, and a gun, which with one accord each boy set himself to examine, calling from tent to tent in the excitement of the discovery. When they had spent a short time unpacking, and setting their new houses in order, the boys came forth, fully of one mind with regard to supper. Their first thought

was of a stream and how they should procure water.

"I suppose the old lunatic didn't set up the tents where there was no water," said Jake, looking all about him.

"There's water down there," replied Sedgwick, pointing over the bluff to where the dull boom of the sea was heard. But Jake took no notice of the witticism, and all began seriously to reflect upon the means of getting water for present and future wants.

"We'd better explore," suggested Julian.

And explore they did, hurrying off in different directions. Over an hour had elapsed and Sedgwick, Jake and Wat had returned, weary and disappointed, to the camp.

"It's one of that old dotard's tricks," said Jake, in bitter spite; and the others thought so too, and wondered what they were going to do about it. All at once they heard a faint shout, which grew gradually nearer; and soon Julian appeared, very red in the face and dragging a heavy pail.

"That fellow always succeeds," said Sedgwick. "I believe he'll get the ruby."

Which remark made Jake turn almost black with envy. He set his teeth hard, while Sedgwick and Wat ran forward to help their comrade.

"Good for you, youngster!" cried Sedgwick when he saw the pail of clear, sparkling water. "But where's the stream?"

"Oh, it's about a mile away!" laughed Julian. "Nicholas is bound to give us plenty of work; and, of course, grandfather warned us that we'd have lots to do while we're out camping."

"Well, we'll have to take turns in going for the water,—that's all," observed Sedgwick, philosophically.

Jake muttered darkly to himself; and Wat, as usual, deplored his want of strength.

"If you're not able to drag water, Wat," Julian offered, "I can take your

turn and you can do something else instead. But now we had better get wood together for a fire."

All hands set to work collecting sticks, and presently there was a huge, roaring fire, built well to the centre of the clearing. The kettle, which Nicholas had left near at hand, was filled with water. It soon began to sing away as merrily as though it were on a hearth instead of in the heart of a wood surrounded by tall trees, through which the yellow glow of sunset began to appear, while the birds in their leafy nests sang their vesper song.

Each boy now unpacked his basket.

"I say," exclaimed Sedgwick, "here's some raw potatoes!"

"Let's put them in the hot ashes," shouted the other three in chorus.

This was no sooner said than done.

"There are some hard-boiled eggs here too," added Sedgwick, diving again into his basket.

"I've got some sandwiches in mine!" yelled Julian. "Hurrah!" And the cheer was taken up and echoed through the forest.

"There's some jam in mine,—not too much," declared Jake, who had already, in the secrecy of his tent, hidden two pots for private consumption. (It may as well be mentioned here that this secret hoard was taken from the hiding-place and restored to the basket during the following day, much to Jake's dismay and disgust.)

"There are some fine peaches and biscuits in my kit," said Wat. "But I guess we'd better not use everything to-night; for it's my belief we won't get much more from the house."

"You're right there," assented Jake.

"It won't matter very much," said careless Julian, who was indeed a little too much disposed to neglect all thought of the morrow. "We can take what we want and leave the rest. But I know I'm just starving."

"Ditto!" cried Sedgwick.

Julian dived into his basket again and brought out a tablecloth, and in a few moments a very luxurious meal was spread, to which was added a pot of coffee and the potatoes plucked from the hot ashes. That was a royal supper, and everything else was forgotten but the enjoyment of the moment.

"He's given us a fine spread for the first night," remarked Sedgwick; "and the fragments may do for to-morrow. But I guess after that we'll have to look out pretty much for ourselves."

"I'll try to shoot things," volunteered Julian.

"I might pick up some clams on the beach," Wat added.

"We can all catch fish, of course," Jake declared.

"And there must be a place to go crabbing," Sedgwick concluded, "or he wouldn't have left the nets."

"Hurrah for life in camp!" shouted Julian, getting up and dancing about in pure joyousness.

Supper being finished, the boys settled themselves round the fire; for the cool, fresh air, redolent at once of forest and sea, which sprang up with the going down of the sun, made the blaze delightful. And as the stars came out one by one in the heavens above, the four, banded together in this strange quest, sat around the fire and told stories of adventure and of robbers and of ghosts; as they talked in lowered tones of the strange history of the Mortimers, and the mansion at Pine Bluff with its mysteries known or suspected. At last they began to feel drowsy and went to bed, to sleep soundly till the morning light and the songs of the birds woke them again.

Julian was first up, and could hardly remember where he was when he heard the rustling of the leaves and the singing of the birds. He looked about at the white walls of the tent, and sniffed at the fragrant branches with which he had overlaid his bundle of straw. Then

he sprang up, drawing deep breaths of the air, while he donned his garments and rushed to Sedgwick's tent to ask him to come to the beach for a plunge into the salt waves. It was quite a climb down over the edge of the bluff, but the two active fellows cared little for that. They were soon swimming around, diving under water or splashing up and down like a pair of porpoises. Now they let an enormous wave seize them, to carry them into shore; again they stood where great breakers broke, to be thrown down and completely swamped.

But even such delights as these had to come to an end, and the two were presently scrambling up the bluff, hallooing and shouting. Wat had lit the fire; and Jake had gone off, unwillingly enough, for water. The sandwiches left from the night before were rather stale; but, then, there was homemade bread, with fresh butter. The coffee warmed over from supper was not free from the charge of muddiness; but the hungry boys cared little for such drawbacks as these, particularly those two amongst them who had spent a half hour in the brine.

"It's all very well for you fellows to sneak off by yourselves for a bath," grumbled Jake, "and leave me to go and get water."

"Oh, shut up!" retorted Sedgwick. "You're a born grumbler. Julian went for it last night and I'll go next time. As for the bath, the sea's big enough for everyone, if you hadn't preferred to snooze."

Jake darted an evil look at the speaker, but thought it better to be silent. After a pause, however, he announced:

"I'm going fishing after breakfast."

"Not until sunset," said a voice near at hand.

The boys stared; but, look around as they might, they could see nothing.

"That cursed voice again!" muttered Jake.

"And no echo this time," observed

Sedgwick, "because it didn't repeat the same words."

"It sounded like Nicholas' voice," remarked Julian, thoughtfully.

"As if any one ever heard that old dummy speak!" sneered Jake.

"I did," said Julian,—"just once."

"Oh, I suppose we all heard him say a word or two!" snapped Jake. "Besides, where is Nicholas? He can't make himself invisible, I suppose."

"I don't know," said Julian gravely.

He remembered the strange look Mr. Mortimer had bestowed upon him when he had inquired about the old servitor. It occurred to him (for boys brought up as Julian had been often have a strong dash of poetry in their composition) that Nicholas might have some kind of occult power. Of course he did not say so, for he had a boy's horror of ridicule.

Sedgwick was meanwhile looking all about.

"There's no Nicholas here," he declared decidedly, as he sat down upon the stump of a tree, chewing a bit of sassafras root.

"I hope they're not going to begin any antics to make this place unendurable," growled Jake, who was a coward at heart and did not like these mysteries.

Before long Nicholas himself appeared. They could see him very far off along the path, advancing from the very edge of the forest.

"There! You see he wasn't round here at all!" cried Jake; and Julian did not contradict him.

Nicholas had come to start the boys upon the search. They agreed that for that day, at least, they should separate, each boy taking a certain portion of the forest.

"It's not so very big," said Sedgwick. "I don't see how it can be so hard to find the cavern."

Did Nicholas laugh? No: his face was imperturbably grave, as he stood waiting for the boys to set out.

"In what direction shall we go?" asked Walter.

"Suppose we do like the boys in the fairy-tales starting to seek their fortune?" said Julian. "Let us each blow a piece of paper into the air, and whichever way it comes down follow that."

They had a good deal of fun over this suggestion, because sometimes the paper did not come down at all, or two or three fell precisely at the same spot. At last each piece took a contrary direction, and the boys prepared to start accordingly. Nicholas had brought some crackers and cheese from the house, and each boy strapped a neat package of this to his shoulder.

And now the explorers lost no time in setting out, providing themselves with stout cudgels and plunging into the respective wooded paths which opened before them. Sedgwick and Jake met with no adventures at all, though they prosecuted the search with the utmost diligence. It might almost be said that Jake literally poked his nose into every crevice and cranny; for he was full of the ardor of the hunt, and the glow of the ruby and the glint of gold seemed fairly to dazzle his eyes. If Sedgwick did not poke with his nose he did with his stick, and got a lot of solid enjoyment out of his morning in the woods; so that his honest face was fairly aglow with good-humor and the high spirits engendered by the glorious air and the forest life.

Julian, whose path had led into the heart of the wood, likewise prosecuted the search very diligently. He even climbed to the top of tall trees, which was surely an unnecessary performance, as it would have been rather difficult to discover a cavern from the height of a tree. But it was a rest to sit up among the cool branches, swinging idly upon a bough, the leaves fanning his hot face as they stirred in the breeze. It was up there that he munched his crackers and

cheese. But he did not linger too long. The thought of the cavern spurred him on. He slid down again to earth and pursued his way. At last he heard Walter calling; and, hastening in that direction, found him with one foot stuck in a marshy piece of ground. He had to pull it out with some trouble, after which they went on together. Julian kept wishing for his gun, that he might have a shot at some of the rabbits or wild pigeons or other birds, which would have given them a fine supper.

"I hope we shall get good things to eat," said Walter, "because I want to keep up my strength."

Julian looked at him curiously. He had never heard any boy talking about his health. But he liked Walter: he thought him a square little chap, anxious to be brave and to do his best.

"It must be a bother to feel weak," he said. "I have always been as strong as a horse, except when I had measles."

"I wish I were strong!" sighed Walter. "But, I say, what's that over there?"

(To be continued.)

Stories of St. Aventine.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

The solitude which I usually enjoy on Wednesday evening—the one night of the week on which I neither go out to theatre, club or the houses of friends, nor am expected to be "at home" to visitors,—was suddenly disturbed last week by the entrance of several young relatives. It seems that when my rather punctilious housekeeper informed the youthful party, "I don't think your uncle is at home this evening," Charlie retorted with, "Oh, yes, he is, Mrs. Brawley! There's a light in his study, and I saw his shadow on the curtain just as we came in the gate. Come on, girls! Don't mind showing us, Mrs. Brawley: we know the way."

In consequence, without the discreet preliminary knock which habitually notifies me of the housekeeper's presence, my door was quite unceremoniously thrown open by Master Hogan, who ushered in his companions—Bride and Clare Barry.

"Hello, uncle! We've come up to return your last call. Aren't you very glad to see us? Say, girls, isn't that rocking-chair just immense? Perhaps Uncle Austin doesn't know how to make himself cozy!"

"Uncle probably thinks that *you* know how to make yourself at home, Charlie. I hope we are not disturbing you very much, uncle?"

"Oh, no, Bride: not very much; although I am generally occupied on Wednesday evenings. Here, Clare, take this easy-chair and sit up close to the window. Well, now that you are all comfortably settled, what can I do for you? Do you care to hear the latest records I've procured for my phonograph? Or shall I read you some of those sweet old-time poems about the Blessed Virgin, of which I have told you there are any number in the second series of 'Carmina Mariana'?"

"Not just now, uncle; though you are very kind. The fact is," continued Bride, "we would like you to settle a point about which Charlie and I have been debating ever since supper-time."

"Humph!" interjected Charlie. "I guess I did the debating. Bride's part of the discussion was mostly jawing; wasn't it, Clare?"

"Don't answer his impertinent question, Clare. Well, Bride, what is the point?"

"Simply this: was there ever a saint called Aventine? And if there was, was the saint a man or a woman?"

"You see, uncle, Bride came across the name in an old storybook the other day, and jumped at once to the conclusion that, as the book was a Catholic one, the name must be a saint's; and

that as Geraldine and Emeline and Josephine were girls' names, Aventine must be one too. Now, I informed her," proceeded Charlie, "that Constantine ended in *i-n-e*, and so did Valentine; so the ending didn't prove anything about the gender. And as for her insisting that it was a saint's name because she found it in a Catholic book, of course that's just silly. Why, I came across the name Jefferson Harris Palmer Brookes in a Sunday-school book about a fortnight ago, and I'll bet a box of chocolate creams (or would if I had them) that that combination was never owned by a saint."

"And still, uncle," said Bride, musingly, "people will speak of girls' having more to say than boys."

"People make mistakes very often, Bride. Charlie, for instance, has just made one if he fancied his incidental allusion to chocolate creams would have the effect of making me produce a box. The unexpectedness of your visit will have to serve as my excuse for not being provided with your favorite creams. However, Clare, if you look in the left-hand bottom drawer of that writing-desk over there, I think you may find a good-sized box of Ganong's assorted confectionery; and if you do, I shall expect the three of you to empty it while I enjoy my meerschaum."

"Oh, thanks, uncle! These look luscious," said Clare a minute later; and after a pause devoted to sampling the box's contents she added: "And they taste twice as nice as they look."

"There's nothing the matter with this confectionery, uncle: it's just fine. But what about that name Aventine? Who's right, Bride or me—that is, I?"

"It's a draw, my boy. Each is partly right and partly wrong. Bride is correct in thinking the name belonged to a saint, and you chance to be right about the gender of the name; for St. Aventine was a priest and hermit."

"*Chance* to be right, indeed! Well, I

like that. I suppose there was no chance in Bride's conclusions at all."

"Yes, Bride chanced to be wrong about the gender."

"And now," put in Clare, "since the debate is closed, I'd like to know something about the saint with this rather pretty name. Perhaps I should confess that I thought all along that it wasn't a man's name or a woman's either, but just the name of a mountain. It seems to me I've heard it used that way sometime or other."

"Your memory is retentive, Clare. You have probably heard me speak of the Aventine Hill, one of the seven hills of ancient Rome. As to the saint, as I was reading his life only last week, I can tell you something about him too. To begin with, he lived more than fourteen hundred years ago, having been born in Bourges, France, in 538 or 540 A. D. He is called St. Aventine of Troyes, another large French town, because he was drawn there when young by the virtues of St. Loup. There, by the way, is a queer saint's name for you. In English it is St. Wolf.

"Aventine studied for the Church, and was ordained by his bishop; but he grew enamored of solitude, and soon retired to a hermitage at some distance from Troyes, in a district that was wild and savage in those days; although now there's a village bearing the saint's name established there. He took with him to this bleak retreat, his biographer tells us, only some bread, a little salt, a spade, and seeds of several vegetables as well as barley and corn. You see he intended to raise for himself whatever food he took; and he didn't have to raise much either, for he ate only on every third day. His clothes were not very elegant, as he wore an old tunic, or gown, over a very rough hairshirt, a leather belt, and sandals instead of shoes.

"He spent all his waking hours in praising God in prayer and the chanting

of psalms. He looked on the society of men as just an occasion of sin, and would not permit any one to enter his cell. But he wasn't at all so strict with animals. The most savage beasts in that part of the country were quite welcome to visit him. Many pretty stories are told of his kindness and gentleness with different species, or rather with all species, of the brute creation.

"One day, for instance, a deer, closely pursued by the hunting-dogs, took refuge in the holy hermit's dwelling. He at once afforded the trembling fugitive his protection; and the dogs first stopped short, then turned tail and scurried away. The grateful deer remained and became the hermit's daily companion. Another time St. Aventine met a big bear that was groaning most piteously. The poor animal had got a thorn run into the soft part of one of his forepaws and was evidently suffering intensely. The saint went up to the beast, took hold of the wounded paw, carefully drew out the thorn, and patted Bruin kindly on the head. Bruin was overjoyed and lay down at St. Aventine's feet, rolling over and over, and cutting up gleeful, if funny, antics about his doctor.

"St. Aventine was a great friend of the birds too, and you may be sure that a good portion of the barley-bread he baked for himself was reduced to crumbs which fed his little feathered favorites. The fish also shared in his kindness and good-will. Toward the end of his life, a monk who had come to live with him in his solitude went out to a neighboring river and caught some trout, with which he wished the holy old man to improve his repast. Instead of doing so, St. Aventine carried the fish tenderly back to the river and bade them swim away.

"And that, Clare, is about all I can tell you of the saint with the pretty name. What? Yes, I suppose it is time you were leaving; so good-night all!"

With Authors and Publishers.

—The venerable Cardinal Mathieu has written a valuable monograph on the Concordat drawn up between Pius VII. and Napoleon. Whatever may be thought of the Concordat in the present state of France, it is worth noting that, in Cardinal Mathieu's opinion, Napoleon, "humanly speaking," saved religion from ruin when he adopted the famous instrument.

—A new novel by Mr. Marion Crawford is announced by the Macmillan Co. It is entitled "The Heart of Rome," and reflects the life and atmosphere of the Eternal City at the present time. A life of Leo XIII. written by Mr. Crawford in collaboration with Count Soderini, to whom the late Pontiff gave special material for the purpose, is also announced. The English and American editions of this book will appear early next year, simultaneously with the editions in Continental tongues.

—A serious loss was inflicted on Celtic scholarship when the residence and library of Prof. Heinrich Zimmer was destroyed by fire in Berlin last month. A manuscript dictionary of old Irish and a large body of notes for the third edition of "Grammatica Celtica" were among the treasures that perished in the flames. The misfortune is rendered still more pathetic by the fact that when the fire occurred Prof. Zimmer was at a sanitarium in the Harz Mountains, his health being undermined by the labor expended upon the ill-fated manuscripts.

—"The Server's Manual" is the title of a compendium of the rites and ceremonies to be observed in the services of the Church, prepared for lay servers by John Loughlin, master of ceremonies at St. Anne's Priory, Liverpool. It is a helpful and useful little book, though some will think that it would be still more so if the instructions were less minute. In laying out the vestments for Mass is it necessary that the girdle should be in the shape of the letter S? And 60 cents is too high a price for so small a book. Published by Burns & Oates, and Benziger Brothers.

—A little book recently published by Sands & Co. and for sale in this country by B. Herder is sure of a good reception. We refer to "Ne Obliviscaris: A Daily Reminder of Our Dead," compiled by Florence Ratcliff. For every day of the year there is a thought from sacred writers and others, having reference—sometimes direct, sometimes indirect—to the holy souls and our duty toward them. Every other page of the book is left blank for the names of deceased relatives, friends, etc. The book is of convenient size and is nicely printed and bound, but it would be an

improvement if the paper were thicker and more suitable for writing in ink. We have noticed some typographical errors which should be corrected in a future edition—"Eugenie Guein," "B. Leonard of Port Maurice," etc. It would be easy to secure a greater variety in the quotations, some of which, we must say, are not very striking.

—Perhaps the newspaper gossips are right in referring to the approaching marriage of M. Georges Goyan and Mlle. Felix-Faure, daughter of a former President of France, as an "alliance." The bride is the author of a notable monograph on Cardinal Newman, not to speak of her recent sketches of travel. The groom is one of the editors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and has published a notable volume on the Vatican. He is said to be a staunch Catholic.

—A number of short stories translated by Helen B. Dole from the German of Rudolph Baumbach, an author of wide celebrity in Germany, have been adapted for American children by William S. M. Silber and published by A. Lovell & Co. The editor owns up to "many changes," but trusts that the stories have lost none of their charm in the process of adaptation. We should like to compare the original form of "The Christmas Rose" and "The Easter Rabbit" with Mr. Silber's version.

—The death, by a sad accident, of Mr. John A. Mooney, is a distinct loss to the Church in the United States. For many years he had been an industrious contributor to the Catholic and secular press, and he was the author of several books of much literary merit. Mr. Mooney's pen was always at the service of his coreligionists,—a pen that never wrote a discreditable line. He was not less unassuming and disinterested than scholarly and industrious, always seeming to be sufficiently recompensed when he knew that anything he had written was likely to do good. Mr. Mooney had numerous friends among the clergy and laity throughout the United States, by whom he was held in high esteem. *R. I. P.*

—In reading Miss Olive Katharine Parr's new book, "The Voice of the River," we were reminded of Dr. Brownson's saying, that it is mostly "grown-ups" who relish books written purposely for children. Certainly the dedication "to all children, big or little," is not inappropriate; for the pretty little stories told to Rex and Muriel by the River will engage the interest of big children as well as little ones. The editor of a certain magazine for young folk will not permit so much as a remote reference to love-making in its pages—a somewhat Spartan rule which if strictly followed

would bar most fairy-tales and nursery stories. Miss Parr is not so severe. Besides being interesting as a story book, "The Voice of the River" is often informational and always edifying. Routledge & Sons; E. P. Dutton & Co.

—Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, whose knowledge of the shadings and subtleties of the Latin language almost equals his command over the resources of English speech, has made this translation of the last verses written by the lamented Leo XIII.:

Leo, the destined hour! Now must thou hence
And, as thy merits, take the endless way.

What lot awaits thee? Heavenly joy, thy gifts
Which God had freely given, bade thee hope—
But the great Keys! A trust of mighty weight
And borne so long—thou groanest at the thought;

For he who leads in honor all the rest
Must, if he fail, the keener suffering bear.

Amid thy fears, there comes a gentle face,
A gentler voice speaks comfort to the heart:

"Why does fear shake thee? Why, on gazing back
O'er thy long past, should sadness stir thy soul?"

"The pitying Christ is here: He gives His grace
To those that seek. Have faith—He beareth all."

A comparison of these lines with the original shows that little has been lost in the translation, in spite of its fluent and idiomatic quality.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Voice of the River. *Olive Katharine Parr.* \$1.75.

Ne Obliviscaris. *Florence Ratcliff.* 75 cts., net.

Studies Concerning Adrian IV. *Prof. O. A. Thatcher.* \$1.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. *Emily Mary Shapecote.* \$1.25.

The City of Peace. *By Those who Have Entered It.* 90 cts., net.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). *Frances E. Herring.* \$2.

History of Philosophy. *William Turner, S. T. D.* \$2.50.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. *Johannes Janssen.* Vols. V. & VI. \$6 25.

Introibo. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net.

The Philippine Islands. *Blair-Robertson.* Vol. III. \$4.

The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5.

Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.

Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.

In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis.* \$1, net.

The New Empire. *Brooks Adams.* \$1.50, net.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.

Memoirs and Writings of the Very Rev. James F. Callaghan. *Emily Callaghan.* \$2, net.

The Art of Living Long. *Louis Cornaro.* \$1.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. *Edward Hutton.* \$1.25.

Old Squire. *B. K. Benson.* \$1 50.

St. Margaret of Cortona. *Rev. L. de Cherance, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Castle Omeragh. *F. Fraunkort Moore.* \$1.50.

Ye are Christ's. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* 50 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Franz Lohman, of the diocese of Belleville; Rev. James Lennon, diocese of Providence; Rev. M. J. Flynn, diocese of Peoria; Rev. Joseph O'Brien and Rev. Francis Duggan, archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Daniel Toomey, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. G. Lyonnais, archdiocese of Ottawa.

Mr. Henry Maxwell, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Marian P. Knights, Shanghai, China; Major Thomas Prandy, San Antonio, Texas; Mr. Timothy Hanifen, Elmira, N. Y.; Mr. Walter Adams, Butte, Mont.; Miss Margaret Long, Troy, N. Y.; Miss Elizabeth Harper, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Ducey, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Anna S. Knittel and Margaret Hartigan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Thomas Ford, Sr., New York; Mrs. Barbara Ritzer, Mansfield, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Charnly, Mr. James Quinn, and Mrs. Mary Barrett, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. Edward Wagner, Massillon, Ohio; Mr. Henry Blaney, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Donoghue, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Raymund Wiemer, Cleveland, Ohio; and Mr. Conrad Werner, Fowler, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Verbum Supernum Prodiens.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES KENT.

THE Word Supernal from the heavens descending,
Yet never from the Father's right hand gone,
To His great work, redeeming and defending,
Came when the evening of His life had shone.

Ere unto death by a disciple given,
Delivered falsely as to robber band,
To His disciples, even as bread from heaven,
He gave Himself with His own loving hand.

In either form, Himself on them bestowing,
He gave to all His flesh, He gave His blood,
That, with His flesh and with His lifeblood glowing,
He might for all men truly be the food.

As our companion on His first appearing,
As our refection at the banquet-board;
In dying, object for our fond revering;
In heaven when reigning, our divine reward.

Papal Robes.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.



CHARLYLE'S friend, Herr Teufelsdröckh, Professor of Things in General at the University of Weissnichtwo, discoursed learnedly on the philosophy of clothes; and we get his wisdom in that delightful book "Sartor Resartus," or "The Tailor Repatched." In Book Third, chapters II. and III., he expounds the philosophy of church clothes, which, he says, "are in our vocabulary the forms, the vestures, under which men have at various periods embodied and

represented for themselves the religious principle; that is to say, invested the divine idea of the world with a sensible and practically active body, so that it might dwell among them as a living and life-giving Word. These are unspeakably the most important of all the vestures and garnitures of human existence. They are first spun and woven, I may say, by that wonder of wonders, society. . . . Outward religion originates by society; society becomes possible by religion." It is the symbol through which "man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works and has his being; . . . for is not a symbol ever to him who has eyes for it some diviner or clearer revelation of the Godlike?"

There is truth in what the Sage of Chelsea puts into the mouth of the Professor of Things in General. The Church, having to deal with men made up of body and soul, has always followed the method of Nature and has sought to impress truth on the soul through the avenues of the senses. If, as the Apostle says, "faith comes by hearing," so by sight also is it developed. None of our senses but can teach us a lesson of divine things. None of them but can be used to worship our Maker. It is, therefore, as potent auxiliaries that the Church calls in the help of the Beautiful in architecture, painting, music, sculpture, embroidery, and all the many forms of art, so as to lead men to the Throne of Mercy, as it were, by the cords of Adam.

I need not dwell on this elementary

truth. It is a part of our human nature of which even the sects, that have abjured the Beautiful as far as they can, and practise their worship within four bare walls, have not been able to rid themselves. Forms and ceremonies, one way or the other, are as much a part of our being as are gestures. They are only symbols—outward signs of the inner man. If we deprive them of meaning, then are they useless. But, to come specifically to our point, the Church would have us know the meaning of her symbols. She would have us study them, so that they may do their beneficent work of raising up our souls to God. It is very much to be wished that our people were more frequently instructed in the meaning of the sacred ceremonies; that seeing, they may understand.

At the present moment the minds of Catholics are turned to the mother-city, where great events have been happening, and the reign of a new Vicar of Christ makes of interest all details of his life and person. I propose in this paper to sketch the figure of the outward man and describe the official robes which, following the usages of centuries, the Pope wears as the signs of his great dignity. It is well to remember that all the details of the Papal life are arranged and worked out at length in ceremonials which have grown with the ages. From the conclave which elects him till the moment of his burial, all the details of his life are settled and provided for; so, come what may in the ordinary course of events, the Pope is content to leave everything in the hands of masters of ceremonies who know by long practice and study both what is to be done in any given circumstances and how to do it. Law and order are the principles of the life of the most constitutional autocrat that the world has seen.

Papal robes vary with the occasion. In his private life and when giving private audiences, the Pope's dress is as follows: He wears shoes of leather or

cloth in winter, and of silk or satin in summer; they are always of red color, and are fastened with red silk strings with golden tags. On them is embroidered in gold a cross, which the faithful kiss in homage to the Vicar of Christ. His stockings, according to the season, are of white wool or silk, and are fastened with white garters which have catches of gold. The *simara*, or cassock, has no train, but is finished with oversleeves and tippet; it is always of white material—cloth or merino,—with white silk trimmings. A white silk stock and linen collar, white skullcap, and a ring on the ring finger of the right hand complete the ordinary private dress. The Papal color is always white, and this, writers say, typifies innocence of life, chastity, and brilliance of virtue. It reminds one, too, of the message to the Angel of the Church of Sardis: "They shall walk with Me in white because they are worthy. He that shall overcome shall thus be clothed in white garments; and I will not blot his name out of the Book of Life, and I will confess his name before My Father and before His angels."*

When the Pontiff goes out of doors he puts on a pectoral cross and chain, and girds his cassock with a cincture of white watered silk fringed with gold. (I believe it was Pius IX. who introduced this fashion of wearing the cross and cincture.) During the cold weather the Pope uses a large red mantle, very full in size, of flannel or cloth trimmed with red silk and braided with gold. In the winter he also uses a peculiar style of headgear called the *camauro*. The marvellous picture by Raphael of Julius II. in the National Gallery at London represents that fiery Pontiff in the striking *camauro*. It is a kind of large and deep skullcap which comes over the ears, and is made of red velvet trimmed with ermine. If it is used in the summer, it is

* Apoc., iii, 4, 5.

of silk. Pius VI. fell in with the fashion of powdering his hair and gave up using the *camauro*, but Pius IX. restored it as a part of the Papal dress.

When the Pontiff receives in solemn audience kings, ambassadors or such like, or when he presides at Congregations, or assists in the Sistine Chapel, his slippers are of red velvet in winter, satin in summer, and merino on days of penitence and mourning; his cassock is of *moire* in winter, of light silk in summer, or of cloth or merino according to season during penitential times. Over the cassock, which is trained, he wears the rochet, which is crinkled in the peculiar Roman fashion by the nuns of the Child Jesus, who have care of the Pope's linen. Over the lace-trimmed rochet is worn the mozetta, or short cape, which is always red in color, and of velvet, satin or merino, according to the times. It is bordered with ermine. To this costume on occasions of ceremony—for instance, when the Pope, preceded by the Papal cross, goes to St. Peter's or visits churches or kings,—there is added a red stole of velvet or satin, thickly embroidered with gold and bearing the Papal coat-of-arms at the height of the chest.

At a consistory, to the foregoing costume is added a peculiar Papal robe, the *falda*, which is a very wide and full white silk skirt with a long train. It is fastened round the waist, and is so large that it has to be held up by attendants. It is a majestic robe and adds considerably to the dignity and stature of the Pontiff. It dates from the days of Julius II., and came in at a time when cassocks were not made with trains. There is a special stole, called the consistorial stole, which is used on these occasions.

During the Octave of Easter—that is from after the Office of Holy Saturday until after Vespers on the following Saturday—the Papal robes are all white. The Pontiff who gave the white

garments at the baptism on Easter Eve wears the color of innocence until the new Christians put off their baptismal robes before the Sunday *in albis depositis*.

At what are known as Papal chapels—that is, where the Pope assists at a service in solemn state—he is vested like a bishop, with certain peculiarities: his girdle is of white silk with bullion tassels; the stole is of one of three colors—red, white or violet; his cope is larger than usual, and has a long train which is carried by the Prince Assistant at the Throne. This cope, which is embroidered in gold, is either of red or white. It is of the same dimensions as the *falda*, and is fastened by a morse of gold and precious stones called the *formale pretiosum*. Three mitres are borne before him on cushions—the precious mitre adorned with stones, the cloth of gold mitre, and the cloth of silver mitre.

Since the days of Pius VI. the precious mitre has been used only once (by Pius IX.), and that was at the procession at the opening of the Vatican Council. The tiara is worn only in processions, and never during a function when the mitre, gold or silver, is alone used. In the Papal treasury there are several of these tiaras; among them is one given by Napoleon I. to Pius VI. in 1805; it weighs eight pounds; cost eleven thousand dollars, and contains one emerald valued at eight hundred dollars. Another, that of Gregory XVI., contains some pearls, eleven diamonds, and about one hundred and forty-six precious stones. Isabella II. gave Pius IX., in 1854, a magnificent tiara, which the Pope sold, devoting the proceeds to founding the Seminario Pio.

The Pope sings Mass three times a year: at Christmas, Easter, and St. Peter's; and on these occasions, besides the usual vestments worn by a bishop when pontificating, he uses also the *falda*, and attached to his golden girdle is a kind of alms-bag, which since the

time of Benedict XIII. has taken the form of a maniple. Over the stole he puts on another special Papal article of attire, the *fanon*, which is a collar, or cape, made of two flounces of white silk rayed with gold and purple. When the chasuble is put on, the upper flounce of the *fanon* is settled over the vestment, the lower one remaining hidden. Some writers say the *fanon* recalls the two Testaments,—the Old abrogated and the New made clear.

When the Pope is fully vested and wearing the pall from the body of Blessed Peter, he is adorned with the vestments of every grade in the Church: the white linen garment of the minor orders, the tunicle of the subdeacon, the dalmatic of the deacon, the chasuble of the priest, the gloves, buskins, etc., of the bishop, the pall of the archbishop and patriarch, and the *falda* and *fanon* of the Papacy. Thus girt about with variety, he approaches the altar as the great high-priest of humanity. He does not carry a pastoral staff like an ordinary bishop, but he sometimes uses the *ferula*, which is a metal rod surmounted by a cross pattee in Greek form. Pius IX. used such at the Council.

Among other Papal insignia is the *Sedes Gestatoria*, which is of gilt wood and is raised on two steps. It is upholstered in red velvet and gold, and is carried by twelve bearers. It is used only for solemn entry and exit. Two fans of white ostrich feathers mingled with those of the peacock, and mounted on tall red velvet staves, are carried on either side by privy chamberlains.*

There are four kinds of thrones made use of by the Pope. The Pontifical throne, either on the Gospel side when he assists at Mass, or at the end of the presbytery when he celebrates; this is raised up by steps until it is on a level with the altar. Hangings of silver, red,

violet or gold adorn it; and the seat itself is of the old *cathedra* form. A smaller throne, without a canopy, and on a lower step, is used during solemn Terce, while the Pope is vesting. In the Hall of Consistory is another throne with rich hangings from designs by Raphael. Here the chair is covered with violet. The ordinary throne found in the Throne Room, the study, and dining-room has no step, but only a rich carpet and a footstool of red velvet. The chair itself is of wood, carved and gilded, and is upholstered in red velvet and gold. The Papal cross of gilt metal, which is used to precede the Pope whenever he goes officially, is kept in the antechamber, along with the broad-brimmed red velvet hat, and the *ombrellino*—a sunshade of red damask fringed with gold.

Lastly, there is the Fisherman's Ring, so called from having engraved on the stone a figure of St. Peter fishing from a boat. This is the personal sealing ring of the Pope, and is broken upon his death.

All this variety of robes and the great ceremony which surrounds the Papal Court are relics of the days when the Popes were not only spiritual sovereigns but temporal princes. Indeed, it was claimed that the Vicar of Christ was King of kings and the head of a united Christian commonwealth. Kings on their thrones received authority from him, as the moon receives her light from the sun. It was a beautiful theory, based on the supremacy of the Spiritual; but, as a matter of fact, Theocracy has never been more than a dream, and Popes as temporal sovereigns have been almost always at the mercy of some one of the more powerful kings of Europe. As the Roman Court is the oldest of all courts, so is it intensely conservative; and therefore we can expect that for many a year to come these survivals of a picturesque past will remain to add to the pageantry and majesty of the Church's ceremonial.

* I remember hearing that in Seville cathedral during the heat a fan of this kind is used at the altar for the comfort of the celebrant at Mass.

A Taste of Society.

I.

EDWARD, I wish I had the *entrée* to the society you frequent," said Charles Macey to his friend and erstwhile college mate, who had dropped in as was his custom on the way to an evening reception. Handsome and faultlessly attired, the young man bore about him an air of prosperity and ease with himself and others, that had suddenly appealed to the tired student stretched wearily upon the lounge after a laborious day.

Edward Dale glanced hastily about the comfortable, homelike room, as he answered with a smile:

"It is the easiest thing in the world, Macey, if you want to try it. But I fancied you did not go in for that sort of thing. You have the best quarters and the 'homiest' room of any one I know. Fellows in ordinary lodgings, like myself, can appreciate the comforts of a place like this. I don't believe *you* can."

"Oh, yes, I can!" said Macey. "I know myself to be very fortunate in being taken care of as I am by my old nurse and friend, Hannah. She is the best cook that ever lived, I believe; and she makes these pleasant rooms a piece of home to me,—having lived in the family so many years before she came to keep house for her brother. But I get tired of everything sometimes; and seeing you come in now and then as you do, ready for an evening out, makes me long occasionally for that world to which you seem to belong."

"*'Seem to belong'* is good," laughed his friend. "It is true, I only *seem* to belong—I do not really form an integral part of it. A hanger-on to the skirts of it, I yet derive some pleasure, which may later result in profit to my career. I always have that in view; and I really enjoy it, besides."

"How profit?" asked Macey. "By reason of the acquaintances you may make, perhaps?"

"Yes; and—I'm not such a bad-looking fellow, am I? There are heiresses, you know, Charles?"

"To be had for the asking?"

"Well, not exactly that; but one never can tell. Pretty girls sometimes fall in love with impecunious fellows like myself."

"You call yourself impecunious, with a salary of three thousand a year! I wish I were sure of half of it for the next five or six years. I would—"

"What would you do?"

"Well, never mind. I certainly would not be looking around for an heiress."

"What is three thousand a year, after all? I spend nearly all of it."

"I'm surprised to hear that. You have no bad habits; you do not live luxuriously."

"I certainly do not. These rooms of yours seem like paradise to me, Macey. Nevertheless, I save little or nothing. But you were saying you would like to have the *entrée* to the society I frequent? Are you serious?"

Macey reflected a moment.

"To a certain extent, yes; but the wish must die at birth. I have no means of attaining it."

"All that is necessary is a dress suit, a good appearance, good manners, and an introduction to some one from some one else. That can all be managed without any trouble."

"The dress suit is in the wardrobe," answered Macey. "I have never worn it since the day of my graduation, two years ago. It may be out of style," he added gayly. "In that case there would be no hope for me, I suppose. As to the rest—I will leave you to judge, Dale."

"*Cela va sans dire*," said his friend. "Now, there are the Vandokkums, rich as Cræsus—the old gentleman; a very good sort, too; and Charlotte is a pearl."

"A pearl!" echoed Macey, as there

flashed before his mental vision the picture of a lovely, gentle girl in a country town not three hundred miles distant,—his pearl, his Margaret, as he had fondly called her for more years than any one but himself knew; the prize he coveted, the goal of all his dreams. Then his thoughts came back to time and place, and he asked: "Is she very beautiful?"

"Oh, yes, very,—after a large, grand fashion, such as few women ever attain! She is a jolly good companion too."

"Oh!" said Macey, a little nonplussed. He could not associate his ideal of a pearl with anything but gentleness and modest loveliness. And it did not seem right to him that Dale should have called Miss Vandokkum by her first name: it savored too much of familiarity. From which it will be seen that his walks had indeed lain far outside the pale of what is called *le haut monde*. In other words, the denizens thereof, if they had been privileged to read his thoughts, would have called him "fresh" or "green," or by some other equally descriptive and expressive word known to their nomenclature.

"I imagine the dress suit will do," said Dale, looking at his watch. "But I must be going. It is nearly ten and I am due at the Bordens. Nice girls, those Bordens; stunners, you might call them. Well, old fellow, shall I get you a card for the Vandokkums on the 25th? Say the word and it is yours."

A wave of revulsion had swept over Macey. Somehow, the dazzle and glamour had vanished. Dale's flippant remarks jarred and disgusted him. His nature was refined almost to a fault.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "It doesn't matter much either way, Dale. I do not belong, and never will belong—"

"And never will *wish* to belong to that world"—why don't you finish, Macey?" interrupted his friend, with a light laugh.

"I might, perhaps, if you hadn't taken

the words out of my mouth," said Macey. "But I don't wish to be a prig either. Get me a card, if it is not too much trouble, Dale."

"Very well. It will not be any trouble. Young men are at a premium in society these days. Seriously, Macey, it ought to be a good thing for you. *Au revoir!* It will be all right."

After Dale had gone Macey rose, went to his desk and wrote a long letter to his intended wife. Its contents did not abound in fulsome endearments, but every line breathed an affection founded on deep respect and profound esteem,—the result of friendship and comradeship deepening into pure and unselfish love.

A few days after this Macey received a card of invitation to the Vandokkums; and that same evening Dale paid him a short visit, on his way to a lawn *fête* given by one of the fashionable set of which, he said, he was rapidly becoming "quite to the manner born."

Macey appeared more indifferent than Dale had expected to the honor which he had desired, and which his friend had solicited.

"I don't know what stuff I am made of, to tell the truth, Dale," he said. "A glimpse of the fashionable world may fascinate me, you know, to the extent of bringing me on my knees to the goddess as soon as I have tasted the sweetness of her smiles. Never having been tempted, I can not answer for the consequences. And I am here for solid work, not to fritter away my time."

He spoke half in jest, half in earnest; and Dale "read between the lines."

"Come along and taste, notwithstanding," said his friend. "A dash of champagne is exhilarating: it braces one. You will be all the better for it. It will bring you in touch with people and things of the moment. To delve into books day and night is only half to live. And I will answer for it that you have too much character to allow yourself to be blown hither and thither by every

wind of change. Many a young fellow would give his eyes to be invited to the Vandokkums."

Macey laughed. "I'll be ready," he said. "Call for me as you go up. I'll share the cab."

At ten o'clock on the important evening the two young men were set down at the door of the brilliantly lighted house, where a stream of people in front of them were filling the corridor and mounting the broad staircase, the balustrades of which were almost hidden beneath trailing vines and sprays of flowers. When they descended from the dressing-room, it was with great difficulty that they made their way to the hostess and her daughter, who stood beneath a gorgeous electric chandelier of various colored lights, in a bower of roses and jasmine,—the arched entrance to a large conservatory in the rear.

The first impression made on Macey was one of revulsion. Glance where he would, his eye rested on a profusion of bare necks, without, in many cases, even the pretence of sleeves; though now and then could be seen a line of ribbon or velvet, or a ruching of tulle, by which he supposed the gown was kept on the shoulders.

Mrs. Vandokkum, a large, handsome woman of middle age, was attired in a black shimmering gown, the corsage of which—and there was very little of it—made Macey think of a tight-fitting coat of mail, as it sparkled and shone under the heavy jet trimmings which completely covered it. Her white hair, piled like a miniature tower on top of her head, was surmounted by an aigrette of magnificent diamonds. She wore a diamond necklace about her throat, and both of her fat, white hands were loaded with rings. Miss Vandokkum, tall, slight, and lively, wore a gown of white silk with opal ornaments.

Both ladies received Macey with marked cordiality. Dale appeared to be very much at home with them; and

to this Macey attributed his reception, entirely unaware that he made quite a distinguished figure in the rooms which contained but a sprinkling of men. Introductions followed. Dale was kind; yet the novice shrank back after a while from the throng, preferring rather to be a spectator than a participant. He wanted some time to adjust himself. Everything was novel, strange, fascinating, and yet repelling. The lights, the perfume, the flowers, the buzz of voices, the sound of subdued, affected laughter, the endless platitudes and nothings of conversation which went on around him, made him realize that he was in a new atmosphere, almost in a foreign world.

Dale and he had become separated. He was leaning against a pillar, half in the shadow of a crimson velvet curtain, when he heard a pleasant female voice at his elbow, and became aware that Miss Vandokkum was tapping him on the arm with her fan. He turned and bowed, his face flushing, a little thrill of masculine vanity agitating his veins as he realized that his young hostess must have sought him with deliberation. A moment before he had caught her eye for an instant, as she stood surrounded by admirers at the other end of the room. She had at once slowly made her way out of the circle, traversing several corridors and an anteroom until she had reached him in his secluded corner. Now she placed her hand upon his arm, looking up smilingly into his face as she said:

"I saw that you were looking lonely here, Mr. Macey, and thought I would come and take a little turn with you in the conservatory. It is so very warm in these rooms."

Murmuring his pleasure, and hiding his embarrassment under the mask of steady grey eyes and firmly-cut lips—which were his inheritance from ancestors who had sat in high places when those of the girl beside him were building dikes in the Low Countries,—Macey began to pilot

a way through the crowded apartments.

There were many comments as the couple now passed close to the male wallflowers fringing the outer rows of tightly wedged dowagers, who sat quite oblivious of their charges, lost to view in the surging throng. From the men came such remarks as the following:

"Arthur, who is that cad with the Vandokkum?"

"Some new fellow she has fished into her net. She'll drop him as she does everybody else after two or three evenings. She's a rare one for sensations."

"Aye, indeed! Who is he, anyway? An importation?"

"Blamed if I know! Likely as not."

"You're mistaken," observed another youth. "He's nothing but a cad—a sort of medical student Dale brought in to-night. Charlotte isn't going to throw herself away on a specimen like that so long as coal is way up high. You know the anthracite man has the inside track there."

"She's not a bad lot, though. Mighty good-hearted is Lady Charlotte."

With the dowagers it ran thus:

"What an aristocratic-looking man! Who is he?"

"I can not tell you. Good looking but young, don't you think?"

"Yes: two or three years younger than she is."

"She makes up well, though. Her vivacity takes from her years."

"She has measured the situation,—thought it all out. She made a picture of herself and that youth promenading through the rooms before she took a step. She is an actress, don't you think so?"

"Well—perhaps. If it amuses her, it doesn't matter."

"He struts along like a young peacock. Probably thinks 'himself the admired of all admirers. I wish my Albert had his assurance!"

Meanwhile, unconscious of criticism, Macey, with Miss Vandokkum leaning lightly on his arm, reached the conserv-

atory, where, in the twilight of softly moderated electric lamps, several couples were already seated. His companion led the way to a pretty tinkling fountain behind a palm-tree, where a small wicker settee invited them to rest. The subdued light, the plash of falling water, the flower-laden atmosphere, the attractive upraised face of his companion, her pretty sallies, her bewitching smiles,—each and all laid their concentrated spell upon him. He breathed and spoke in a glamour, in a dream. For that one short half hour he forgot that Margaret was in existence.

"They are going to supper," said Miss Vandokkum. "Will you take me down?"

"With pleasure," answered Macey, shaking off the mysterious spell that encompassed him.

As he rose to his feet, his companion suddenly appeared to him to be singularly unattractive. He wondered what he could have found charming in those deep-set eyes, outlined with dark blue rings which showed through the rouge and powder with which her cheeks were covered; in the dishevelled hair, already out of curl and falling in thin, straight strands on her neck; in the tiresome small talk with which the half hour had been filled. The voice of the fountain had become disagreeably monotonous; the atmosphere, warm and perfumed, fairly sickened him. He longed for a breath of fresh air.

Once more Miss Vandokkum placed her hand upon his arm, directing him by another entrance to the tent several steps below the level of the conservatory, where a hundred tables were decorated and laid for supper.

(To be continued.)

With Some Flowers.

FORGET-ME-NOTS, for memory;
And poppies white, for sleep,—
So that thou ne'er, at thought of me,
Shall lonely night-watch keep. ***

The Story of Mary Stuart.

BY MARY CROSS.

IV.

IT was now necessary to decide the fate of Mary, and it was arranged that she should be brought to trial on a charge of conspiring against Elizabeth at the Castle of Fotheringay. To this the last of her prisons she was removed in 1586, and informed that she would be tried by commissioners appointed by Elizabeth. She refused to submit to that jurisdiction, reminding Burleigh that she was a sovereign, not a subject, and declaring that the only tribunal in England to which she would submit was a full and free Parliament. She considered herself already condemned by the other judges, and their meeting would be but an empty form. Burleigh asked her if she would appear, provided her protest were admitted; Elizabeth urged her in her own interests to yield, and she did so on that understanding.

In the hall of the Castle the commissioners assembled to the number of thirty-six: the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, thirteen barons, the Knights of the Privy Council, two chief-justices, the Baron of the Exchequer, six Doctors of Law, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and the Queen's sergeant,—all this pomp of power and intellect arrayed against one lame woman, who, crippled by rheumatism, entered with the help of her faithful steward, Melvil.

To her we may fittingly apply the words Carlyle wrote of the Queen of France: "Is there a heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of wasting imprisonment to which this judgment-bar and death-sentence were but the merciful end? Look there, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey, the brightness of those eyes is quenched. There is no heart present to say, 'God

pity thee!' Think not of these: think of Him whom thou worshipest, the Crucified, who, also treading the wine-press alone, fronted sorrow still deeper, triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a sanctuary for thee and all the wretched."

Refused counsel, advocate, and witnesses; deprived even of her own papers and notes; matched against the subtlest statesmen and profoundest lawyers of the age,—she defended herself for two days, "and kept at bay the hunters for her life." Three letters were produced on which the charge against her entirely depended; they were not originals but alleged copies, and Mary emphatically denied ever having written or received such letters. She claimed that she should not be accused except through her own handwriting; and she demanded the production of the original letters, and also that her secretaries should be brought face to face with her. No attention was paid to these requests. She did not know that under a recent Act of Parliament no one could be tried for treason but on the testimony and oath of two witnesses, each to be brought face to face with the accused; and not one of her thirty-six judges was honest enough to tell her. Her secretaries were not examined; the documents produced were the alleged copies of ciphers, but by whom deciphered the judges did not ask and were not informed.

Alluding to Babington and his associates, Mary said that if they had been able to prove anything against her, they would not so soon have been silenced. "Their lips were closed at once, that truth might be hidden in their graves," she said; "produce one letter written by me or bearing my signature, and I will instantly admit that the charge against me is proved. I acknowledge that, encompassed by danger and insulted by wrong, I have tried to regain my freedom, but I need not blush for any of these efforts. I

sought by every concession to win your Queen's friendship; invited by her, I came to this kingdom in the pride and gaiety of my youth, and I have grown into age in the miseries of captivity. During a calamitous imprisonment of nearly twenty years, my youth, my health, my happiness are gone forever. I have been oppressed and agonized with unmerited hardships and afflictions. But I would disdain to gain my kingdom, recover my liberty, and advance the Faith I love by sullyng my soul with crime. To charge me with planning the death of your Queen is to brand me with the infamy I most abhor. But I know the real cause of all this hostility. My crimes are my birth, my injuries, and my religion. Of my birth I am proud; my wrongs I can forgive; my religion is to me a source of such comfort that for its glory I am content to shed the last drop of my blood."

On the third day the trial was adjourned to the Star Chamber, Westminster, where Mary was pronounced guilty of seeking to compass the death of Elizabeth,—Lord Zouch alone dissenting, and declaring that he was not satisfied. The result was conveyed to Mary at Fotheringay, and she received the tidings with perfect composure. She asked for a priest, but was told to avail herself of the services of the Protestant bishop of the diocese, or of the Dean of Peterburgh. She declined. She addressed her last requests to Elizabeth, asking that her remains might be laid in consecrated ground, that at length "this poor body may find the repose which living it has never known. I pray your Majesty that I may not be put to death in secret, but in sight of my servants and others, that they may testify to my Faith and my undying obedience to the one true Church, and defend my memory against calumny. I ask that when all is over, my attendants may be allowed to go freely where they please, and to retain the little my poverty enables me

to give them. These favors I ask in the name of Christ, our relationship, and the respect due to my rank. Do not account me presumptuous that in leaving this earthly scene I remind you that you will not live forever, and that there is a tribunal before which even you must render an account." Elizabeth neither answered this letter nor complied with the requests therein made.

In Scotland the news of Mary's impending fate was received with indignation, except by the Reformed clergy. One of the young King's nobles bluntly said to him: "If your Majesty permits the matter to proceed, you should be hanged yourself the day after." James addressed a remonstrance to Elizabeth, to which she answered with a torrent of abuse. He apologized. At a later date Elizabeth offered and he agreed to accept, as compensation for his mother's death, a pension and an English duchy.

Elizabeth suggested to Mary's jailers that they should get rid of her by poison; but Paulet replied that he deeply regretted to have lived to see the day when his sovereign commanded him to make so foul shipwreck of his conscience. A letter addressed by Walsingham and Davison to Drury and Paulet, the jailers, expresses Elizabeth's surprise that "in all this time you have not yourselves found out some way of shortening the life of the Scottish Queen."

On the 1st of February, 1587, the death-warrant of Mary Stuart, Queen-Dowager of France, Queen of Scots, and lawful heiress to the English Crown, was signed by the illegitimate offspring of Anne Boleyn, who jested with her secretary as she wrote her name. On the 7th of February Lord Shrewsbury and the Earl of Kent arrived at Fotheringay with the warrant. Mary listened to the reading of it unmoved. Signing herself with the Sign of the Cross, she said: "This is welcome news, a day long expected, long desired. The soul which can shrink from bodily

suffering is not worthy of eternal happiness. As for the crime of which I am accused, I solemnly declare my innocence." She laid her hand on a Testament, whereat the Earl of Kent exclaimed: "That is a Popish Testament, and an oath taken on it is as worthless as the book itself."—"In my estimation it is the true Testament, my Lord," she answered. "Would you credit my oath if I swore upon a version in which I do not believe?" Her request for a priest was refused. She asked when she was to die, and was told at eight o'clock the next morning.

After the two noblemen had departed, her attendants gathered round her, weeping bitterly; but she comforted them and implored them to be calm. She asked their forgiveness if ever she had offended them, and uttered a fervent hope that they would remain true to the Catholic Faith. She divided amongst them her money, her jewels, and her clothing. She wrote out her will, recommending to the protection of the King of France those who had served her through so many sorrows with such unbroken fealty. She then retired to rest, and slept for some hours. At day-break she dressed for the last scene of her life. The lines which she wrote on this the morning of her execution have a profoundly pathetic interest:

O Lord my God, I have hoped in Thee!
 Jesu Beloved, now liberate me!
 In hardest of chains, in pitiful pains,
 I am longing for Thee.
 I languish in anguish, on bended knee
 Adoring, imploring,—
 Now liberate me!

She was at prayer when the sheriff announced to her that the hour appointed for her execution was at hand. She came forth from her oratory dressed in black, wearing an Agnus Dei and carrying a crucifix and a rosary. "Her jailers and her guards," says Skelton, "stood silent and abashed as she advanced, her lofty spirit soaring triumphant above the stings of persecution, the fogs of

calumny, the human fear of death. With head erect and eyes undaunted, lips smiling in beautiful disdain of the miserable world she was so soon to leave, so passed she, queen-like, to her doom. Long ago she had told her enemies that she would die as she had lived, a queen, and royally she kept her word."

The scaffold was erected in the centre of the great hall, where two hundred spectators had gathered. The warrant being read, Shrewsbury said: "Madam, you know what is to be done." She answered: "My Lord, do your duty." The Protestant Dean Fletcher advanced, threatening her with damnation if she would not renounce the errors of Rome; and the Earl of Kent, seeing her kiss the crucifix, bade her "be done with Popish trumpery," and have Christ in her heart. Repeatedly she assured the Dean that having experienced the consolation of the Catholic Faith through all her misfortunes, she would die in it, and therefore must decline his services. But he persisted; and when she moved away from him, he followed her, till Shrewsbury, who seems to have been the only gentleman present, put an end to the shameful scene.

In the midst of a profound silence Mary prayed for the persecuted Church, for her son, for Elizabeth, for her friends and enemies. Her maids assisted her to disrobe, and she bade them a last farewell. The executioner asked her forgiveness, and she answered: "I forgive—nay, I thank you; for you set me free from sorrow." Kneeling, she bound her eyes with a handkerchief which had contained the consecrated Host; and with the words, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" bent her head to the block. At the third stroke of the axe it was severed. The work of death was done, and Mary Stuart's path of thorns was ended.

It may be profitable to turn for a moment from that scene to the closing days of Elizabeth's life. Low she lies, to

whom the proudest used once to kneel,—cast lower than the poorest. England's giant Queen is "an idiot frowning at the sun." For several days and nights before her death she lay upon the floor, positively refusing to go to bed, sighing profoundly, haunted by appalling visions. "Look on this picture—and on this!"

Justly does Dr. Stuart remark that Elizabeth did not scruple to violate all law and justice, honor and hospitality, the ties of nature, the feelings of humanity, the reverence of womanhood, the majesty of kings. But neither tyranny nor cruelty, injury nor insult could conquer Mary's greatness or destroy her fortitude. Her mind seemed rather to be strengthened under oppression and calamity; and throughout her imprisonment and in her last hours she displayed a courage, a magnanimity, and an exalted piety that have never been excelled. Stone by stone the wall of prejudice and misrepresentation built around her is being cleared away. "Bright star of many a burning thought, farewell!"

(The End.)

Kresstoffsky.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXXIII.—ADIEUX.

MYLES remained standing a moment after reading the sad news. His face bore traces of keenest anguish.

"What will you do, Myles?" asked Percy Byng.

"Start by the North Express this evening. Paddy, find my uncle at once, and tell him to come to the *datcha*."

"Yes, yer honor. An' am I to tell him that the ould lady is not expected?"

"Tell him nothing. If you do I'll send you back in hot haste to Fontanka."

"Murder, murder! Ye wouldn't go an' do the like o' that, sir! An' Count O'Reilly?"

"Go and do as I tell you!" answered Myles, in a tone that sent Paddy flying from the room.

Stodboswitch now walked over and laid his hand gently on the young man's shoulder.

"You have my deepest sympathy, Mr. O'Byrne."

"Thank you, Prince! I know you will excuse my leaving you. There are so many things that must be done—"

"Pray do not mention it. I sincerely trust you will find your dear mother convalescent. These things, you know, are generally very much exaggerated." And he kissed Myles on both cheeks, wishing him "*Bon voyage!*"

"This will play 'old gooseberry' with the cruise!" sighed Byng. "The party is thinning out most disgustingly. Prince Gallitzin wants his wife to come to the Urals to help to entertain a batch of grand dukes; and Mero has his Privy Council,—even *he* would have been better than nothing. O'Reilly's infernal spooning has taken all the fun out of the charming American girl. Who is left then?"

"Miss De Lacey and the General."

"She's at Fontanka."

"She is in St. Petersburg,—I saw her about an hour ago."

"This is news. I'll go and see my beloved at once. And the Edregevitch girl lives in the same street. You'll leave a *pour prendre congé*, won't you?"

"Most assuredly."

"And a message?"

"No."

"Well, I'll be blowed! No message?"

"None."

"I'd insist on your coming to see her with me, but you know, dear old Myles, we don't get many chances of being alone together."

The veteran met them on the veranda.

"What's all this rumpus about? My heart leapt up into my mouth; for I thought those rascals of Tiggits were after me again!"

"My mother is dangerously ill, uncle."

"How do you know, sonny?"

"Here's a cable."

The old man carefully took a drink, wiped his mouth and his glasses, and read the message slowly, his lips forming each word.

"Sad, sad news, uncle!" said Myles.

"Arrah now don't mind them, *avic!* Your mother is as well as I am by this. She ate too many of those Sandymount cockles and those elegant Pigeon House prawns. That's what's the matter, my boy. Don't fret. She's growing old—"

"She is just as young to me, uncle, as when I said my *Ave Maria* at her knee when a child." And the poor fellow shed a flood of tears,—tears that welled up from his loving, manly heart,—tears that rebaptized him in waters never to be washed away.

The veteran, himself deeply moved, pretended not to notice, and took several pinches of snuff.

"We'll have a letter from your aunt in a few days that will tell us all about it."

"A few days, uncle! I shall not wait an hour!"

"We don't sail till to-morrow."

"I shall leave by the North Express to-night."

"Easy now, easy! You can't break up the yachting party. It wouldn't do, my son. Be said by me. Your mother is not dead, and will dance at your wedding yet, with the help of God. And sure," he added playfully, "you can't leave the widow, Myles! After all, we must be decent. So just take it quiet and easy; and you can send a cable from every port we stop at, and—"

A terrific scuffle on the veranda interrupted him. Ivan, in a spirit of anger and jealousy at being left in Russia, had let out the *boneen* that Paddy Casey had received as a present from the widow at Fontanka,—the Muscovite surmising that the little pig, roving at its sweet wild will, would by its antics bring Paddy to the biting of the dust.

The animal, with crass perverseness, was making a bee line for a flower patch at the door, when Paddy, seeing through the meanness of Ivan, who stood by grinning, rushed over and dealt him a blow on the nose and another under the ear, causing the miserable fellow to fall to the floor, clinging like an octopus to Casey's grizzly locks.

The veteran, dropping his snuff-box, snuff and all—some of the rappee finding its way into his eyes,—seized a redoubtable blackthorn, and, being somewhat blinded by the snuff, whirled the stick right and left most impartially, until he had succeeded in separating the combatants; then he turned his attention to the *boneen*, which fled, with appalling and ear-splitting screams, out onto the road.

In the height of this wild excitement and shrillest of clamors on the part of the love-token of the "little widdy at Fontanka" O'Byrne made his escape, bearing with him Percy Byng, who seemed ready to collapse with laughter; especially as the wily pig manœuvred to escape the veteran's rapid and vigorous blows, which fell thwacking the back and shoulders of either Ivan or Paddy Casey, serving to kindle "every inch of fight" in their respective constitutions.

Myles drove at once to the telegraph office, whence he dispatched a long cable to his aunt, begging of her to wire to Wilbollen, the frontier railway station, early in the morning; and later on to Friedrichstadt, in Berlin; adding that he was on his way home, travelling by the North Express.

"Now for the Baroness!" he muttered. "It would never do to allow matters to stand as they are. She shall have her reply to-day. God knows I have no intention of mortifying her, and I can say with a clear conscience that I never made a single advance either to woo or win her. It is a hundred times better to say what I am compelled to say than to write it." Then to Byng: "Percy, I

want you to come over to the *Adora*."

"When?"

"Now."

"What for? The Baroness has gone down to Gatchina to make her bow to the Empress before leaving. Besides, I want to go to see my dearest and adored girl; and if she is out, I must look up the Edregevitch girl."

"Then you will find me at the Yacht Club. I shall be pretty sure of meeting Sir Henry there."

"He'll be greatly disappointed,—but, of course, it can't be helped. If my dear *mater* were in a hole I'd run back to Grosvenor Place from Timbuctoo. You are doing the right thing, Myles. By the way, give me a P. P. C. card to leave for the General and Miss De Lacey."

Myles, having complied with this request, drove to the Yacht Club, where he found Sir Henry Shirley playing "Bridge," that game which "is better than a drink," as some bibulous devotee declared at Brooks Club.

"I can delay the boat if you say so," observed Sir Henry, unmindful of the cries of his partner to return to the game.

"I would not think of such a thing, Sir Henry."

"Two or three days would make no difference to me, and we can keep the cable red-hot."

"I am deeply grateful to you, God knows," he said; "but I shall start to-night by the North Express."

"And she starts—at what hour?"

"Eight o'clock, Sir Henry."

"Then we shall all go down to see you off,—all that is left of us. Won't you excuse me? My partner is becoming a nuisance,"—as the worthy in question, an old sea-tossed admiral, was rapping the card table and bellowing as if through a megaphone.

Myles stuck his P. P. C. card and "Thanks!" in the rack according to the code; and, bidding adieu to some of the members whom he knew, made his way to the English Quay, where he went

through the same performance at the English Club.

"I am wofully sorry that I sent my card to the General and Eileen," he thought. "That young scapegrace may bungle up some trash, and especially about the Baroness de Grondno. Confound it, it was too stupid of me!"

At this moment he was hailed in joyous accents by Percy himself, who was spinning past like lightning; the victoria having been placed at his service by Prince Stodboswitch, who was driving.

"Hie!" roared O'Byrne.

The victoria came to a standstill after a vigorous pulling by its noble Jehu.

"Pardon me, Prince, for taking the liberty to stop you! I just want to ask Mr. Byng a question. Have you left that card?"

"No: I haven't been there yet. I met the Edregevitch girl, and—"

"Let me have it, Percy. I shall leave it myself. It will be more civil."

"I thought so always!" cried Percy, glad to be rid of the commission, and handing back the card from one of a dozen mysterious pockets in his non-descript coat,—a garment of his own invention.

"Thanks so much, Prince!"

"When does your train leave?" bawled Percy as he was spinning off.

"Eight o'clock."

O'Byrne was compelled to drive back to his hotel, in order to get the names and addresses of the people with whom it was *de rigueur* to leave a pasteboard.

"I hear that you are going away, sir," observed the proprietor.

"Yes."

"To-morrow?"

"No: to-night, by the North Express."

"Impossible, sir!"

"Why—what do you mean?" asked Myles, indignantly.

"Your passport must be *visé* before two o'clock on the day of your departure. This rule is inflexible. Should you

not comply, you will be detained at the frontier."

"Oh, nonsense! I *must* leave, I tell you. Can our Ambassador arrange it?"

"Of course he can, sir. The ambassadors can do anything they please in Russia."

"Well, tell the *ishvoshtik* to drive to the British Embassy, and then to these other houses,"—handing him the list just completed by the uniformed clerk at the hall bureau.

"The little Red House on the Quay," as the official residence of the British Ambassador is facetiously known—though not little by any means, commanding a glorious view of the Neva in front, and of the Field of Mars in the rear, where military reviews, especially of cavalry, are held,—was soon reached; but his Excellency Sir John Scot was up at the fishing club in Finland, and no secretary was at hand.

"This is abominable!" growled Myles. "What am I to do next, I wonder? Wire to Scot? I only met him at dinner once. I shall ask Romansikoff: he is full of power. And there is no necessity of seeing Eileen again,—no: I'll leave the card, and push for O'Reilly."

It was with a palpitating heart and a furtive glance at the windows of the abode of the girl with the violet eyes that he mounted the two wide slabs leading to the great doorway, where lounged a gorgeously attired servant, who asked something in Russian. Myles could not understand, though he surmised that it had reference to his visit and his reception. Then he drove on to the Nevsky, and stopped the drosky at the Church of St. Catherine, where he spent some time in prayer, earnestly imploring the Blessed Mother of God to intercede with her Divine Son for the dear mother now lying on her bed of sickness,—sick perhaps to death.

On the church steps, in the scorching sun, stood Miss Abell, waiting for him.

"Truly, Myles," she said, "this is the

religion of consolation, and there is comfort in it for every sorrow. I have heard of your trouble. May the Lord spare your dear mother to you for many and many a day!"

He pressed her hand.

"And where is O'Reilly?"

"Oh, where, indeed? I can't keep track of him, though he will tell you it is *my* fault—"

O'Reilly approached, and very feelingly alluded to Myles' trouble; adding, sadly:

"So you are off to-night?"

"If I can," said Myles, explaining the difficulty in regard to the passport.

"Leave it to me. Your train starts at eight. Alice and I will be at the station at seven forty-five."

"Courage now, Myles!" said Alice. "Trust in our Blessed Mother that all will be well."

Myles had very little baggage, as the reader already knows; and the veteran insisted on taking a grip to the railway carriage, where a servant in quaint livery relieved him of it.

"This way if you would, please gentlemen. I follow admirable instruction the most acute. This the compartment is all of your own to the frontier, same to big German, to the Ostend. This your ticket is for all—*all!*" And, lifting his hat, he disappeared.

"There's another fairy, begob!" cried the veteran, exultingly. "Be the mortal frost, ye'd better hold on to the *leprechaun!*"

The compartment was allotted to Myles in its entirety, with the luxury of his being all alone, if he so wished, and of having his lavatory and his tub. The whole place was one mass of flowers; while on the seats, rising almost up to the ceiling, were baskets and boxes of quaint and curious design, labelled "Berrin," the most renowned sweetmeat confectioner in the world. Boxes of cigars and packages of cigarettes, and a tiny samovar with a spirit-lamp,

blocked one corner; an assortment of the choicest *liqueurs* in solid Tantalus cases held the other. In fact, there was hardly any chance of sitting down.

"Now, all this is mighty fine. I'll take one of these boxes of cigars,—aye, two of them. Sure, you're in such luck as never was known, my boy! But here's some tea for your mother; and, mark my words, you and I will drink many a stiff cup with her yet—aye, and before very long too. She'll soon rally, with the aid of goose grease and other combustibles. The sight of the tea will make her sit up, and a sniff of it will make her hop out of bed,—mark my words! Here's another case for your aunt. Tell them it's the real stuff; that it never saw the sea, but came straight across the Desert of Obi, where the Tiggits—oh, bad cess to it that I ever laid eyes on one of them!"

Whence came those flowers and fruits and cigars and *liqueurs*? From the Baroness de Grondno of course. Yet she was ninety miles away at Gatchina, and could hardly have heard of his departure.

Could she not? Had she not one of the Secret Police following him day and night, in order that, being a wild Irishman, he might be prevented from getting into any ridiculous or perhaps dangerous scrapes? Had not this gentle widow telegraphed to Gatchina? Had she not given orders to secure a compartment, and to fill it up with the choicest dainties known to be valued by menkind? Had she not ordered a "special," and did she not appear five minutes before O'Byrne's train was scheduled to start?

Of course Sir Henry was there, and Percy Byng; O'Reilly and his *fiancée*; the American girls and Miss Edregevitch; the Marquis and Marchioness of Woodsherp, who had been invited to the yacht trip; while General Monoltekoiff officially represented their Imperial Majesties with flattering messages, and

parting gifts that were precious and rare.

Through all this crowd the Baroness de Grondno pushed and elbowed her way to the compartment, almost shoved Myles aside, and, seating herself, asked breathlessly:

"What does all this mean?"

"It means, Baroness, that my dear old mother is dying and that I am hoping to be at her bedside for her last blessing."

The Baroness gave a slight shrug, for which Myles, who perceived it, now actually detested her.

"Why did you not apprise *me*?"

"I learned only late to-day that you were at Gatchina."

"Then you *did* think of me?"

"I was going over to the *Adora*, when Percy Byng informed me that it would be useless."

"I suppose it can not be helped."

Miss Abell, divining the situation, came to the rescue.

"Here! If you two don't stop your billing and cooing, it will be a runaway match. Come, Mr. O'Byrne!"

The Baroness held Myles' unwilling hand, and, leaning over him, whispered:

"I shall have my answer at Cowes!"—and disappeared.

As the train was in motion Paddy Casey handed O'Byrne a bunch of superb Russian violets,—very rare, as the season was over.

"Masther Myles," said Paddy, jogging along with the moving train, "these violets were sent ye be wan who believes that flowers grows wherever ye put yer foot. *Bannaclath!*"

Myles flung the violets aside: the air was heavy with the odor of the other blossoms.

A card fell to the carpet. On it was written:

"*Qui me cherche, me trouve.*"

Myles nearly suffocated. The writing was that of Eileen De Lacey, and the few words were the motto of the violet:

"Who seeks me, finds me."

Absam, in the Tyrol.

BY DANIEL PAUL.

A PIOUS custom indeed, that of carrying little sacred pictures in one's prayer-book. Either they are of Christ, and then they remind you of how much has been done for you; or of the Holy Ghost, showing how you are loved; or they suggest the Father, who created you out of nothing; or mayhap they give all three, Father, Son, and Paraclete, thus opening a wide field for the sublimest meditation possible to a creature, be it angel or man. The pictures may refer to saints, and then you think of what you ought to do and can do.

These precious little pictures have also human associations, such as affect time and place, and persons. The time and place—say, of a First Communion, of a Confirmation, of an ordination, of a marriage; perhaps of a pronouncing of religious vows—sublimest of all marriages. They may recall a visit to a holy shrine; they may be the pledge of a solid Christian friendship welded in the love of God; and then you think of the giver—dead, perhaps,—and you love his memory with that love which finds expression in the prayer, "Give, O Lord, eternal rest!" Or the donor may be living, and you remember that you both belong to the Communion of Saints, daily beseeching the God of Mercies for the forgiveness of all sins.

My "Coeleste Palmetum"—a beautiful name for a prayer-book, is it not?—has long since renounced any pretension to elegance in appearance, and even to symmetry. As Dickens would say, it is exploding with little pictures—mementos, every one.

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!" Back again in the Tyrol, amid the cloud-crested mountains,—in

the Inn Thal, where the grass grows ever so green; where the firs on hill and mountainside stand sturdily and defiantly against the wintry blast, yet sway to and fro in melodious cadences when wooed by the gentle zephyr of midsummer,—typical of the hardy Tyrolese yeoman, who resists to the death the rugged onslaught on his rights, yet meekly bows his head to the persuasion of love and reason;—back in Innsbruck, grand old palladium of civic and religious rights, where God and the Fatherland are held as one and inseparable, as evidenced by the motto not only engraven on her escutcheon but embroidered in silvery letters on the broad belt of every mountaineer who walks her streets—*Gott und unser Vaterland*; and where both cot and palace bear over the portal a sweet visage—*tota pulchra*—which makes one think of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, of Calvary, of Redemption.

Not the hackneyed, pale-faced student is he whom I see crossing the bridge of the Inn that unites the city of Innsbruck proper with the suburb known as Mariahilf. A student, nevertheless, but pretty well bronzed after a tour through Middle and Northern Italy. He walks that bridge with the confidence of one who has been there before. He makes his way to the famous old hostelry known as Der Goldene Stern, ascends the stairs and enters the old-fashioned eating-room. "You want meat for your breakfast?" queries the aged Pauline, with an arch smile. "Perhaps the Herr is not aware that to-day is Friday." The guest declares that he is a traveller, and that he is dispensed into the bargain. Of no avail: the Goldene Stern has no meat on its Friday menu; and the traveller must needs be content to batten on *maigre* diet, and wash it down with a little measure of wine. He resumes his walk; enters the old church of Mariahilf, and whilst kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament is distracted by

the thought of how the brave Andreas Hofer prayed before that same altar after he left his little tavern around the corner to become the leader of the Tyrolese in the crisis of 1809.

Off on the beautiful road that skirts the left bank of the Inn, passing the Castle of Wurzburg, perched aloft where the beautiful and ill-fated Philippine Welzer first lived, and whose white walls and gables have witnessed many a love-troth since; on to Mühlhau. There the stranger leaves the highroad for a lane to the left, which leads through smiling orchards that give promise of an abundance of fruit (it is August); a field of waving corn; then a cottage with a sharp projecting roof; a large crucifix planted before the door, and, nestling around it, a group of white-headed little children, each anxious to get a glimpse of the stranger around the corners of the blessed wood, yet afraid of being detected; farther on, the father of the children returning from the meadows with a scythe over his shoulder, and a stupendous pipe swinging from his mouth, but which he removes to give you the sublimest greeting ever heard: *Gelobt sei Jesus Christus!*—"Praised be Jesus Christ!" And you answer, *In ewigkeit. Amen!* "Forever. Amen!"

Anon, the velvety meadows, rising upward with the mountains and revealing the swath of the recent scythe; a team of patient cows drawing a wain, and driven by a ruddy-cheeked girl, with head and neck wimpled in a yellow kerchief, the whole covered by a broad-leaved straw-hat. She drops the passing traveller a curtesy, and says modestly, *Grüss' dich Gott!*—"God greet thee!"—also a beautiful Catholic salutation.

Great shadows float over the looming mountains with a grand mysterious sweep; they seem in all to be the vast, incomprehensible spirit itself, which we associate with the mighty Alps. Here, to the right, rises up abruptly, shutting

out from the traveller the view of the Inn and of the towering Patscher Kopf, a hill green and symmetrical, around which the piety of the peasants has planted the Stations of the Cross. The traveller turns to the right and makes the ascent of this hill, which bears the euphonious name of Calvarienberg. The frescoes representing those fourteen scenes in the Divine Tragedy are crude indeed, not to say hideous. The drops of blood on the blessed face assume the dimensions of pools, and are of an ultra-sanguinary hue. The blue mantle of Our Lady is garish; the drawing, false.

But, ah! who that has seen these good people make the Stations of the Cross can carp at the crudeness of their art, in the presence of a faith as strong and immovable as the everlasting mountains by which they are surrounded? That Crucifixion scene in the wee chapel atop of the Calvarienberg might elicit a sneer from the ignorant and supercilious. Well, so did the grand and original tragedy itself call forth the gibes of the rabble, the principal element of which were those Pharisees whom He had already denounced. I believe, moreover, that some of those sneerers returned down to Jerusalem "smiting their breasts,"—the worst punishment I could wish to those who sneer at the uncouth efforts of peasant Catholics to represent, in color or material, what is dear to them in their Faith.

From the summit of Calvarienberg the pilgrim obtains a sweeping view of the Inn Thal. Afar, to the left of the Inn, is Halle, famous for its salt-mines. Nearer to the beholder, and nestling closely to the genial mountainside, is as sweet a little Tyrolese village as man would see, and its name is—Absam!

The descent from the hill is easy; then a beautiful road, leading through rich pasture lands. The hedges on either side of the road are alive with happy birds that sing as if their little throats would burst. From afar are heard the tinkling

bells of peaceful flocks. One feels to the core, while gazing up at the star-jewelled sky, the truth of King David's exclamation, *Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei*,—"The heavens show forth the glory of God." But peaceful Nature in a scene like this—rolling pastures immediate, a majestic river remote; here a snowy cottage, there a church with its steeple, like to an index-finger, always pointing heavenward; the whole framed in by two gigantic ranges of mountains,—narrates that glory of God which appeals to the heart, filling it with ineffable peace.

I spoke of a church steeple pointing toward heaven. On that steeple the eye of the traveller is fixed; for it surmounts a goodly sized church that possesses a famous sanctuary, and in that sanctuary is the magnet which draws him—Our Lady of Absam. Though the exterior of the church is modest and unassuming, the interior is beautiful even to gorgeousness,—the old principle, you know: "The beauty of the king's daughter is within." The high altar, especially is aglow with gold and red. High above, supported by cherubs and surmounted by a golden crown, is a picture-frame. At first the eye fails to discern the picture itself, seemingly on account of the glass. But as you kneel and say your Aves, keeping your eye fixed upon it the while, the outlines of a drooping head begin to develop, not behind the glass, nor in color, but *in the glass itself*, as part of it in substance. Then a hood forming one with a mantle falling over the shoulders becomes visible; underneath the hood, what seems to be a veil encircling the contour of a face—and, O marvellous!—the face itself.

It is not a young face,—no: but the face of such a woman as had lived thirty years after having witnessed the Great Consummation on Calvary. It is the face of Mary as she must have been at Ephesus, where she had lived with John. The head is turned to the right, yet with a slight inclination upward, suggesting

sweet, expectant resignation. But the eyes are beaming downward—on the sinner. There is a tear, limpid as crystal—and is it not crystal?—on each eyelid. Other tears, equally limpid, course down the cheeks,—and yet these are clearly traceable behind the tears. The mouth is of a tender firmness. Such is the crystal picture which the peasants of ages ago called *Gnaden-Mutter*,—"Mother of Mercy."

A marvel of art! Hold! It is not positively known that art had anything to do with it, beyond producing the beautiful frame which now protects it. On the contrary, the traditions of the neighborhood predicate of that picture a miraculous origin. Facts establish it as a miraculous picture in its efficacy. This is how it was, as narrated to the stranger by an old woman who had knelt at his side in the church, and whom he questioned outside.

In a cottage within sight of the church there lived, not very many years ago, a good peasant with his wife and children. He himself, and his father—and who knows how many of his ancestors?—were born under its roof. There was nothing remarkable about the place, until one wintry day it suddenly became a celebrity. Being a wintry day the children were confined to the house. It is easy to imagine how they exhausted every indoor sport that childish ingenuity could suggest. Equally easy to picture the farmer mending the harness, or doing other chores incidental to a snowy day at home; and the good wife troubling herself "about many things," like Martha, the Lord's hostess of old. Suddenly one of the children who had gone to look out of the window exclaimed, "Papa! mamma! come, look, see the beautiful picture!" There indeed, as one of the window-panes, or appearing to look through it, was the sweet face of Mary. The farmer rubbed his eyes, looked again, but there the face

remained. He touched the crystal. To his overwhelming amazement he felt its outlines. To be brief, the neighbors flocked in, gazed and felt: the face remained there; and, believing themselves the witnesses of a miracle, they prayed. Prayer always works miracles, and so it was with the deep-souled prayers of those peasants. Miracles followed; miracles of grace over sin, of complete healing over the ills of nature. The window-picture of Absam became famous, and was finally placed in the church, which is still one of the holiest sanctuaries of the Madonna in all Tyrol.

This much did the traveller learn, and the old lady proceeded to tell how the pilgrims came even from far Carinthia to venerate — Hold! he was a pilgrim himself and came from afar....

Bless us! The bell of the *Domine, non sum dignus!* Distracted through the whole Canon of the Mass! Following myself on my rambles of years ago through the Tyrol! And it was all because of one of those little pictures nestling between the leaves of my prayer-book. On the one side is a wood-print of the sweet face described above; underneath is printed, *Wahre Abbildung der Mutter Gottes und der Kirche zu Absam*. On the other side is a prayer which begins thus: *Sei gegrüsst, O Maria, Königin des Himmels! meine Zuflucht und mein Trost!*—"Hail, O Mary, Queen of Heaven! my refuge and my consolation!"—I had better say the rest of the prayer *in secreto*. I need it.

It is impossible to glorify Mary without thereby magnifying Christ. If our Divine Lord Himself said, "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me," can it be that what we do to His Mother is not done to Him?—*Ilg*.

LIFE holds no motive for stimulating gentleness in man like the thought of the gentleness of Christ.—*Anon*.

The Eternal Chair.

NO better words with which to greet the new Pope could be found in all current literature than those matchless lines which Newman wrote on "The Eternal Chair." They are hidden in the pages of one of his works; and when invited to contribute to a volume that was to be presented to Pius IX. in 1867, he could furnish nothing better than what he had already said on the subject. They are very precious, searching and thought-bearing words. Like other sayings of that great master, they express, in terms musical and gracious, the sentiments of loyalty and obedience to the successor of St. Peter which must fill every Catholic heart. They should be pondered over and their meaning exhausted: then one gets to the very bed rock of knowledge.

* *

"Deeply do I feel, ever will I protest—for I can appeal to the ample testimony of History to bear me out,—that, in question of right and wrong, there is nothing really strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him to whom have been committed the Keys of the Kingdom and the oversight of Christ's flock. The voice of Peter is now, as it ever has been, a real authority, infallible when it teaches, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province; adding certainty to what is probable, and persuasion to what is certain. Before it speaks, the most saintly may mistake; and after it has spoken, the most gifted must obey.

"Peter is no recluse, no abstracted student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead-and-gone, no projector of the visionary. Peter for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for

all emergencies. If there ever was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practical and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of His Church....

"When was he ever unequal to the occasion? When has he not risen with the crisis? What dangers have ever daunted him? What sophistry foiled him? What uncertainties misled him? When did ever any power go to war with Peter, material or moral, civilized or savage, and get the better? When did the whole world ever band together against him solitary, and not find him too many for it?

"All who take part with Peter are on the winning side....Has he failed in his enterprises up to this hour? Did he in our fathers' day fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates—with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings—that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What gray hairs are on the head of Judah whose youth is renewed as the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath all the Everlasting Arms?"

EVERY individual who breathes a word of scandal is an active stockholder in a society for the spread of moral contagion. He is immediately punished by nature by having his mental eyes dimmed to sweetness and purity, and his mind deadened to the sunlight and glow of charity.—*W. G. Jordan.*

Feebleness of intellect is usually the effect of feebleness of will. The intellectual faculties are present and good enough in most men, but the will is too weak to apply them with the requisite steadiness and perseverance.—*Brownson.*

Notes and Remarks.

English-speaking Catholics especially have been amazed at the manifestations of interest in the Church and good will toward her members on the part of Protestants occasioned by the death of Leo XIII. and the accession of his successor. This display of good feeling is all the more remarkable from the fact that men have participated in it who were hitherto openly hostile to all things Catholic. A leading newspaper in Chicago, which for many years has been conspicuous for prejudice and partisanship, showed genuine sympathy with Catholics on the death of Pope Leo, and has been cordial as well as reverent in its references to Pius X. A correspondent writing from Boston informs us that even the bells of a Unitarian church were tolled while the Catholic world was mourning; and mentions that a writer in one of the most influential papers of the city had a reference the other day to "this year of Pio Decimo." The writer remarks: "The last five years have witnessed a wonderful change in this country." Yes, and we venture to say that the next half decade will witness a change still more wonderful and not less blessed throughout the world.

The Rev. Dr. Eaton (Baptist) has "no use," as he says, for the Higher Critics: he places them on a level with Tom Paine. That is where many of them undoubtedly belong. But we think Dr. Eaton is unwise in insisting so strongly on the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. The H. C's may be right, after all, in their opinion that it is not the work of one man nor even of one epoch. Most of the theories advanced by these worthies are unproved and improbable; and Dr. Eaton must be aware that in numerous cases they are abandoned soon after being made. But whenever, after

leading us through a tangled mass of allusion and conjecture, the Higher Critics come to stable ground, one ought to be disposed to look around. Some reputable Catholic Biblicists, we notice, are at agreement with them regarding the Pentateuch. The vice of the Higher Critics is that as a rule they advance entirely novel theories without drawing attention to their temporary character or the contradictions they involve; and insist that the uncritical public shall accept extraordinary positions on Biblical subjects upon altogether unsupported assertions, whereas certitude alone has the right to impose itself upon the minds of men.

Dr. Eaton will be glad to be reminded of a paragraph in "Lachlan" which illustrates the cost of truth. It shows that sound theology accepts every truth no matter from what source it springs. Referring to the Bible, Ian Maclaren says:

This book is like the wheat at harvest-time. There is the ear bearing and protecting the grain: that is the historical part, and often it is not very nourishing; then there is the grain itself, which is the whole Gospel from Eden to the Apocalypse; and that is the bread of the soul. But first the ear must be beaten, and the chaff winnowed. How beautiful it is to see the bright grain flowing like a stream over the granary floor where the sunbeams make it glitter like gold! But on the threshing-floor it is hard to breathe; and when the grain is taken away, the chaff is worthless.

Catholic editors repeatedly warn their readers against giving credence to sensational reports from the Vatican; but, in the nature of things, these admonitions do not reach the great non-Catholic public which has most need of them. We are the more pleased, therefore, to find Signor Raffaele Simboli writing thus in the *New York Critic*:

The Vatican is the great Sphinx of European journalists. Eagerly, day by day and hour by hour, they question it; and when it remains impenetrably silent, they set their imaginations to work, producing the oddest and most ridiculous

bits of news. The editor of an English paper once telegraphed his Roman correspondent to request an interview with Leo XIII. Now, the late Pope never granted an interview, and did not like the press to take too much upon itself in regard to him; consequently, the correspondent was obliged to evolve the interview out of his inner consciousness. None the less, it flashed along the wires and went into print—which meant a marvellous sale for the paper. Again, by the trick of substituting one head for another, an ingenious newspaper succeeded in presenting its readers with pictures of Leo XIII. in an automobile, on horseback, and even on a bicycle! There are Italian papers in particular which take delight in printing highly colored Vatican gossip,—a sensational mixture of scandals, struggles, rivalries. When nothing else can be discovered, they will herald with many trumpets the "revelations of an eminent prelate"—who is probably at most a corporal in the Guard or some obscure clerical hanger-on. The paragraphs that appear under the head of Vatican news are often but scraps of confused chatter, picked up in the *cafés* of the Borgo.

It is this contempt of ethics, this unscrupulous invention of "news" when there is no news, that deprives journalism of the dignity and respectability that hedge round other professions. And it is because the newspapers employ Barnum methods and Barnum morals that people who do not "like to be humbugged" look upon the press as a circus which may be expected to supply varied amusement, but not to impart reliable information. It is for self-respecting journalists to redeem the profession.

The Irish Land Bill has passed the third reading in the House of Lords, and its final triumph is now secured. It is a great victory of peace; and, though it has not the romantic setting beloved of historical novelists and ballad-makers, it is destined to overshadow in Irish history the various uprisings which yielded a fine company of patriots and national heroes, but accomplished no practical results for the country. It has achieved the impossible by uniting Conservative and Nationalist in a common purpose, and at this moment he would be a brave prophet who should venture

to foretell how far-reaching its results will be. A year ago the passage of a Home Rule Bill seemed more probable than the enactment of a measure which virtually dispossesses the Irish landlords; now that the land is opened up to the people, it would be no surprise to find the Conservatives, who killed Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, veering round to a policy of self-government for Ireland.

The Ninth of August, which witnessed the coronation of Pius X., was a day of rejoicing throughout the whole world. Never before, perhaps, has the accession of a successor to the most august of all dynasties excited wider interest or livelier joy. The ceremonial of that occasion is a familiar one,—of rarest splendor, of exquisite solemnity, of deep impressiveness. The scene in the Eternal City on that memorable day may easily be imagined—the vast multitude gathered together in St. Peter's and filling the great square before it; the peals of gladsome bells when the Holy Father made his appearance in the atrium; the solemn entry into the basilica, and the enthusiasm aroused by the anthem "Tu es Petrus"; the Holy Sacrifice; the uncontrollable applause which greeted the act of coronation; the blare of many trumpets succeeded by deathlike silence, during which the Papal Benediction was imparted. Only the Eternal City can present such a scene, and only the Everlasting Church can occasion it. The whole world was joined in prayer for its spiritual ruler that day, and in the blessing which he invoked upon it all mankind were lovingly included.

There are captains of industry in New York and Chicago who would look upon Mgr. de Goesbriand, first Bishop of Burlington, Vermont, as a failure. As a French nobleman he had inherited a fortune of some bulk; and when he died five years ago his worldly possessions

were found to be exactly \$2.92, though he had been a bishop forty-six years. The Golden Jubilee of the diocese of Burlington was celebrated last month, and the explanation of the Bishop's "failure" is found in the fact that while the diocese in 1853 numbered five priests and eight churches, without a single Catholic school, it now counts eighty priests, ninety churches, nineteen schools, besides industrial and charitable institutions, and a Catholic population of seventy thousand.

The national convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union in Pittsburg this year was made notable by the formation of a Sacerdotal League, the object of which is to propagate and foster the total abstinence conviction among priests and seminarians. "If the Irish priesthood as a body," writes Dr. Coffey of Maynooth in the current *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, "marshalled itself and fought earnestly for a sober Ireland, the fight could in all probability be described as 'short, sharp and decisive.'" The wave of temperance reform that is rolling over Ireland has, as a matter of fact, swept into the seminaries; and Maynooth alone now counts three hundred ecclesiastical students who are pledged to total abstinence for life. The same encouraging tendency is found in American seminaries, among which the new Sacerdotal League is destined to recruit a large membership. Earnest young men who make the greater sacrifices entailed by their sublime vocation are not likely to haggle over much smaller ones.

The necessity of religion in the schools has seldom been so clearly shown as in a recent communication to the *New York Sun* by Mr. C. A. Webber. "Can it be gainsaid," he asks, "that if we teach morals in our schools our children will advance morally, and if we do not that they will retrograde morally?"

Mr. Webber contends that the time was never nearly so opportune as to-day for the passing of the laws necessary not only for justice to Catholics but for the salvation of the nation.

The assassination of President McKinley called forth a large number of pulpit utterances in churches of all kinds, laying crime and the marked increase in anarchical tendencies to our godless schools. A national association was formed a year ago—non-Catholic, too,—to promote moral training in public schools. Supt. Skinner of this State last year read before the Teachers' Association a powerful paper demanding the same thing. These all demonstrate a really remarkable prevalence of clear and strong conviction on the subject.

You seem to me to take altogether too despairing a view of the possibility of amending the Constitution. It would not be very surprising to pass such amendment at once if it were presented. The necessary delay of two years or so would be quite sufficient for a vigorous and effective campaign. The various denominations are daily seeing that their very existence depends upon finding some means to retain even the children of their present members. Several have already started to imitate the Catholic parochial system. Many others would be glad to follow could they meet the expense. Undoubtedly, a number would be ready to join the Catholics in securing State aid. The opposition is not as great as [it was] ten years ago.... With the Catholic Church a unit and with the help of one or two other sects, the thing would be done. The opposition would not be nearly as united or strong. The great non-church-going majority would not be arrayed as a unit against it. They have no very decided notions on the subject, and many of them would be very liberal. Besides, they lack organization.

The saying of the lamented Leo, "Nowhere am I so truly Pope as in America," was verified in an unusual way in St. Paul recently. During the plumbers' strike, the employers requested the court to enjoin the strikers from picketing, but Judge Kelley refused to grant the injunction. In delivering his opinion, the Judge cited this paragraph from the late Pope's famous encyclical on labor:

The great mistake made in regard to the matter now under consideration is to take up with the notion that class is naturally hostile to class, and that the wealthy and the workingmen are

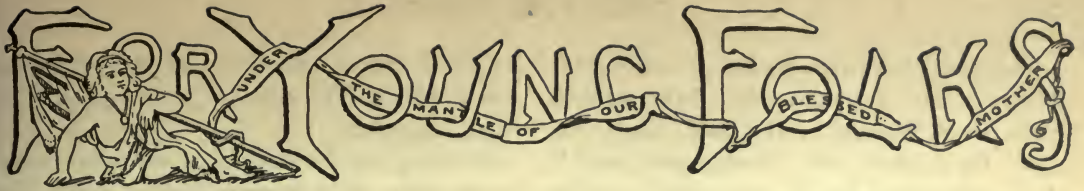
intended by nature to live in mutual conflict. So irrational and so false is this view, the direct contrary is the truth. Just as the symmetry of the human frame is the resultant of the disposition of the bodily members, so in a State is it ordained by nature that these two classes should dwell in harmony and agreement, and should, as it were, groove into each other, so as to maintain the balance of the body politic. Each needs the other: capital can not do without labor, nor labor without capital.

In various parts of the country bishops and priests have deemed it necessary to institute a vigorous campaign against extreme socialism. We know of no better antidote against this seductive will-o'-the-wisp than the masterly document wherein Pope Leo vindicated on the one hand the rights of Capital, and on the other the right of the Laborer to live in "frugal comfort." Our Truth societies could hardly be better employed at this moment than in circulating the encyclical of Leo XIII. "On the Condition of Labor."

An Episcopal clergyman in the Philippines, the Rev. John A. Staunton, has written a letter to the *Living Church* which again enforces the conviction that the Filipino will hardly profit much by contact with American "civilizers." He thus introduces his account of a visit to a native priest:

The old man had been turned out of his large and commodious residence by the American soldiers, who had until lately occupied the town. The officer in charge, a lieutenant, wanted the house for the use of himself and his wife. So the old priest was told to move out, and he still occupied a neighboring and very dilapidated casa. Although the soldiers had now been withdrawn, Padre Benito had not yet moved back; for at his age, which was more than seventy, house-moving was a formidable task.

"Sufferance," quoth Shylock, "is the badge of all our tribe." It is instructive to compare the honest indignation of this Protestant clergyman against the maligners of the Filipino with the patient forbearance of well-fed "leading Catholics" who find nothing to reprove in the Philippines except the poor friars.



A Paragon.

BY E. BECK.

YOU may search the world through,
In the sunshine and rain,
In old lands and new,
And o'er mountain and plain;
In city and village,
Through street and through square,
In lands used for tillage,
And pasture lands fair.

And yet search as you will,
Not a servant you'll find
In both quickness and skill
Like the one in my mind.
He always will please you,
Will do as you tell,
And never he'll tease you
Wherever you dwell.

To your lightest decree
He will always give heed,
And ever he'll eagerly
Help in your need.
For this paragon pleasant
Seek not near or far,
If you at the present
Your own servant are.

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.—THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

JULIAN turned hastily in the direction indicated by Walter's staring eyes, but saw nothing. "I could almost swear I saw a big dog or something standing over there!" whispered Walter, tremblingly.

"Perhaps it was a bear?" suggested Julian.

Both boys stood still with a thrill of mingled fear and gratification.

"If I had my gun I'd have a shot at

it from behind a tree," continued Julian.

"Better not," said Walter, almost under his breath. "It might—it might be something else. Do you know, Julian (I don't mind saying this to you, for you won't laugh at a fellow), I really think this forest is haunted?"

Julian stared, but he did not "pooh-pooh" the assertion, as Sedgwick would have done. He remembered his own thoughts about Nicholas and the queer voice they had heard more than once. There certainly seemed to be something mysterious about this place.

"I don't believe in spooks," he said at last.

"I don't either," replied Walter; "but everything's queer about here,—those voices and things. And I'm afraid of that Nicholas."

"Nicholas isn't a bad sort of fellow," observed Julian; but there was doubt in his tone. Nicholas certainly was mysterious.

The two boys, with one accord, turned away from that ill-starred spot. It being then after five by Julian's silver watch, of which he was so proud, they turned homeward, intent on supper; for their long day of exercise had made them hungry.

Though they were tired when they reached camp, Julian declared that he would go down to the shore, as it was low water, and try to get some fish. He took his line and started, Sedgwick trudging off in an opposite direction for water, and Jake and Wat undertaking to look after the fire.

"I hate that cub!" said Jake spitefully, gazing after Julian's retreating figure.

"What cub?" asked Wat, innocently.

"Why, the Grand Pasha, the Czar of all the Russias, the Grand Mogul, my Lord Julian de Mortimer!" hissed Jake.

"Julian?" inquired Walter, in surprise. "Why, what is there to hate about him? He's always jolly and ready to help. But, then, he's strong and well."

"Yes: he's made of cast-iron, nerves and all," agreed Jake. "And I tell you, Wat, I hate the whole kit and boodle of them—old man Mortimer, that crazy loon of a Nicholas, Sedgwick; but most of all I hate Julian and his 'friend,' Anselm Benedict."

Walter had been brought up at home, away from other boys; he had never heard just that sort of talk before, and it made him uncomfortable. Moreover, both boys heard distinctly a laugh—scornful, amused—proceeding from they knew not where. Walter started to his feet in alarm, and Jake's flow of eloquence was suddenly checked.

"It's some trick of that old dotard!" he muttered to himself.

But there was little more said and the two lads kept pretty close together till Julian's cheerful whistle was heard coming up the cliff. He had been absent a comparatively short time; and there he was with a string of silvery, shining fish, quite sufficient for the supper.

"I didn't wait for any more," he observed apologetically, "because I knew we wanted our supper. I guess we can do with these."

They then set to work to light their fire, so as to be ready on the return of Sedgwick, who had evidently tarried by the way.

"Hurrah! hurrah! here he is!" cried Julian; and Wat waved his cap wildly, while Jake sat darkly brooding.

The next day was spent somewhat aimlessly. A night's search by the light of the moon was to begin after sunset. Their supper was very early, and consisted of a brace or two of wild pigeons which Sedgwick, who was an excellent shot, had succeeded in bringing down; and of some red plums which Julian had discovered growing wild somewhere. The boys set out immediately after, going

in different directions, but agreeing to meet about "moonrise" and enjoy the hunt together.

Nothing could be more beautiful than those first cool sunset hours, with the rosy lights in the western sky reddening all the landscape. The moon was rising, a silvery arc, above the marsh lands where they had agreed to meet, and which was the identical spot where Julian and Wat had seen, or fancied they saw, some strange animal. Now a curious awe fell upon the boys; they stared at the moon, which was just showing its face above the treetops. Julian had an odd feeling that it looked pale and that its light upon the marsh was cold and flickering, making weird, uncertain shadows.

"Not a blessed sign of the cavern!" cried Sedgwick!

"Ten to one, grandfather's right and the horrid old bloke is fooling us," growled Jake.

"Well," said Julian, "even if he were, it's worth while, if all the tests are going to be like this two weeks' camping in the woods."

"Yes," agreed Wat. "I feel a heap better and stronger since I've been out here. But where are we going now?"

"Let us go to the other side of this marsh," suggested Sedgwick. "None of us have gone that far yet."

There was just a moment's hesitation on Julian's part, which was fully shared by Wat; but the former reminded himself that courage was amongst the qualities in which Anselm Benedict had been pre-eminent and which he desired to see reproduced in them. He therefore prepared to set forward with a cheery,

"All right!"

Walter visibly hung backward; but he did not care to voice his feelings, and he did not dare to stay alone anywhere within the precincts of the forest, which he had come to regard with almost superstitious awe. Jake was quite prepared to penetrate any-

where on the remote chance of finding the cavern, which he felt convinced was the first clue to the other and more important objects. Moreover, like Sedgwick, he was unaware of any special reason for avoiding the marsh.

So the boys were presently feeling their way gingerly, so as not to get their feet stuck in the mud. They stopped abruptly, however, as a great, striped snake, hissing, thrust its scaly length across the path. Sedgwick at once aimed a blow at the reptile with the heavy stick which he carried, and struck it full in the head. John Jacob entered into the struggle and struck furious and repeated blows at the still hissing and spitting snake. As it at last lay motionless, Julian looked down upon it with a strong feeling of repulsion indeed, but at the same time with an odd sort of pity. Foul and venomous as was the creature, it had been going its own way, gliding about in the dark depths of the forest, where it was rarely disturbed by human feet.

John Jacob continued to hammer away, to the tune of "Tally-heigh-ho, the grinder!"

When this amusement palled, and Sedgwick shouted to them all to come on, Jake raised the dead snake on the point of a stick and carried it with him, for the sole purpose of playing tricks upon Julian whom he hated, and Wat whom he knew to be nervous. As they passed through a dark clump of trees, into the blackness of which the moon scarce sent a ray, Jake suddenly brought the slimy skin of the reptile into contact with Julian's cheek. Julian, forgetting the snake and believing himself attacked by some unknown adversary, promptly struck out with his stick; so that Jake received, as he said himself, such a "crack" upon his head as kept him at a safe distance from Julian for the remainder of that expedition.

"I didn't know it was you, Jake," Julian explained.

"You lie there!" cried Jake, furiously.

The hot blood mounted to Julian's face, and it was by a strong effort that he controlled himself. He made a short ejaculation to our Blessed Mother, as his professor had taught him to do; and thought of Anselm Benedict, who would certainly have advised the mastery over self, and have taught that it was no part of courage to rush into every vulgar quarrel. Then he said, quietly:

"Look here, Jake, you're out there! I don't tell lies, and I say again that I didn't know it was you. But, anyway, what right had you to hit me with that disgusting snake?"

"Curly pate is right there!" put in Sedgwick. "And I'm mighty glad, Jake, he struck out as he did. You'd better let that youngster alone, or you'll get the worst of it."

Now, Jake was rather afraid of Sedgwick, who was big and strong, so he did not argue the point; and they all went on in silence, till suddenly they were startled by a rushing sound in the brushwood. Presently a huge beast rushed toward them with flaming eyes and panting jaws. What sort of animal it was they could not very well tell; for the uncertain light of the moon gave merely the outline of its form and the gleam of its fiery eyes.

Jake turned deadly pale and fled without a moment's warning. The beast, seeing him detached from the rest, darted forward in pursuit, gaining rapidly upon the fugitive. In his haste and fear, Jake's foot caught in the tangled undergrowth, and he fell heavily to the ground. In another moment the fangs of the beast would have been in the prostrate boy, but Julian, hastily making the Sign of the Cross, flew after the furious animal and brought the full weight of the stick which he carried down upon its flanks.

The monster turned upon this new assailant, forsaking Jake, who got up and continued his flight. Julian, thus

left alone, succeeded in getting behind a tree; after which ensued a conflict, not so much of strength as of agility, between these strange adversaries. Sedgwick tried his best to make a diversion in the rear, harassing the flank of the enemy; but the animal seemed unwilling to be diverted from his pursuit of Julian. How it might have ended would be hard to say, but Julian had an inspiration.

"Try to keep his attention for a minute," he called out to Sedgwick, "till I light a match."

This Sedgwick did by dealing a tremendous blow on the animal's hide, which made it turn quickly in his direction. The next moment Julian held a blazing torch of newspapers in either hand, and these he resolutely thrust into the animal's face. The effect was instantaneous. The angry brute stood still a second, then deliberately turned tail and trolled off into the brushwood.

"The sooner we can go in the opposite direction the better," whispered Sedgwick to Julian, who stood, panting and breathless, leaning against the tree. "He may return to the charge at any time."

So, as soon as Julian could draw breath, the two lads started off as fast as their legs could carry them. Walter Worthington had long before followed Jake; and they encountered him at a good distance from the scene of the conflict, with actual tears in his eyes at his own want of pluck. He quickly apologized for it on the usual plea of feeble strength.

"That's all right, sonny," said Sedgwick, good-naturedly. "You couldn't have done anything, anyway; and we can't all be like Julian. He's as brave as a lion. I guess he'd take the cake with Anselm Benedict."

He looked with honest admiration at his cousin, while Julian cried:

"Don't *you* talk, Sedgwick! You stood by me and helped me like a hero.

Only for you I'm sure the beast would have had me. And," Julian added, his generous heart feeling sorry for Walter, who would fain have been a hero also, "I don't blame you at all, Wat. You're not strong, and you couldn't have done a thing."

"The one I blame is that hound of a Jake," said Sedgwick, wrathfully. "Running away and leaving you in the lurch after you had saved his life!"

Jake, who was lurking near by and had heard this conversation, was filled with greater rage than ever against Julian, which he poured out afterward to Wat, who told him in return that he was just like one of the ungrateful dwarfs in the fairy-tales.

"If there are many more of these beasts roaming about here, we shall have our work cut out," reflected Sedgwick, gloomily. "Even as it is, we may meet that same ugly customer again."

Julian could not help a shudder. He remembered those fiery eyes, and the hot breath which had all but touched him. Jake was shaking, and shook all that night, with another of those attacks resembling ague. Wat was plainly despondent, and Sedgwick had lost his hopefulness.

"I'm afraid, after all," he said, as the four trudged along, pursuing the search in a more or less perfunctory manner, "that there's no such thing as a cavern. We're just being kept here two weeks to try our mettle; and unless some of us get eaten up in the meantime, we'll all go back to the mansion at Pine Bluff like a parcel of whipped hounds—say, what's that?"

"What's what?" queried Jake eagerly, shivering all over.

Sedgwick strained his eyes, peering into the darkness; and everyone stood still—while suddenly on the stillness broke a long, low, wailing sound.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Sedgwick. "What can it be?"

Julian breathed a prayer, Wat stopped

his ears, and Jake said in a stifled voice: "I'll leave this confounded old place to-morrow. It's full of spooks and wild beasts."

There was silence for a moment, save for the booming of the water on the shore. But as the listeners waited the sound came again through the air, rising as it were out of the ground and soaring upward to the treetops.

"It's like the Banshee my old Irish nurse used to tell about," whispered Julian, as the four boys looked at one another in genuine fear and drew closer together. At last Julian spoke again: "Fellows, I guess we had better go forward to meet it, whatever it is. That's what Anselm Benedict would have done."

Jake broke into such a torrent of abuse against the dead - and - gone ancestor that the other boys were startled, and Julian at last protested.

"Look here, Jake," said he, "I don't call it the square thing to talk like that. None of us were forced to come into this contest at all, and we can get out as soon as we like; but while we are in let us try to behave like gentlemen."

"Bravo!" said a voice, apparently close beside them,—a voice so deep, so hoarse that it was like the waves against the rock.

The boys started apart and began to look in all directions; but look as they might there was nothing to be seen. And while they sought, the wail rose again, louder, more piercing than before. Jake and Wat both took to their heels, the former saying that he was going back to camp and would clinch the whole thing.

"Hi, you fellows, don't do that!" cried Julian. "You may lose the contest. Don't give up like that."

"Who'll know?" Jake called back; halting, however, in his flight.

"Well, we can't tell that," Julian answered. "But, anyhow, we'd better see the thing out fairly."

Reluctantly the two turned back; and then Julian and Sedgwick advanced slowly and cautiously. They had not gone very far when they saw a figure which seemed to them gigantic in the pallor of the moonlight; and the figure waved its arms wildly and fearfully.

"Sweet Mother," cried Julian, "pray for us!"

Jake was thoroughly frightened and uttered an unearthly yell, while even stout-hearted Sedgwick quailed.

"What in the name of heaven is it?" he asked.

Presently they heard, mingled with the noise of the sea and the weird murmurs of the forest, mutterings which at first were indistinguishable. Then, after a few seconds, came a long, hissing whisper, which fairly froze the blood in the boys' veins:

"I seek—I seek the lost jewel of the Mortimers! Woe—woe is me!"

It was some time before any one rallied from the terrible dread into which this apparition had cast the little band of explorers. Then Julian said:

"I think I know who it is. It's that terrible man grandfather spoke of one day—'the Mad Hermit of the Forest.'"

(To be continued.)

Rainbow Lore.

BY JULIA HARRIES BULL.

Who has not heard the story of the pot of gold said to lie buried where the end of the rainbow touches the earth? Many a castle has been built in the air whose foundations rested upon the possibility of finding this hidden treasure, and many an adventurous young spirit has started out in quest of it.

Spanning the heavens after a summer shower, this beautiful arch has, perhaps, been the cause of more eager questioning from the lips of children than any other

phenomenon of nature. In the old days, long before scientific investigation enlightened mankind on the subject of the refraction of the sun's rays, curious questions met with equally curious answers. Echoes of these strange tales, sprung from the unlettered minds of our ancestors, and handed down from one generation to another, are still heard in remote provinces and among primitive peoples, in the form of quaint sayings and superstitions. For instance, Turkish children are told that if they can touch the rainbow they will at once have silver heads, eyes of ruby, and teeth of gold. And Grecian peasants believe that they can foretell their crops by the color of the rainbow. If red prevails, the crop of grapes will be abundant; if green, that of olives; if yellow, that of corn. A rainbow in the morning denotes luck; in the evening, woe.

The old Norsemen called the rainbow "Asbru"—the Bridge of the Gods; and when the skies cleared and Nature smiled again after a refreshing shower, its appearance, no doubt, was taken by them as an indication of fair weather; just as it is, under certain conditions, by the weather prophets of the present day. Sailors call a small rainbow near the horizon a sundog, and pin their faith to the following adage:

A dog in the morning:
Sailor, take warning.
A dog at night
Is the sailor's delight.

In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as being a great bent pump, or siphon tube, drawing water from the sea by mechanical means. In parts of Russia the rainbow is known by a word which is equivalent to "the bent water pipe." In the province of Charkov the rainbow is said to drain the wells; and to prevent this, many are provided with heavy, tight-fitting stone platforms. In the province of Saratov the bow is said to be under the control of three angels, one of whom pumps the

water, the second "feeds" the clouds, and the third sends the rain.

In Bohemia the peasantry hold it unlucky to walk under a rainbow, and they say that the rain which descends through the bow blights all it falls upon. In Carniola the rainbow is called "the striped cow"; and the Malayan natives also personify it by calling it "the double-headed water snake,"—the same name which they give to the banded water cobra; adding the word "boba," meaning double-headed. In nearly all Slavonic dialects it is known by terms signifying "the cloud siphon"; and in Hungary it is "the pump," "Noah's pump," or "God's pump." In Croatia it is called "the sun's ring"; and in the province of Lorraine it is known as "St. Leonard's belt" or "St. Bernard's crown."

So we see that the mythical story of rainbow gold, which formed the keystone of the radiant arch of our childhood's Elysium, is but one of many legends connected with our beautiful Bow of Promise.

Jack Tar's "Hail Mary."

Edmund Waterton relates that at Trafalgar, when the English fleet was going into action, two Catholic blue-jackets were serving at the same gun to which eleven hands were told off. Whilst they were waiting for orders to open fire, one of them sang out to the other: "Bill, let's kneel down and say a 'Hail Mary.' We shall do our duty none the worse for it."—"Aye, aye," Bill replied, "let's do so." And amidst the jeers and scoffs of their messmates the gallant tars knelt down and greeted the Blessed Virgin with her favorite prayer. Twice during the action was that gun manned, and each time every soul was sent into eternity with the exception of Our Lady's two clients, who came out unscathed.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Lists of forthcoming works by different English publishers include: "Reminiscences of My Life," by Sir F. C. Burnand; "Studies in Saintship," translated by V. M. Crawford from the French of E. Hello; "English Monastic Life," by Dom Gasquet; "Christ in Art" and "Our Lady in Art," by Mrs. H. Jenner.

—An inexpensive edition, in stiff paper covers, of Father Henry's translation of the "Poems, Charades and Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII." has been issued by the Dolphin Press. The elegantly bound edition, which contains the Latin text, is of course to be preferred to this cheaper one, but those who care only for the English translation will be grateful for this inexpensive and exceedingly creditable issue.

—From the Catholic Truth Society of Chicago we have received the following tracts: "Mixed Marriage," by the Rev. Charles Coppens; "God Exists," by the Rev. R. F. Clarke; "Christ is God," by the Rev. J. T. Roche; "Are You Sincere?" and "What You Want." The last two are anonymous, done in the simplest of popular styles and well suited to a certain sort of reader. The authors of the other tracts are well known, and their work needs no heralding.

—When Boyle O'Reilly sang "I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land," he meant, of course, the international Bohemia, where the conventionalities are ignored; but the geographical Bohemia, too, must be a very pleasant habitat for poets. A number of Bohemian writers have formed an independent publishing society called Máj, with the object of increasing the profits accruing from literary work and of protecting the rights of authors in literary property. The society, which is less than a year old, has already published several creditable books by its members, and has paid unusually good royalty, too.

—It is not always the case that Catholic books of special value and interest receive due recognition. On the contrary, not a few of the best and seemingly most useful books, for some inexplicable reason, escape general appreciation. Not so, fortunately, with Father Taunton's admirable treatise on "The Little Office of Our Lady." Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, eminent priests, and many of the educated laity join in praising this book and recommending it to those for whom it is intended. The only drawback seems to be the price. But, then, the work is much more than its title would imply, being the pith of many books on different subjects,—books, too, not generally accessible. And thus in one large

but by no means unwieldy volume the reader is provided, so to speak, with a little library. Besides, the book is of superior workmanship, being printed and bound in a style entirely in keeping with the excellence and importance of the contents.

—We find this welcome announcement in the *Athenæum*; it has not been made as yet that we know of in any American literary journal:

The late Lord Acton's Letters to Miss Mary Gladstone—now Mrs. Drew—are to be issued from Ruskin House. Mr. George Allen expects to be able to bring the book out here and in America simultaneously, within about six months. This series of letters, which began in the Seventies, is full of brilliant criticism, literary, historical, and political.

—A very useful book is "The Government: What It Is; What It Does." It is from the pen of Mr. Salter Storrs Clark and published by the American Book Co. Its purpose is twofold: "to show the practical part which modern government takes in everyday life; and to teach the meaning and value of that which is at once the birthright, the best achievement, and the destiny of the United States—government by the people." Although specially intended for schools, we feel sure this volume will be generally welcomed for the great amount of useful information it affords. It is provided with an excellent index.

—We have not found much to commend in "Hero Stories from American History," by A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball. The stories are the same old stories, and the illustrations are almost equally old. There is no distinction of style, and, to put it mildly, perspective is not well preserved. On page 8 there are two short sentences devoted to Father Gibault, who added an empire to the United States without the shedding of a drop of blood; while a whole page (96) and a large illustration tell how the Rev. Samuel Doak, who used to drive an "old flea-bitten gray horse," invoked God's blessing on the army. It is not because Father Gibault was a great priest as well as a great patriot that we offer this criticism: the fact is that the whole book is slovenly and disappointing. Ginn & Co.

—As the obituary notices of Whistler have referred to his "quarrel with Ruskin," it may be worth while to recall the circumstances of one of the most curious contests in recent history. In "Flors Clavigera," Ruskin had written: "I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Events then fresh in the general mind made the allusion unmistakable, and Whistler promptly brought suit. Whistler was a match even for Ruskin in the art of stinging

epigram, and he gave such novel testimony on cross-examination that "the eyes of justice must have sparkled under their bandage." Whistler obtained a judgment of damages to the amount of one farthing, which he ever afterward wore appended to his watch-chain.

—"Joliffe"—both text and illustrations are by Maxwell Sommerville—is not the sort of book we particularly like to review. The author is a professor of glyptology in the University of Pennsylvania, and his work as illustrator is worthy of all praise; but as literature or as a record of "peculiar beliefs in meridional France" we can not say that "Joliffe" is a notable success. Mr. Sommerville's sympathies are wide enough: no one could be more respectful to any honestly held belief than he; and he seems to be of opinion that life would not be worth much without some kind of faith. But there is an air of kindly condescension toward certain beliefs which is somewhat unpleasant; he has not been happy in selecting types; and we are not flattered at finding beliefs by no means peculiar to meridional France treated merely as curious psychical phenomena. The author's good-natured spirit makes it hard to find fault with the book; but, honestly, it isn't much of a book. Published by Drexel Biddle.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Voice of the River. *Olive Katharine Parr.* \$1.75.

Ne Obliviscaris. *Florence Ratcliff.* 75 cts., net.

Studies Concerning Adrian IV. *Prof. O. A. Thatcher.* \$1.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. *Emily Mary Shapcote.* \$1.25.

The City of Peace. *By Those who Have Entered It.* 90 cts., net.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). *Frances E. Herring.* \$2.

History of Philosophy. *William Turner, S. T. D.* \$2.50.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. *Archer Butler Hulbert* \$2, net.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. *Johannes Janssen.* Vols. V. & VI. \$6.25.

Introibo. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

The Philippine Islands. *Blair-Robertson.* Vol. III. \$4.

The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5.

Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.

Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.

In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis.* \$1, net.

The New Empire. *Brooks Adams.* \$1.50, net.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.

Memoirs and Writings of the Very Rev. James F. Callaghan. *Emily Callaghan.* \$2, net.

The Art of Living Long. *Louis Cornaro.* \$1.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. *Edward Hutton.* \$1.25.

Old Squire. *B. K. Benson.* \$1 50.

St. Margaret of Cortona. *Rev. L. de Cherance, O. S. F. C.* \$1.

Castle Omeragh. *F. Frankfort Moore.* \$1.50.

Ye are Christ's. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* 50 cts., net.

Saint Teresa. *Henri Joly.* \$1.]

The Four Last Things. *Blessed Thomas More.* 50 cts.

Under the Cross. *Faber.* 60 cts., net.

A Spiritual Consolation and Other Treatises. *Blessed John Fisher.* 50 cts.

Letters to Young Men. *Henri-Dominique Lacordaire, O. P.* 75 cts., net.

A Story of St. Germain. *Sophie Maude.* \$1, net.

In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Anderson, O. S. A., of Dublin, Ireland. Mother M. de Chantal, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, Canada.

Mr. Robert Ott, of St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Margaret Fetherstone, What Cheer, Iowa; Mrs. James McHugh, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mazie Connors, Shenandoah, Pa.; Miss Mary Taylor, Hartford, Conn.; and Mr. Frank Aurentz, Fort Wayne, Ind. *Requiescant in pace!*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Leo the Poet.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A THUNDERING, "No" he at old maxims hurled:
That man is driven as blind forces tend,
Unwitting and all helpless; that dreams lend
More glamour to a life from nothing whirled
To nothing; that we're as the smoke that's curled
And blown away,—brief as the storms which rend
And seem to die, yet with new essence blend
To new deceptions in this hapless world.

The "No" of Leo thunders from above,
Defying the vile Satan who would melt
The soul in ether, making God's green sod
Only a space for graves,—and glooming Love
With murky clouds,—Leo the poet felt
High in his heart the ecstasy of God!

Saturday Mary's Day.

ST. PETER DAMIAN, speaking of the consecration of the last day of the week to the ever-blessed Mother of God, says: "Saturday, or the *Sabbath*—which means *rest*: the day on which God rested from His work of creation,—is very properly consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, inasmuch as she is the house which Eternal Wisdom hath built, and wherein, through the great mystery of the Incarnation, He hath reposed, as it were, upon a couch the most sacred and most holy."* Another pious writer speaks of the day as follows: "Our Crucified Lord was dead and buried in

the tomb on the Sabbath day; and His disciples had fled away, despairing of His resurrection. Thus it was that on this one day faith, firm and unshaken, could be found only in the heart of Mary: she knew that He was the Son of God, and firmly believed that He would rise again on the third day. It was for this reason that she did not accompany the other holy women to the tomb of Our Lord. This thought suggests a reason why the Church has selected Saturday rather than any other day to be consecrated to the Blessed Virgin."

It may also be said that Saturday is, as it were, the gate and entrance into Sunday, with which it is joined. Now, among Christians Sunday is a day of rest, and signifies eternal life. When we are in the grace of Our Lord and under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin we are at the gate of paradise. The affections of the pious heart will suggest still other reasons. The feast of the Mother is continued in the solemnity of the Son on Sunday, the day of the Lord; or, this feast occurs on the day on which the Lord finished the work of creation, of which Mary is the masterpiece.

Among the festivals of the Blessed Virgin a prominent place must be given to Saturday, which from the remotest times the Church has always religiously kept. For the Church, directed as she is by the Spirit of Wisdom, her Spouse, judged that it would be doing very little to honor Mary, her Mother, but

* Serm. 44, in Nativit. B. Virg. Mariæ.

once each year, as other saints. Hence, recognizing all she owed to her august Queen, she has, besides many other festivals, set apart in her honor one day of each week.

From very ancient times, according to August Nicholas,* Saturday was, as it were, the "Sunday" of Mary, being consecrated to her not only by a special office, but by a special Mass, called *De Beata Virgine*, which was said throughout the whole Christian world. This Mass, in its Introit, Epistle, Gradual, Gospel, Offertory, Secret, Preface, Communion, and Postcommunion, sings her praises and invokes her aid.

The Mass *De Beata Virgine* has five different forms, according to different times of the year: as, from Advent to the Nativity, from the Nativity to the Purification, from the Purification to Easter, from Easter to Pentecost, from Pentecost to Advent,—that the glory of the Blessed Virgin may be made known and celebrated in all its aspects,—that is to say, in all its relations with the great mysteries of her Divine Son. In the first two phases of this glorious evolution—from Advent to the Nativity and the Purification—the Church limits itself to showing forth the foundations of the greatness of Mary by prophetic and historical testimonies taken from the Old and the New Testament; but after these glorious mysteries have been celebrated—after the Purification—she can, so to speak, contain herself no longer, and she breaks forth in admirable songs of praise to the august Virgin, the Mother of God, as follows:

INTROIT.—Hail, Holy Mary, Virgin Mother of the King to whom heaven and earth are subject forever and ever!

GRADUAL.—Blessed art thou, and worthy of all veneration, O Virgin Mary,—thou who, without a stain on thy virginity, hast been found Mother of God! O Virgin Mother of God! He whom the universe can not con-

tain became man in thy chaste womb.

VERSE.—The rod of Jesse has blossomed, the Virgin has brought forth the God-Man,—God, who brought peace to us by reconciling in Himself the lowest with the highest.... Rejoice, O Virgin Mary; thou alone hast conquered heresies throughout the world.

OFFERTORY.—Happy art thou, O Sacred Virgin, and worthy of all praise for evermore, because from thee hath arisen the Sun of Justice, Christ our God.... Most happy art thou, O Virgin Mary, who hath borne the Creator of all things; who, remaining a virgin, didst bring forth thy Maker.

COMMUNION.—Blessed be the womb of the Virgin Mary, which hath borne the Son of the Eternal Father!

These beautiful praises are contained in the Roman Liturgy. They were obliterated in those places into which the Jansenism of the seventeenth century had penetrated,—that heresy which amongst other impieties sought to diminish the honor paid to the Blessed Virgin and the saints of God. It was indeed a deplorable evil, long-continuing in its effects; but, thank God, a return to the beautiful Roman Liturgy has provided an excellent and efficient remedy.

The Saturday Office begins on the vigil, with the commemoration, hymn, antiphon, versicle, and prayer of the Blessed Virgin, added to the Vespers of Friday. It opens with the Little Chapter: *Ab initio et ante secula creata sum*,—"From the beginning and before all ages was I created,"—in which the Church applies to the predestination of Mary those magnificent words of Ecclesiasticus speaking of Wisdom. Then follows the beautiful hymn *Ave Mariæ Stella*, which has been traced back as far as the twelfth century, though its author is unknown. It is a touching hymn of grateful pathetic supplication, in which all the titles of Mary are invoked, all the evils that afflict human nature made known, all necessary bless-

* Bk. II., c. 3.

ings asked for, with a simplicity of expression, purity of desire, loftiness of view, confident security, that explain and resume everything, and finally with a most melodious chant:

Gentle Star of ocean!
Portal of the sky!
Ever-Virgin Mother
Of the Lord most High!

Oh, by Gabriel's Ave,
Uttered long ago,
Eva's name reversing,
'Stablish peace below.

Break the captive's fetters;
Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.

Show thyself a Mother
Offer Him our sighs,
Who for us Incarnate
Did not thee despise.

Virgin of all virgins!
To thy shelter take us;
Gentlest of the gentle!
Chaste and gentle make us.

Still as on we journey,
Help our weak endeavor,
Till with thee and Jesus
We rejoice forever.

Through the highest heaven,
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One same glory be.*

Matins begin with the hymn *Quem terra, pondus, sidera*, attributed by some to St. Gregory, by others to St. Fortunatus, and consequently dating back as early as the sixth century:

The Lord, whom earth and sea and sky,
With one adoring voice proclaim,
Who rules them all in majesty,
Inclosed Himself in Mary's frame.

Lo! in a humble Virgin's womb,
O'ershadowed by Almighty power,
He whom the stars and sun and moon,
Each serve in its appointed hour.

O Mother Blest! to whom was given
Within thy body to contain
The Architect of earth and heaven,
Whose hands the universe sustain:

To thee was sent an angel down;
In thee the Spirit was enshrined;

Of thee was born that Mighty One,
The long-desired of all mankind.

O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally!

Then follows this admirable antiphon, taken from a sermon of St. Augustine:

O Blessed Mother of God, ever Virgin, the temple of the Lord, the sacred treasure of the Holy Ghost! thou who alone hast pleased our Lord Jesus Christ, succor the wretched, aid the weak, comfort the afflicted, pray for the people, intervene for the clergy, intercede for the devout female sex,—let all experience the benefits of thy assistance who celebrate thy holy commemoration.

It is most fitting that we should praise Mary ever Virgin at each of the canonical hours. At Matins appears the star of the sea, directing the mariner into port,—if we love Mary, our true guiding star, she will lead us into the harbor of salvation. At Prime is seen the morning star, the forerunner of the sun of day,—the Blessed Virgin is the Morning Star that brings us to the true Sun, Jesus Christ, who enlightens the whole world. At Tierce, the third hour, hunger presses upon us,—Mary has procured for us the Bread of Life, Christ our Lord, who fills us with Himself. At Sext the sun is in its full splendor,—Mary should then be praised and invoked to melt our cold hearts in the fire of the love of the Sun, Christ, whom she has brought forth. At None the sun sinks toward the horizon,—Mary aids and protects us as the years of our life decline and we draw near to the portals of eternity. At Vespers the day is at its close,—Mary will defend her servants at the hour of death. At Complin the day is done,—Mary, when our career here below is ended, will intercede for us and receive us into the everlasting dwellings, where the joy of the elect is made perfect.

It is customary to chant at the evening.

* Caswall's Translation.

Office, rather than at any other time, the beautiful Canticle of the Virgin Mary, because (1) when the world was buried in sin she came to its aid by her admirable consent to the Incarnation; (2) because our soul, wearied during the day with distracting thoughts, may at the hour of rest meditate more calmly upon those words of the Mother of God.

Who that has ever listened to the joyful accents of the *Magnificat* has not experienced a feeling of religious awe and reverence when priest and people rise together, and, to the grand chords of the organ, the ringing of bells, and the clouds of incense floating over the altars, the inspired words resound from thousands of lips and reverberate through the vaulted arches of the temple of God? Who can fail to realize the daily and hourly miracle of the accomplishment of those prophetic words of Mary, *Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes*,—"Behold! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed"? Who is not moved at the verses in which the greatness, the mercy, and the power of God are sung by the humble Mary, in whom they had produced, in the most perfect degree, the wonders thereafter to be produced in the world? Who is not filled with faith and love as he hears the words, *Suscepit Israel puerum suum*,—"He hath received Israel His servant"; and, *Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros, Abraham et semini ejus in sæcula*,—"As He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed forever"?

Complin, which completes the Office, concludes with the four beautiful anthems of the Blessed Virgin, which according to the seasons of the ecclesiastical year proclaim the correspondence of the glory and greatness of Mary with the principal mysteries therein celebrated. Thus from the first Sunday of Advent until the Purification is sung the *Alma Redemptoris Mater*, in which the Divine Maternity of Mary is glorified.

From the Purification until Thursday in Holy Week we have the *Ave Regina Cælorum*, which celebrates the heavenly royalty of Mary accomplished through the Incarnation. From Holy Saturday to the eve of Trinity Sunday we say the *Regina Cœli Lætare*, which recounts the joy with which the triumph of the Resurrection filled the heart of Mary after all the bitterness of the Passion. Finally, from Trinity Sunday until Advent the Church recites the *Salve Regina*, which resumes all the supplications of wretched mortals toward their Mother and advocate in heaven. The *Salve Regina* composed, established and made known by saints; by its pleasing grace, its richness of meaning, its mysterious depth, it attracts the heart, provides food for the mind, and excites the faculties of the soul to an increased devotion toward the Mother of God.

A Taste of Society.

II.

EVERYONE was in high spirits, and the champagne flowed freely. Early in the feast Miss Vandokkum had been appropriated by a late arrival—a bloated, pompous-looking man with bright red hair and freckled skin. It soon became bruited about, filtering to the ears of Macey, that the newcomer was the Earl of Bentlington, who for some time had been a suitor for her hand. He had lately been absent, and had unexpectedly returned for the fag-end of the function.

Charlotte had left Macey without the slightest apology: he had turned to speak to her and she was gone. Yet her departure had been rather welcome to this extraordinary young man. The reaction had been permanent: it was only politeness which kept him at her side. Presently he caught glimpses of her at the other end of the room, where she sat on a kind of raised dais, with

the Earl paying court, while a number of satellites lingered near.

After she left him he made no effort to attach himself to any one else, but looked around for Dale. He was not in sight. Macey felt weary and at length resolved to go home. Having made his way through the crowd of bare shoulders, he found himself in the hall, and began to ascend the stairs on his way to the dressing-room. A door opened on the first corridor and Dale came out.

"Ah!" he said. "Not going home?"

"Yes," replied Macey. "Where have you been?"

"Just in there," said Dale, pointing to the room he had left. "We are having a little game. Won't you join us?"

"Euchre?" asked Macey, who knew no other.

"No: a little poker. You have played it, of course?"

"No; but I don't mind waiting for you a while longer. I got dreadfully weary down there."

"Wait a moment. I was about to ring for more punch."

He stepped to the bell, which was answered almost immediately by a black boy. Dale gave the order, turned about, and Macey followed him into the room from which he had come. Though the night was exceedingly warm, Dale carefully closed the door behind him. Macey could discern, through the dense cloud of cigar smoke which filled the place, the figures of several young men seated at card tables. One was lying on a lounge in the corner; another stood looking out of the large bay window facing the garden; a third walked about puffing at a cigar.

"Come on, fellows!" said Dale. "Mr. Macey will take a hand. He is a friend of mine, and a right good fellow."

Macey thought this rather a novel form of introduction, but the other men seemed to consider it the proper thing. They came forward at once, but without any more acknowledgment of what had

taken place than if Macey had been a machine. Dale brought forward a table with cards and chips.

"What is it to be?" inquired Macey.

"Poker. We'll show you," said Dale, with a significant glance at the others, which Macey did not observe.

They sat down and began to play, Dale making the explanations. Macey was apt to learn and soon became interested. They played quietly,—Macey winning at first, much to his surprise and satisfaction. The stakes were small, but after a while they began to increase them, and from this time Macey lost. The game now grew exciting. Suddenly Macey realized that he was constantly losing; and he made a mental calculation, resolving that after a certain limit had been reached he would stop.

Dale stood behind his chair,—he had not been playing at all, having assumed the attitude of mentor to his friend before the game began. Macey looked up and saw him exchanging glances with the man opposite. Immediately he understood. Dale's look had meant, "Do not be too hard on him: he is my friend: he is green." At least Macey so interpreted it. While he felt a passing impulse of gratitude to Dale in that he was loyal, he was disgusted at the idea which thrust itself upon his mind—that he had fallen into a nest of gamblers. At the same time he became conscious of oaths, loud voices, and snarling imprecations at the other tables. The punch-bowl had been replenished; it stood within easy reaching distance of all the players, who had recourse to it frequently. The atmosphere reeked of tobacco and hot whiskey. The dealer began to rake in the chips, preparatory to another game; but Macey rose.

"I will play no more," he said. "It is late and I must be going."

"It is not much after one," said Dale. "The game is only beginning to get exciting. I was just about to take a hand."

"Take mine, then!" said Macey, throwing a ten dollar gold piece on the table—the amount of his losses. "I have no more money, and must bid you all good-evening."

"No, no!" cried the others; while one of them added: "Dale will make you a loan. Don't go!"

"Certainly you can have all you want," observed Dale—rather coldly, Macey thought,—as he stepped forward to the chair his friend had vacated.

"Thanks!" said Macey. "I have no desire to play."

"Even if Dale lends you a twenty?"

"Under no consideration," rejoined Macey, lifting his eyes in time to intercept an exchange of glances between two of the players. "I would stand to lose in any case," he continued, rather sharply, "as I am no match for such old hands."

"Some people can not bear adversity," said one of the men, with a sneer; "especially when it reaches up into the *tens*."

He placed strong emphasis on the last word. A smile went round the table,—in which, however, Dale did not join. Nothing could have exceeded the insolent manner of the others.

"To lose *one* ten is far more than I can afford in any way, least of all at gambling," said Macey, nonchalantly; though he had calculated the effect of his words before uttering them.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the sneering one.

"I mean what I say—always," replied Macey. "Playing for money is gambling, which, I have heard, generally goes hand in hand with cheating. I have never before played for money, and, so help me God, I never will again!"

"There is no occasion for heroics, Macey," said Dale. "Simply drop it, and we'll go."

"Just as you please," answered Macey. "I am going presently, but I do not wish to take you from your friends."

"Wait!—I shall be ready in a moment," said Dale.

The other men rose, and, with Dale, drew a little to one side. As Macey stepped forward to the window he heard the chink of money. They were probably settling their accounts.

At both of the other tables the noise had grown less; but the faces of the men—all little more than boys—were flushed and sodden. From the window he could look down into the supper-tent. Strains of music came from the ball-room,—a languorous, voluptuous rhythm that sickened brain and heart, as he stood in the cool night air, resting his fevered cheek against the window frame. Through the fumes of smoke filling the room in which he was, the crouching forms of the half-intoxicated players looked like animals black and bestial.

The broad flaps of the supper-tent beneath the window were open to their full width, fastened back by heavy cords, to give entrance and egress to the crowd passing in and out for ices and champagne. Inside, they were singing rollicking "rag-time" songs,—young men and girls; and Macey could see them dancing around the small circular tables whereon lay the débris of the feast which had looked so tempting and dainty two hours before.

As he gazed a couple came skipping down the aisle between the tables, to the accompaniment of whistling and a violent clapping of hands. The girl was dressed in silk of creamy white; her dark hair, falling almost on her shoulders in careless disorder, needed but a crown of grapeleaves to complete the resemblance to the Bacchante whom she emulated in the wild dance. Her companion, a large red-faced, red-haired man, with difficulty kept time and step to her mad performance. There was neither grace nor agility in his remarkable movements; but the girl, holding up her long skirts with one hand, deftly balanced a brimming glass of champagne on the palm

of the other, as she came swiftly along, beneath the blinding glare of the electric lamps above her head. They reached the open door of the tent, and then, with a sudden wild shriek, which sounded to Macey like the demoniac laughter of an abandoned soul, she threw the contents of the crystal goblet into her companion's face.

Macey paused to see no more. Turning from the window, he walked quickly to where Dale, just about to separate from the others, was buttoning his coat.

"I am going," he said, curtly.

"And so am I," replied Dale, joining him immediately.

They left the room together, and hurrying down the stairs were soon on the sidewalk.

"I suppose I should have said good-night to the hostess," remarked Macey, after they had taken a few steps into the cool, bracing night, now verging on the dawn.

"One never does," rejoined Dale, who was accustomed to the manners of "society." "It is bad form when there is a mob. Everyone is more or less muddled or cross at this time of night anyhow. But I say, Macey," he added, after a pause, "why did you make that insinuation to - night — for it was an insinuation? It was in very bad taste."

"Not any more so than all the rest that went on there," said Macey.

"What do you mean, boy. It was positively fresh of you to tell them you couldn't afford to lose ten dollars at a little game of cards. Those fellows will only laugh at you. They're all swells, you know."

"Swell-heads I should call them, in each and every sense of the word, Dale," said Macey, bluntly. "I see now where your money all goes. The game is not worth the candle, Dale. Stop while you can. I have had my first and last sip of 'society champagne' to-night, and it has been well worth the ten dollars I left on the table. It seems to me now

that I shall never get the taste out of my mouth."

"You're a queer one, Macey!" said Dale. "You had enough attention from Charlotte in the early part of the evening to turn any other young fellow's head. To be sure she gave you the cold shoulder later for her Englishman; but, really, no woman would have done anything else."

"They are welcome to each other," said Macey, heartily; and Dale knew that he meant what he said.

The two friends had come to the corner where their ways separated, and so parted with a brief "Good-night!" After that time their lives seldom converged.

Dawn was breaking when Macey entered his own rooms. How sweet and clean and wholesome and delightful they seemed after the scenes he had lately left behind! Hastily divesting himself of his evening raiment, he donned a comfortable dressing-gown, lit a cigar, and going over to his desk, opened one of the little drawers, from which he took the picture of a fair young girl, innocent, lovely, yet thoughtful and full of character. Pressing his lips to the pure white forehead again and again, he placed it in front of him; and then, late—or early—as it was, he sat down and wrote a long letter to—Margaret.

(The End.)

To-morrow.

WHY wait for to-morrow?

It may bring sorrow

And bitter grieving,

And friends' deceiving.

Work, smile, trust while we may:

Be wise—to-day.

Why count on to-morrow?

Why seek to borrow

From hours unborn

Toils, tears, hate, scorn?

Hope, forgive, love while we may:

Do good—to-day.

An Ancient Sanctuary in London.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

IN busy Holborn, in the heart of the English metropolis, stands the Church of Saint Etheldreda, the foundress of the once famous abbey that rose in the midst of the wild Saxon fen land long ere Alfred was king in England. The first foundation at Ely was destroyed by the Danes in 870; but a century later the abbey was rebuilt by Saint Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and dedicated in honor of the Blessed Virgin and its first abbess. A bishopric was founded there in 1108, and the Bishop of Ely's seat (or "place," as it was termed) in London soon became commonly known as Ely Place.

These seats, or "places," were used as episcopal residences during the time that Parliament sat, and within their precincts each bishop had the same jurisdiction as in his own diocese. These residences were also recognized as "sanctuaries," where persons guilty of crime could not be arrested by civil authority. According to Holinshed, John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancashire," took refuge in Ely Place when his own palace was burned by rioters in the time of Richard the Second. There he remained till his death in 1398; and from thence he was carried to "the church of S. Paule, and buried by the Lady Blaunche, his first wife." His second wife, Mary Bohun, was the mother of his son Bolingbroke, who a year later became king. Within the memory of the present generation no police officer could follow a prisoner or debtor into Ely Place; and even now its nocturnal watchmen call the night hours from ten o'clock till the new day dawns.

In 1290 John de Kirkeby, Bishop of Ely, died; and his successor in the see began the building of a church in honor

of Ely's patron saint. Various other bishops expended much of their revenues on the church and on the palace; mention is often made of both in ancient records, and Shakespeare in his historic plays speaks of the gardens of Ely Place. A year or two before Cranmer was made Primate for the purpose of divorcing Catherine of Arragon from her tyrannical spouse, she and the King were entertained by the then Bishop of Ely in his London palace; and there it is said Henry first met the Cambridge scholar whose miserable compliance with the will of his royal master helped to sever England from the Church.

In 1576 Elizabeth, with her father's total disregard of the rights of property, bestowed a part of Ely Place on her sprightly chancellor, despite the protest of the new Protestant Bishop of Ely. Bishop Cox ventured to dispute the Queen's right to deprive him of his wrongfully acquired property; but Elizabeth showed in her reply what she meant by her claim of ecclesiastical supremacy. "Proud prelate," she wrote, "you know what you were before I made you what you are. If you do not immediately comply with my wishes, by — I will unfrock you!" One can excuse the mingling of tenses in the old rhyme anent the Queen's method of consecrating a bishop:

At which her Majesty expands
The thumbs and fingers of both hands,
And in a solemn manner laid
All her ten digits on his head.

Sir Christopher Halton kept possession of the gardens of Ely Place; but years afterward the owners of the Halton property agreed to pay one hundred pounds annually to the bishops of Ely. In the later part of the reign of Elizabeth, Ely Place was let to the Count of Gondamar, the ambassador of Spain; and it continued in his possession during a portion of the reign of the first Stuart King, so that Mass was once more celebrated in Saint Etheldreda's Chapel.

In it English Catholics were wont to assemble in great numbers to assist at the Holy Sacrifice; and from the balconies and windows of the palace many viewed the mournful processions of priests and laymen on their way from the Fleet-Prison to Tyburn.

On the outbreak of the civil war Ely Place was converted into a prison, and later again into a hospital for soldiers. In 1772 the crown obtained complete possession of the property; and some time afterward it was sold to a private gentleman, who leased it to a body of Welsh Episcopalians. In 1874 the whole of the property was sold under a legal decree, and the Fathers of Charity became the purchasers. Their agent was, through some mistake, supposed to be acting for a Welsh gentleman. Thus Ely Place and its Chapel of Saint Etheldreda came, after long years of time and change, into the hands of Catholics.

The restoration of the church and crypt occupied almost five years, and it was not until the feast of its titular patroness in 1879 that the church was reopened for Catholic worship; though Cardinal Manning had said Mass in the crypt three years prior to that date. The parish extends over a wide area, and the resident priests find plenty of work among a poor and scattered population. The present church is noted for its architectural beauties, and for a stained-glass window—the gift of the Duke of Norfolk in memory of a sister named Etheldreda. The window is said to be one of the most beautiful of its kind in England.

Underneath the church is the crypt where a daily Mass is said. The walls are so thick that the mighty roar of London traffic is not heard therein; and it is a favorite place of resort not only for the parishioners but also for all Catholics acquainted with the history of the Saxon saint and her sanctuary in London.

Etheldreda belonged to a family of

saints. Her father, Anna, King of East Anglia, was brother to Hilda of Whitby; and her mother, Saint Hereswyda, was a woman of singular piety: four of her daughters are reckoned among the early English saints. Of these Etheldreda is the most famous. She was married when very young to an Anglian prince, and afterward to Eogfrid of Northumbria. Both marriages were arranged for political reasons, and Etheldreda was allowed to keep the vow of virginity she had made by the consent of her husbands.

Through the influence of Saint Wilfrid of York, Eogfrid permitted his wife to retire to a convent. She took the veil from the hands of the holy Bishop at Coldingham. By the advice of the abbess of that place, Etheldreda went southward and founded a double monastery on the alder-grown islet of Ely—portion of the dowry of her first husband. The nunnery she governed became noted for its perfection, and its queenly abbess was never so happy as when engaged in menial duties. She ate only once a day and rejoiced in pain and humiliations. After a long and painful illness she died on the 23d of June, 679, "being taken to God in the midst of her people," says Saint Bede. This famous writer also testifies to the number of miracles wrought at her tomb.

Saint Sexburga governed the monastery on the death of her sister; and her daughter Ermenilda and granddaughter Werburga succeeded her in her position. The relics of Etheldreda and those of her successors were preserved, along with those of Saint Alban, till the time of the miscalled Reformation, when all the remains were ordered to be destroyed. That some of the relics escaped or were saved from destruction is very probable. At any rate, a portion of the incorrupt hand of Saint Etheldreda is said, on excellent authority, to be preserved beneath the altar of her church in London.

About a hundred years ago an old

farmhouse on an estate of the Howard family was pulled down, and in the thickness of the ancient wall the workmen came on a niche filled with vestments and holy vessels. Among these was a woman's hand, incorrupt and exquisitely white; it was wrapped in linen cloths, round which was a band of silver bearing the words, "*Reliquiæ S. Etheldredæ, Reginae et Virginis.*" This relic was placed in the Dominican Convent at Stone; and on the reopening of Saint Etheldreda's Church, the Bishop of the diocese presented a portion of the relic, sealed and attested, to the Fathers of Charity.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXXIV.—HOME AGAIN.

MYLES slept but little in his "special" bedroom as the train sped toward the frontier, sending over the plain a pretty shower of sparks from the wood fire of the locomotive. He read and reread the card with those words pregnant of meaning, "*Qui me cherche, me trouve*"; and his heart was full of unspeakable happiness—a glory of joyousness such as he had never experienced before. The messenger was Paddy Casey,—rather an outlandish emissary of Master Cupid, but one who upon this occasion did his spiring most gently. Were it not for the writing, Myles would have accredited the Baroness with this additional perfumed souvenir. But no: the writing was that of Eileen De Lacey; and, with the modesty of the violet, she had intimated that if he wanted to find her he must seek her. This he had never done. Every meeting was by chance. In fact, he had kept somewhat moodily

aloof, mortifying himself in a spirit of mistaken pride; hugging the idea of his own miserable position so tenaciously as almost to prevent the possibility of Love's existence: smothering it in doubt, suspicion, and occasionally in contempt.

Had not this charming girl made every step toward him that the modesty of a sweet Catholic maiden permitted? Perhaps the estrangement was of his own making, due to his want of knowledge of the world and his absolute ignorance of women. He had not five young girls in his acquaintance, as he usually spent his evenings with his mother or with some of his friends at the bank; whilst on Sundays he always attended eight o'clock Mass at the Church of the Star of the Sea, after which he took a twenty mile walk to the Dargle, the Scalp-Phoul-a-Phouka, Killiney, the Dublin mountains, and other picturesque places by which Ireland's capital is surrounded from Bray Head to the Hill of Howth. He had never entered the lists as a gallant; and after dancing with a young lady, he promptly led her back to her chaperon,—a proceeding which in most cases failed to please his partner, since he danced to perfection and he was never the worst-looking man in the room.

"*Qui me cherche, me trouve!*" rang in his ear like a peal of sweet bells, and rode on top of many a wave of heart-beat.

"She asks me—no, she reproves me for not seeking her! Well, I *shall* seek her and put my fate to the test as soon as the *Corisande* is reported in the waters of Cowes."

Myles was not without money; for his uncle, before leaving the *datcha*, had dug up some English sovereigns from a mouldy leather bag, together with a roll of rouble notes.

"You'll have to live up to your experiences, Myles dear, or they'll think you are coddling them,"—pressing the coin into his nephew's hand.

Myles counted it now, and found

himself master of one hundred and fifty pounds in gold, and about one hundred pounds in Russian money.

"I am rich!" laughed the young man. "I can carry on my campaign now. What a grand old soul, and so thoughtful withal!"

"Don't forget to wear that splendid cross outside when you go to the bank, Myles. Don't be hiding it inside your shirt or waistcoat. Give old McNamara one good squint at it till his eyes water. And I'd like to hear the screech your mother will let out when she sees it. Be the mortal frost, they'll hear her below at Beggars' Bush Barracks, where I took the Queen's shilling that has led to all this, glory be to God. Amen!"

The Baroness Grondno lay like a lump of lead in the thoughts of Myles.

"This is becoming altogether too serious," he said. "The idea of a woman of her position making such a show of herself is scarcely credible. It is too disgusting to be even for a second regarded as *her* property. I am not a chattel. Her bursting into the compartment of the train was undignified, to say the least. And if she has forced those delicacies upon me, I have not enjoyed them: on the contrary, the sight of them has made me miserable. If I could directly fling them out of the window, I should do so; but the story would go back to her through her secret agents, and the act would scarcely be that of a gentleman. Then, again, perhaps I ought to be grateful for her good intention. The poor creature is the victim of infatuation. I pity her—from my heart I pity her,—but I could *never* love her."

With thoughts such as these in his brain he at length dozed off in a feverish dream, full of hallucinations; and roused himself only at Wilbollen, the frontier.

"My passport! If O'Reilly has forgotten it, I shall be in a sorry plight," thought Myles. "I must look it up, also a cable which I dread to open."

At this moment the man who had

ushered him to his elegant rooms on the train at St. Petersburg entered.

"I wish to your Excellency a fine night's sleep. Here is your passport, your Excellency; and a cable electric message, and two other telegraphic dispatches."

Myles tore open the cable. It was from his aunt and ran:

"Mother much better."

"Thank God!" murmured Myles. "I shall see her alive." And he uttered the *Ave Maria* thrice, as was his habit all through these days, but with especial fervor just now.

The first telegram was from the Baroness:

"You are thinking of me, and you must ever think of me and of no other woman alive."

The second telegram Myles opened with a beating heart, in the vague hope that it might be from Eileen. It was from O'Reilly:

"Baroness has arranged passport. All serene. Send up good news."

"Any messages of wire, your Excellency?" demanded the man, who waited in a respectful, almost abject attitude. "I have here the pages to fill up."

Myles cabled to his aunt:

"Glorious news! Next cable to Friedrichstadt, Berlin."

O'Reilly's required no reply, but O'Byrne wired the good news to his uncle at the yacht.

"What shall I say to this terrible woman?" murmured Myles. "She is not to be put off. And I must be careful, as the messenger is a wily diplomat."

After a moment's thought he wrote:

"Thank you for the flowers and all the rest! Cheering news from mother,"—handing the message to the man, with a sovereign.

"No money, your Excellency. I get my absolute instructions for to see your Excellency safe in Dublin, and no money—not a rouble."

"Do you mean to say that you are

to accompany me to my destination?" asked the astonished Myles.

"To your home, your Excellency."

"But I don't need you!"

"I have got my instructions, your Excellency: special cabin on Ostend boat, the *Princess Clementine*; special compartment to London from Dover; special rooms in the Irish Express; special cabin in the Channel steamer, the *Connaught*,—all ordered by my lady, your Excellency."

"Why, I might as well be a prisoner!"

The man made no reply, but, depositing the sovereign on the toilette table, passed out to send the dispatches.

"Well, of all the absurd positions that a decent man ever was placed in, this is about the most ridiculous! Here I am, in full possession of all my faculties, with a physique that is strong and healthy, and yet must submit to be treated like a puppet by an eccentric woman, who arranges all my plans after the most luxurious fashion. Indeed, I am transported from St. Petersburg to Sandymount as though I were a bale of goods; and am at the espionage of a secret agent, who is to answer for my safety or take the knout. Can I—"

"You will please me to follow, your Excellency," said the man, handing Myles his passport. "We change trains here."

Two or three porters had removed the light luggage; and Myles stepped across the platform and was ushered into another car, fitted up in the same luxurious manner as that in which he had passed through Russia.

"I am to your Excellency's disposition always," and the man bowed himself out.

Myles lay back in the cushions and laughed heartily.

"This is clover!" he grinned. "Everything paid for as if I were the Prince of Wales, and I have only to go with the tide. Who would not? And yet to think of the undercurrent—of the conditions that have rendered this luxury possible! Pah! it wearies me,—it sickens

me! If I were not going to the bedside of my dying mother, I could break those flowery chains forged by a woman whose passionate impulses have all but dethroned her reason. I must handle her with gloves, for the Tartar is behind all."

At Berlin the factotum brought him two telegrams. One was from his aunt, saying that his mother was so much improved that now the only wire would be to Dover. The second telegram was from the Baroness:

"Think of me, as I am thinking of you always."

If the love-sick lady had but seen the expression upon Myles' face she would scarcely have been flattered. If he were engaged in thinking of her, there was but little of the "lover" in his thoughts.

No event marked the journey. He had special meals that might have tempted a Lucullus, and wine of which he merely tasted. His anxiety about his mother increased as he neared home, and the telegram at Dover sent a great joy to his heart:

"Doctor says mother out of danger. No more telegrams."

The Baroness did not fail:

"Keep thinking of the only woman on earth worthy of you."

"This is really too bad!" muttered Myles, as he viciously tore up the pink paper into tiny pieces and flung them from the window.

But what was to be done? The lady was bent on cornering him, and he must, if necessary, be severe. He would consult his aunt. No: she was too old-fashioned, and would regard Madame de Grondno as a "thing of naught." It was a precious fix, and it would take hard fighting to get out of it, his antagonist being a woman.

At Westland Row station he found his "familiar" waiting with a cab; and there was a second cab laden with a number of cases.

"What luggage is this?" asked Myles.

"Some presents for your Excellency's

mother and aunt," was the grave reply; and, bowing low, hat in hand, the man betook himself to the second cab.

Arrived at the quaint little cottage at Alma Terrace, Sandymount, Myles sprang out, to find his aunt awaiting him in the hall.

"She is all right, Myles dear, and sitting up, glory be to God and thanks to His Blessed Mother! She *would* feast on some delicious prawns and they nearly killed her. Come to her."

He found his dear old mother in her best cap, seated in a cosy chair by her bed. It is needless to describe the joy, the exquisite delight of this meeting.

"Have you the little cross I gave you safe, Myles?"

"Look at it, mother!"

"Then kneel down and say an *Ave Maria* for your safe return, my child."

"And another, darling mother, for your happy recovery."

The sweet little prayer having been wafted to Our Lady's throne, Myles was asked a hundred questions, while his aunt was allowing the tea to draw.

Suddenly rising to his feet, Myles said:

"Why, I have forgotten my mysterious Russian!" and repaired to the front garden, to find him checking off the numerous parcels with which his cab had been laden.

"Thirty-two, Mr. O'Byrne, if you please. I have now the work done assigned to me, and leave for London in the morning, to await the arrival of my lady the Baroness. I have you to thank, sir, for great courtesy. I am to be heard of from this card, if your Excellency will of goodness to accept it,"—presenting a card with his address:

STANISLAUS MORENSKI,	
HOUSEHOLD OF THE BARONESS DE GRONDNO,	
CHESHAM PLACE,	RUSSIAN EMBASSY,
LONDON W.	ST. PETERSBURG.

And ere Myles had perused the card, the man had silently entered the cab and was *en route* for the city.

"This is Russian and no mistake!" laughed Myles. "It is only in Russia that they do these extraordinary things. Now for the parcels! My future, with the help of God, must be shaped according to circumstances."

To the intense delight of the ladies, the parcels contained tea, dried fish, fruit, sweetmeats from Berrin's, and other delicacies too numerous to mention. There were also two shawls of so fine a lace that they fitted into small shells, fastened with solid gold clasps. But the gifts which commanded most admiration, respect and gratitude were two Russian sable jackets, with muffs of the same costly fur.

"Who gave you all these things, Myles?" asked his mother. "I'm sure it wasn't your uncle. Rabbit skin would be more in his line."

"It's a long story, mother, and a very strange one. You shall hear it all by and by. But you are tired now and had better get into bed. I will come and say my night prayers beside you when you go to sleep."

Finding his mother in such good condition, Myles resolved to run up to London after a while, to try his chances of employment at the great Bank of Byng, Lombard Street. He determined not to go near the Hibernian Bank for the present, and quietly remained at Alma Terrace; going over his adventures in the land of the Tsar to an audience breathless with attention, and, like Oliver Twist, earnestly eager for more. Having remained three days at his home, on the night of the fourth he started for the Modern Babylon.

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE think—if it be not absurd to call such vanity thinking—that Christianity is a name, Faith a word; and forget that it is dead unless accompanied by "its works," as the last verse of James ii should be translated.

—Bishop Westcott.

The City of Cardinal Newman.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

WHERESOEVER the Faith makes fair headway may be called an Elim—a green spot; and so the city in which Newman lived and died may be described as such, in spite of its long, gray streets and the smoke of its many foundries.

Somehow, the sweet purple tassels of the lilac always recall to my mind the great teacher. This may be because lilacs bloom each springtime near the Oratory in Hagley Road; and also because the portraits of Newman, so universally sold in the bazaars and other public places, were surrounded by borders of the sweet old English flower.

The pathetic words of Holy Writ, "I dwell amongst mine own people," were Newman's. Rarely did he leave the place of his adoption. Only once through the long years did the Hermit of Hagley go visiting; and then he went to stay with an "old boy," where the turrets of Arundel overlook the Sussex downs. From this same resting-place at Edgbaston he was taken to the "silent acre" at Rednal; and some who saw that cortege thought of Browning's lines:

Ware the beholder!

This is our master, famous, calm and dead,

Borne on our shoulder!

In the beautiful place of sacrifice and of prayer he loved so well many a non-Catholic has said to himself: "O master, hast thou found the Rock? Are we stray sheep? Am I—even I—standing on shifting sands,—a human weathercock blown about by all the winds of false doctrine?" And after the angel has thus troubled the soul of such a one he has sometimes followed the "Kindly Light," as did the late Kegan Paul.

In the splendid art gallery hangs the portrait of the teacher, who is taken simply in his cassock; the worn hands

so often raised in benediction are lightly clasped, the worn face is luminous with thought. Some there are who may be conversant with that true and touching anecdote which tells how a poor daughter of Erin once gave the tired-looking old man a penny, when both were travelling in a suburban train. Blessed in such a case are both giver and receiver!

Both smoky and stately is the Grecian town hall in which Bishop Ullathorne gave his celebrated conventual lectures; down in gray Bath Street, nigh to the Gunmaker's Quarter, stands the cathedral, wherein he was the first to occupy the bishop's throne. High over the doorway is a statue of Our Lady looking benignantly down on priests, workmen, children, Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in their white cornettes as they go to and fro like ministering angels through the murky streets.

The cathedral, designed by Pugin, is full of a dim, religious light, cast by the richly painted windows; and on the left side is the marble effigy of the first head of the see; though all that is mortal of Archbishop Bernard rests amongst the Dominicans at Stone. Looking at the white recumbent figure, you are reminded of the strangely varied life of the prelate, who was called to the priesthood when a sailor, bore witness before an English commission to the cruelties heard and seen "by the long wash of Australasian seas," and who, after successfully founding one mission in an historic town, became the chief pastor in another hard by.

In one of the cathedral aisles, near the sacristy door, is a homely little clock, in a plain wooden case, which goes tick-tack, ticktack, just as it would in the kitchen of Darby and Joan. Let me say that I like this modest timekeeper in the midst of the beautiful carving and gilding. It seems so friendly. I have seen horny-handed men and tired mothers glance up at it, and then cross them-

selves and go, or kneel a few minutes longer, as the case might be. It always makes me think of Longfellow's "Clock on the Stairs," with its "Forever, never! Never, forever!"

There are a number of Catholic missions, worked by devoted priests, in this same City of the Cardinal; and the services are generally well attended in the various churches. Take, for instance, the children's Mass at nine o'clock on Sunday morning in the Church of St. Francis. There is a large number of girls and boys, with a fair sprinkling of adults. It is a mixed congregation. There are rosy English faces, olive-skinned Southern and real Celtic ones,—all gathered under God's roof. The frescoed saints on the walls and the Seraphic Father in his flowered niche look down on many rows of communicants,—on small and tall brothers and sisters of the Meek Man of Assisi, whose watchword, like that of St. John, was: "Little children, love one another."

Hark! the children are singing:

O turn to Jesus, Mary,—turn
And call Him by His tenderest names:
Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames!

How sweet the voices sound! How strange to think that some day in the future other voices will make this same petition for the singers! Truly is it "To-day me, to-morrow thee!"

To turn from ecclesiastical to artistic and social Birmingham. It is worthy of record that Mr. Gillott, the man who interviewed Turner, lived here. The story goes that he went to London, resolved to see the recluse artist; and after walking upstairs, despite the remonstrances of the housekeeper, found himself confronted by the angry artist, who fiercely demanded, "What do you want?" The other replied: "My name is Gillott. I come from Birmingham and wish to buy your pictures,"—which was true.

Americans visiting the city will be

interested in thinking of its connection with Dickens, who found the name of "Marigold" in it, and was hospitably entertained at the Trees Tavern. Another link with the States was John Joseph Sturge, the Quaker philanthropist, to whom Whittier wrote the noble poem beginning:

There is a grief the depth of which another
Can never know;
Yet o'er the waters, O my stricken brother,
To thee I go!

In the old cemetery, are some strange links with vanished England. One is a tombstone to the memory of Pemberton, the Georgian actor, who was captured by the Corsairs, and taken to their high-sea Hawks' Nest; and who, when he was delivered out of the house of bondage, died in his native town, where he sleeps amid the rushing of trams and the noise of hurrying feet.

I shall end this brief sketch with a little anecdote which shows the hold the Faith has taken in the Cardinal's City. One of the leading thoroughfares is a steep street called Snow Hill; and as I was looking in a store one summer day I heard a voice say: "You should come to *our* church. This is how they sing there." Then she sang, very softly: "*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!*" On looking round, I saw that the singer was a dark-eyed Italian girl in *contadina* costume; her companion was, seemingly, a young English work-girl. This child of St. Peter was sowing good seed in New-man's town,—was trying to lead a sister not of the Fold home.

THERE is a tendency in these days to value material benefits more than spiritual, and to think the debt to Lazarus discharged by attending to his sanitation only—instead of looking on sanitation as a step, a generally necessary but only subordinate step, to saving his soul.—*Lucy H. M. Soulsby.*

A Providential Dinner.

GOD takes care of the birds of the air and the beasts of the fields, supplying them with food: how much more will He care for those who trust in Him! The following anecdote serves to illustrate this:

In a certain institution of the Little Sisters of the Poor there were eighty old people of both sexes for whom the charitable women solicited support. One day the Sister in charge of the cuisine informed the Mother Superior that the stock of provisions was exhausted, that there was nothing—absolutely nothing—for dinner. What was to be done?

"Shall I ring at dinner-time?" she asked. "What will our poor say? For ourselves, it does not matter."

"Go and pray, Sister," replied the Mother. "Be sure that God knows our poor need their dinner. Ring at the usual hour."

The Sister hastened to the chapel and prayed with fervor. The moments passed by and the dinner hour was approaching. It came at last and she had to ring, her heart full of apprehension.

The Mother Superior had also lifted up her heart in prayer. Just as the dinner-bell rang, there was a rap at the door: it was a messenger of God, who brought a dinner to the poor.

That day a rich family was about to give a feast, when news was brought that a son of the house was dying in a distant city. They started off at once; and, to call down the favor of Heaven upon the son who was in danger, they sent to the poor the dinner they were about to serve, together with a great quantity of bread and five silver francs.

The Sister rushed to the Mother Superior to announce the joyful news.

"Such is the kindness of God to the poor," remarked the Superior, calmly. "The dinner is already prepared and you have only to serve it."

An Unexpected Retort.

THE illustrious Father Lacordaire was dining one day at a hotel in a provincial city. Not far from him sat a commercial traveller, a self-satisfied person who was entirely lacking in the reserve characteristic of culture. It was Friday, a fast day, and the talkative man found the occasion a good one to show the public how superior he was to anything that could be termed old prejudices. After several sarcastic remarks, more or less witty, against fasts, superstitions, and so on, noticing that the priest partook of the scanty fare without a word, he seemed to be annoyed at the slight effect produced by his remarks. Finally he addressed the reverend gentleman as he passed an omelette, the greater part of which he had himself appropriated.

"It is a first principle with me, sir," he said, "to believe nothing I can't understand. Isn't that right?"

"Sir," answered Father Lacordaire courteously, helping himself to the remains of the omelette, "do you understand how heat, which melts iron and lead, hardened these eggs?"

"Upon my word, I don't," said the commercial traveller, quite taken aback by the unexpected question.

"Neither do I," observed the priest pleasantly. "But I am glad to see that your lack of comprehension does not prevent you from believing in omelettes."

WORDS can not magnify Mary, whom thoughts can hardly reach. Panegyric is almost presumption, as if what lies so close to God could be honored by our approval.—*Faber*.

FULL oft a single word has been like a switch that turns a train from the route running toward a frozen North, to a track leading into the tropic South.

Notes and Remarks.

The phenomenal change in the relationship of the Papacy to the world has been the theme of many eloquent paragraphs of late; but it has seldom been pointed out that the change was all on the side of the world. Amid the revision of man-made creeds and confessions, while on all sides principles have been whittled down and the very essence of morals refined away, the Papacy has stood imperturbably calm, unchanging as a promontory fronting the waves. The Papacy endures and conquers precisely because it can not change.

Of the newspapers which virtually prophesied a quarter of a century ago that Pius IX. would be the last of the Popes, there are few now alive to withdraw or alter the forecast then so confidently made. The *Church Times* (London), however, has had both the longevity and the grace to confess its error. In an editorial written on the eve of the conclave, it said: "On the demise of Pius IX. in 1878 we were able to write that the death of a pope had ceased to be a matter of much concern to the world at large. The Papacy, we said, as a great public institution had worn itself out. The assertion would have seemed incredible that in the twentieth century such interest as had once been felt would revive. It is now greater than ever before. The Papacy, which seemed to be a perishing institution, is now acknowledged even by its foes to be among the most stable."

We have it on the authority of a proverb that one might as well kill a dog as give him a bad name; and the proverb is true of philosophies as well as dogs. Certain tendencies and politics are unfairly labelled "Liberalismus," for example; and no amount of explanation or disavowal will make them appear anything else. So, certain theories essen-

tially different from the opinions of Tolstoi or Karl Marx are labelled socialism, and very naturally come in for a condemnation they would otherwise escape. It rests with the leaders of legitimate reform to differentiate themselves in season and out of season from anti-Christian agitators. As for extreme socialism, there is no mystery as to its meaning and purposes. Tolstoi finds the root of the world's misery in Christianity, which preaches patience and submission instead of murder and burglary; Karl Marx publicly declares that no Catholic can have part with him unless he deserts his faith. *Avanti*, one of the chief organs of socialism in Europe, notes the death of Leo XIII. in this moderate way: "We socialists, without disdain but with indifference, pass before this corpse and await the new enemy." Between a real socialist and an anarchist there is just the same difference as between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee; and it is hard to see why earnest Christians who seek to ameliorate the condition of the poor permit themselves to be handicapped by the name. To our mind, "Christian socialism" is a particularly unfortunate misnomer just at present.

President Roosevelt having set an example by his gifts of books to Pope Leo XIII., the custom bids fair to become one of the regular amenities between sovereignties. For instance, France has just presented Uncle Sam with a volume entitled "*Les Combatants Français de la Guerre Americaine*," a complete and official roster of the French soldiers and sailors who helped to win American independence. Now, this is perfectly French and perfectly lovely. At a time when British and American soldiers are fraternizing overseas, when Germany protests in deep gutturals her unfailing good-will for us, when Russia recalls our mutual "traditional friendship" and offers special

trade advantages in Manchuria, France modestly presents us—merely as a matter of convenience for scholars—with a list of the ten thousand Frenchmen to whom we largely owe our national existence. The French Government is behaving so badly just now that an honest man can hardly honor it in any way without an effort; but a *coup* at once so delicate and so effective wins our admiration.

In spite of all that is done to prevent it, masterpieces of art, priceless books and manuscripts are disposed of by their Italian owners to foreign purchasers. The art journals report that the famous bas-relief of Luca della Robbia, representing the Madonna and Child, disappeared within the last few weeks from the vestibule of the Genoese palace which it has long adorned, and that a copy has been substituted for the original. This priceless work has been sold to a foreigner for a sum of 20,000 lire. The *Caffarello*, a Genoese journal, says that the price is "meanly ridiculous," and is indignant at the want of patriotism in the Italian owner who could permit "one of the glories of Italian art, so proud an inheritance of his family," to be carried off to a foreign land, without offering it for sale to one of the Italian museums.

It is a wonderful thing for a neutral journal like *Harper's Weekly* to speak editorially in this wise: "There is ground for thinking that the disposition of civilized mankind to desire the upholding of Catholicism as a force conducive to the commonweal is likely to wax rather than to wane. From both a religious and an economic point of view, the Catholic Church is coming to be regarded as a sheet anchor of society. *Where else is there to be found a rampart against skepticism on the one hand and against socialism on the other?*" The significance of such an expression as this lies not in its novelty but in its source.

It expresses the mind of every well-instructed Catholic—man, woman and child; but it is, we repeat, a wonderful thing to read such sentiments in influential non-Catholic publications. Without making too much of them, we may fairly regard such declarations as evidence that, in the judgment of inseeing, practical men, the future belongs to the Catholic Church alone; and that the great heresies of the sixteenth century, having burned themselves out, are destined to disappear speedily, like other equally powerful and widespread heresies before them.

As an appeal to anything like A. P. A. sympathy and support, President Roosevelt's Oyster Bay address to the Holy Name societies of Brooklyn and Long Island must be set down as a brilliant failure. In welcoming the societies to Oyster Bay, the President said: "I have a partial right to join in that welcome myself; for it was my good fortune in the days of Father Powers' predecessor, Father Belford, to be the first man to put down a small contribution for the erection of the church here." Again: "I have come here to greet you and to say how I welcome the work that is being done by this Society." It is true that Mr. Roosevelt is reported to have said to an assemblage of Masons that he could not understand how any good man could help being a Mason; but that, perhaps, was what politicians and small boys call a "jolly." It is a well ascertained fact that the President has discovered some fairly good fellows among men who were far from being Masons, and that he showed them marked recognition at times when it might have cost him much to do so. But what really made the Oyster Bay address notable was Mr. Roosevelt's appeal to the men of the country to be pure in thought, word and act. We quote some sentences:

I ask you to remember that you can not retain your self-respect if you are loose and foul of tongue:

that a man who is to lead a clean and honorable life must inevitably suffer if his speech likewise is not clean and honorable.... As I said at the outset, I hail the work of this Society as typifying one of those forces which tend to the betterment and uplifting of our social system. Our whole effort should be toward securing a combination of the strong qualities with those qualities which we term virtues in the breast of every good citizen.

I expect you to be strong. I would not respect you if you were not. I do not want to see Christianity professed only by weaklings. I want to see it a moving spirit among men of strength. I do not expect you to lose one particle of your strength or courage by being decent. On the contrary, I should hope to see each man who is a member of this Society—from his membership in it—become all the fitter to do the rough work of the world, all the fitter to work in time of peace, and if—which may Heaven forefend!—war should come, all the fitter to fight in time of war. I desire to see in this country the decent men strong and the strong men decent; and until we get that combination in pretty good shape we are not going to be by any means as successful as we should be. There is always a tendency among very young men, and among boys who are not quite young men as yet, to think that to be wicked is rather smart,—that it shows they are men. Oh, how often you see some young fellow who boasts that he is going to see life, meaning by that that he is going to see that part of life which is a thousandfold better if it remains unseen! I ask that every man here constitute himself his brother's keeper by setting an example to that younger brother which will prevent him from getting such a false estimate of life as that.

Example is the most potent of all things. If any one of you in the presence of younger boys, and especially the younger people of your own family, misbehave—if you use coarse and blasphemous language before them,—you can be sure that these younger people will follow your example and not your precept. It is no use to preach to them if you do not act decently yourself. You have got to feel that the most effective way in which you can preach is by your practice.

It is to the credit of the President's audience that these sayings were greeted with loud and prolonged applause; and at the close of his address he was cheered until the carriage which took him away had disappeared in the distance.

"An official of the Catholic Converts' League of New York," says the *Pilot*, "estimates the annual accessions to the

Church throughout the country at about fifty thousand a year. We are glad to repeat in connection with this fact—what is matter of common knowledge among those having the care of souls—that the overwhelming majority of these converts persevere in the Faith." Our valued contemporary quotes a recent Protestant writer who shows another side to the question of conversions. Of four hundred and three Protestant churches in New York whose membership he examined carefully, there are only nine which do not include some members who were formerly professing Catholics. This statement, as it stands, is surprising, and in the light of experience and observation hardly credible. Of leakage, of indifference, of almost unconscious and sometimes deliberate falling away, there is no lack of evidence; but a formal going over to a Protestant denomination is a rare phenomenon in the case of even nominal Catholics.

Many minds in English-speaking countries have been perplexed by the novel theories concerning the Old and New Testaments set forth in the "Encyclopædia Biblica." The agnosticism of this work has filtered into numerous books and been echoed in thousands of pulpits. The fact that it is edited by a clergyman and that the contributors include some of the most distinguished scholars of our time has caused it to be regarded as a standard work of erudition, affording the "last word" on many subjects of deep interest to those who profess, as also to those who deny, the Christian Faith. In a review of the current volume (IV.) of the "Encyclopædia Biblica," the *Athenæum* has something to say as to the scope and purport of this work as a whole which is well worth quoting:

A Bible dictionary, in this country at all events, is addressed in the first instance to religious people and to those who profess the Christian faith. Yet the founder of Christianity is described in those articles in this encyclopædia which deal

with His life and death as a being in all respects like other men, whose birth and death took place in the ordinary course of nature, who never in His life made any assertion of His divinity, and who never rose from the dead. We are not concerned here with all the consequences of this proposition; but it is plain that, if it be accepted in its entirety, every Christian church that has existed during the last nineteen centuries has been occupied with the propagation of error, and of error so tremendous that it is difficult to suppose that any countervailing benefits can have sprung from its teaching. If such be the view of those concerned in the production of this book, they are perhaps justified in making it known; but in that case a dictionary professedly written by specialists in which both the number of articles and their constant overlapping make the orderly discussion of so large a subject impossible, seems to us to be at once the most unfair and the most clumsy vehicle for its exposition possible....

We think, indeed, that throughout the editors have shown but scant appreciation of the relation that theory should bear to facts. No one is less inclined than the present writer to ignore the debt which we all owe to the painful labors of German scholars; but it is no reproach to them to say that most of them are ready, after the prolonged study of any text, to produce at short notice some entirely novel theory concerning it, which will be abandoned soon after it is made. This is the method of working that decades of doctoral theses have fostered, and the results are generally taken at their true value by German scholars themselves. But to cast such theories at the head of the unsuspecting English public, as in this encyclopædia, without drawing attention to their temporary character or the contradictions they involve, seems to us to show a levity unbefitting the subject.

The opinion of a journal like the *Athenæum*, representing as it does the highest English scholarship, is not to be disregarded; and it will doubtless be reassuring to many persons to know that the "Encyclopædia Biblica," to which so many writers and preachers seem to have pinned their faith, is in reality a critical and controversial work rather than a learned and authoritative one.

Whenever the project of establishing a school of journalism has been mooted hitherto, it has uniformly been met with the damning assertion that great

journalists do not believe their craft can be taught in schools. The late Mr. Dana was wont to say that the best way to prepare for editorial work is to begin as an office-boy, sleeping on paper sheets and eating printer's ink. Now comes another sort of successful New York editor, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, to give emphatic contradiction to that theory by presenting Columbia University with a million dollars for a school of journalism, and promising to duplicate the gift if the school is in successful operation at the end of three years. Mr. Pulitzer's name is unfortunately not associated with the highest ideals of journalism, and it is to be hoped that the new school will tend to discourage the yellow methods which he has seemed to countenance. Irreverence, untruthfulness, pruriency and demagoguery are the faults of the contemporary American press. They are so not because our editors admire these forms of vice, but because of the supreme necessity of selling papers and creating a lucrative advertising medium. If the new school tends to reform the methods of journalism—if it helps to lift journalism to the same ethical level as medicine or even law, for example,—the public will be indebted to Mr. Pulitzer for at least one great service.

It is particularly fortunate that such a manly, wise and Christian address as was delivered last week at Oyster Bay, before more than two thousand members of the Holy Name Society from Brooklyn and other parts of Long Island, should come from the President of the United States, whose strenuous and enthusiastic character has made him a favorite with young men particularly. The special object of the Holy Name Society is to put down profanity and foul speech. President Roosevelt referred to it as "a great and useful association," and his words were edifying, with no note of cant. His exhortation to live up to Christianity as the religion of strong men is encour-

aging at a time when the government of another Republic—save the mark!—is moving all its evil machinery to destroy Christianity among its people.

The Center Party, as we noted at the time of the elections, still holds the balance of power in the Reichstag. It counts one hundred and two votes, while its nearest competitor, the Socialist Party, counts only eighty-one in spite of recent gains. It is, we believe, a common impression in this country that the Center (or Catholic) Party votes as a unit on all national questions. The fact is that in the discussion of a policy with regard to commercial treaties, for example, sixty-two Centrists voted with the Agrarians and forty voted with the majority in favor of the government's policy.

In a letter to the *Pilot*, Mr. John O'Callaghan calls attention to the fact that hundreds of Irish families that were formerly evicted from their holdings are entitled to reinstatement under the terms of the Land Bill. He suggests that such persons place their cases in the hands of officers of the United Irish League, giving a detailed statement of location, extent, former rental, etc. It will be interesting to observe whether the privilege of reclaiming old homesteads will be valued among Irish-Americans. It would certainly be a curious effect of the new Land Bill if it turned emigration even slightly toward the Old Sod again.

The death of Prof. Nocard, who was one of the most distinguished of living bacteriologists, is a serious loss to science. He was one of Pasteur's favorite pupils and held many important appointments at various times. Only brief notices of his promising career, cut short at a comparatively early age, have as yet appeared in scientific journals. He died last month in Paris.

Notable New Books.

England's Cardinals. By Dudley Baxter. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

It is something of a surprise at first to find as many as thirty-four names in the list of England's cardinals,—a stately procession reaching from Robert Pullen (d. 1147) to Herbert Vaughan, just deceased; and including such historic names as Nicholas Breakspear, who became Pope Adrian IV.; Stephen Langton, of Magna Charta fame; Thomas Wolsey, Blessed Fisher, Reginald Pole, Wiseman, Manning, and Newman. A noble company whose deeds would fill many large volumes! They have only a few pages apiece in this little book, yet their careers are summarized in a masterly way; and the reader feels on laying down the volume that he has been strolling at leisure through a gallery of small but exquisite etchings. No doubt he would prefer the full-length portrait painted with a free hand on large canvas, with detailed background. Perhaps some day this will come, but meantime we owe a debt of gratitude to the accurate and painstaking scholar who supplies this valuable volume. We may add that the appendix containing the list of England's primates, with the date of their reception of the pallium from Rome, is an impressive affirmation of Catholic continuity. It is worth noting that twenty-five of England's primates in the past have been Benedictines.

Matthew Arnold. By Herbert W. Paul. The Macmillan Co.

In one of the neat epigrams that abound in this volume Mr. Paul says of Matthew Arnold: "Of all modern poets, except Goethe, he was the best critic. Of all modern critics, with the same exception, he was the best poet." Arnold is a peculiarly difficult author to classify, but most competent students will admit that Mr. Paul's judgment upon him is true. He was a versatile as well as a learned man, and the critical and creative faculties have rarely been so felicitously wedded as in his case. Mr. Paul had the advantage of knowing his subject in life. He is sympathetic and shares most of Arnold's views of philosophy and religion; and he has a pungent as well as a highly polished style that makes this volume very pleasant reading.

But it is a pity so good a phrase-maker should have the impertinence of his convictions. The Irish, Hungarians and Poles will not relish being lumped together as "inferior races" (p. 57). Catholic readers will be properly indignant at reading (p. 124) that Luther apostatized "because the Church of Rome was immoral, which was a true ground, and the only true one." This idea of a

universal Church with departure from iniquity for its first principle is a very noble one." And earnest Christians of all sorts will wonder why Mr. Paul obtrudes his own thin belief in a "Christianity" minus dogma and minus the supernatural in many places throughout the book. As if the aberrations of Mr. Paul could be of any interest or make the slightest difference to anybody but Mr. Paul! It is to be regretted that a man with ability enough to write this book should have so little judgment as to mar it by expressions quite as intolerant as any ever penned by belligerent theologasters.

The Life of St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome, and Founder of the Congregation of the Oratory. From the Italian of Father Bacci, of the Roman Oratory. New and Revised Edition. Edited by Ignatius Antrobus, of the London Oratory. Two Vols. Kegan Paul; B. Herder.

The objections raised to the earlier English edition of this "Life," translated by Father Faber, had the good effect of producing Father Pope's translation of the well-known work by Cardinal Capecelatro. In these two handsome volumes we have a new, complete and revised edition of the older biography, enriched with an informing preface, interesting notes, and a number of very welcome illustrations. It need not be said that the late Father Antrobus' work is well done. He has removed the only objection, it seems to us, that could reasonably be found with the edition of Bacci's "Life" of the saint issued in 1868. General readers may prefer the eminently readable biography afforded by Father Pope; but all clients of St. Philip, we feel sure, will welcome an unabridged and revised version of Bacci's classical work. It remains to be said that the printing and general appearance of these volumes leave nothing to be desired. A complete index is also provided.

The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company. By Gilbert H. Montague. Harper & Bros.

To those who have followed the revelations—perhaps Mr. Rockefeller would challenge the substantive—of Miss Tarbell in a popular magazine, this compact and admirably digested volume will appear like a temperately worded brief for the defendant. The principle with which Mr. Montague sets out is perfectly fair: "To attempt to judge the situation without first ascertaining the standards set by the railway management of the time is not merely unfair, it is subversive of all historical accuracy"; and his conclusion is that, "given the railway and economic conditions, the progress of the Standard Oil Company was quite inevitable" (p. 64). Of course this does not by any means cover all the counts in Miss Tarbell's indictment, but this volume was not meant to do that. It is the outcome of Mr. Montague's

economic studies at Harvard, and it has an importance quite apart from magazine articles—even Miss Tarbell's. It will have to be taken into account by students of political economy, who will find its clear, flexible style a pleasant diversion from the usual style of text-books of "the dry science."

Creighton University Reminiscences. By M. P. Dowling, S. J. Published by the Author.

"Obviously," says Father Dowling, "this work does not claim the merit and dignity of being an original production: it is rather a compilation." It is, however, a valuable account of the first quarter-century in the history of Creighton University,—the only endowed Catholic college, so far as we know, in this country. The record herein afforded is decidedly informal and by no means complete, but it will be useful to the future historian of Creighton; and no doubt it will be gladly welcomed by friends and students, past and present. A section of the work that will interest all educators is that in which old students discuss the defects as well as the merits of the Jesuit system of study; with characteristic largeness and manliness, Father Dowling publishes their letters, friendly fault-finding and all. Despite its somewhat heterogeneous character, there is plenty of good reading in this volume, which is sure to make friends for Creighton University.

The Truth of Papal Claims. By the Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

If any one should express wonder that the distinguished Archbishop of Nicæa should devote a whole volume to confounding the Rev. F. Nutcombe Oxenham, D. D., the explanation is that this volume is more than it would seem: it is a compact and closely-reasoned treatise on a subject of perennial controversy and of supreme importance. At least that is what the volume is in its best parts, and the intelligent reader will soon learn to pass lightly over what is special to the English chaplain in Rome who supplied the author with a theme. The book makes no claim to extraordinary erudition regarding a subject which has occupied some of the ablest pens since the Protestant Revolt; but, like every real book, it has a flavor that is peculiarly its own.

Memories of a Hundred Years. By Edward Everett Hale. Two Vols. The Macmillan Co.

Our notice of these handsome, well-illustrated volumes has been long delayed. Our first impression of them was unfavorable; and we had thought that a more thorough perusal of them might enable us to congratulate the venerable author on his work, and warrant a recommendation of it to our readers, and especially to all librarians. Mr. Hale has lived a long life and been associated more or less intimately with many

distinguished men and women. His recollections of them, however, would seem to be of the vaguest kind. Again and again and yet again we have turned from the index to the text, to find nothing of interest concerning persons of whom it might be supposed that our author would have something fresh and important to communicate. There are indeed a few interesting anecdotes of Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, etc., and a pleasant sketch of Longfellow; but they add nothing to our knowledge of these celebrities. Of greatest importance are the chapters which deal with the Civil War; and they show Dr. Hale to be an ardent patriot as well as a vigorous writer.

Dr. Hale has lived long enough to witness a wondrous change in the spiritual life of the people of the United States. "To every man," he says, "it has been made clear that God is on his side; that God is his father, and he is God's child. This was not clear in 1801." Credit for the religious revolution implied in the changes between 1801 and 1901 is given to the Methodist revival; to the Swedenborgian, or the "New Church"; to the Universalists; the Congregationalist Church, both Evangelical and Unitarian; to "prophets" like Emerson and Channing, Bushnell and Bucher; and "movers" like Murray and Campbell and Ballou. Of *the Church* Dr. Hale seems never to have heard. In concluding his recollections he expresses the hope that in 2001 one of his son's grandsons will write his memories of the Twentieth Century. We hope so too, and we venture to predict that he will have much to say concerning what even a contemporary of Dr. Hale and also a Protestant clergyman calls "the most imposing organic Symbol of Christendom."

The Life and Labors of Pope Leo XIII. With a Summary of His Important Letters, Addresses, and Encyclicals. By Monseigneur Charles de T'Serclaes. Edited and Extended by Maurice Francis Egan, J. U. D., LL. D. Rand, McNally & Co.

The multiplication of books like this is a sad commentary on the literary culture of American Catholics. Of Mgr. T'Serclaes' work we have already expressed our high appreciation. At the time of its appearance it was in many respects probably the best and most complete *Life of Leo XIII.* in any language. The author had the advantage of being a resident in Rome, and was a personal friend of his Holiness, by whom he was assisted in his labors. It was for him, or some one equally well qualified for the task, to write the chapters completing the record of a great pontificate. We are sorry indeed that Dr. Egan has allowed his name to appear as the editor and finisher of this standard *Life*. The work would seem to have been done by another hand, it is done so inadequately. Of Dr. Egan's competency there can be no question,

but in the present case no evidence of it appears.

The book is profusely illustrated—such books always are; they would not sell if they were not. And there is the usual lack of judgment in selecting and placing the illustrations. Pictures of the cathedrals of Florence and Milan appear in the chapter devoted to the religious situation in the United States, while portraits of Dr. Egan and other gentlemen connected with the Catholic University of Washington have place in an extended account of the Columbian celebrations. Such things as this always amuse Dr. Egan. But the serious thing about productions like the one under consideration is that they are sold on the strength of the names connected with them. Any one who buys this book expecting to secure a standard *Life of Leo XIII.* extended to his closing days will be disappointed. For the price of this publication one might acquire two or three really desirable books.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. By the Rev. Nicholas Gühr, D. D. B. Herder.

A book that is still in demand twenty-five years after its first appearance must have considerable merit to recommend it; all the more so if it be a quasi-theological treatise in the German language, which is so rich in literature of this kind. The present imposing and substantial volume is a translation from the latest edition of Dr. Gühr's work, which, considering its character, has enjoyed unusual popularity in German. Its purpose is to explain the Holy Sacrifice dogmatically, liturgically and ascetically; and this it does with a solidity and depth which will make it a favorite with English readers. No better work could be put into the hands of laymen who desire a fuller knowledge of the august Mystery; and for priests the detailed explanation—one might call it meditation—of the various parts of the Mass will be a great aid toward devotion. In the author's own phrase it will help him to avoid "thoughtless, habitual mannerism" and to attain "becoming attention, devotion and reverence."

All on the Irish Shore. By E. Somerville and M. Ross. Longmans, Green & Co.

The reviewer was early impressed in favor of this volume, because the Irish dialect in it is drawn from observation, not from imagination. The plot, too, is almost invariably interesting; and the characterization is accomplished with a neatness born of experience in bookmaking, and with a sympathy possible only to those who know Ireland well. There are delicious touches of humor—plenty of them,—and some fine strains of nobler feeling. We took up the book with some apprehension, having but lately undergone sorrowful experience of some other specimens of the New Ireland literature; but the first three chapters dispelled mistrust.



Ali Bey's Secret.

ABBAS, surnamed the Great, King of Persia, lost his way one day whilst engaged in the chase. He happened to be riding over a hill on which a shepherd boy was tending his sheep. The boy was sitting under a tree, playing a small flute. The sweet melody of the air, joined with curiosity, caused the King to approach him. The open and innocent face of the boy pleased him. He asked him questions on various subjects; and the quick and clever answers of the child of nature, who had grown up uneducated among his sheep, astonished the King.

He was lost in thought, when his vizier, or prime minister, overtook him. "Come, vizier," he cried out to him, "and tell me how you like this lad!"

The vizier approached; the King continued his questions, and the boy answered them correctly and promptly. His calmness, his good judgment, and his frank disposition, charmed the King and the vizier so much that they resolved to take him with them and give him a good education, in order that the experiment might be made as to what way art could improve so fine a work of nature.

As a wild plant which a gardener digs up out of an arid soil and transplants into a richly cultivated garden soon improves in size and in the beauty of its colors, so did this boy grow up to be a man possessing many virtues and wide information. The King loved him more and more every year; he named him Ali Bey, and appointed him royal treasurer.

Ali Bey possessed all the virtues of a noble man: purity in his private life; fidelity and wisdom in his office; liberal-

ity and magnanimity toward strangers; affability and kindness toward all who made any request of him; and great humility, although he was the favorite of a king. What distinguished him most, however, among the courtiers was his unselfishness; for his good offices could never be purchased: his good deeds came from the purest spring—the ardent desire to be useful to his fellowmen.

Notwithstanding all these virtues, Ali Bey could not escape the calumny of the courtiers, who viewed his elevation to his high position with secret envy. They set all kinds of traps for him, and did their utmost to cause the King to suspect him. Abbas, however, was a ruler of rare qualities; mean suspicion could find no place in his great soul, and Ali Bey continued a favorite as long as his noble protector lived.

King Sefi, who succeeded Abbas, was the very opposite of his predecessor—full of mistrust, cruelty, and avarice; the shedding of blood seemed to refresh him as a cup of water does a thirsty man. This was the very kind of sovereign that suited the enemies of Ali, and their envy, which they had been obliged to conceal for so long a time, again became visible. Every day they invented new calumnies against the treasurer, to which, at first, the King gave no heed, until a certain circumstance, eagerly taken advantage of by Ali's enemies, seemed to justify their accusations.

The monarch desired to examine a valuable sabre which his predecessor, King Abbas, had received as a present from the Sultan of Turkey, and which many of the courtiers remembered often to have seen. This sabre could not be found, although it was clearly entered in the list of the treasures of which King Abbas had been in possession.

This was just what the royal treasurer's enemies desired; they redoubled their insinuations and calumnies, and represented him almost as a thief.

"He has built several houses for lodging strangers," they said, "and constructed various public buildings at very great expense. He came to the court a half-naked boy, and now he is the possessor of enormous wealth. How could he have all the valuable things with which his house is filled if he did not rob the treasury?"

Whilst his enemies were thus speaking evil of him, Ali Bey entered, and the King, with angry looks, remarked:

"Ali Bey, your unfaithfulness has been revealed to me. I now deprive you of your high position, and within fourteen days you must render an account of your stewardship."

Ali Bey was unmoved on hearing these words, because his conscience was at peace; but he reflected that it would be very dangerous for him to allow his enemies to have fourteen days to mature their plans before he could prove his innocence.

"Nay, King," he said, "my life is in your hands; I am ready, either now or to-morrow, to lay at your feet the keys of the royal treasury and the emblems of the rank and office which you have confided to me, if you will favor your servant with your presence."

This request seemed very reasonable to the King; he granted it, and arranged to visit the treasury at a certain hour on the next day. When he arrived there everything was in the most perfect order, and Ali Bey informed him that the late King Abbas had himself removed the sabre from the treasury, and had used the diamonds with which it was adorned in another piece of jewelry; and that he had omitted to make a note of this occurrence in the list of the royal treasures.

The King had no means of disproving this statement; but mistrust is unjust,

and feels itself offended if contradicted in its suppositions. He invented, therefore, some pretext: and asked the royal treasurer to bring him to his private residence, in order that he might see with his own eyes all the valuable things which the courtiers had declared to be in the possession of Ali Bey. To his great astonishment, however, things were quite different from what he had expected. Plain, tapestry covered the walls; the rooms were supplied with only such furniture as was absolutely necessary; and Sefi had to acknowledge to himself that an ordinary citizen would have his house better furnished than was that of the treasurer of his vast kingdom.

He felt ashamed at having been undeceived in his suspicions twice in the same day, and wished to depart, when one of the courtiers directed his attention to a door at the end of a long corridor, which was fastened with two strong iron bolts. The King approached it, and asked Ali Bey what it was that he kept so securely protected with bolts and locks. Ali appeared uneasy: a blush mounted to his cheek; but, soon recovering his presence of mind, he said:

"My lord, in that chamber I keep what is dearest to me in the world—my own real property. Everything else which you have seen in this house belongs to the King: what that room contains is my own; but it is a secret,—I beseech you not to enter it!"

This peculiar conduct was to the suspicious Sefi the strongest proof of guilt, and he haughtily ordered him to unlock the door. The room was thrown open, and behold! there were only to be seen four bare walls, a shepherd's crook, a small flute, and some poor and shabby clothes: these were the treasures which the locks and bolts protected.

All present were astounded, and King Sefi was ashamed of himself for the third time on that day, when Ali Bey, with the greatest humility, said:

"Mighty King, when your great predecessor, Abbas, found me on a mountain tending my flocks, those poor articles were my sole possessions. I have preserved them ever since as mementos of my happy boyhood, and that great prince was so kind as to let me do so. I hope that your Majesty will allow me to take them now and to retire to some peaceful valley, where, in poverty, I shall live more happy and contented than amid the luxuries and superfluities of your court."

Ali ceased speaking, and many of those who stood around were moved to tears. The King took off his mantle and placed it on him, which was a mark of the highest favor; envy and calumny were struck dumb and covered with shame, and they never again could injure the good and noble treasurer.

Ali Bey lived many years, and received the reward of his virtue—love and reverence in his lifetime, and after his death copious tears shed over his grave. All the inhabitants of the city followed his remains, and for generations after he was known as Ali Bey "the Good."

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.—THE MAD HERMIT.

Julian spoke in a thrilling whisper, which seemed to be repeated in ghostly fashion from aisle to aisle of the forest. Involuntarily, the little group grew closer together; and in the silence that followed Sedgwick asked:

"Who was he?"

"It's a queer story. Grandfather told me just a little of it one day. He didn't say that he lived in these woods, but only that one of the Mortimers lost his wits looking for the cavern, and he's still seeking it, and everyone calls him the Mad Hermit."

"Here he comes!" cried Walter, turn-

ing to run in the opposite direction; while Jake climbed a tree, and even Sedgwick began to edge away from the spot. Julian alone stood his ground.

"I guess he's harmless," he said to himself, "or he would have been shut up." And so, trying to keep up his courage, he waited the swift approach of that spectral, emaciated figure.

It was clad in a tattered gown, with a cloak thrown over the shoulders and waving wildly in the wind. The hair and beard likewise streamed in the night blast, and a withered hand grasped convulsively at a tall staff. The face was ashen pale, the eyes wild and staring, and the restless steps were of one who could never be still.

At first the spectre appeared to see nothing, but talked and muttered incessantly. Suddenly, however, catching sight of Julian, the Mad Hermit stopped.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, a kind of surprise lighting up the haggard face. "You're the ghost of Bob Mortimer, I suppose. Don't you remember, Bob, when we started to seek the cavern? Ha! ha! we didn't find it quite so quickly as we thought. But listen hither, Bob!"

He came close till his hot breath touched Julian's cheek; but the little fellow stood his ground, gazing up at the apparition with frightened yet resolute eyes.

"You're little, Bob,—you're very little," the Hermit went on.

"You see you didn't grow. There is a cavern, Bob," he added in a piercing whisper. "It's where the marsh moves; it's where the wild beasts are. Ha! ha! but I couldn't get in. Ha! ha! I must be going, Bob!"

Then his face took on a look of cunning.

"There's no cavern, Bob,—of course not! You'll never find it. Go back to town, Bob,—go back to town!"

Wildly waving his arms, he flew on and was lost in the forest.

Julian stood still. Were those words the raving of a lunatic, or had the Mad

Hermit in reality given him a clue to the location of the cavern? It was an inspiring thought. Next time the quest began, he should venture once more into that ill-starred neighborhood of the marsh, and seek, in spite of all obstacles, for the cavern. What if he were to find it? His heart beat fast, his pulses throbbed.

One thing was certain: he must tell the others. He had acquired this knowledge accidentally: all must know and have an equal chance. His boyish idea of honor so carefully cultivated at home and at school pointed out his duty here with unerring precision. It also seemed to him that his grandfather ought to be told, so that he might be the judge as to whether or not this foreknowledge interfered with the honest finding of the cavern. When the last trace of the Hermit had disappeared, Julian raised his voice.

"Hie, Sedgwick!" he called.

And that boy, who was at no great distance, advanced in a somewhat shame-faced way, saying frankly that the appearance of the Hermit had put him in a "blue funk," though he was not afraid of most things. Jake, too, came down from the tree; while Walter presently emerged from a thick grove near by, full of apologies for his own want of courage.

"Never mind that now," said Julian. "He didn't do me any harm, and he wasn't so very awful. He mistook me, I guess, for my father. But, fellows, he said something important."

"What! the Wandering Jew there?" asked Sedgwick. "I'm blest if this Hermit isn't exactly like the picture of him."

"Oh, he's wily!" cried Jake, contemptuously. "It doesn't matter what he says. He's as mad as a March hare."

"Well, anyway," declared Julian, "I'm going to make you all as wise as myself; and if it's a madman's ravings, why, we're no worse off than before."

The curiosity of the others began to be excited.

"Out with it, curly pate, whatever it is!" cried Sedgwick.

"Is it—is it anything about the contest?" Jake inquired.

"Don't keep us in suspense," put in Wat.

"Well, he said there was a cavern, and that the entrance was at the moving marsh, where the wild beasts are."

Sedgwick whistled.

"There may be something in it, Julian," he decided. "We've been pretty well through the rest of the wood; and probably no one has ever gone far in exploring the marsh, especially with that animal—whatever it is—there." And after a moment or two of reflection, he added: "Look here, Julian, it was very square of you to tell the rest of us fellows and give us all a chance."

Julian fidgeted and turned red. The praise confused him.

"That's all right, Sedgwick," he said, awkwardly. "Hearing it in the way I did, it wouldn't have been fair to keep it from you. Of course if I had found it out for myself, it would have been different."

"You're always on the square, Julian," spoke up Walter.

But Jake said not a word, and his face was disfigured by an ugly sneer.

"Before we do anything about it, though," declared Julian, "I think we ought to tell grandfather, and ask him if it makes any difference having found a clue in that way."

"All rot," cried Jake, angrily; and even Sedgwick was disposed to think that it was fair enough,—one of the chances of that mysterious wood.

"I think so myself," agreed Julian. "But, still, I would rather tell grandfather and feel sure about it."

Then followed a somewhat heated discussion, in which their voices rose higher and higher, one above the other, after the manner of the most ordinary

boys. Finally Sedgwick and Walter came round to their cousin's view, and it was decided that on the morrow he should go to the mansion at Pine Bluff and acquaint Mr. Mortimer with all that had occurred. Jake, too, veered round and acquiesced in this arrangement with a suddenness which would have aroused the suspicion of less honorable and less unsuspecting lads. They were glad, in fact, that harmony was restored, especially as it was now time to return to camp.

The moon had long since set, casting a wild, lurid light over the forest, and the whiteness of the dawn began to brighten the eastern sky. So the boys turned their steps toward the tents, beginning to feel drowsy and very weary after the excitement.

Suddenly upon their path appeared the wild figure of the Mad Hermit, going at full speed, waving his arms as if in a frantic appeal to the heavens above. The boys, with scared faces, stood by to let him pass. He did not notice them at all, and pursued his way, rushing along the forest paths, and finally disappearing in a clump of trees. He was a weird phantom in the faint morning light, and the boys one and all felt a shiver run through them. Somehow, this solitary being, forever intent on that quest which had robbed him of his reason, seemed a prophecy and a warning; and even the most careless of boys, no less than their elders, have at times their premonitions and their fears of coming ill.

But when they reached camp a very commonplace incident drove all these unwholesome fancies from their mind. There was a cat—a common, everyday Tabby—busily engaged in eating the string of fish which Sedgwick had caught and hung up on a tree for their breakfast. At first they believed it a wild cat, and were for approaching it with precaution and with carefully levelled guns. At last, however, with a hearty

burst of laughter, they discovered that it was only a lean, half-starved pussy. It is very undignified to relate, and quite a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, that these four explorers, engaged on so momentous a quest, now indulged heartily in a cat hunt. They pursued the animal with wild yells, with bursts of laughter and occasional throwing of missiles. But Mistress Tabitha was sly and finally escaped into a tree, far above their malicious pursuit; taking with her the remnants of a fish, which she enjoyed in their actual sight, as they lay resting at the foot of that giant oak. Each one threw a parting pebble at her, in good-humored defiance. None of them touched her, and Tabby continued her meal, watching with gleaming eyes of green her late adversaries depart toward the camp.

Each boy, having munched a piece of bread, threw himself down in his tent to sleep off the fatigues of the long night's chase. Julian lay wakeful for a time, watching the stars as they peeped in between the laps of his tent, and revolving in his mind the encounter with the wild beast, and the still more terrifying, though less perilous, meeting with the Mad Hermit. Once or twice he fancied that he saw the weird figure hovering about the tents; then he tried to remember what his grandfather, in a few brief, cynical sentences, had striven to tell him of this singular being. Finally his thoughts got into a tangle, confused, bewildered, mingled with the sounds of the forest and of the sea; and at last he had floated off into that paradise of untroubled sleep where the old are young again, and the world-weary are light of heart, and from which boyhood emerges with renewed vitality, hope, and energy.

It seemed to Julian when he woke that he could never wait to gain his grandfather's consent, or anything else; but that, once his breakfast was swallowed, he must hasten to the marsh

and find the entrance to the cavern, in the light of the Hermit's words. As a first step of action, he rushed out of the tent to light the fire, deferring his morning plunge in the sea till the kettle was filled with water and hung over the blaze.

"I mustn't lose a moment," he said to himself. "I'll go and see grandfather and get back here by midday. That will give us a fine, long afternoon for the search."

Tabby had interfered a good deal with the morning meal. But when Julian went to bathe, as it was low water, he found a few clams on the beach. The four boys relished them later, with salt and pepper, finding them a pleasant addition to their bread and butter. When everything was put away, Julian prepared to start upon his mission; but as he neared the edge of the forest, whom should he encounter but Nicholas, standing with arms outspread, plainly barring his passage?

Julian looked up into the rugged face earnestly.

"I must go!" he said.

Nicholas shook his head from side to side, precisely like some wooden image.

"I've got to go!" Julian repeated; and again Nicholas shook his head.

Julian was perplexed.

"I have to tell my grandfather before I can go on with the quest; so, Nicholas, you must let me go."

The wooden face relaxed somewhat.

"I must let him know about the Mad Hermit and what he told me."

"Aha!" the voice came suddenly from the rugged figure, which still barred the path; and there was a glow of interest, of curiosity, almost of suspicion in the face, as a gleam of sun on a rock.

"He told me, you see, Nicholas, where the entrance of the cavern is, and I must ask grandfather if it is right to go on looking when we have got the clue."

Nicholas, with a trace of eagerness

never perceptible before in his imperturbable face, broke his habitual silence.

"You will not give up?"

"No," said Julian, solemnly. "With God's help, I mean to keep on; only I want to do everything fairly."

The arms were withdrawn, and Nicholas, making once again the military salute, stepped aside. Julian, with a simple "Thank you, Nicholas!" passed on his way; while the old man looked after the brave figure of the boy, just touched with the morning sunlight,—and looked and looked till he had to wink away some very human tears from his eyes.

It was a beautiful morning, and as Julian hurried on the beauty of it seemed to sink into his heart; for a peaceful heart, a good conscience, and a joyous temperament give to Nature a gladness that is indescribable. Every honest boy experiences this when he gets up on a summer morning and goes forth for a ramble by sea or land.

It seemed to Julian's impatience that the way was very long to the mansion at Pine Bluff; but at last its roof and gables came in sight, and the dwelling itself, solemn and drear, with the shadows of more than two centuries upon it. Julian entered at the garden, and, passing by the flowering beds and bushes of roses and other bloom, he reached the familiar lawn. It was very silent now, since "the fellows" were all gone from it; and with something of awe Julian passed across its bars of light and shade, where the sun came through the elms guarding it on every side. His figure looked strangely small; but his face had that brightness upon it which one associates with the sunshine; and his hair, as he took off his cap to wipe his forehead, shone, too, in the wandering sunbeams.

His grandfather, perceiving him from the library window, felt a glow half of pleasure, half of vexation. Had this little chap come to disturb his beloved

solitude? And had he been, after all, the first to give up the contest? With these thoughts was a certain pleasure, owing to the gladness of the boy's face and to his brave and manly bearing.

"If *he* has given up, the others have no chance," the old man thought. "And yet I am surprised. I did not think he would have accepted defeat so speedily."

And then Mr. Mortimer heard the young voice saying outside his window:

"May I come in to the library, grandfather? I have something very important to tell you."

The old man could scarce restrain a smile at the gravity with which this message was delivered; and he looked down at the small figure, with its resolute air, and into the bright eyes gazing so earnestly into his own.

"Come in, then," he said, "and let us hear the momentous tidings. One would think you were an ambassador from the Czar of All the Russias."

And Julian, accepting the invitation, went up the steps and in at the open door, taking his way to the library, where Mr. Mortimer sat awaiting him.

(To be continued.)

Lorenzo Lippi's "Flight into Egypt."

Lorenzo Lippi's "Flight into Egypt" owes to the good-natured assistance of Salvator Rosa's pencil that it was ever finished to contribute to the fame of its author. It happened that Rosa, in one of those fits of idleness to which even his strenuous spirit was occasionally liable, flung down his pencil and sallied forth to communicate the infection of his mood to his friend Lippi. On entering his studio, however, he found him laboring with great impetuosity on the background of this picture; but in such sullen vehemence, or in such evident ill humor, that Salvator demanded:

"*Che fai amico?*"

"What am I about?" said Lippi. "I am going mad with vexation. Here is one of my best pictures ruined; I am under a spell, and can not even draw the branch of a tree nor a tuft of herbage."

"Great goodness!" exclaimed Rosa, twisting the palette off Lippi's thumb, "what colors are here?" And, scraping them off, and gently pushing away Lippi, he took his place, murmuring: "Let me see! Who knows but I may help you out of the scrape?"

Half in jest and half in earnest, he began to touch and retouch and change, till nightfall found him at the easel finishing one of the best background landscapes he ever painted. All Florence came the next day to look at this *chef-d'œuvre*, and the first artists of the age took it as a study.

The Legend of the Grosbeak.

The grosbeak, or hawkfinch, is a very shy bird, which seldom ventures out of the thick woods in which it delights to dwell. Yet, though it has such a dread of mankind, legend tells a tale of the faithful love it exhibited long ago at the tragedy on Mount Calvary.

The story runs that when this bird saw Jesus hanging on the cross, it went at once to His aid and tried to draw out the nails which pierced His hands and His feet, so that He should suffer no more. But, of course, the effort was too great for its poor strength, and its little bill got injured in the attempt. The poor bird has had a cross bill ever since; for its beak, instead of meeting at a point like that of other birds, has an upper beak and an under beak which cross each other.

THE word *Bedlam* is derived from Bethlehem Hospital in London, which was formerly a religious house dedicated to St. Mary of Bethlehem.

With Authors and Publishers.

—In a new book entitled "The Invocation of Saints," Dr. Darwell Stone (Anglican) contends that such invocation is not contrary to Christian principle, and that to condemn it is not only to restrict liberty needlessly but to put an unjustifiable barrier in the way of reunion with Rome.

—It is to be hoped that the little volume lately published by the Rev. Dr. Randolph, of Ely Theological College ("The Virgin-Birth of Our Lord"), will reach a wide circle of non-Catholic readers. To suppose that any one can hold the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation without believing the miraculous conception and birth is, in the writer's opinion, a delusion. He contends that believers in the Incarnation must also be believers in the Virgin-Birth. The modern endeavor to divorce the one from the other appears to be part of the attempt now being made to get rid of the miraculous altogether in Christianity. Longmans, Green & Co.

—A spicy tract on the need of religious education is "Huppim and Muppim," by Charles L. Marson. We can not, of course, agree with the writer's conclusion that it is of no consequence whether children attend religious schools or not, but there are both wit and wisdom in his satire on the learned Cambridge divines whose one message to mankind is to read the Greek Testament in uncials and to avoid profane swearing; who instruct their flocks about Huppim and Muppim and the second missionary journey of St. Paul, while they are silent about the right way to worship God and the vital truths and practices of the Christian life. The tract is aimed at Mr. Marson's fellow-religionists, but it would be profitable as well as pungent reading for Catholics too. A. R. Mowbray & Co., London.

—In our notice of "Child-Confidence Rewarded," a small pamphlet by Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, intended as an aid to parents in the exceedingly delicate and difficult task of imparting knowledge of a certain kind to their children, we remember to have said that it was infinitely better for boys and girls to learn some things from the pure lips of father or mother than to acquire the information from books or companions. We praised the work of this Protestant woman-physician for its wisdom and the reverent spirit in which every page was written. Another book from the same pen on the same subject, entitled "Teaching Truth," is also to be commended. For frontispiece there is a picture of the Madonna, and we like to believe that it was deliberately chosen. The author does not always express herself as one might wish, still there is nothing to which offence could

reasonably be taken; and the booklet aims to give plain instruction, and is full of practical advice. For instance—"When girls are passing through these years of development it is especially desirable that they shall not be educated along the line of the emotions." "Teaching Truth" may be helpful to many mothers. Wood-Allen Publishing Co.

—"Masculine common-sense, backed by a plentiful amount of knowledge and a trenchant manner of exposition," would fittingly characterize the criticisms of the *Athenæum*; though it is not always free from the "unrefined raiillery" which it is wont to condemn in others. In a notice of "Criticisms," vol. ii., by John M. Robertson, our learned contemporary remarks: "We are glad to observe that the asperity which occasionally characterized the former volume has been toned down," etc. In the same number of the *Athenæum* appears the following brief notice of "Clerical Love Stories," by A. B. Cooper:

It is happily many years since the effeminate type of curate went out of fashion. In this volume of sentimental stories Mr. Cooper has made a touching effort to revive his memory. Here we find the approved old-fashioned methods. The moral in each case is obvious and elementary. The youth who buys a newspaper on Sunday takes the first step to perdition. The curate, if his physical constitution survives contact with the world and the effort of converting a hardened sinner by the eloquence of one sermon, marries one of those young ladies whose piety and devotion are stimulated by admiration of himself. Such literature is a little sickly for the modern palate, but would serve one of the aforesaid young ladies, if any still exist, for the purpose of reading aloud to the occupants of an almshouse.

Clever, of course; but does not the reference to the occupants of an almshouse savor somewhat of "unrefined raiillery"?

—The term of copyright protection in this country is twenty-eight years, with an extension right of fourteen years. In great Britain copyright expires after forty-two years; in Germany, thirty years after the author's death; in Spain, eighty years; and in Belgium, Norway, Peru and Russia, fifty years thereafter. In Mexico, Venezuela and Guatemala no limit is set. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, himself a wealthy man, humorously voices the grievances of less opulent authors in the *Century*. "If I with seven years of hard work get myself a little farm," he says, "that farm is mine and my heirs' in pēpētuity. But if with seven years of work I write a book, that book ceases to belong to me at a stated time, though it may then be worth a million dollars or more. The thing is unjust." Our sympathies are altogether with the fraternity, yet we wonder whether Mr. Aldrich himself took his argument

seriously. The spiritual achievements of the race must perforce become common property if the world is to progress; and even in material things, if Mr. Aldrich were required to pay royalty on every mechanical device by which ingenious men have made life easier and better, even he might find the cost of living rather high. For the sake of posterity, we should be sorry if Mr. Aldrich's books were permanently copyrighted; though we could watch the experiment tried on Marie Corelli, for example, with a good deal of fortitude.

—Dickens and Thackeray published some of their greatest novels in weekly instalments; and the custom of issuing a long work serially, though it never took hold in this country, is still sometimes followed in England. Mr. P. Justin O'Byrne has just completed "The Life and Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII.," to be published "in ten weekly parts" by R. & T. Washbourne. Part I. contains thirty pages and carries the record of the lamented Pontiff's life far into his career as Bishop of Perugia. It is less anecdotal than other similar works in English, and very sensibly devotes less space to the late Pope's boyhood and youth. But the time has not yet come for the final biography of Leo XIII., which must be a scholarly study of his period, and not a mere panegyric.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Life of St. Philip Neri. *Bacci-Antrobus*. Two Vols. \$3.75, net.

The Truth of Papal Claims. *Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D.* \$1, net.

England's Cardinals. *Dudley Baxter*. \$1, net.

All on the Irish Shore *E. Somerville-M. Ross*. \$1.50.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Rev. Nicholas Gihir, D. D.* \$4.

The Government: What It Is; What It Does. *Salter Storrs Clark*. 75 cts.

Teaching Truth. *Dr. Mary Wood-Allen*. 50 cts.

The Voice of the River. *Olive Katharine Parr*. \$1.75.

Ne Obliviscaris. *Florence Ratcliff*. 75 cts., net.

Studies Concerning Adrian IV. *Prof. O. A. Thatcher*. \$1.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. *Emily Mary Shapcote*. \$1.25.

The City of Peace. *By Those who Have Entered It*. 90 cts., net.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). *Frances E. Herring*. \$2.

History of Philosophy. *William Turner, S. T. D.* \$2.50.

Introibo. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford*. \$1.50.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. *Archer Butler Hulbert*. \$2, net.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. *Johannes Janssen*. Vols. V. & VI. \$6.25.

The Philippine Islands. *Blair-Robertson*. Vol. III. \$4.

The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton*. \$5.

Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.

Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley*. \$1.50.

Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan*. \$1, net.

In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis*. \$1, net.

The New Empire. *Brooks Adams*. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

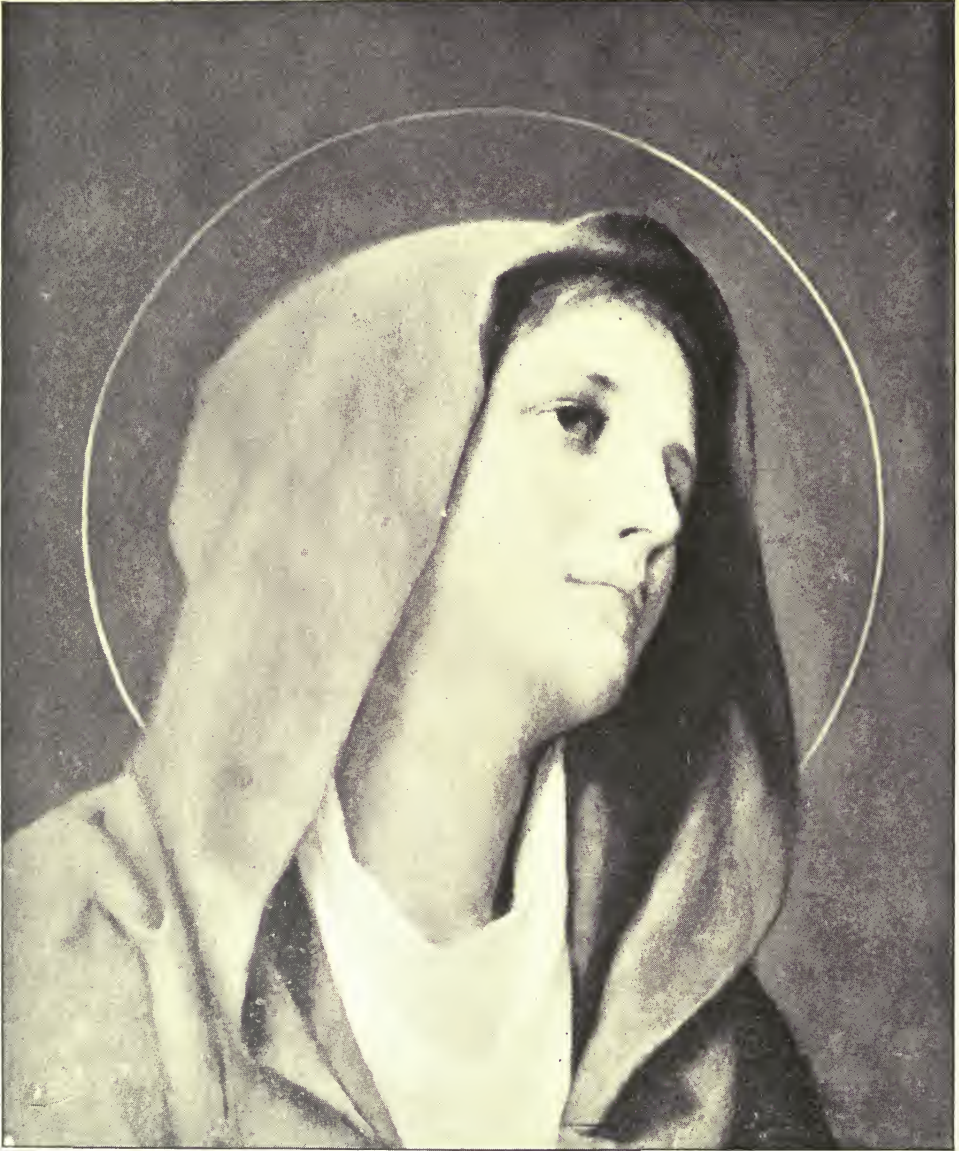
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Honore Allaes, of the diocese of Helena; Rev. Michael Lynch, diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. William Moloney, diocese of Sacramento; Rev. Peter Curran, C. SS. R.; and Rev. A. D. Brennan, O. C. C.

Sister Mary Hortense, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Thomas Ward, of Bryantown, Md.; Mrs. J. C. Pelton, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Frank Mahoney, Chicago, Ill.; Mabel L. Lyons, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. G. H. Flynn, Meriden, Conn.; Mr. Joseph Carberry, New York; Mrs. E. Balf and Mrs. Anna Murray, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. James Corcoran, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Timothy Shiels, Washington, D. C.; Mr. J. L. Melaugh, Portland, Me.; Mr. Thomas Hevey, Woburn, Mass.; Mr. John Stanley and Mr. James McCarthy, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mr. William Hobbins, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. John O'Connor, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Charles Henk, Detroit, Mich.; and Mr. Joseph Campau, Saginaw, Mich.

Requiescant in pace!



MATER DOLOROSA.
(SEIFERT.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Rare Thanksgiving.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.

OUR debt of thanks to God for answered prayer,
Though all too soon our grateful lips we stay,
We fain acknowledge, and in part we pay;
A greater debt we owe Him, unaware,
For that, with boundless love and tender care,
He oft refuses us and says us nay
The while we grieve impatient of delay:
For boons withheld our gratitude is rare.

Yet when our vision, cleansed from earthly clot,
Shall see the beauty of His providence,
And learn whereto our granted suit had led,
How deep will be our joy He heard us not,
But spared us grave and multiplied offence
Full surely ours, had our petitions sped!

St. Ninian.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.



REGARDING the history of St. Ninian, we are fortunate in possessing its outlines from the pen of St. Bede, who lived about two hundred and fifty years after Ninian's death. His simple statements enable us to form a fair idea of the work and character of the great Scottish Bishop.* Alcuin, another famous Benedictine author, in a letter written a century after St. Bede's decease, confirms all that that historian tells us; and, moreover, makes known that even in his time the memory of Ninian was held in benedic-

tion. But there was evidently a larger store of information from which to draw; for Bede had merely touched on the salient features of Ninian's life as he passed on to speak of St. Columba.

This fuller knowledge was kept alive for centuries among the people whom Ninian had converted to the true Faith. These Celtic converts—like the whole of their race, ever tenacious of tradition,—committed the details of St. Ninian's life to writing; of this we are practically assured by Aelred, the twelfth-century biographer of St. Ninian. He speaks of the "barbarous tongue" and the "rustic dialect" in which the original traditions had been written; a reference in all probability to a Gaelic dialect peculiar to Galloway. St. Aelred, who rescued these traditions from falling into oblivion, was a Cistercian monk of the Abbey of Rievaulx in Yorkshire. He was born A. D. 1109, and was brought up in the Scottish court, being held in high esteem by David I. Before writing his work on St. Ninian, Aelred visited Galloway in person: consequently he was able to ascertain every available local tradition.

The following facts are based on the combined authority of St. Bede and St. Aelred. As to the date of Ninian's birth, it may be fixed at about the middle of the fourth century,—360 is generally stated to have been the year. Ninian is said to have been of royal blood; but this may mean nothing more than that his father was a minor Pictish potentate in the kingdom of Cumbria, which at the time was a British province

* Vid. Hist. Eccl., Lib. iii, 4.

under Roman dominion. We are ignorant of the exact place of his birth, but most writers are agreed that it must have been somewhere along the valley of the Solway, probably in Galloway. The fact that Ninian's father was a Christian when his son was born is sufficient evidence that the Faith had been introduced into Scotland some time previously. The first pioneers of Christianity were probably found among the Roman legions which occupied the country of Britain for about four hundred years, their final withdrawal taking place A. D. 409.

With regard to the evangelization of our present Scotland, previous to the time of Ninian hardly anything authentic has come down to us. Tertullian writing toward the end of the second century, before the expedition of Severus in the year 208, states that even the most inaccessible parts of Britain had become subject to Christ.* Whether by this statement he intended to include the whole of Scotland it is impossible to say. A very ancient tradition, which, however, can hardly be considered as authentic history, relates that King Donald in the year 200 received Christianity from the teaching of Mark and Denis, two missionaries who had been sent to Scotland from Rome by Pope Victor.

Be that as it may, Christianity had obtained a firm hold in Britain long before the birth of Ninian, as is evidenced by the fact that churches were plundered and Christians persecuted in consequence of the promulgation of the Edict of Diocletian in 303. Britain also had its own bishops in the early part of the fourth century; for in 314, 347 and 359 they sat in the councils convened by the Pope at Arles, Sardica, and Rimini, respectively.†

Ninian, having been born of godly

parents, received the grace of baptism while yet an infant. His name has been variously written and differently pronounced. Bede calls him Nynias; William of Malmesbury styles him Ninas; other writers speak of him as Ninus, Nynia, Ringen or Ringan. The Irish sometimes give him the prefix "Mo," indicative of affection.

The sanctity of Ninian was apparent from his boyhood. While still a youth he shrank from everything contrary to religion, purity, and the law of truth. He was assiduous in all things that concerned the glory of God and the service of his neighbor. Aelred goes on to tell of his delight in God's law, his reverence for churches, and his love toward the brethren. Like other holy men, he was temperate in food, sparing in words, and diligent in reading. His manners also were very engaging; but on all occasions he avoided jesting, and took care to subdue the flesh to the spirit in all things.

Holy Scripture, we are told, was St. Ninian's special study. He had been instructed therein by the learned men of his country, but he desired more complete knowledge of the Divine Word. While hesitating as to where he could obtain the wisdom he sought, his mind naturally turned toward Rome, the centre of learning and the metropolis of the Christian world.

In making the resolution to go to Rome, Ninian was undoubtedly actuated not merely by love of learning, but by a desire to perform an act of devotion. The spirit in which Christians regarded Rome at that time may perhaps be best understood from the words of Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons A. D. 178: "With this Church [at Rome], on account of her more powerful headship, it is necessary that every church—that is the faithful who are everywhere—should agree; in which Church has always been preserved by the faithful everywhere that tradition which is from

* Adv. Judæos, c. vii.

† Stevenson's "Early Christianity in Scotland."

the Apostles."* Tertullian, too, has put on record his enthusiasm for the See of Rome: "Go to the Apostolic churches to learn the Faith. If thou art near to Italy, thou hast Rome, where we also have an authority close at hand. Blessed Church, on which the Apostles poured their doctrine with their blood! Let us see what she hath learned, what she hath taught."†

These feelings which animated men two centuries before St. Ninian was born, animated also his soul; therefore, spurning riches and earthly affection, he set out on his arduous journey about the year 381. His route lay through Britain and Gaul. Following the road which leads to Carlisle, the young traveller entered that city, and then passed on to York; hence he proceeded by the highway of Watling Street to London and Sandwich. This latter place was the port for Boulogne. Arrived in France, he travelled via Lyons to Milan, crossing the Gallic Alps and the Pass of the Great St. Bernard.

The saintly youth—for he could not have been more than twenty-one years at the time—arrived in Rome during the pontificate of the famous Pope Damasus (366-384). The beauty of the city must have impressed the mind of the pilgrim Scotsman, as he gazed on the glorious buildings of temple and palace erected by emperors in former times. These relics of the pagan Empire were now interspersed with Christian churches—basilicas, as they were called,—some of which had been built by the then occupant of St. Peter's Chair.

To this holy Pope, we are told, Ninian presented himself. He was received with great affection and treated as a son. Damasus placed him under the care of competent teachers, whose duty it was to instruct the Scottish youth in the Sacred Scriptures and in the doctrine

and practice of the Catholic Faith. During the eighteen years which Ninian spent in Rome several of the greatest doctors were illuminating Christendom with their sanctity and learning. In the East were the Gregorys, St. Basil and St. Chrysostom; and in the West, Saints Ambrose, Augustine and Jerome. In the company of such luminaries Ninian imbibed that sacred learning which he was afterward to impart to his fellow-countrymen. And not only did he apply himself to earnest study, but he performed with assiduity all those acts of devotion which console the pilgrim from a distant land; chief among these were his visits to the tombs of the Apostles and the shrines of the martyrs.

Ninian continued to increase in the favor and friendship of Damasus till the death of that Pope, which took place in the year 384. Siricius now succeeded to the Papal Chair, and under his authority Ninian still prosecuted his studies. At length when Siricius learned that many of the inhabitants of Western Scotland were sunk in the darkness of unbelief, and that professing Christians there had been seduced by false teachers, he determined to raise Ninian to the rank of bishop, and then entrust to him the work of spreading Christianity in his native province. After passing through the ranks of the minor clergy, and having the order of priesthood, Ninian was consecrated bishop at the hands of the Pope himself.

Thus ordained and fitted for his labors, he set out on his homeward journey. Passing through Gaul, he turned aside to visit one of the greatest prelates in Christendom—St. Martin of Tours. At the conclusion of his visit, Ninian requested St. Martin to allow him to take with him to Britain stone-masons, who would be able to build churches in the style of those erected in Rome. His petition having been acceded to, he resumed his journey.

A warm welcome awaited our saint.

* Adv. Heres. Lib. iii, c. 3, n. 1, 2.

† De Præscript. Heret.

when he reached the confines of his native province. Crowds of enthusiastic men and women came to greet him; for they had not forgotten the amiable youth whose father had been their former ruler.

As soon as possible St. Ninian began his missionary labors. In order, probably, that he might not be disturbed by the incursions of hostile tribes, he selected the shores of Galloway as the site of his ecclesiastical buildings. In those primitive times houses and churches were constructed either of wood or of rough stones and earth. Ninian, however, desired to have a more permanent edifice wherein to set forth the splendor and dignity of those services he had grown accustomed to in Rome, and which he now intended to reproduce, as far as circumstances would allow, in this northern clime.

With the help of his masons from Gaul, Ninian erected the first stone church in Scotland. The building was of an unusual kind among the Britons; and, owing to its white and gleaming appearance (for it was probably plastered with lime), it gained the name of Whithern, or the "White House,"—a designation afterward applied to the whole district, and perpetuated in the official title of the See of Galloway in its Latin form of "Candida Casa." The edifice, in all probability, stood on the promontory now known as the Isle of Whithorn, about three miles from the town of that name. The original building no longer exists; but a small chapel built on its site, and now in ruins, keeps alive its memory.

In a church built after the model of the Roman basilica belonging to this date, the altar stood in the centre of an apsidal presbytery, or space reserved exclusively for the clergy; under a ciborium, or canopy, supported usually on four pillars, between which were suspended rich curtains to be drawn round the altar at the more sacred parts

of the Mass. The space immediately round the altar and its canopy was enclosed and separated from the rest of the presbytery by balustrades, or low perforated walls, called *cancelli* (hence our word "chancel"), and was known as the sanctuary, being appointed to the use of the ministers of the altar only.

At the end of the apse, behind the altar, stood the bishop's chair, and along the wall on each side, were the seats of the higher clergy. The presbytery was separated usually by steps from the choir, or place where the singers stood; which was itself likewise separated from the nave by a low screen, outside which on either side were placed the *ambones*, or pulpits, destined for the reading of the Lessons, Epistle and Gospel. The nave itself was divided into two parts by a barrier running down the centre; one side being reserved for the men, the other for the women. Nearer the entrance, there were divisions for the candidates for baptism and for public penitents.

At Candida Casa, besides a church, Ninian had a monastery erected. It was called the Magnum Monasterium—the great monastery, a designation which associated it with that famous institution at Marmoutier in France, founded by St. Martin, and which had furnished a model for Ninian's buildings in Galloway. This monastery at Whithern was destined to become a celebrated training school and theological centre, not only for the kingdom of the Southern Picts but for Ireland also. Among the many famous men who resorted thither may be mentioned Finnian of Moville, destined in after years to become the teacher of St. Columba, the Apostle of the Northern Picts.

As to the nature of the services conducted in the church at Whithern during the lifetime of its founder, we are able to form some idea from contemporary documents. Doubtless at morning, noon and evening, the Psalms were chanted

in Latin according to the usage of the Roman Church; and during the night, at least on Sundays and feasts, there would be a vigil, as was the custom of the same church at that time. A century later these various services for the daytime and during the night received definite shape from St. Benedict, as may be seen in his Rule, and in the customs that are still kept up in Benedictine monasteries.

The order and ceremonial of the Roman Mass at this period are well known. Had we been present in the "White House" in Galloway on a Sunday or feast-day, we might have witnessed a service answering to the following description. When the congregation had assembled in their various places, the Bishop entered the sacristy, and, with the assistance of his ministers, exchanged his ordinary garments for the vestments reserved for the celebration of Mass. These consisted of a linen tunic confined by a girdle; the stole, at that time in the form of a scarf of fine linen; the dalmatic, somewhat shorter than the linen tunic; and lastly the chasuble, a large circular garment, having an opening for the head, and raised at the sides and folded back over the arms. Thus fully vested, the Bishop, with his attendant priests, deacons, and subdeacons, was conducted from the sacristy to the church. A cleric with a censer, and acolytes bearing lighted tapers, led the way.

The Introit, consisting of a psalm, was chanted while the procession moved on to the altar. Having arrived there, the Bishop and his clergy prostrated in silent prayer. After the prostration the Bishop kissed the altar and the Book of the Gospels, and then went to his throne behind the altar. A lector immediately ascended the ambo, and read a lesson from the Old Testament, followed by a psalm. This being accomplished, the Bishop saluted those present with the *Dominus vobiscum* and recited the

Collect. Another lector now mounted the ambo to read the Epistle, after which two cantors sang a psalm with the "Alleluia." During the continuation of the chant, the deacon took the Gospel Book, and with much solemnity proceeded to the ambo, where, on the conclusion of the psalm, he read the Gospel appointed for the day. The Gospel being ended, the Bishop repeated *Dominus vobiscum*, and recited several prayers of intercession which are still used in the Latin service for Good Friday.

The offerings of bread and wine were then collected from intending communicants, and the deacon selected what was necessary and placed it upon the altar. The Bishop washed his hands and proceeded to the altar, where he recited the prayers called the Secret. The subdeacons ranged themselves at the back of the altar facing the Bishop, and the concelebrating priests stood on each side of him. The solemn prayers called the Canon, including the words of institution, were recited in a low voice, till they came to the *Pater Noster*, which was sung aloud. Just before the latter act the Host and chalice were elevated,—a ceremony probably intended to indicate to the people that the Consecration had been effected and they might prepare themselves for the Holy Communion.

Then came the *Fractio*, or breaking of the Host,—a much more complicated act in those times than it is now. One of the portions broken was reserved until the next Mass, when it was placed in the chalice. While the Fraction was being carried out, the Bishop returned to his seat, where in a standing posture he received the Communion. Then followed the communion of the clergy and laity, during which the choir chanted a psalm. When all was over, a short prayer of thanksgiving was sung, and the deacon announced that the service was at an end. The Bishop and clergy then returned to the sacristy.

But to continue the narrative of St.

Ninian's life. The faith he professed admitted the possibility of miracles; for Christ had said, "Signs shall follow them that believe."* Hence we must not be astonished to read of many wonderful events in St. Ninian's life, which can be explained only by classing them with the miraculous. On one occasion he gave sight to the blind King Tudualus; on another he is said to have raised a dead person to life. Once, in his presence, the virtue of a priest was vindicated by the voice of an infant.

Ninian, like other early Celtic saints, practised considerable austerity of life. During Lent he used the poorest fare, and on the two days preceding the Easter festival he was accustomed to abstain altogether from food. In order to give himself more completely to prayer, he used to retire from time to time into solitude. A rocky cave on the Wigtonshire coast is still pointed out as his place of retreat. In the year 1884 excavations were made in this cave, resulting in the discovery of several stones carved with crosses and other sacred emblems. One of these bears upon it the half-effaced inscription *Sanct Nin*.

When Ninian travelled, it is said that he habitually kept his mind fixed on God; and when he turned aside to rest he spent the time in reading or in singing psalms. On occasions like these, even in the midst of the heaviest showers, it is said that no moisture ever touched the book from which he read. Once, however, when travelling with one of his brethren, the saint having begun his spiritual exercises, an unworthy thought somewhat occupied his mind. Immediately the supernatural protection was withdrawn, and the rain poured down upon him and his book. His companion gently reproved him for his fault; and Ninian, coming to himself, threw off the distraction, and the rain ceased.

At length the day of St. Ninian's

departure from this life drew near. His episcopal labors in Scotland had extended to about thirty-five years.* His death took place on the 16th of September, A. D. 432. Although we possess no details concerning it, of one thing we are certain: 'that it was precious in the sight of the Lord.' Later, his work was taken up by St. Palladius, St. Ternan, St. Kentigern, and others; but St. Ninian has the privilege of being the first and greatest of ancient Scottish missionaries of whom there is a clear and distinct tradition.

His body was placed in a stone coffin, and deposited in an honorable place near the altar of the church which he himself had founded. The power with God which he had possessed so eminently in life ceased not to make itself felt even after death. As with God's Prophet of old, so with the relics of Ninian, wonders were performed. At his tomb the sick were healed, lepers were cleansed, the blind received their sight, and demons were vanquished. Through these miraculous events, says Aelred, the faith of believers was confirmed to the praise of Our Lord.

In Catholic times Scotland celebrated the Feast of St. Ninian on September 16. During recent years the festival was revived in the Diocese of Galloway and at Fort Augustus Abbey. Furthermore, by a Papal decree issued in 1902, St. Ninian's Day has been restored to the whole Catholic Church in Scotland.

The shrine of the saint at Whithorn became one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in Scotland. Crowds of souls flocked thither even from England and Ireland. In 970 Kenneth II. went to venerate the relics. James IV., who died in 1513, made as many as eight visits. In 1506, when his Queen was in danger of death, his pilgrimage from Edinburgh

* It is said that St. Ninian visited Ireland a few years before his death, and that he erected a monastery in County Kildare. (Bellesheim's History.)

* St. Mark, xvi, 17, 18.

to Whithern was made on foot. On the occasion of one of these royal visits we hear of the miraculous cure of an English pilgrim on whom the King bestowed an alms.

So firmly rooted in the hearts of the Scots was their love for such shrines as St. Ninian's, that it required special legislation after the Reformation to restrain it. In the seventh Parliament of James VI. an act was passed forbidding visits of this kind "to chapelles, welles, croces, and sik uther monuments of idolatrie"; the penalty for the first offence being a heavy fine; for the second fault the offenders were to suffer the "pane of death as idolaters." Laws such as these were an effectual prevention of the continuance of pilgrimages to Whithern.

When the shrine was destroyed at this same period, an arm of St. Ninian is said to have been saved. This relic, through the efforts of the Countess of Linlithgow, and with the assistance of the Rev. A. Macquarry and Father Alex. Seton, was safely conveyed to the Scots College at Douai, in France; but its subsequent history is unknown.

In course of time the original fabric at Whithern fell into decay, but it was again restored during the eighth century. The Saxons having conquered the kingdom of Strathclyde, a new line of bishops was begun under the jurisdiction of the metropolitan See of York. Subsequent to the year 790 an unfortunate time followed for the faithful in Galloway, and the flock of St. Ninian from the year 863 was placed under the spiritual care of the Bishop of the Isle of Man. A fresh start was made in the twelfth century, owing to the energy and piety of King David I.; and the line of bishops then inaugurated continued till the change of religion in the sixteenth century. Bishop Andrew Durie, of the Cistercian Order, who died in Edinburgh, September, 1558, was the last Catholic bishop. The See continued vacant till

the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy by Pope Leo XIII., on March 4, 1878, when the Right Rev. John M'Lachlan was appointed Bishop of Whithern (Candida Casa), or Galloway. At the present time Bishop William Turner rules the diocese founded by St. Ninian.

We have seen that it was owing to the intervention of the devout King David I. that the See of Candida Casa was formally restored in the twelfth century. About the same time Fergus, Lord of Galloway, anxious for the spiritual renovation of his people, determined on founding a monastery, whence the blessings of holy example and Christian teaching might be secured. For this purpose he introduced a fervent community of Premonstratensian Canons. These Canons differ from monks inasmuch as they are necessarily clerics, whereas the latter are so only by privilege; moreover, canons are attached to the service of a particular church and not merely to the monastery of their Order. It may also be noted that the members of the Order of Premonstre are sometimes known as "White Canons" from the color of their habit, as also "Norbertines" from the name of their founder.

The Whithern community was an offshoot from the monastery of Saulseat, near Stranraer in Wigtonshire, which in turn had been founded from Cockersand in Lancashire. These Canons constituted the chapter of the diocese, and elected the Bishop of Candida Casa. During the vacancy of the See, the prior of the community held the office of Vicar-capitular. These arrangements, being somewhat unusual, were occasionally resisted by the secular clergy. The twelfth-century Norbertine Cathedral is now in a partly ruinous condition. The Whithern Presbyterians still continue to worship within the nave, but its former glory has departed. The conventual buildings must have been of considerable size, as traces of their ruins show. It

must be left to the imagination of the reader to picture the stately celebration of the daily choral offices by the Canons, clad in their graceful habit of white serge; but, like many other scenes of splendor, these too have passed away. A few years ago the late Marquis of Bute wished to reinstate the Premonstratensians in the neighborhood of their former abbey. The foundation, however, did not succeed, and the Canons were withdrawn.

Besides being patron saint of Nairn, a famous seaside town in Northern Scotland, the cultus of St. Ninian, propagated by the White Canons, has shown itself in other dedications throughout that Northern land; for example, there was a Chapel of St. Ninian at Culbin, and another at Foynesfield—the place is still called “Ringan” by Gaelic-speaking people; also a St. Ninian’s Well within the dyke of Bognafuran. In Elgin Cathedral there was an altarage of St. Ninian, supported by an endowment of lands belonging to Nairnshire. Other dedications at Fortrose, Kiltarn, Rosskeen, Urquhart, and Navidale are probably due to the influence of the White Canons of Fearn in Rosshire. Bishop Forbes, in his introduction to the “Lives of St. Ninian and St. Kentigern,” gives an incomplete list of dedications, which prove that St. Ninian was formerly held in great veneration throughout the whole of Scotland.

In the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh there is exhibited a bell of rude workmanship called the Clog-rinny, or Bell of St. Ringen—i. e., Ninian. The cruel war against faith in the sixteenth century wellnigh destroyed Christ’s “little flock” in distant Scotland; but, thank God, the echo of St. Ninian’s voice may still be heard directing the anxious mind to St. Peter’s Holy See, thence to learn truth immutable and everlasting!

My Hospitals.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—PROVIDENCE.

THE heart of me seemed to be sinking into a quicksand of doubt and dread. I could not eat, I could not sleep. My pillow was clammy with a kind of death damp that gathered there. I was hot and cold on the slightest notice and always without provocation. It was evident that something must be done and done at once. The consulting physicians looked wise and said: “A touch of the grippe: your place is in the hospital.”

No doubt the bungalow was unsuited to the requirements of one in a low fever, that was yet too high at intervals to avoid an occasional alarm. Jules did all that a lay-brother—he was always that in our eyes—could do. He went softly to and fro, with less color in his healthy cheeks than usual; “the kid” attempted all sorts of things, but chiefly strove to divert me with his amusing recitations, songs, dances. I do not believe that I was a fit audience, though heaven knows I was few enough.

The carriage came for me. I was supported on my way downstairs and across the pavement; for my knees quaked under me and I felt as if I must topple over, I had grown so weak and helpless. The kid was my companion as I left the bungalow, where Jules stood solemnly waving a hand to us. I could not help asking myself the question, “Shall I ever return to it? Shall I ever see it again?” The thought of leaving it perhaps forever, and going to a house where death is a daily occurrence, and so common that it is hardly thought of for a moment, almost overcame me. How beautiful the bungalow looked in its mantle of ivy! I turned for a last glimpse of it, and there stood Jules at an open window, holding Mexique, our

MIND is the beginning of civilization, but the ends and fruitage thereof are of the heart.—*Anon.*

toy dog, of Mexican blood but born in Paris and speaking only French, or at least listening only to it. The sight finished me for the rest of the drive,—I could hardly keep back the tears.

A long and broad flight of steps leads to the front entrance of Providence Hospital. To me it seemed like scaling a mountain to work my way to that door. We rang, were admitted, and shown into one of the waiting rooms, where pious pictures hung upon the walls and vases of artificial flowers stood on the mantel. With a faint heart I sank into a chair and looked appealingly at the kid, who had reversed the natural order of things and was doing the Roman Father rôle right bravely.

In a moment entered a beautiful woman in the garb of a Sister of Charity. The white wings of her bonnet waved slightly as she hastened noiselessly toward me. With hands extended she exclaimed: "Oh, I am so glad you have come! Now we will go to your room and put you to bed, and you will be very comfortable and very happy with us." Her lips were wreathed in smiles; she seemed to radiate sunshine. Her face, of the Madonna type, wore an expression of singular sweetness and purity. It seemed as if no frown could ever have darkened that placid brow; as if no hasty or unkind word could ever have passed those lips. And this was Sister Louise, who was for a score of years the idol of that house of pain.

My chamber was large, airy, well furnished. A man-servant came to prepare me for my bed. I sank back upon my pillow and surrendered myself to my fate. The kid withdrew, taking my heart with him; I could have wept for the loss of his shining countenance—saddened for the hour, and only for my sake. I pictured myself back in the bungalow, and regretted that I had ever left it. Every memory of it was so precious now. Was there ever such an other bungalow in all the world?

Two physicians entered with a very business-like air. One took my history in little. I was being carefully labelled—as if I were a subject for the morgue. The other glued his ear to my body and listened anxiously. I was thumped in order to awaken telltale echoes within me. My temperature was taken, my pulse counted, I was offered a glass of milk. A trained nurse with long apron and dainty cap came in to receive instructions in a whisper. Now I began to lose interest in everybody and everything. It was getting on toward twilight; the shutters were carefully closed; a gas jet, nicely shaded from my eyes, was lighted but turned low. I think Sister Louise entered and leaned over me for a few moments.

I heard bells ringing: the Angelus. I heard other bells tinkling up and down the long corridor: these were the calls of impatient patients from their several rooms. How good the bed seemed! how refreshing the pillows! I stretched my arms wide across the bed and tried to realize just where I was. I seemed to have forgotten all about that. Where was I? How long had I been there? Why was I not in the bungalow? The kid and Jules—they were not about. I wanted to call to them, but the effort seemed too much for me. Then the light faded away and I knew no more for some hours.

I awoke once during the night to find a very tall Sister, and aged also, with a lantern in her hand; a nurse was with her. She spoke very kindly to me—the night-watch,—and her words were soothing. She smoothed my pillow, sent for a glass of milk, said that very shortly some one would come to give me my medicine. Some one did, and I could not sleep after that.

I was glad when the day began to break; was very glad when the Angelus rang out on the still air. I heard the sound of many feet as they hastened toward the chapel at the other end of

the corridor. When the sun rose, I could see through my partially opened door that the corridor was flooded with light, that there were potted palms and geraniums there, and that shrill-voiced canaries were answering one another up and down the building.

The nurse opens my shutters and helps me make my simple toilette. Then my temperature, my pulse, my respirations are recorded. The room is tidied. A little breakfast arrives,—a very little breakfast but more than I could eat. Might I be allowed to read? No, not just yet. Every little while some one came in and did something for me. The serving man bathed me and administered massage. I began to look forward to his hour as the pleasantest of the day.

The kid came, of course; but there was always a little struggle at parting that marred the pleasure of his visits. He brought me my mail, and my receiving it there made it all seem to have come from some foreign land. One day Jules came, bringing Mexique with him. He, the little dog, sat on the bed, and looked at me in wonderment. He could not understand what it all meant. I was delighted to find that he did not avoid me but presently curled up by my pillow and went to sleep. You know it is said that a dog, with its astonishing instincts or intuitions, will not approach a deathbed, but rather fly from it. So little Mexique brought me a crumb of comfort in the hope that I might presently return to the bungalow.

Friends came to see me, bringing a breath of the outer world, and leaving my chamber filled with fragrant flowers. It is odd how friends hunt one another in vain over the face of the earth to meet at last most unexpectedly in outlandish places. F. Marion Crawford and I had exchanged letters and had planned to meet somewhere, somehow, sometime. I caught a glimpse of him driving in the Roman Corso, but he was beyond hailing distance. One evening I

was dining with the late W. W. Story in his beautiful apartment in the Palazzo Barberini. My host—the most genial of men and the most talented, being at the same time poet, painter, musician, actor, novelist, historian and sculptor—when he learned that Marion Crawford and I had not yet met, sent at once to a neighboring hotel where the novelist was stopping, and begged that he would join us without ceremony and without delay. But Crawford had gone hence—no one knew whither. It was some years after that when he called on me at Providence Hospital and found me laid low enough with the grippe.

And there came the brilliant and audacious Gertrude Franklyn Atherton, after we had been long separated, bringing with her such a fund of vitality that I seemed to have breathed again the very air of California, which is a tonic steeped in sunshine. And yet again one day came the most gracious, gentle, refined of women, bringing with her a wealth of roses, the gift her people most delight in,—flowers with which they crown themselves, and chains of which they wear as necklaces; yea, all of them—men, women, old people and children. For they love flowers as they love their life; and she who thus honored me was their Queen, Liliuokalani of Hawaii. There also came Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet to sit by my side in silence like a baby Buddha. And as I began to gain strength, books were sent to me, and sweets, and cases of choice wine. Who would not be ill under these circumstances?

Ah, but there was another side to the story! Sometimes I heard the moans of those who were in pain; sometimes a wail of agony ended in a shriek. Once, while Sister Louise was with me, a woman was taken from one part of the building to the other through the corridor upon which my room opened. She had been placed in a rolling chair, and was accompanied by her friends

and nurses and the resident physicians. Her nerves were utterly shattered, and the excitement of the removal threw her into hysterics. I tried not to hear her delirious laughter and sobbing, and began to feel myself growing weak and faint. Sister Louise noticed my condition and said: "Are we not foolish creatures, we women?" I replied: "I can imagine what she is suffering; and yet she knows not why she suffers, nor can she spare herself the horrors that compel her to scream in this manner."

When I was well enough to wander about in my dressing-gown, I chanced to encounter at my door a patient who was on his way to the operating room. The head physician had placed him under the influence of chloroform, and he had been laid upon a stretcher, which was being wheeled to the elevator, near my room. He was taken to the floor below, and then carried to the operating table in the little theatre, where many medical students were assembled to witness the work of the surgeons who had the case in charge. Two women followed him to the elevator and there stopped and stayed clinging to each other in a kind of dumb horror. They were young, and so was he,—all under thirty. They were his wife and sister, who knew that in a few moments the knife would enter his body and the delicate operation of removing an enormous tumor would begin.

How often I have been assured that a person under the influence of chloroform or ether is absolutely unconscious of pain, no matter what a surgeon may do with his body! If this is true, then why do patients who are undergoing an operation always yell in the right place? Anæsthesia may—doubtless does—produce a temporary separation of mind and body, so that when the patient recovers his senses he remembers nothing of what has taken place.

I remember in my own case when, having fractured an arm by being

thrown from a horse in the Roman Campagna, my Italian surgeons kept me for an hour and three-quarters under the influence of chloroform while they endeavored to get the dislocated elbow back into its socket. When I came to myself I said, plaintively no doubt: "Are not you going to do something?" Their indignation was highly dramatic. They assisted me to a window and said: "Look!" I looked: the narrow Roman street was crowded with people who had rushed to the house, alarmed by my shrieks of agony. For an hour and three-quarters I had been yelling "Murder!" I had been butchered to make a Roman holiday. Yet I remembered nothing of this. I believe I suffered as one suffers in a torture chamber; but when I came out of that torture the door was shut on the chamber, and I could recall nothing of it.

So with the young man who was taken to the operating room. The moment the knife touched his body he began to moan; that moan increased in volume, and all the while in an ascending scale, which at last ended in a piercing cry that was blood-curdling. I do not know why I looked again into the corridor, but I did; and there crouched the wife and the sister of the sufferer, clinging to each other and shedding rivers of tears. Nurse was surprised at my temperature when next she took it.

When I was able to take a little exercise, I paced the corridor. I even visited the young fellow who had recently been operated on, and found him doing finely. I went into the free ward and chatted with a boy of fourteen who had lately been very low with a fever; he was out of his head most of the time, and often he sang with his boy-soprano voice the ballads he loved best. They told me that when he sang "The Holy City" all the patients in that ward were moved to tears; but he, poor little chap, was quite unconscious of it.

Sometimes noisy patients arrived in

the dead of night and frightened me out of my sleep. Once I saw a body taken past my door. I knew it had been breathless but a short time, and that he had been my neighbor, and made inquiries concerning him. But I got no satisfaction. They would not have me know things likely to excite me. Therefore they would never tell me the status of my vaulting temperature. Once or twice I heard a disturbance at the far end of the corridor—hard words, angry voices, sobs,—but I could never learn anything of the cause or consequences. Sister Louise would smooth my pillow and say: "Oh, you have been dreaming!" I knew it was not a dream.

There was an old gentleman in the house who had been there for years. He seemed to be one of the family; was free to go and come; for he was not ill, and was treated with the greatest kindness. There was a famous pianist whose nerves were exhausted; yet he was well enough to go to the music room every evening and give a recital that set the whole house to music.

Once I asked Sister Louise how long she had been at Providence Hospital, and she answered: "Oh, nearly twenty years!"—"And do you ever go out, for a change?" queried I.—"Yes," she said: "I have been out *twice*. I went down the river with Sunday-school picnics, to help take care of the children. And, oh, how glad I was to get home again!"

Home again! The very thought of it made my eyes water; and when the kid came to fetch me, I could scarcely restrain my tears for the joy of it. How sweet the world looked, and how precious the bungalow! The house was decorated in my honor; Jules had prepared an especially good dinner; dear friends arrived with congratulations; and little Mexique, for all his dignity, fairly danced—since I was home again.

(To be continued.)

Power.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE grain of sand looks small upon the bar,
But Thought can make it weighty as the star.
The violet seems drowned in diamond dew,
But Thought can make a heaven of its blue.

The moving cloud of night looks black and cold,
But Light can change its sombre rust to gold.
The lonely sky of morn seems dull and gray,
But Light can change its emptiness to day.

The smile of joy seems swift to pass from sight,
But Love can make a fireside of its light.
The kiss of youth seems weak as mortal breath,
But Love can make its sweetness strong as death.

The eye of man seems blind and can not see,
But Faith can make it pierce eternity.
The heart of man seems smaller than the clod,
But Faith can make it room enough for God!

Miss Cassiday's Interference.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

MISS CASSIDAY, in accordance with her usual custom, arose at five, and was on the porch of her cottage at half after, ready to walk to Mass at St. Cecilia's. On this morning, as had been the case every morning since the Drews rented that portion of her dwelling superfluous to her needs, she was joined by Joseph Drew on his way to the wholesaler's where he was an ill-paid entry clerk.

She noted, without appearing to note it, the haggard countenance of the young man, and asked in the alert, business-like way align to her character, how the baby and Mrs. Drew were. The baby was better, but her mother was not so well.

"I think my wife will hardly be able to be about much to-day," said Joe Drew.

"I'll go in to see her after Mass," said Miss Cassiday, cool, crisp in enunciation, yet with a something in the tone of her voice that made you feel your

burdens were lightened when she spoke.

Joe thanked her heartily, and said he must hurry on, else he would be late at the store where he was due at seven.

As she trudged on over the uneven sidewalk, Miss Cassiday pondered over Joe's long walk, not sentimentally but to wonder practically whether he did not lose in shoe leather what he saved in car fare in the miles between Walbrook and the warehouse in South Baltimore.

On her return from Mass, and after a short talk with her maid Betty, Miss Cassiday, true to her word, knocked at the door of the division which separated her portion of the house from that of the Drews. No answer coming, she tried the door. It opened at her touch, and she entered what was evidently a bedroom. A woman who reclined in a wicker rocking-chair, by a crib occupied by a girl baby, made an attempt to rise when Miss Cassiday entered, sinking back exhausted by her effort.

"Don't disturb yourself," said Miss Cassiday. "I was sorry to hear from your husband that you are not so well to-day."

The woman—it seems a misnomer to speak so of one so young—thanked Miss Cassiday for her visit, and said she feared she was really ill.

"Well," returned Miss Cassiday, "the doctor will be here after a while to see the baby—*she* looks well enough now,—and he will prescribe for you."

"I told the doctor yesterday that he need not call again," said Mrs. Drew.

"Then I'll prescribe for you," said Miss Cassiday, with decision.

"You are very kind," faltered Mrs. Drew; and, then without warning, she burst into tears.

"Louise!" exclaimed Miss Cassiday. "Doesn't your husband treat you well? What is the matter?"

"Treat me well!" flashed Louise. "I have the best husband in the world."

"He has confided to me that he has the best wife on earth; therefore you are

well matched. But what is the trouble?" demanded Miss Cassiday.

"Nothing," answered Louise, "only I am very foolish."

"Probably you are," assented Miss Cassiday. "It is my experience that everyone is more or less queer. I wish, though, you'd confide in me. Is it money again?"

However peremptory the construction of Miss Cassiday's sentences, their enunciation was tentative, almost coaxing, though meant to be mandatory.

Louise looked up at her interlocutor hesitating, yet with confidence.

"You have been so very kind to me!"

"I don't know that I have," responded Miss Cassiday. "I took a house in Walbrook too large for me, and I enticed you away from your boarding-house to come here to help me pay my rent."

"We were going to leave Mrs. Brown's; you have given us a home; we do not pay our proportion of the rent," hurried Louise, in her gratitude.

"Nonsense! Besides, we argued out the question of rent when you engaged the rooms. But what made you weep a moment ago?"

Miss Cassiday's enunciation was peremptory now, and Louise looked up in alarm and saw a pair of kindly eyes full of commiseration bent on her.

"I was thinking of Joe. You know we have so little, and there are the doctor's and the druggist's bills! I have given the poor fellow so much trouble—"

The only trouble you have given him is to be ill, and that you can not help," interrupted Miss Cassiday. "You are half starving yourself to economize, and next thing you'll be down in bed. Do you think you are acting wisely, and have you no thought for your child?"

Louise was about to speak when some one knocked at the door.

"Come right in, Betty!" called Miss Cassiday.

The maid entered and placed the tray on a little table.

"I was feeling lonely this morning," the lady pursued in a whisper, "and I told Betty to bring my breakfast in here. Won't you take some with me?"

"Dear Miss Cassiday!" exclaimed Louise, protesting yet yielding to her friend's kind thoughtfulness.

Both of the women enjoyed the excellent meal Betty had prepared for them; and it was not till the afternoon that Miss Cassiday, coming in to see Louise, reverted to the troubles of the Drews.

"Louise," she said, "what you should do is to write to your aunt,—to let her know where you are living, if for nothing else."

Louise sat up in her chair.

"Why, write to Miss Warder!" she exclaimed. "Have you forgotten what she wrote about poor Joe?"

Miss Cassiday had not forgotten anything that had been told her of Louise's little history. Louise and her widowed mother had been befriended for years by her father's aunt, a woman she had never seen, who lived in San Francisco. This aunt was reputed to be very wealthy, and the gifts of money and clothing she sent the widow and her daughter stoutly upheld the aunt's reputation. She had never invited Louise or her mother to visit her, though she often wrote that she was coming to see them. This she had failed to do; but she continued to write affectionately to her grand-niece up to the time Louise announced to her that she was engaged to a young man possessed of nothing but a clerkship and a sturdy will to make his way. This announcement brought letters from Miss Rose Warder disapproving of the engagement. "He has heard of me, and is a fortune-hunter, no doubt," one letter said. "Not a penny of my money shall I will you, if you marry this Mr. Drew. But, my dear Louise, if you give him up, everything I have in the world—and it is not a little—shall be yours when I die," said a later letter, which Louise left to her mother

to answer. Louise was scarcely married when her mother died; and, after a dismal experience in a boarding-house, the young couple found themselves in Miss Cassiday's cottage through the management of that lady.

"I would not mind what she wrote," remarked Miss Cassiday. "No doubt she is a soured old maid, who has long since repented of her stupidity and wickedness."

Louise's face reddened.

"She is old but she is not soured, neither is she stupid nor wicked. I know all this from the tone of her letters to my mother and me; and I can never forget how generous she was to us for many years. And I know, besides, that she is very good and very pious."

"Then if she is so generous and so good and so pious," retorted Miss Cassiday, "so much the more reason for you to write to her."

"But don't you see that I can not?" expostulated Louise. "It would appear to be asking her for—" she paused and held her head in shame.

"Yes, I do see," said Miss Cassiday; "and if she is such a suspicious old cat, *don't* write to her. But wouldn't I like to give her a piece of my mind!"

Louise stared. There was venom in Miss Cassiday's utterance and looks. Up to this she had esteemed her landlady principally for a sweetness of disposition that nothing could sour.

"You wrong Miss Warder very much," she said.

"Perhaps I do. No doubt she is nothing but a fool; but permit me to say, Louise, a fool is a great deal more dangerous than a downright wicked person," declared Miss Cassiday.

"You do not understand her," said Louise quietly.

Miss Cassiday laughed, and a bitter laugh it was.

"Perhaps I do not," she said; "nevertheless, my opinion of Miss Rose Warder is formed, and it would take a great

deal to change it. We won't talk about her any more, and you must stop worrying. Everything will come out as it should."

Then this old lady, who had shown she possessed a temper, became so amusing in her comments on the baby that Louise was laughing gaily when the door opened and Joe came in.

On seeing his wife laughing and apparently in good health, the harassed look disappeared: his face brightened, and, running to her, he took her in his arms, exclaiming:

"I thought you would be down in bed, and you are looking so well, Louise!—What have I done to deserve that God should be so good to me?" he whispered wonderingly to himself.

Miss Cassiday overheard the whisper.

"The dear good boy!" she said mentally.

"Miss Cassiday cured me, Joe," replied Louise. "You don't know half how good a friend she is to us."

Ignoring Louise's speech, Miss Cassiday said, abruptly:

"You are home early, aren't you?"

The harassed look came back to poor Joe's face.

"I should have prepared you, Louise," he said; "but I hoped something would happen to make it unnecessary. I have known for some time that Marvin & Marvin"—the firm he had worked for—"were going out of business. This is my last day with them."

Louise looked up into his face smiling, and smoothed back the hair from his damp forehead.

"Pardon me!" observed Miss Cassiday gently. "Do I understand you to say that you have lost your position?"

Joe nodded his head. And Louise said:

"Well, never mind, Joe. We can get on some way; and God is good."

"He is, He is!" ejaculated Miss Cassiday. "And often His creatures do all they can to hamper His goodness to them. But," she continued, "let us

never despair of that goodness. God can frustrate His creatures."

She went softly out of the room, and they turned to the crib where the child, now awake, stretched out its arms to its mother.

That evening Betty brought her mistress a sealed envelope, which when opened disclosed a bank-note folded in a sheet of paper. On the sheet of paper Joe had written that he enclosed the rent due on the morrow, and stated that he and his wife would have to seek other rooms.

Miss Cassiday thought for a moment. "You will, will you?" she said, half aloud, and told Betty it was time for them to say their prayers and go to bed. In spite of this assertion Miss Cassiday did not go to bed immediately after prayers. Going to her writing-table, she sat there far into the night, immersed in her papers.

The next morning Betty delivered an oral message from her mistress to Joe: "Will Mr. Drew please not go out before seeing Miss Cassiday? And when would it be convenient for him and Mrs. Drew to see Miss Cassiday?"

Unused to formal messages from Miss Cassiday, Joe looked to his wife to answer this one; and Louise told Betty that they would be glad to see her mistress at any hour she found it convenient to call.

"She will want to lend us money, Joe," said Louise when they were alone.

"I fear she will, and we can not take it. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that she is hard pushed herself."

"More than anything else, almost,—I am sorry to leave her," continued Louise. "How can one help loving her!"

"I don't try to help it," said Joe. "There she is now!"—and he went to open the door for Miss Cassiday.

Since their acquaintance with her, the Drews had never seen Miss Cassiday attired otherwise than in garments of the simplest materials and of an immacu-

late neatness. To-day there remained the immaculate neatness; but, as Louise immediately recognized, the gown Miss Cassiday wore must have cost a sum that would have been a comfortable penny to the Drews in their present stress. Nor was this all: on the old lady's fingers rings of rich gems gleamed, sparkled and scintillated.

Dress may work wonders; and, seeing her so "panoplied," Joe and Louise felt as if in some way their landlady had been placed at a distance from them. This feeling was reflected to Miss Cassiday, who took the chair offered her with diffidence, and a hesitancy of movement that seemed to imply that she felt herself to be an intruder.

"You say you wish to give up the rooms," she remarked haltingly to Joe. "I think you are quite right: I am going to give up the house."

"I thought you liked Walbrook," said Louise, with the polite air of concern one uses to strangers.

Miss Cassiday shook her head.

"I have never liked it. It is not my home."

Louise queried—because she felt it was expected of her—that no doubt Miss Cassiday was going home.

Instead of replying to this, Miss Cassiday said, abruptly:

"I have meddled in your concerns; that is what I have come to talk about."

"You have been very good to us," broke in Louise, melted by the thought of the disinterested acts of kindness that had been showered upon her.

"Before you thank me, wait till you hear me out," said Miss Cassiday. "Yesterday I begged you to let your aunt know your address—"

"I can not write to her,—indeed I can not," interrupted Louise.

"You need not," said Miss Cassiday. "I let her know your address long ago."

"Miss Cassiday!" cried Louise, surprised and indignant.

"I suppose you think it was an imper-

tinence," said Miss Cassiday, with a coolness and collectedness that further astonished Louise.

"In spite of your kindness to me, I must say—"

"It does not matter now that it is done," interrupted Miss Cassiday. "Your aunt has entrusted to me a letter for you. I may as well tell you that I am aware of its contents," she pursued, and handed a bulky envelope to Louise.

"You read this?"

"With your aunt's permission, I did," said Miss Cassiday, coolly.

"You astound me," gasped Louise; and she held out her aunt's letter to her husband. "To speak of my aunt as you did and all the time to have been in correspondence with her! What *am* I to think?"

Miss Cassiday laughed.

"I do not take back a word I said of Rose Warder, and you had better do your thinking after you have read your letter."

Joe had unfolded the letter, and not without indignation Louise turned to him, and together they read what Miss Warder had written.

The lady began by saying that she had been really put out when she heard that Louise was engaged. "I wanted you to marry a Mr. Anson, the son of a wealthy importer of tea. I did not know that he was paying attention to a girl he has since married. When I did learn of his intentions, an idea entered my head that I would term stupid were it not for its wickedness. That idea was to try you. What right had I to tempt you? I confess I know of none. I wrote you offering you a fortune if you renounced the man you have married. You did not condescend to answer that letter. You did perfectly right to treat me with silent contempt."

"But I felt no contempt," ejaculated Louise.

Miss Cassiday smiled grimly.

The letter went on to say that Miss

Warder had never ceased to take an interest in Louise. "I finally came to take even a greater interest in your husband. That came about in this way: I sent Miss Cassiday to Walbrook to rake up an acquaintance with you. She did it very well, even to getting you into her own house, where you would be constantly under her eye."

At this juncture Louise and Joe paused in their reading to gaze at Miss Cassiday.

"You have reached where Miss Warder tells how I set to work to spy on you," she laughed.

Was it brazen impudence or was there an excuse for the woman who sat laughing at them? There was but one way to find out, and that was to continue reading the letter. With one accord they returned to the manuscript.

"I wished to learn whether your husband was worthy of you. Miss Cassiday has done very well, but has acted with unpardonable folly in permitting you to suffer so long. One day's acquaintance should have satisfied any reasonable woman of the perfect integrity of the man you have had the happiness to marry. It is needless to add that Miss Cassiday is not a reasonable woman. I have as poor an opinion of her as she has of me."

It was a consolation to Louise to know that Miss Warder was aware of Miss Cassiday's opinion of her. It was clear that Miss Cassiday had not acted hypocritically toward her patroness.

"And now," the letter concluded, "I have reached the point where I can make my petition to you. You are my only living relative, and you are to inherit all I have, no matter how you decide. Will not you and your husband come out to San Francisco to a lonely old woman? I will arrange a business for your husband. Tell me immediately that you will come. And before I close I beg you to be grateful to Miss Cassiday for one thing, even as I am grateful.

She has made me love you and Joe and the baby."

There were tears in Louise's eyes and Joe's were not without moisture as they looked at Miss Cassiday smiling upon them.

"You will go to your aunt, will you not?" she asked.

"If it were only to you we were going!" cried Louise.

"You poor innocent!" was the answer. "Have you not guessed that it is to me you are coming?"

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXXV.—SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

L OMBARD STREET, in the heart of the city of London, is, and has been for centuries, the centre of the banking systems of the world. Quaint old signs still hang out over the entrances to those time-honored institutions,—some in gilt, some in bronze, some in finely and dexterously-wrought iron; all directly or indirectly indicating the nature of the business carried on in the dark old courts, and the obscure and darker offices surrounding them.

To one of these, bearing the sign of a richly-laden argosy—so richly laden indeed that great waves of golden sea appeared to be about to swamp it on the instant—Myles directed his steps; and, entering a gloomy yard, walked across to a door, at which a gigantic commissionnaire, whose breast was literally covered with war medals and decorations, stood on guard. Passing this functionary, who gave him a severely scrutinizing glance, he entered a dimly-lighted banking room, where about a dozen employees were busily engaged over enormous ledgers; while the clicking

of gold sovereigns, as they were being shovelled out to some customer desirous of the yellow metal, alone broke the silence.

A venerable old gentleman, who wore suspended from his neck a silver chain with a medal bearing a miniature of the sign of the richly-laden argosy, advanced and asked O'Byrne what he could do for him.

"I want to see Mr. Byng, if you please."

The venerable seneschal appeared bewildered.

"Mr. Byng, sir?"

"Yes."

"Have an appointment?"

"None whatever."

"Then, sir, you *can not* see Mr. Byng,"—speaking as though he were Lord High Chamberlain and to one beseeching audience of the king.

"I am sorry," said Myles, who was rather amused. "I shall call again; and perhaps, sir, you would let Mr. Byng have this card."

The official took the card as though it were a lighted firework ready to explode—when a door opened in the wall of oak, black as ebony from age, and a dapper little gentleman stepped out. He was faultlessly attired in a black frock coat faced with silk, black waistcoat, and an old-fashioned black satin scarf confined by a priceless black pearl pin. His dark gray trousers had the West End cut, and his buttoned boots were varnished. He wore a large gold signet ring and a massive gold watch chain. This was the father of Percy Byng. He was for stepping into a mysterious doorway without even glancing in the direction of Myles who had now resolved upon accosting him.

"Mr. Byng!"

The banker looked at the seneschal, then for a brief second at Myles.

"I can call again, sir. I am Myles O'Byrne."

A smile outshining the varnish on his

boots lighted up the old gentleman's face, as he instantly advanced with both hands stretched at arm's length.

"What!—what!—what! My dear O'Byrne,—my dear Myles! Why, this is delightful! The savior of our dear boy! Egad, you are a plucky one! When did you arrive? Where are your things? No home in London for you but ours. Why, you are a splendid fellow, sir,—yes, Mr. O'Byrne, a splendid fellow! Where are your things?—Send for Mr. O'Byrne's things!—Come in! come in!"—pushing Myles into the sanctum whence he had emerged.

There was a distinguished-looking gentleman seated in an easy-chair at the end of the room. He was as fat as a turtle, and wore his six-hundred-year-old chain of office, with its historic medallion.

"My Lord Mayor, this is Mr. Myles O'Byrne, who saved my boy's life in Russia. I told you all about it."

"I am proud to know you, sir," said his lordship, with great affability. "Come to luncheon any day at the Mansion House, two o'clock. Don't forget!"—as he rose to leave. "Almost every day I am at luncheon, unless some big function is on. So come in."

And, shaking hands, his lordship withdrew; Mr. Byng attending him to his carriage, since the Lord Mayor is the first citizen of the great city of London.

"This is a right royal welcome," thought Myles, "and augurs well for my future."

"Now, Myles—yes, yes, yes, I'll call you Myles,—you'll lunch with me at the Gresham Club, and we'll do the 2.30 to Portsmouth. We are living on a little 'teakettle' which is anchored off Cowes. Won't my wife be delighted—delighted, sir, to see the man who saved the apple of her eye!"

A telegram was handed him by another seneschal, a sort of twin brother to the worthy servitor in the hall.

"This is news!" cried Mr. Byng,

flinging the pink paper over to Myles. "Why, the *Corisande* will be at anchor before sunset, cheek by jowl with us! Well, what a day for Percy's mother and for me!"—and he wrung the hands of Myles with renewed fervor.

Mr. Byng turned to the servitor.

"The brougham for the 2.30.—Where are your traps, Myles?"

"I left them at Euston Station, sir."

"Send a man for Mr. O'Byrne's luggage. Let him meet me at the 2.30."

"This is the ticket, Mr. Byng. I left my portmanteau at the Parcel Office."

The man took the ticket and disappeared.

"Now for lunch! *Per Bacco*, it's later than I thought!"

The Deputy Chairman of the Bank of England was announced.

"Can't see him—or stay! Show him in.—See here, Percival, we're off to lunch at the Gresham. Come with us. This is Mr. O'Byrne, the brave young fellow that saved Percy from assassination by—"

"I rather imagine that your son could have done without me, Mr. Byng," interposed Myles.

"Stuff and nonsense! It's too horrible to think what my boy's fate might have been but for you."

Upon arriving at the gangway of the steam yacht, they found that Mrs. Byng had just started for the *Corisande*, whither they immediately followed.

Mrs. Byng, all old-fashioned frills and curls, her sweet face wreathed in smiles, was seated in a rocking-chair. At her side was Percy, whose yells of recognition could have been heard at the club house; while near by stood Daniel O'Byrne, waving a green flag of Erin that had been lent to him by the quartermaster. The old lady rose and literally received Myles with open arms. She hugged and kissed him as though he had been a long-lost son.

At the head of the gangway stairs were General Monoltekoﬀ, Sir Henry Shirley, and Count O'Reilly with his

charming *fiancée*. The welcome was so enthusiastic that the face of Myles beamed with sheer gratitude and pleasure. But suddenly his heart sank very deep down, for Eileen De Lacey was not in the group.

"Come here, you poor lone bird!" laughed Miss Abell. "This is your chance,—do not lose a second! Go down to the ladies' boudoir, and—oh, go! You make me tired, you are so slow! *Go!*"—pushing him resolutely to the companion way.

Myles, his heart beating tremulously, and half afraid to proceed, was for turning back. But with a supreme effort he mustered up courage, and advanced to a cabin all flowers and those nameless but unmistakable femininities bespeaking the presence of refined womanhood. At a table sat Eileen engaged in writing, her lovely little head bent low over her letter.

Myles stood for a moment gazing upon her with rapture. She suddenly looked up, became deadly pale, and would have glided from the room had he not caught her hand and gently intercepted her passage.

Then, flinging his pride and his poverty over the side of the yacht, in burning and eloquent words, his heart in his mouth, every pulse of his being at the highest tension, he told her of his love,—love from the hour he met her,—love hopeless but true,—love that could never wane, never, never die.

"I never indulged in a hope—why should I?—until your last silent message through the violets; and then—"

"And then you sought me and you found me!" she whispered, her violet eyes bedewed with tears.

"Am I to keep you forever?" he tremblingly asked.

"You *must!*" was her reply.

"Thank God and Our Lady!" he exclaimed rapturously, pressing to his lips the dainty little hand, which he still held tight.

"To be continued in our next!" cried Miss Abell, announcing her approach with a violent fit of coughing. "Ah, I guessed it, you pair of dears! Now I am happy—*so happy!* But they will all be down in a minute. The sea breeze has tumbled your hair, Eileen. Let me touch it for you, dear! And, Myles, you had better pick up your gantlets and prepare to meet the Baroness. She is wild, and will have to be put in irons. The poor creature! I wish we could reason with her, but impossible! Her head is quite turned."

"Where is the *Adora*?" asked Myles.

"Due at any moment. She kept us in sight the whole way. Come in, Morrie! I am carrying on a flirtation with Eileen's *fiancé*."

"Is this true, Myles? Well, I shall have to see her father, of course—"

"Oh, bother! Don't beat around the bush! Spare Eileen's blushes, but they have just told each other—"

At this moment Percy rushed in.

"The *Adora* is close upon us and will drop anchor! But, by Jove, her flags are at half-mast! Somebody must be dead on board!"

"One of the crew, I suppose," suggested Mr. Byng.

"We wouldn't half-mast for a common seaman,—at least make *such* a display," observed Sir Henry.

They were all on deck now, and the *Adora* had anchored a few hundred yards off. Already the restless and agile Percy had started for her in the naphtha launch. All binoculars were out watching the lad as he ascended the gangway, where he was met by a tall lady whom the party on the *Corisande* at once recognized as Miss Edregevitch.

"Where's the Baroness?" asked more than one voice.

"Oh, there she is!"—as another lady appeared on deck.

"No: that is her secretary, Miss Voss."

"Something must be wrong," said Eileen, who had shyly come to her

lover's side, rosy and radiant with pride and happiness.

"Oh, don't begin to worry now, little mouse!" interposed Miss Abell. "That high-born dame is, perhaps, making a 'swagger' toilette, and threatening her maid with the knout and Siberia at every pin push."

"I have an awful fear at my heart," whispered Eileen to Myles.

"Why, darling?"

"I can not tell,—I dare not!"

"We shall soon know all!" cried Sir Henry from the bridge. "Percy is returning."

The lad was very white and very solemn, and under suppressed excitement.

"Well?"

"This morning the Baroness felt ill—a pain at her heart. She lay down and died!" he said simply.

There was a murmur of consternation.

"Are you sure that she is dead?" asked Mr. Byng, unable to conceal his emotion under the shock.

"Her doctor says so, father."

"What time did it occur?"

"About five o'clock this morning. Miss Voss and Miss Edregevitch are coming aboard. I took the liberty of asking them," said Percy to Sir Henry. "I thought it the best thing to do."

"You did quite right. Your good mother will take care of them. I must go over to the *Adora*; but you, Percy, go ashore and see if the Russian Ambassador is at the Club House. Wire to the Embassy without delay. It is for us to act under their instructions."

And Sir Henry started for the beautiful yacht wherein lay all that was mortal of one of the female potentates of Holy Russia.

"Dearest, let us descend to the cabin and say a prayer for the poor lady's soul," said Myles presently.

He was indeed deeply affected. All that had passed between them smote him as with pain. But, tempting as her offer might have been under ordinary circum-

stances, had he not on every occasion acted as a man of honor and of principle? Having no affection for the lady, he had never encouraged her; and, when pushed to it, had told her of his real love—while smarting under the apparent indifference of the girl whom he adored. And now, while praying earnestly for the soul that had just entered into eternity, he thanked God and His Holy Mother for having brought him through the crucial trial, and for having marked out his path with such mercy and such love.

Pique, hand in hand with power and pomp, was a potent factor in the sad little drama upon which the hand of Death had remorselessly rung down the curtain. The secret of that young life was safe in the keeping of an Irish gentleman, who never by sign or token or lightest word hinted at the frantic love which had swayed it,—a love so proud, so full of mastery, as almost to compel the object of it to kneel and obey.

(Conclusion next week.)

The "Credo" in the Wilderness.

When Cardinal de Cheverus was a missionary in the United States, in the early part of the last century, one Sunday morning, as he was traversing a dense forest far from any habitation, there suddenly fell upon his ears the sound of solemn, melodious singing, issuing from the thickest part of the woods. He turned his steps in that direction, and was astonished to find a band of Indians, assembled around a venerable man, singing the *Credo* in concert. The missionary's heart was touched. These pious Indians, having been converted some years previously, and having no priest to say Mass for them, desired at least to show their faith in the Church by reciting its Creed, and repeating to the echoes of solitude that they too believed.

Some Questions Asked and Answered.

"A Protestant friend maintains that there is a great deal of superstition in the Church. Some of the relics venerated by Catholics, he says, are absurdly false. He declares that he saw it stated in a book written by a priest—he didn't give the title—that a *marble table* on which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son, and the *saddle* of one of the Three Kings, are exhibited in a village church in Italy. What can be said in reply to such assertions as these? How am I to defend Catholics? By the way, you did not answer that article in the — referring to what was said recently in THE AVE MARIA about public thanksgivings for alleged miraculous favors. Why?"

Superstition on the part of Catholics is not to be defended but deplored. Stranger relics than those referred to are known to have been produced and exhibited in churches; but it ought not to be necessary to state that this was in violation of ecclesiastical enactments. The efforts of the Congregation of Indulgences to put a stop to the abuse of exhibiting false relics, of palming off copies and representations of sacred things as originals, etc., are never relaxed. That table and saddle have disappeared long since. The priest to whom the Protestant friend of our correspondent referred is the Rev. Father Grisar, S. J.; and he was writing of a past uncritical age—the time of the Crusades, when the clever Greeks who had in Constantinople a great abundance of unauthenticated and spurious relics were more than willing to exchange them for the gold of credulous Latins.

To accuse the Church of superstition is as absurd as to assert that the law is calculated to encourage the commission of crime. The discipline of the Church is directed to the correction of errors, the suppression of disorders, the removal of abuses, and the extirpation of vices—superstition included—which spring up among the faithful. The collections of ecclesiastical councils furnish abundant proof of two truths: first, that there have been at all times many abuses to

be corrected,—an effect, in some measure necessary, of the weakness and corruption of human nature; secondly, that at all periods the Church has labored to correct these abuses, so that it may be affirmed without hesitation that you can not point out one without immediately finding a canonical regulation by its side to check or punish it.

Agobardus, a bishop of Lyons in the ninth century, wrote a book against the superstitions, false miracles, etc., then current. It contains this striking passage: "Our miserable world is now oppressed with so much foolishness that Christians are found who believe things more absurd than the pagans themselves could be persuaded to believe." Superstition is long-lived. Two centuries later, in a "Mirror of Confession" written by a bishop of Worms, we find penances assigned for worshiping the new moon, offering prayers at a crossroad, etc. Divination is classed among utterly vain and empty observances. Superstition dies hard. It is a long span from the eleventh to the twentieth century, but even at this late date fortune-tellers flourish and fakes abound. If there is more superstition among Catholics than among Protestants, it is for the same reason that there is inevitably more shadow where there is most substance. Superstition springs from religious feeling misdirected or unenlightened. The sentiment must exist and also be strong.

The Church has no use for spurious relics—for traditional errors of any sort. When she encounters them, even though they be covered with the mask of religion, she denounces them without anger as without pity.

We took no notice of the article to which our correspondent refers, for the simple reason that it controverted opinions which we had not expressed. It is the easiest thing in the world to quote one as saying something different from what one said and then refute one.

Notes and Remarks.

The religious press and President Roosevelt have been lumped together in a single condemnation for their earnest pronouncements on the subject of race suicide. They have been pleasantly described as calamity-howlers, pessimists, and sensation-mongers, because they sought to arouse the public conscience on a subject of the gravest importance to both Church and State. If it were worth while repelling the charge at all, one could easily give abundant reason for serious and earnest speech in this matter; but the fact is that the clergy have said nothing half so stirring and sensational as the expressions employed by the medical fraternity. The *Popular Science Monthly* is not precisely clergy-ridden, yet an article in that publication from the pen of Dr. George Engelmann, of Boston, is one of the extremest utterances we have seen on the subject. After showing at length that the source of "race suicide" is neither in late marriages nor in higher education, Dr. Engelmann says: "The conditions now existing among the American people are worse than those found in any other country. They are those of a decadent race, those of Greece and Rome in the period of their decline."

That there really are zealous souls who aspire to be "more Catholic than the Pope" is proved in odd ways from time to time. When Leo XIII. exerted his influence in favor of the French Republic, for example, it is a fact that novenas were made in several French convents "for the conversion of the Holy Father." Similarly, Mr. Wilfrid Ward declares in a judicious essay on the late Pope that he "had certain qualities which at times made his friends anxious. His great sanguineness and the occasional Utopian schemes which he conceived suggested the fear that he

might attempt to realize the impossible. His incessant activity led to some alarm lest his reforming zeal should be too regardless of precedent. His intellectual Conservatism made some thinkers tremble lest a veritably medieval standard should be insisted on in philosophy and Biblical studies." It is probable that the lamented Pope never knew what a source of anxiety he was to these good folk.

The late Onno Klopp, whose death at Vienna is announced, was one of many converts in our day who have entered the Church through the bypath of history. As early as 1861, in his biography of Tilly, he showed how far he had departed from the views then commonly held even by scholarly non-Catholics regarding the Reformation; though it was not till twelve years later that he became a Catholic. It was not so usual then as it has since become for a Lutheran minister to condemn the Reformation, and Klopp's work provoked a storm of angry protest. He defended himself in an able series of magazine essays, and pushed his studies still further into the Reformation period. The most notable performance of Klopp after he was received into the Church was a monumental work in fourteen volumes on "The Fall of the House of Stuart and the Succession of the House of Hanover." His career as a Catholic was a model of zeal and devotion, and he was decorated by the Holy Father as well as by the Emperor of Austria. His eightieth birthday, as readers of these pages may recall, was made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of respect and affection. *R. I. P.*

We are living in an age when the leaders of many of the Protestant sects are turning their thoughts to the past in the hope of finding justification for their isolation in Christendom and their

utter severance from the See of Peter. Some fondly imagine that the pioneers of early Christianity in Great Britain and Ireland knew nothing of what they are pleased to call the "Papal Claims." That they are laboring under a serious delusion may be gathered from a careful and unbiassed study of the lives of the first apostles of the British Isles. The interesting sketch of one of these apostles (St. Ninian) in this number of THE AVE MARIA will enable the reader to understand how thoroughly Papal these holy missionaries really were.

Among notable and quotable editorials in the September number of the *Lamp* (Anglican) we find this paragraph:

The past few weeks have witnessed the death of one Pope and the election of his successor. Have we Anglicans no eyes to see, no ears to hear, what is so obvious to the world—viz.: that Leo XIII., head of the Catholic Church, died on July 20 and the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice was elected as his successor on August 4? What matters it to the world at large who is Patriarch of Constantinople or, if you please, Archbishop of Canterbury? We do not believe there are one hundred priests in the American Episcopal Church who could tell without looking it up in a cyclopedia what the name of the present head of the Greek Church is, and we are certain nine-tenths of Americans never heard of Dr. Davidson, the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

The editor of the *Lamp* has written much and well in explanation and defence of his position, but we are still at a loss to understand how union with the Church can be promoted by remaining outside of it. Father Paul is not at peace with Pius X., as he expresses it, and yet he acknowledges him to be the head of the Church, the Vicar of Christ. He says: "We will not deny the reality of our sacraments, the validity of our orders.... We must stand our ground until Corporate Reunion is gloriously realized. But as individual members of the Anglican Church we can at least learn to love and honor the Pope of Christendom as our own dear Father, the white-robed Vicar of Christ; and spread the same

fire of love into other Anglican hearts, until the whole Anglican Communion will be inflamed with love and loyalty to the successor of St. Peter, the Universal Shepherd of Christ's flock." To a Catholic this seems delusive and unsubstantial. And we notice that many of his own communion regard Father Paul, with all his charity and gentleness, as a sower of discord rather than a promoter of peace. On the question of Anglican Orders the head of the Church has spoken, if not infallibly at least authoritatively. What, then, of the command to "hear the Church"? Perhaps Father Paul has not sufficiently considered these words. He is too earnest a laborer to be laboring in vain.

It is not long since an Englishman of some note attempted to show that there is a close connection between leprosy and fish-eating, and solemnly advised the Church to abolish the Friday and Lenten abstinence in the interest of the public health. It would not be amiss to refer this ingenious gentleman to an analytical and statistical study of cancer by Mr. J. Holt Schooling, who points out in the current *Fortnightly* that the remarkable increase in the death-rate from cancer coincides with an equally remarkable increase in the consumption of imported meat. The truth is that cancer is curiously like leprosy in that science has so far failed to discover either its cause or its remedy. A study of the available data, however, shows that while this dreadful disease is still more common among women than among men, the increase in the death-rate from cancer is twice as large among men as among women.

The average of refinement and good taste among Episcopalians is exceptionally high, and we suppose they are sincerely distressed by a grave breach of decorum such as was recently perpe-

trated by an Episcopalian journal in Milwaukee. The journal in question made the statement that Father Maturin, a distinguished Episcopalian divine who entered the Church a few years ago, was dissatisfied as a Catholic and was inclined to return to the Church of England. What truth there was in the report may be judged by this fragment of a letter received by a friend who had written to Father Maturin regarding the matter, to which we had already directed his attention:

I am sure such rumors can not have their origin from any of my American friends who have known me or heard from me since I became a Catholic; and how any persons can take it upon themselves to say such things merely because they imagine them or wish them to be true, I can not imagine. If they say them in order to influence others from doing as I have done, I think their conduct can only be characterized by a very ugly word.

However, as you ask me I will answer you. There is absolutely not one fragment of truth in such statements. I could not imagine any conceivable circumstances inducing me even to consider for a moment such a step; in fact, I have found in the Catholic Church *all* that I desire, and the question has for the last six years ceased to be a "question" with me any more. I am perfectly happy and at peace in the Roman Catholic Church. From the day I made up my mind and went to Beaumont to be received, the English Church melted before my eyes and as a church has never taken substantial form again. As Newman said, "I went by, and, lo, it was gone! I sought it and its place could nowhere be found."

The misuse of Father Maturin's name in a matter of such delicacy and importance was a serious breach of propriety, to employ no harsher word. The Episcopalian body, of course, has no immediate responsibility for it; yet we venture to suggest that the too common practice among the Anglican clergy of seeking to deter their people from entering the Church by the circulation of such stories may be partly to blame for the Milwaukee paper's offence.

Passing strange has been the life of the venerable Father Fox, O. M. I., who lately celebrated at Tewksbury, Mass.,

the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. He was born of Quaker parents in England; and after his conversion, influenced by his ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin, joined the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. On being elevated to the priesthood, he exercised the ministry in England, Ireland, and Scotland. After many years he was transferred to Canada, and finally to the United States, where he has labored in districts as far apart as Texas and Massachusetts. Father Fox was born in the Octave of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and it is a singular fact that every notable event of his life as a Catholic occurred on that great feast—his baptism, his reception and profession among the Oblates, his first Mass, etc. Although now eighty-three years old, he was able to sing Mass on the day of his jubilee, and also preached the sermon. An added joy of the occasion was the apostolic benediction of Pius X. It is announced that Father Fox is writing his autobiography, which is sure to be eagerly welcomed wherever his name is known.

calling ourselves by that name. Unless a name corresponds with the thing it is a sham and it is a shame."

A remarkable statement, considering its source. Dr. Briggs, it hardly need be said, is one of the most profound of Protestant theologians, perhaps the foremost scholar among non-Catholic clergymen in this country.

A letter written in 1822 by the Rev. Mr. Odin, then a deacon in Missouri but afterward Archbishop of New Orleans, contains this interesting passage: "The bishops of the United States have found a fine expedient for spreading religion. They have written a number of works on the ceremonies of the Mass and on all points of controversy. These tracts are circulated everywhere; and the Americans, very anxious to know about everything and especially curious about religion, read them with avidity." A writer in the *Records* of the Catholic Historical Society notes that the Catholic Truth Societies that are doing so much to spread the Faith through pamphlets and cheap books were thus anticipated nearly a hundred years ago. It is also worth observing that the willingness of American Protestants to read what Catholics have to say about the Church is not so modern a manifestation as many would seem to believe.

The New York *Sun* quotes the following significant words from an article entitled "Catholic—The Name and the Thing," contributed to the *American Journal of Theology* by the Rev. Dr. Charles Briggs:

"It is mere perversity not to return to Rome if the conscience is convinced that Rome is right in all her great controversies with Protestantism." (He is referring to the Ritualists.) "There can be no doubt that at the close of the third Christian century Roman and Catholic were so closely allied that they were practically identical." "There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church of our day is the heir by unbroken descent to the Roman Catholic Church of the second century, and that it is justified in using the name 'Catholic' as the name of the Church as well as the name 'Roman.' If we would be Catholic, we can not become Catholic by merely

The persecution waged by the French government is becoming more and more violent. It is plainly the intention to destroy the Catholic religion in France, and it would seem to be the policy to protect anything in any way opposed to it. The prefect of the department of Ardèche, for instance, fancying the law enacted by M. Combes applied to all chapels, ordered two Protestant meeting-houses to be closed. As soon as his action was reported to the government, the chapels were declared exempt, and the prefect was severely censured.



Dannie's Conquest.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

EVER see the bulldog down the street at Gordon's store?
Most the time you'll find him on a mat outside the door.
Strong? Why, say, November last, election afternoon,
McLaughlin's span got frightened when the band struck up a tune;
They took the bits between their teeth and down the street they tore
Full split, like mad, until they came right close to Gordon's store.
Then ugly Buster bounded out. You'd ought t've seen him seize
The nigh horse by the nostrils fast, and fetch him to his knees.
Those runaways were stopped right there, the bulldog winning fame,—
"He ain't no handsome purp," folks said, "but gets there just the same."

But this ain't what I meant to tell at all when I began:
'Twas Buster's last encounter with my baby-brother Dan.
Now, Dan's a little toddler scarcely more than two years old,
Yet with animals of every kind he makes quite free and bold.
Well, mamma sent me, yesterday, to Gordon's for some tea,
And nothing would do Master Dan but he must go with me.
I took him down, and, once inside, I left him free to roam,—
But where'd you think I found him when I started to go home?
Why, playing with that savage dog, who lay upon his back,
While Dannie sprawled on top of him, a chubby jumping-jack.
You'd really think that baby's talk the bulldog understood,—
Said Dan: "I 'likes oo, Busser, tause oo's booful an' oo's dood."

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.—AN AFTERNOON'S ADVENTURES.

WHEN Julian entered his grandfather's library, the boy's figure acquired a peculiar dignity from the surroundings. It was as if a bright spirit of Youth had suddenly invaded precincts which had become the exclusive property of Age. The grandfather surveyed his visitor for a moment in silence, then he spoke:

"To what am I indebted, Master Julian Mortimer, for this early return from your sylvan solitude?"

"I just came back to speak to you, sir."

"Ah! Not for an extended stay? Not with a view to giving up the contest?"—and his eyebrows were very satirical.

Julian flushed.

"I do not think I shall ever give up, grandfather," he said proudly,—“unless I see that it is utterly useless.”

The grandfather smothered the sigh which rose to his lips, and, from under contracted brows, studied the fearless countenance and the shining hair before

him. On his lap rested an open treatise, which discussed some abstruse problem of life with which youth has nothing to do.

"I thought it was fairer to come and tell you," said Julian, "that I met the Mad Hermit."

The grandfather started.

"That is, we all met him, coming along just like fury. But he spoke to me."

"Why to you?"

Julian hesitated. He did not want to say that the others, even Sedgwick, had run away.

"He mistook me for my father, called me Bob," explained Julian; "and he told me where to look for the entrance to the cavern."

"He told you *that!*" exclaimed the grandfather, leaning forward in strong excitement. "Then, my boy, if you find that, half the battle is won,—or so I have always heard."

"He told me it was in the moving marsh, where that wild beast is."

"The moving marsh! the wild beast!" repeated the grandfather, thoughtfully; then he leaned back in his chair. "Pshaw, child! he is mad,—remember he is mad!"

"But may we try?" inquired Julian, looking earnestly into his grandfather's face. "Will it be fair if we find the cavern after getting the clue from the Hermit?"

The grandfather stared. He was an upright man, as men go; but this point of honor was beyond him.

"That's what I came to ask you," went on Julian.

"You came to ask me if you might make use of this knowledge gained from the madman?" asked Mr. Mortimer.

"Yes, sir."

"Did the others agree with you in thinking my judgment necessary?"

"Well, we had an argument, but at last they all agreed, even Jake."

Mr. Mortimer looked away out over the sunlit lawn, into some far distance,

as though he was seeking for his own sunny youth. Perhaps he strove to remember if this quality of absolute truthfulness and sincerity had cast a glow over that beautiful land of the long ago. Then, with something like pain contracting his forehead for an instant, he answered:

"I have no power to decide in such a case: no instructions have been left. But my individual opinion is that you should certainly proceed to act upon this knowledge. Of course it may prove to be a Will-o'-the-wisp, but you are entitled to what light it gives."

Having so decided, Mr. Mortimer was silent a moment; then he inquired, with some curiosity:

"Did the Hermit give this information to all the boys?"

"No, sir," said Julian. "I think I was the only one who heard."

"Then I presume you will follow the clue for your own benefit?"

"Oh, no!" cried Julian, his fair face flushing. "I couldn't do that. I have already told them; for I want to go ahead fairly."

The grandfather's eyes were dimmed this time with a very unusual moisture, akin to that mist which had obscured the orbs of Nicholas on the edge of the forest,—akin to that dimness which clouds an old man's vision when he catches sight of the half-forgotten sky of youth aglow with trustfulness, hopefulness, and the light of integrity.

"My boy," he said, "unless the lost jewel and the hidden room be but shadows of a dream, I believe you will some day discover them; for you have been found worthy."

He rose and, with old-fashioned courtesy, made a stately bow. Julian was half-abashed, half awestricken.

"You should have been Sir Julian de Mortimer," the old man continued, relapsing into a sportive vein, "and have worn a suit of unstained armor, borne a lance that was invincible, and

uplifted the good sword Excalibur. But, as it is, you are only a boy of the twentieth century, with your own ideals to work out; and you shall presently have luncheon with me. After that I shall entrust you with the volume which records the life and doings of our common ancestor, this redoubtable Anselm Benedict. You will guard it carefully and return it to me when next you come from the forest."

The luncheon was served with the usual formal stateliness. The old man presided with dignity; the boy, who seemed small and insignificant in those great rooms, sat beside him and enjoyed the good things with a boy's hearty relish. His grandfather watched him approvingly, saying to himself that the lad had really very good table manners. Little was said, and after the meal the oddly assorted pair returned to the library. When they had been sitting there a few moments, the grandfather drowsy and dozing in his chair, Julian suddenly rose.

"I am afraid, grandfather, I shall have to be going," he announced.

Mr. Mortimer started, awoke, rubbed his eyes and looked at his grandson, amused at his tone and bearing.

"Indeed! And pray what's your hurry, Julian?"

"Well, you see, sir, I promised the others to get back as soon as I could, so that we might begin the search for the cavern this afternoon."

"So eager!" sighed the old man, gazing out again through the window to what might have been the lost hills of youth. "Well, I must not keep you. I will give you the volume as a precious loan. It is of much value as an historical record,—though few of us have ever so much as opened it."

The grandfather adjusted his glasses and cast his eyes down the pages of a folio, evidently a list of books in the library. Then he rose and pressed a spring in the wall: a cupboard stood

revealed. Its shelves were laden with many things which to Julian's eyes seemed like treasures: slippers of Spanish leather with silver buckles; daggers with elaborate hilts; quaintly carved tennis balls, with which tradition said a king of France had played a king of England; stirrup cups of the long ago; snuff-boxes, fur-trimmed gantlets, ancient manuscripts, curious Missals. Amongst these last Mr. Mortimer sought and found a volume bound in leather, richly jewelled, with solid silver clasps of rare workmanship. Having taken it forth, he blew the dust from its cover and wiped it with a silken duster.

"Here, my boy," he said, "is the history of our eccentric ancestor, Anselm Benedict Mortimer, of unquiet memory."

It hurt Julian to hear his grandfather's tone of disparagement toward a person whom he had already transformed into a boyish idol. For the most generous and high-minded of boys are usually hero-worshippers and exalt some one to a pinnacle, whether it be the successful pitcher or catcher in a baseball contest, the professor who by some eloquent lecture has won their admiration, the mathematician who has demonstrated a difficult proposition, the circus-rider who has ridden the wildest mustang, or the great general who has commanded the applause of a nation. Julian was no exception to the rule, and this tendency in his nature had been encouraged and directed into safe channels by his mother. Just now he had given the first place in his imagination to the somewhat visionary ancestor who had imposed so stern an ordeal upon his descendants.

"I entrust you with this volume because I know you will value and care for it," declared Mr. Mortimer.

"But, grandfather, I am afraid. It is so handsome, so costly! Suppose it should get lost?"

"Well, then, my lad, you or I would be responsible to the estate for a considerable amount; but, after all—" (he

gave Julian a peculiar glance, which the boy was far from understanding, and finished his sentence) "after all, if you go on as you're doing, the price of this volume may be a very small matter to you by and by."

Julian said nothing, looking gravely up into his grandfather's face, with his head on one side, as if anxious to understand his meaning.

"However," said the old man, laying his hand on Julian's arm with real kindness, "I shall be very much disappointed in you if the book gets lost or injured while in your possession."

"I don't know about that, sir," argued Julian. "Mother used to say I was very careless about my clothes."

Mr. Mortimer laughed.

"Well, you must take extra care of the book,—that's all. And see that it does not get spotted."

Julian received the volume as if he were accepting a trust, believing with all the confidence of youth that he would guard it with his life. Tucking it carefully under his arm, he took leave of his grandfather and set forth, trudging bravely along the road toward the forest, which lay bright and shimmering under the sun's rays, a mass of verdure.

When Julian reached the camp, he hurried into his tent to put the precious volume in a place of safety. Then he came forth to find Sedgwick and Wat stretched at length under the trees. They could give no account of Jake. He had left camp very soon after Julian's departure that morning.

"I guess he's trying to shoot something for supper," remarked Sedgwick. "We're getting rather low for provender."

"I saw a tiny house on the edge of the forest, over near the cliff," said Julian; "and there's an old woman there has a cow. I'm going to try and get some milk, and perhaps butter, from her. I have a little money mother gave me. But I wish we could go to the marsh now while it's light. Of course

we can't begin the search, though, without Jake. It would be unfair."

"It's a pity," cried Wat; "because it's a bright day, and there are clouds over yonder! I shouldn't wonder if it rains to-morrow."

"He's the greatest beggar for being out of the way when he's wanted," growled Sedgwick. "I vote, we all walk down toward the marsh. We may meet the fellow somewhere."

So off they all started; for anything was better than keeping still. And as they went, they sang lustily the last college song which had often disturbed the campus. When they drew near the sinister spot, a silence fell upon them, and even the bravest were conscious of a feeling of trepidation. What was their consternation to hear faint but repeated cries as of distress. Some animal—or, more horrible thought, some human being—was in danger or pain of one kind or another. The boys listened and listened. That moaning, those faint cries for help, fairly curdled their blood. At last Julian cried, with a sudden flash of intuition:

"Jake!"

He began to run forward at full speed; the others, after some hesitation, following. They had run halfway round to the far side of the marsh when they beheld a strange and horrible sight. Jake had sunk into the marsh as far as his knees. To the boys' excited imagination, it seemed as if he must be drawn down before their eyes, after the manner of the storybooks. More terrible still, the beast that had before threatened their very lives paced restlessly upon the bank, growling and sniffing, deterred only by the uncertain nature of the marsh from falling upon Jake. And as if to complete the chapter of horrors and to ensure the hapless lad's destruction, above him towered, secure upon a shaded knoll, the awful figure of the Mad Hermit, brandishing an axe in his powerful arms.

Jake was filled with a horror which he expressed by renewed shrieks. Julian, too, was greatly alarmed; for the marsh had been the only protection against the beast. And if the lunatic carried out this latest design, Jake was indeed lost. By a sudden inspiration, however, Julian pleaded most pitifully with the Hermit.

"Ho! ho!" cried the latter, with wild exultation, "that's a good trick. Is that you, Bob? Cunning Bob! You always had a long head. Well, I'll pull him out of the marsh, and you haul him up into this tree. Then we can tie him there for the crows to peck at."

He actually seized upon Jake with a force and celerity which released the boy from his precarious position and stood him up against the tree. Julian then quickly seized his cousin's hands, urging him in a whisper to help all he could, and to try to reach the lowest bough of the tree. Jake, who was quite unnerved, tried to grasp the tree trunk with his legs, and, by the assistance of Julian, managed to attain a secure position upon the outspreading branch.

But whether the combined weight of the two boys was too much for the bough, or whether Jake by some awkward movement had dislodged his cousin, it was impossible to tell: Julian slipped off the branch and fell heavily into the marsh, on the other side of the tree from that wherein Jake had so lately struggled. Julian thought he must have been losing consciousness; for he felt himself slowly, slowly descending whither he knew not, but he believed it must be into the realms of death. He gave one swift thought to his mother on earth, another to his Mother in heaven.

Meanwhile Sedgwick and Wat ran along the shore, desperately watching the disappearance of their brave companion, and calling aloud in their anguish and terror.

(To be continued.)

A Strange Bird.

"As crazy as a loon" is a common expression of old-fashioned people along the New England seacoast; and any one who is familiar with that strange bird well knows how apt the comparison is. Sometimes the loon is called the great northern diver, for he can dive like a pearl-fisher and swim as well as a duck. On land he is very awkward, but once in the water his short legs are forgotten and he is graceful as a swan. During their first year loons are of a brownish gray color; but in their second year their feathers become a clear black and white, with spots of blue and purple.

It is the voice of the loon and his peculiar manner of using it that has given him the reputation of having lost his wits. This sound has been likened to the cry of the wolf, and there are people who can not hear it in the night without trembling with fear. Others declare that the loon's cry is like the utterance of an insane person.

And loons can laugh as well as cry. If you shoot at one (which I hope you will never do), and miss him (as I trust you will), you will hear this sad and unearthly laugh, which sounds as if he said: "Shoot away, if you will, at a poor defenceless bird that has never harmed you! You can not hit him."

The long, wailing cry of a loon before a storm is one of the saddest and most hopeless ever uttered by bird or beast. Hearing it, one thinks of shipwreck and drowning men and all painful things. It is said that before the great storm in which Minot Ledge lighthouse was wrecked the loons wailed for days.

The sea birds of the Atlantic coast are to be protected henceforth; and in some Eastern States it is accounted a crime to kill one or even to wear the plumage of one on a bonnet. May the loons, and all other feathered creatures that God has given a home by the sea, be kept safe from the cruelty of man!

With Authors and Publishers.

—Among the new novels announced by Mr. John Long we note "The Stolen Emperor," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, an author whose books are much in favor with discriminating readers.

—A tiny booklet of penetrating and persuasive counsel is "Jesus Christ, Our Strength," by Nonna Bright. It is an appeal for the frequent and worthy reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Bros.

—We welcome a new edition, enlarged, of Father Gallwey's well-known volume "Salvage from the Wreck," which consists of "a few memories of friends departed preserved in funeral discourses." This second edition presents an additional discourse, also two sermons preached on the occasion of centennial celebrations. The four portraits—all from faded photographs it would seem—might have been dispensed with, but the excellent introduction one would be sorry to miss. Many persons besides those in deference to whose advice this volume was published will welcome it for spiritual reading. Art and Book Co.

—In an amusing cartoon McCutcheon depicts the search of a popular novelist for the traditional farmer, with chinwhiskers and dialect. He finds instead the clipper-built scientific agriculturist with Chesterfieldian manners, who invites him to remain for tea and brings him to the evening Chataqua in an automobile. Not all American farmers read Tolstoi and ride in automobiles as yet; but the agricultural colleges have been doing their work fairly well, and there has been such a notable increase of interest in scientific farming that the primary schools in some localities have—rather absurdly we think—made a place for it in the curriculum. Messrs. Ginn & Co. have just published "Agriculture for Beginners" as a text-book for the course. It is packed with information about soils, plants, trees, vegetables, and domestic animals.

—It is a matter of surprise to us that there are so few volumes like "The Untrained Nurse," just issued by the Angel Guardian Press. So many persons are loath to send patients to hospitals, either for sentimental or financial reasons, that one fancies a small handbook of directions, practical in character and expressed in plain speech, would be in wide demand. "The Untrained Nurse" is the work of a graduate of Bellevue with an experience covering twenty years in a large city hospital. It is not intended to take the place of a doctor, but only to assist those who can not or will not employ a trained nurse to avoid serious errors and to render valuable assistance to physician and patient.

The present volume is a sensible and serviceable production, which mothers and sisters would do well to read and keep at hand for constant reference in time of need. It is thoroughly Catholic in tone.

—The Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R., is an industrious editor of Catholic books. His latest achievement is a slender volume of "Discourses on the Priesthood, with a Panegyric of St. Patrick," by the Rev. W. J. Madden. Father Girardey has also contributed two short chapters to the volume, which is published by B. Herder.

—"Problems and Persons" is the title of a new book by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, soon to be published by Longmans, Green & Co. Among his topics are: The Rigidity of Rome, Unchanging Dogma and Changeful Man, Balfour's "The Foundations of Belief," Candor in Biography, Tennyson, Thomas Henry Huxley, Two Mottoes of Cardinal Newman, Newman and Renan, and Some Aspects of the Lifework of Cardinal Wiseman.

—Lady Butler's new book ("Letters from the Holy Land"), just published by Messrs. A. & C. Black, is described as "a series of impressions in colors and in words, written in a series of letters and sketches to the author's mother; yet there is no book which the tourist would be better advised to take with him were he starting to visit Palestine for the first time. She, quite rightly from her point of view, puts aside all skeptical objections to the popular identifications of holy places, and believes firmly in the Cave of Machpelah, the home of St. Elizabeth, the Well of Jacob, etc. The general truth of these things outweighs in her mind the particular mistakes which tradition may have made."

—It seems that we have incurred the displeasure of the publishers, if not the authors, of several new Lives of Leo XIII.; and a sincere "well-wisher" assures us that the only result of our "unnecessarily severe criticisms" will be "the loss of some *fat* and otherwise desirable advertising." How easy it is to be mistaken! We had thought ourselves very mild and gentle in dealing with the books in question, and we are not at all sure that if we were to review them a second time our words would be more complimentary. It is high time in our opinion that all Catholic editors should discountenance books calculated to disappoint their readers; and the loss of advertising should not, we think, be considered for a moment. No. Such advertisements as our well-wisher refers to are not "desirable." Although we are in much need of machinery which it requires a large sum of

money to purchase, and "fat" advertising contracts are means to an end with every publisher, nothing shall ever induce us to praise books for the sake of securing advertisements of them. There is always at least one good result of an honest review: it enables the reviewer to preserve his self-respect.

—The Newdigate Prize was founded at Oxford by Sir Roger Newdigate in 1806, and amounts to twenty guineas. It was first won by John Wilson, the "crusty" Christopher North of Tennyson's lines. Among the other recipients were Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Milman, Stanley, Shairp, Mallock, Symonds, Faber, and the late Frederick George Lee. The last named was received into the Church shortly before death, and may therefore be regarded, like Faber, as a Catholic winner of the prize. Except Heber's, his is the only Newdigate poem that has ever achieved lasting celebrity; the "Martyrs" ran through eight editions. Some portions of it edited by the author were reprinted at his request in these pages. The prize was once won by a woman, but on discovering the authorship the judges refused to award it. Not all the Newdigate prize men became famous, of course; but it is worth noting that no fewer than nine hundred and eighteen books stand to their credit.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.

Salvage from the Wreck. *Father Gallwey, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Life of St. Philip Neri. *Bacci-Antrobus.* Two Vols. \$3.75, net.

The Truth of Papal Claims. *Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D.* \$1, net.

England's Cardinals. *Dudley Baxter.* \$1, net.

All on the Irish Shore *E. Somerville-M. Ross.* \$1.50.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Rev. Nicholas Gehr, D. D.* \$4.

The Government: What It Is; What It Does. *Salter Storrs Clark.* 75 cts.

Teaching Truth. *Dr. Mary Wood-Allen.* 50 cts.

The Voice of the River. *Olive Katharine Parr.* \$1.75.

Ne Obliviscaris. *Florence Ratcliff.* 75 cts., net.

Studies Concerning Adrian IV. *Prof. O. A. Thatcher.* \$1.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. *Emily Mary Shapcote.* \$1.25.

The City of Peace. *By Those who Have Entered It.* 90 cts., net.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). *Frances E. Herring.* \$2.

History of Philosophy. *William Turner, S. T. D.* \$2.50.

Introibo. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. *Johannes Janssen.* Vols. V. & VI. \$6 25.

The Philippine Islands. *Blair-Robertson.* Vol. III. \$4.

The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.* \$5.

Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.

Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.

Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.

In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis.* \$1, net.

The New Empire. *Brooks Adams.* \$1.50, net.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.

How to Sing. *Lilli Lehmann.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. Emile Lamoureux, of the archdiocese of Montreal; and Rev. Matthew Boylan, archdiocese of Boston.

Sister Helen of the Cross, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. James Claven, of Norwalk, Conn.; Mrs. George Singleton, Montreal, Canada; Mr. Nicholas Curtis, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. William Clement, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Anna Daly, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Johanna Rice, San Patricio, Texas; Miss Margaret Farrell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Capt. John Buckley, San Diego, Texas; Mrs. Mary Bauerle, San Diego, Cal.; Mr. — Blansfield, Waterbury, Conn.; and Mrs. Katherine Ziegler, De Land, Fla.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Sundered.

BY E. BECK.

IT is not the mountains high and grand
With the sunshine crowned or snow,
Nor is it the wastes of arid sand,
Or the valleys long and low;
Nor is it the rivers swift or wide,
Nor the sea without an end
O'er whose crested waves the tall ships ride,
That can sever friend from friend.

But mistrust and doubt and suspicion wrong,
The glance of a scornful eye,
The bitter words of an angry tongue,
And the angering, quick reply,
Can end the friendships of many a year,
Can sunder heart from heart,
And can leave the friends that were near and dear
As far as the poles apart.

My Hospitals.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—GEORGETOWN.

IT has always seemed to me that when the burden of the day becomes too heavy to bear; that when the ever-accumulating cares begin to hang like a thundercloud between a man and his share of God's sunshine; when, in brief, he realizes that he is losing interest in everybody and everything,—it is time for that man to go deliberately to bed and stay there until he has thoroughly recovered himself. Let him pretend to be

ill. Many patients who think themselves ill are not so; many are ill, and very ill indeed, who do not realize it. What is needed in most cases is rest, a complete change of scene, and a suitable diet. These alone restore one's soul, clear the vision, regulate the nervous system, and make life worth living.

Something was happening to me, I knew not what. The world had become a blank. There was a little scarlet spot on my knee that was painful to the touch and looked as if it were a bruise. Had I fallen over some sharp-cornered article of furniture in the dark, this might have been the result. But there was nothing for me to fall over—and it wasn't dark at any time: the little night-lamp gave light enough to guide me at any hour.

In a day or two the bruise—if it was a bruise—grew worse. I could with difficulty use the leg; all the muscles seemed to have grown flabby and of no avail. I had suddenly achieved unenviable distinction in the character of a helpless and hopeless cripple. The scarlet spot spread in all directions; one hand was soon affected; fingers were swelling and becoming very painful. Evidently something had to be done at once. A physician, after an examination, exclaimed: "Oh, I see it all! It is a case of inflammatory rheumatism. Your place is in the hospital!"

The telephone was hastily put in commission. Of course my first thought was of Providence Hospital, as if there were none other in the country. Provi-

dence was crowded to overflowing; applicants were being turned every day from the door. Garfield was thronged to repletion. The Emergency was ill named, since it was not equal to the occasion. Then came the happy thought: why not apply to Georgetown University Hospital, a young institution under the patronage of the famous old Jesuit University; a small and quiet sanitarium, in charge of the Franciscan Sisters of the same family as those who went from Syracuse and are doing a blessed work among the lepers of Molokai? There was just one room left in the establishment, and this I secured at once, and hastened thither as fast as wheels could carry me.

The day was bright and beautiful. The drive from Washington to Georgetown is not without interest under any circumstances. Georgetown is older than Washington, the capital of the nation. It is said to have been named in honor of King George IV. The picturesque town was laid out in 1751, and incorporated in 1789.

When the Southern element in Congress opposed fixing the seat of government forever in Philadelphia, it was decided that for ten years the City of Brotherly Love should enjoy that honor, and that then the capital of the nation should be removed to Georgetown and permanently located there. As yet there was no Washington worth mentioning. There was not very much Georgetown; but what there was of it was on high, undulating land, near the head of navigation. General Washington had navigated the Potomac River—known by the Indians as the River of Swans—in his canoe, and evidently approved of the site. But a great city was to be founded, and the magnificent plans of Major L'Enfant required more elbow-room than was obtainable in Georgetown, so the Capitol was erected on a far-distant height on the other side of an unwholesome swamp. For

a time the Capitol was called "the palace in the wilderness"; Pennsylvania Avenue, "the great Serlonian Bog"; Georgetown was "the city of houses without streets"; and Washington, "the city of streets without houses," or "the city of magnificent distances."

When the formal transfer of the government from Philadelphia took place, in 1800, "a single packet sloop brought all the official furniture of the several departments, besides seven large boxes and five small ones containing the archives of the government." Mrs. Adams, the wife of John Adams, then second President of the United States, spoke of Washington as "the wilderness city"; and Secretary Wolcott in a letter to his wife said: "There are but few houses in any place, and most of them are small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor and, as far as I can judge, live like fishes, by eating each other."

All this I was thinking of as I was being whirled through broad streets and superb avenues, out of one of the fairest cities in the Union to what is now called its suburb, the ancient and honorable city of Georgetown, the port of entry of the capital city, and the old camp of the soldiers of the Revolution. I think I was lost in a dream of the past when we turned abruptly into a short and narrow street and drove under an archway that apparently led into a clay quarry. We paused; I was almost lifted out of the carriage, assisted up the steps and admitted to a small waiting room, where from the mantelpiece St. Anthony of Padua, in a beautifully tinted robe of plaster, smiled down upon me. I took heart of grace and plucked up sufficient courage to greet Mother Pauline with a smile as she gave me welcome, looking the picture of stately medieval dignity.

Mother Pauline apologized for having to place me in the Annex: there was no

other available room in the hospital. "Annex" sounded a little lonesome. Was I to be banished and communicated with by telephone? We shall see anon. Would I be wheeled thither or carried on a litter, or could I walk? It is not always that one has three choices in this world without extra charge. I chose to walk—or hobble—rather than surrender to mine enemy. The elevator took us to the second floor. There the little pilgrimage began. The hospital proper, a new building, is small; soon it will expand its wings. Meanwhile two private houses, evidently old settlers, have been connected with it by a covered passage on the second floor,—a veritable "bridge of sighs."

We knew not whither we were being led, but we followed fearlessly from house to house. The first house is the convent of the Sisters. There they have their dormitory, refectory, and chapel. Another covered passage communicates with the farther house, and this house is the Annex. How we ever got there I hardly know. The winding way is indeed a labyrinth. I am sure I could not have retraced my steps without a guide. My room was the last to be reached: a bright, cheerful corner room, with four windows, and a little bed with a snow-white coverlet, so beautifully laid that it looked quite like a frosted cake. The air was deliciously fresh; the sun was streaming through the western windows. I glanced from one of them: there on the heights just above us and close at hand towered the classic halls and walls of old Georgetown.

When one arrives at a hospital as a patient one is immediately and unceremoniously put to bed. In ten minutes I was laid out upon my pillow; in twenty I had been done up in cotton as daintily as if I had been made of the most fragile porcelain. I was formally entered and billeted on the bulletin board, which the physician consults carefully on his every

round. I was refreshed with a glass of milk and smiled upon by Sister Genevieve, whose special charge I was. The shades were lowered: I was left alone, with the door ajar and a little bell within reach. In thirty minutes from the moment of my arrival I was sleeping like a tired but contented child.

For days I grew worse. I was so padded with cotton and bandaged in every limb that I looked like a snowman. The pain was excruciating. I was absolutely helpless. One does not do much eating when one has to be fed like an unfledged nestling. Even now I blush as I picture myself with my neck stretched out and my bill wide open while food was being poked into me with a spoon.

Who fed me while I was unable to feed myself? Wee Mary fed me. Wee Mary, a child in years, a little mother in maturity of manner and the wisdom of her ways. Mary can not be more than twelve years of age. An orphan in one of the Franciscan asylums, she has already found her vocation, and is supremely happy in it. A pretty—nay, a very beautiful child, who seems to be absolutely unconscious of herself; one destined to become a Sister as soon as her years will admit her; the most self-possessed, thoughtful, careful little creature that ever nursed a helpless invalid.

When Mary came with my breakfast in the morning, she entered like a sunbeam; all the room seemed brighter for her presence. With great care and deliberation she tied the bib about my neck; then, with dish in one hand and spoon in the other, she solemnly administered my food and drink. Had she been a matron and I an infant, she could not have fulfilled her duties in a more practical and systematic manner.

I learned after some days that Mary looked upon me as her especial charge; that when my linen was taken from the room it was Mary who insisted upon

cleansing it, ironing it, and returning it to me with her own hands—though there was a laundress in the house. Sometimes she would look in upon me and say: "Did you ring?" I had not rung. Then she would ask if there was anything I wanted, and I was sorry because I was not in want. Every evening after she had given me my supper she said "Good-night!" with a fervor that might lead one to think we were never to meet again in this world; but she was sure to drop in two or three times before her bedtime, which was eight o'clock.

Sister Genevieve's idea of the joy of life is bed-making and the winding of bandages. How symmetrical the rolls of bandage cloth were! How beautiful the long narrow breadths of muslin and gauze! There is such an art in the doing up of a wound that it requires long practice to acquire it thoroughly. Sister Genevieve is an expert and really takes pleasure in the exercise of her skill.

As I grew better—very much better—there was ample time for meditation and for the reading of such books as one who is in the world does not always find time to read. While at Georgetown I could not but think how different its atmosphere is from that of Providence Hospital. There, at Providence, the silence was so often broken by the sob of some one in the depths of depression, or the sharp cry of another in suffering, or the moan of those who could no longer control their anguish. The brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, writing of a Sister of Charity, remarked: "Her complexion had the transparent pallor that the cloister life often gives to nuns—that brings to mind the glory of a resuscitated being; and her countenance was radiant with spiritual beauty." The attendants, on the other hand, were usually pallid and cynical, with no feeling left them. People were walking about in felt slippers; the convalescents were absent-minded and always gazing

vacantly around, as very old people are apt to do.

I had been congratulating myself upon being so far removed from the hospital wards and the operating room that I was spared all audible reminders of the horrors of hospital life—when early one morning, while the Sisters were at Mass, I heard a booming as of a battering-ram, and I verily feared that the wall of the house must fall. It was repeated with frantic fury, and then something went all to pieces; and I heard a crash as of an avalanche of kindling wood. At this crisis there were hurrying feet in the corridor below and a confusion of voices that added to the mystery of it all.

It seemed to me an age before Sister Genevieve entered my room, and then I questioned her curiously. Of course it was difficult to learn anything about the disturbance. 'It was a mere incident in hospital life,'—for the Sisters, nurses and attendants try to keep the patient in ignorance concerning what is going on even in the next room. After a time I discovered that a poor wretch had been brought to us in a delirium, and for safe keeping had been locked behind the strong doors of the alcohol ward. In endeavoring to liberate himself he had dashed a solid oaken chair into splinters,—that was the noise I had heard. It became necessary to strap him to his iron bedstead, not once but over and over; for he broke the straps that bound him as if they had been ribbons. Opiates alone quieted him for about four and twenty hours, and then I began to hear stertorous breathing which lasted far into the night.

I was sleepless. Even my sleeping potion failed to bring the oblivion I sought. What could I do but pray and pray, especially for him? A Sister once told me that a very pious patient said to her one day: "O Sister, pray as much as you can while you are well, for when you get sick you won't feel like it!"

While I was praying for him he grew quieter and presently I heard him no more. I listened to the chimes of old Georgetown marking the quarter hours. How beautiful they were in the dead of night, under the silent stars! They sang once, those stars; but they were morning stars. And now the chimes sing for them, and fill the long night with melody, and add a joy to all the joys of the day.

At six the Angelus rang from the college tower and from Holy Trinity Church just over the way from my windows; and there were bells for Masses and for various exercises at the college, so that there was a feast of harmony day after day.

When Sister Genevieve came in the morning after the quiet night, I said to her: "The patient seems very quiet this morning." She answered: "Yes, he is very quiet." I added: "He must have slept well last night." And she replied: "Oh, yes!—oh, yes, indeed! He slept very, very well!" Then I knew that his spirit had passed away, and that when I heard him and was praying for him he was in his last agony.

During my convalescence I was supremely happy. I could read from morning till night. If I did not sleep, there were the chimes to gladden me every quarter hour. On Saturday afternoons, when the match games of football were played on the Georgetown campus the air was filled with college yells by the backers of the opposing teams, mingled with the exhilarating strains of a rag-time brass band. Did I not wish to join them on the field of battle? No! My privacy was dearer to me than all the sports of the season. I was doing exactly what I said at the beginning of this paper—I was playing sick and staying in bed, because just then it seemed the best place in the world to stay in.

I left the hospital with regret,—I really did. It was so quiet and peaceful and

homelike there. Everybody was so kind and good, and I felt so secure from all care and worry and earthly ills. Often I have wished myself there again—but not to undergo what I underwent when I arrived there. I now look upon it as a kind of retreat, and I feel sure that it did me a world of good,—especially when I lay on my pillow in the early mornings and heard the Franciscan Sisters, in their little chapel, singing with voices as pure and sweet and passionless as the very larks at heaven's gate.

(To be continued.)

The Awakening of a Soul.

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

SQUIRE RAYMOND'S right arm was in a sling—a consequence of a fall on the ice,—and his elder son, Francis, whom he did not like, was acting as his amanuensis. They were in the library,—a quaint room suggesting the days of Pepys, long-locked cavaliers and stately dames with flowing robes. Its windows overlooked what in summer was velvet lawn and winding avenue, but now was as a bare white plain of snow, marked here and there with the tiny footprints of birds. Across its whiteness came a young man at a swinging pace, and the Squire's eyes rested on his athletic figure with all the fondness they were capable of expressing.

George Raymond resembled his father in appearance, tastes, and pursuits; but his disposition was kindlier. He was of the "happy-go-easy" type, not very intellectual; whilst Francis was studious and reserved,—a milksop, according to the Squire. Within the last few months, to the scandal of the neighborhood and the abiding displeasure of his father, he had become a "Papist." "If he wanted

to be goody-goody, he might at least have joined a respectable religion," said the Squire, who seldom went to church, and maintained that it did not matter what a man believed if only he kept himself free from the "errors of Rome."

It was a sharp, bright wintry day, and George had been enjoying outdoor exercise all morning. As he neared the house, he jumped over a log that lay in his path,—not a particularly striking display of skill or strength, but it seemed to gratify the Squire immensely.

"Here he comes!" he said. "A chip of the old block,—a true Raymond, thank God! Have you finished that letter, Francis? Very well. Now write to Sir John Imray and say that we are expecting him and his family to pay their long-promised visit at an early date."

If the Squire had been looking at Francis, he would have seen him change color; but he was absorbed in George, and must needs go into the hall to meet him, as if he had been absent for days instead of hours.

"I hope the Imrays will be with us before long," he said, as George flung down his skates and gazed benignly at the roaring fire. "Francis is just writing to Sir John for me."

"Oh, is he?" yawned George, not much interested in the movements of his father's oldest friend, parted from him by the blue hills of another county; "my word, a hot fire after frosty air does make a fellow drowsy!"

"Well, keep awake for a few minutes, George. You are a man now, and it is the desire of my heart to see you married and settled before I die."

"All right!" was the accommodating answer.

"Edith Imray is a lovely girl," said the Squire, with meaning.

George laughed and poked the fire.

"You have me with you so far, dad," he declared. "'Her face it is the fairest that e'er the sun shone on!'"

"Then, my dear boy, why not marry her?"

"She may have something to say to that, don't you know? She may prefer—some one else."

"Some one else is another name for whom, George?" asked the Squire, sharply.

"I don't know,—I am not sure. I can't answer for her, of course; but I think Frank is attracted by her, and the feeling might prove mutual."

"Do you suppose she would prefer him to you?" asked the Squire, with amused scorn.

"Why not?" said George, who was neither vain nor conceited. Besides, he appreciated his brother's goodness; he admired his moral courage in becoming a Catholic, though he did not understand the motives leading up to that act.

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Mr. Raymond. "Though he is my son, there's not a spark of manliness in him, or how could he cringe to a priest? Isn't it disgusting to think that he goes to confession?"

"By Jove, I wonder what he's got to confess?"

"Well, he has no right to think of marrying a girl like Edith Imray," said the Squire, angrily. "He knows and you know that you are my heir. Of his own free-will he chose between his birthright and Popery, and he has got to abide by his decision. No Papist shall rule here. Thank heaven, the Raymond entail was broken, or the Hall would have been turned into a monastery or a nunnery, and the Jesuits would have seized upon the revenues! Faugh! Now, you will have an opportunity of proposing to Edith whilst she is here, George; and—and I wish you all success!"

He returned to the library, to find Francis still waiting for him; and a hard look came into his steel-grey eyes, his expression of dislike and disdain intensified.

"Have you written what I told you, Francis? Then add this: 'We are old friends, Imray, and it would be a source of happiness to us both if our families were united by marriage. My son George has confessed his admiration for your daughter Edith; and, though I say it, he is worthy of her. He will one day be head of the family, as Francis disinherited himself by joining the Church of Rome, and has no expectations. I hope that you and Lady Imray will consider what I have said.'"

Francis Raymond wrote the lines, and then laid down the pen. His face was very pale.

"Are you plotting how you may cut out your brother?" asked Mr. Raymond, bitterly. "If the girl likes to marry a beggar, she is welcome to you, I am sure. But she may draw the line at a renegade."

With that he left the room, and presently George entered.

"Father has been settling my destiny for me, old fellow," he said; "but I want to have an understanding with you. I rather suspect that you are sweet on Edith, and I have not the most remote intention of trying to cut you out. Let her choose between us. And, as age comes before honesty, old man, you shall speak first. She may have the good taste to prefer me, but if she doesn't,

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
Who will gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

II.

The Imrays arrived at Raymond Hall a week after the dispatch of the Squire's letter: Sir John a florid sportsman; my lady a tall, pale being, suggesting a gaunt white horse, so long and bony was her countenance; but Edith was a beauty, and well aware of the fact. She carried her shapely head high, the wealth of glossy hair seeming to weigh it back, and to give an outward curve to the slim young neck. The Squire laid no restraints upon his guests: they could act as if they were in their own

home, and that was the charm of his hospitality.

"A penny for your thoughts, good Master Francis!"

Francis, roaming the wintry woods in solitude, started out of a reverie to see Edith's bright face and slender figure in his path. His face flashed into beauty with a smile at sight of her, telling her for the hundredth time a tale she longed to hear in words.

"I left George so deeply interested in a marvellous pointer and a bewitching terrier that I don't suppose he has discovered my absence yet," she resumed. "And so you have become a Catholic? Is that the end of all your study and research?"

"The beginning rather, the entrance to new fields of higher and holier knowledge."

"I suppose it's all beyond the comprehension of a worldling like me," she said, pouting a little. "And I suppose it has changed you very much. Still, I hope there is so much of your old self left that you won't refuse me a favor."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief and another emotion he could not define.

"What may I do for you?" he asked.

"Tell Squire Raymond that my favorite letter of the alphabet is not G, which stands for grace and goodness, gawkinsness and George. Your good father's devices are very transparent."

"He is anxious for George's welfare and happiness," said Francis, loyally.

"And what of yours—or mine?"

He looked at her quickly and their eyes met; for a moment hers held his, then fell as a wave of color passed over her charming face.

"Edith! You know that I love you,—how deeply, how fondly no words can ever say!" he exclaimed.

"Is that why you have been silent so long?" she asked.

"Do you mean that I may hope to win you, Edith?—that you care for me?"

"Yes," she confessed shyly; and then

it mattered not to him that the sky was grey and cloudy, the woods bleak and bare, the wind cold and cutting; upon him shone the sun whose radiance first was cast on sinless Eden ere pain and wrong and sorrow were known.

He loved her, and through love she would learn the beauty of the Faith; the grace of God would draw her within the Fold. So he hoped, so he prayed. One day a divine voice would whisper to her, as to him, "Behold thy mother!" and she would find, as he had found, the sweetness and the strength of that mother's love.

They roamed the woods together until it was time to go indoors. No one seemed to see the truth, though Lady Imray surveyed the young pair sharply through her eyeglasses; and, as the ladies retired to dress for dinner, she bade her daughter come to her room.

Francis was left to muse on his new-found happiness. There was not one bitter drop in the cup; for George but admired Edith as he admired every fair girl; and the Squire's harshness would give way before Edith's charm. Because of her he might look with kindlier eyes upon his son.

Miss Imray did not appear at dinner: she had a headache, my lady said; the Squire looked sympathetic, Sir John incredulous, George indifferent. His appetite certainly was not affected by her absence. The meal ended, they went to the drawing-room, and there was a rattle of chessmen and a flutter of cards. Francis, being as usual the one too many in the company, went out to the starlight, pacing the veranda and dreaming love's young dream over and over again. One dear presence alone was wanting to make complete the enchantment of time and scene—the quiet hour, the flash of stars overhead, the snow glittering in their light. And that was added; for presently he heard a soft step behind him, and turned to see Edith, her face white above her rich

fur mantle, her eyes feverishly bright, her mouth quivering.

"My dearest one, what is the matter?" he breathed.

"Mother is so angry, Frank! And she has told me that George is to inherit everything,—that you will be disinherited on account of your change of religion. Is it true?"

"It is true. I thought you knew. I thought you would hear the contents of the letter I wrote, at my father's dictation, on the subject."

"I did not learn them until this evening. O Francis, don't hate and despise me altogether, but I can't marry a poor man,—I dare not! No one knows what passed between us to-day except mother, and no one must know. It is all over. My parents have chosen for me, and I must obey."

"My dear girl, do you think that I can't work for you,—that I would have spoken to you with no prospect but that of hopeless poverty before me? I purposed leaving home in spring, for I have been promised a secretaryship. With that and my literary work I can provide you with a home; and if we must live quietly and simply, will you regret it when we have each other's love?"

She glanced expressively at her costly attire, at the jewelled rings glittering on her fingers.

"I am not made for a quiet and simple life," she pouted. "That means, I suppose, a jerry-built cottage, one servant, a new gown every seven years, driving strictly limited to omnibusses. O Frank, I can't exist without the good things of life,—without pretty clothes and a carriage, and money to spend when I want and as I like!"

She burst into tears as he stood silent, his fairy palace falling in ruins about him.

"It would be all right," she went on eagerly, "if you became a Protestant again,—you know it would. Your father would relent if he found that you

would give up Romanism in deference to his views and for my sake. I rather think he is fond of me, his old friend's daughter; and father would speak to him on your behalf."

"You are dearer to me than my life, Edith; but God is dearer still," he answered, with quivering lips.

"Then you won't help me? And I can't help myself: I must give you up. My parents will cast me off if I marry a Catholic, especially a penniless one; and I have told you that I dare not do it."

"You are free," he said quietly. His face was whiter than hers; and after one glance at it, she turned her eyes away and left him.

The hour of temptation and of renunciation had come and gone, and only the One whom Frank Raymond would not betray for love or wealth beheld his pain.

No one, excepting Lady Imray, knew what had passed between the girl and the quiet, reserved young man. It was tacitly understood that she was to marry George, and the Squire was supremely satisfied. George accepted the situation with his usual serenity and utter lack of penetration. He supposed that Frank was, like himself, not ready to die of grief if a girl said "No," nor yet of joy if she said "Yes." He supposed he and Edith would "pull well" as husband and wife, and he hoped she would be interested in his hunters and his dogs.

III.

"I don't like that horse of yours, George. I am sure he is vicious,—I said so before we started."

George and Edith were riding across the common. In the distance was a disused quarry; farther away snow-clad hills closed in the picture. George, who prided himself on his horsemanship, looked hurt.

"I'm not a child in arms," he said. "I can manage any horse in the three kingdoms.—You brute, would you?"

"Was all that speech addressed to me?" asked Edith, smiling maliciously; but George was busy with his steed, which he held in with difficulty.

"I wouldn't have a quiet horse in my stables," he declared.—"Oh, upon my word, I shall have to thrash you yet!"

"What an unmanly threat!" said Edith. "I shall dread your society after that, George. But what have I done to provoke you so far?"

"Eh? Oh, I see! I beg your pardon, but this animal won't be quiet! By Jove, he's off!"

It was true: the horse had got his head at last and bolted. George set his teeth, and drew his feet out of the stirrups in case of disaster. Edith was not much frightened, knowing his pluck and his skill as a rider; and she watched the wild gallop with only a faint thrill. But suddenly her color faded and her blood seemed to freeze. The horse was making straight for the old quarry; and though George's arms were almost wrenched from their sockets in the effort to hold in the animal, his energy was wasted, and his courage began to fail in face of a hideous death. All at once a figure appeared from behind a huge boulder, flung itself across the horse's path, and with one daring effort seized the bridle. In the moment of time thus gained George swung himself out of the saddle; then the animal dashed forward more furiously still, flinging the rescuer to the ground. He lay there mute and motionless, the mark of a cruel hoof on his brow and blood flowing from his lips. George—careless, easy-going George—fell on his knees beside his brother, crying like a child.

He had been carried into the library, and there he was lying now. Those who had borne him home had barely left the Hall ere the Imrays and the Squire returned from visiting a neighbor, all unconscious of the tragedy. George met his father and told him what had happened.

"Frank is dying," he said; "he has asked for a priest."

"No priest shall ever darken my doors," the old man passionately declared.

"I am going for the priest," said George, doggedly; "and if you won't admit him, father, you—you can shut me out too."

Mr. Raymond turned away without another word.

Later a quiet, gentle old priest entered the chamber of death. He administered the last consolations of religion to the dying man; and then Edith, at her own urgent entreaty, was permitted to see him. But even as she knelt beside him, craving for one loving word, an angel struck off the fleshly fetters and set free the noble soul. In one last effort Francis pressed the crucifix to his lips and so expired.

IV.

The funeral was over, and George Raymond and Edith Imray stood together in the still darkened room whence so short a time ago the beloved dead had been carried to the last earthly resting-place in the shadow of the little Catholic church on the hill.

"We are going home to-morrow," said the girl; "and something tells me that I at least shall not return here again."

"Don't get morbid, dear!" he said kindly. "It has been an awful shock, and you are nervous and frightened, but you will recover. And though we shall never forget Frank—my dear, brave Frank,—life will not be all mourning for us. You will come back, Edith—to me."

She looked at him quietly, steadfastly, mournfully.

"I loved him better," she confessed, "and I gave him up for the poor pomps and vanities of the world, which will avail me nothing when I too shall lie dying. I am a vain, frivolous, worldly girl, and that will be the end of it one day—death, eternity. All our life just

leads to that. I—I dare not die. *He* had no fear, because he believed that Christ Himself had come to sustain him, that she who stood on Calvary stood near him in his agony too. I have no such faith, no such hope; and yet as surely I must die!"

"Hush, hush, dear! You are unstrung, overexcited," he murmured assuagingly.

"I am perfectly calm, George,—as calm as a woman can be who has never known God and realizes that one day she must meet Him face to face. What does anything else matter but the being ready for that awful hour? Frank was ready, and his memory and his love may bless and save me yet. I feel—I feel in my heart of hearts that he is praying for me, that even in heaven he remembers and pities me."

George did not, could not answer; he was not sure that he understood. He believed the girl to be thoroughly unnerved by the tragedy, and possibly scarcely conscious of what she was saying. But she would get over it.

Years have passed since then. George is happily married, and reigns at Raymond Hall a popular Lord Bountiful. Of Edith Imray he has long lost sight, and her parents decline to mention her name or to hear it spoken in their presence. Her sisters have made brilliant matches; but she is dead to the world,—one of the daughters of St. Vincent, a ministering angel to the poor of Christ.

Resignation.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

I CAN NOT clasp it to my breast,
The cross my Lord hath sent;
But I can bow to His behest
And strive to be content.
For did I shift the heavy load
Or cast the burthen by,
How could I face the lonely road
The day I come to die?

The Heart of a City Glorious.

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY.

IN the great old days that are sometimes flippantly spoken of as the "dark" days of the Middle Age, there lived and died in Florence, on the Arno, a generation of men to whom genius seems to have been a natural condition. In the very heart of that City Glorious, close by the stately lily that Giotto carved in stone, stood—and still stands—the Dominican Monastery of San Marco, to which that world-famous folk went daily for study or for conversation. Beside the centuries old church where Savonarola thundered prophecies to a sinful city, until the masker became the cowed penitent, are the wide-spreading stuccoed walls of the great monastery, that is built about two peaceful courtyards, to which no sound of the world's turmoil is accessible. There the flooding sunlight weaves lace-like acacia patterns on the tessellated pavement; there soft-throated nightingales and iridescent pigeons splash in the tinkling fountains; and there the angels of Angelico and Bartolomeo—not infants as Perugino chose to paint them, but the stately angels of Isaiah—trumpet their "Hosannahs" on the glowing walls. Some, alas! of the convent's treasures have gone to less secluded galleries, being sawn from the bricks and borne on mattresses to the Pitti and the Louvre.

Sometime in 1436 the Convent of San Marco, half ruined by the factions that had torn Florence asunder, was secured to the Dominicans by one Cosmo de' Medici, whose chief claim on popular remembrance is that he gave Lorenzo, the careless but Magnificent, to a waiting world. A gracious human interest enlivens the history of the princely gift; for Cosmo, who is known to Italian history as the Father of his Country, bore a brotherly affection for the saintly

prior whom we call St. Antonino. The tiny cells of both, connecting with each other and with the church, are still unchanged as in the days when the wise and saintly men brooded together over the troubled city.

Not content with one benefaction, Cosmo—one of the wealthiest men of his age—gave to his cloister home the famous collection of manuscripts that the wandering scholar Niccolo Niccoli had ruined himself to buy. By the gift was organized the first public library in Italy. The priceless parchments, many in sad condition, were entrusted to the community of San Marco to clean and to repair; which done, two more gifted than the rest were granted fifteen hundred ducats with which to illuminate them. Little thought Cosmo when he gave his new-minted florins into the jealous keeping of two gentle enthusiasts that he was helping one of the world's great painters along the road to fame.

With the happy abandon possible only in the cloister, Fra Giovanni and his brother Fra Benedetto gave themselves to their task until such choirs of angels rained from the elder's eager brush that he won for himself the more familiar title of Angelico. "Fra Giovanni," writes one who chronicled the master's work, "was a man simple and blameless. He shunned the world with all its temptations; and during his pure life was such a friend of the poor that I think his soul must now be in heaven."

While the brothers worked the brethren were busy with their renovated books—correcting, compiling, annotating,—until all Europe realized the treasures that were theirs, and the men whose life-work brought about the Italian Renaissance flocked to San Marco to study their several arts. Here Girolamo Benivieni, disciple of Savonarola and the greatest sacred singer of his time, pored over the old choir books that still lie on their desks; here the rival friends Giovanni Rucellai

and Gian-Giorgio Tressino were wont to declaim each other's poems, asking the audience to decide which was the worthier of fame; here the red-robed Florentine citizen came with his sixteen student sons, and no one looked surprised as the grave procession passed.

Amongst the book-laden shelves, Pico della Mirandola bent his handsome head above many a treatise on cabalistic philosophy; Sandro Botticelli and his beloved Ghirlandaio searched in the theological books for the appropriate attributes of the St. Augustine and the St. Jerome then coming to immortality in the Ognissanti; and the engraver, Baccio Baldini, looking over the pen-work of half-forgotten artists, kept his eye on the improvident Sandro, who had promised to illustrate a new edition of Dante once he had squandered the money sent him by the Pope.

In a quiet corner young Lorenzo Ghiberti, wan and worried from his first failure to cast the great bronze gates of the Baptistery (the gates so soon to be known as the Doors of Paradise), took counsel of Brunelleschi, his generous-hearted rival, who in his turn had come to ask advice of Donatello anent the building of the cathedral dome that still hangs over Florence. And while they talked, with furrowed brows and introverted gaze, Maestro Donatello was closeted with a now forgotten monk learned in the fine points of theology, whose keener judgment should decide the correctness of certain models of statues for the cathedral's western façade. Years later Andrea Verrachio, "the true-sighted," he who set an undying Doge upon an unrivalled horse, came back rich in the commission to crown the splendid church with a huge ball and cross, and anxious to seek out in the quiet cloister some aging friends of the great architect who could tell him of the earlier plans.

Half the notable men of Florence could be found in the gardens of San Marco

between sunrise and sunset of a summer's day; the Guelfs and Ghibellines keeping, for old-time's sake, to opposite sides of the courts. Here walked Lorenzo the Magnificent, with his following of friends and clients; poor broken-hearted Mariotto Albertinelli come from the wine-shop he had opened, in desperation on losing the friend of his youth and art, Baccio della Porta, who was now Fra Bartolomeo; Politian the Platonist, misnamed Angelo, railing at Mabillius, with medieval frankness, as a "lousy dog"; merchants wishful for friendly relations with members of the Council; couriers to foreign courts in long-pointed shoes and parti-colored hose, bearing letters from the Signiory that must speedily be put into good Latin; soldiers, grown over-rich with the sack of hapless towns, eager to pose as patrons of art by spending a tithe of their ill-gotten gains to their own glory and the honor of a favorite church.

Workers in precious metals, in lapis-lazuli and alabaster, came to the convent with some sacred vessel, hopeful of finding new orders; penniless painters, now world-famous, then begging work; and a score of men who unconsciously stood for types of their time, as the Duke of Urbino, whose contempt of printed books brought him to seek the cowed scribes who could best fill his library; or loud-voiced Pietro Mellini came to see about the carving of a votive pulpit for Sta. Croce, driving his thrifty bargain amidst a circle of admiring friends; and—a little aloof from the rest—that greatest soul of his century, Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, his face lined with the labor of carving the mighty Thinker that sits between Twilight and Dawn.

Ghosts, crowned with kingly circlets or with laurel, seem at home in the silent courts; Christian, King of far-off Denmark, who paused here on the arduous journey he had vowed to make to Rome; that Medici of the Medici,

Leo X., who sought sanctuary from a populace infuriated against his family in the house that family had made a place of safety; poor Filippo Lippi, his own worst enemy, still wearing the monk's gown he so little deserved; a curly-haired little lad deep in the study of the catechism lesson he had come to recite, whom the world would revere as S. Filippo Neri; the youthful Raphael, with his friend Pietro Bembo,—he who would live to be secretary to Leo X. and friend to a much-harassed lady named Donna Lucrezia Borgia; that bandy-legged little "Scourge of God," Charles the Eighth of France; and sharp-tongued Machiavelli shoulder to shoulder with his patron, Piero Solderini, the *gonfalconier* (banner-bearer) of the people.

Almost a century after the famous group were gone there came to San Marco, as the guest of the Grand Duke, a tried and troubled wanderer, grown restless, prematurely old and world-weary, than whom none is worthier of remembrance; and in the still Italian nights the wandering brotherhood surely gathered about the chair of Torquato Tasso to hear from his lips some cantos of the "Jerusalem Delivered."

Bits of strange gossip that now make stranger history must have stirred the echoes of the old arcade: how Luca della Robbia, too jealous of his fellow-artists to share with them his hard-earned secret of glazing pottery, had hidden it for the benefit of posterity in a terra cotta cherub's head; how Lorenzo's waxen image, wearing the splendid dress in which he had escaped the daggers of the Pazzi, had fallen in the night from the roof of the Church of S. Annunziata—surely an omen of evil portent; how, Luigi Pulci was secretly at work upon a book he called "Morgante Maggiore"; how Antonio del Pollainolo, working under Ghiberti on the second bronze door of the Baptistery, had carved on it in an idle hour a quail of such perfect workmanship that he was admitted

immediately to the master's guild, to the envy of the slovenly Masaccio; how Luca Pitti, deep in the building of his huge palace, talked of having the vast façade decorated by that prince of house painters, the great Titian.

It was told, too, how Andrea del Sarto had allowed his lovely wife to rob him of his honor and the monies intrusted to his spending by the art-loving French king; how Piero de Cosmo had painted for the Colonna a "Magdalene" so unrepentant that the austere Cardinal would have none of her; how agents of the Franciscan Minorites had come to Florence in search of an artist, arranging to pay for a great picture with the Zuccardi legacy,—little knowing that a propitious fate would hold that commission in abeyance until the boy Correggio had grown to be a painter; how his Holiness Sixtus IV. had sent for Perugino to work in the Sistine Chapel; how young Leonardo, the son of Ser Piero Antonio da Vinci, Notary of the Republic, had constructed a silver lute so beautiful that Il Magnifico planned to send it to the Tyrant of Milan.

It was also related how Joannes Lascaris, not content with publicly ridiculing Politian's classic odes, had instigated his beautiful and learned pupil Alessandra Scala to refuse the hand of his enemy in a Greek epigram that would soon be public property, promising (by way of reward) that she should act "Electra" in the next Greek play to be given at the Academy; how Luca Signorella had fallen under the ban of the Priori for ghoulish deeds done in the interests of his studies in anatomy; how Prior Savonarola had seen in a vision such signs of coming catastrophe that even he forbore to speak of them; and last, but most interesting of all, how a letter had come to the Podesta saying that certain youths gone out in the sailing ships had been driven westward to an immense island where never before

had any people sailed, and had found it to be inhabited by men and women speaking a strange tongue.

Wise and fine must have been the comments exchanged in terse Tuscan when Bernardo Cennini, he who first printed the *Æneid*, came with his sons and his household of learned men to criticise and correct the codices of the monastery; or when the sailor Amerigo Vespucci claimed of a wondering group the recognition due one who had found a fourth part of the world, until the shrewd old map-maker Tascanelli, the correspondent and confidant of Columbus, turned from the abstruse calculations he was making for his *gnomon* (sundial) to defend the reputation of his absent friend.

Men who lived wonderful lives bent above the carved tables in the library that were designed to hold ponderous tomes. In that library studied Fifelfo, the penniless scholar, who went to distant Constantinople in search of Greek papyri; and, having lived in princely state until all was lost, returned with his wife Theodora (a member of the imperial family) and his twelve sons and twelve daughters, anxious to die amidst the circle at San Marco. In that same library delved Tommaso Parentucelli, the bright-eyed student eager to master the books he was too poor to buy, who as Nicholas V. would one day form the famous collection of the Vatican. In that library Pope Eugenius IV. met John Palæologus, Emperor of the almost-forgotten East, for earnest discussion of the knotty questions that prevented the reunion of separated Christendom.

It was in that library also that Girolamo Savonarola, tortured by the racking in the Barge^{lo}, passed the last morning he was to spend on earth amongst the white-robed Dominicans of San Marco. Could the stone walls speak they would surely give back the echo of that shrill voice. "My sons,"

said the indomitable Frate, "my last admonition to you is this: let your arms be faith and patience and prayer....I know not whether my enemies will take my life, but this I know: that I shall be able to do more for you in heaven than I have ever had power to do on earth." And so he passed, leaving a whole people to wonder at his end, until Pius VII. voiced the feeling of his time when he said: "In the next world I shall learn the mystery of that man."

As the convent grew rich in fame and treasure, the beauty-loving brethren sought to enrich the walls of their cloister with such art as would prove a silent protest against the pseudo-pagan pictures of the time. Here in peaceful security, unmindful of the wild days to come, Fra Angelico and his pupils prayed as they painted pictures so innocent of the knowledge of evil that only the pure of heart may understand their supreme beauty; and here Fra Bartolomeo, careless of fame, obediently took up his brushes or laid them down at the bidding of the prior.

Entering the great gate, each visitor to San Marco is brought face to face with an early fresco of Angelico, in which a grief-stricken St. Dominic kneels by the Crucified. Opening from this outer cloister are doors to the various parts of the monastery, their appropriate lunettes serving as name plates to the halls beyond. Over the door to the sacristy, St. Peter Martyr, finger on lip, commands silence; above the entrance to the chapter house the same saintly Dominican, scourge in hand, enjoins penance. The great refectory is marked by a Resurrection; and the guest chamber, by the welcome offered by two Dominicans to a weary Christ. All about the beautiful walls of the arcade stretch frescoed scenes from the history of San Antonino, in which the vanished life of medieval Florence lives and breathes again. In the refectory St. Dominic and his brethren meet below

an immense Crucifixion; in the chapter house a second Crucifixion glows above the prior's chair of state, for which the painter's famous or forgotten friends posed as models for the saintly figures that crowd the foreground.

This work done, Fra Angelico paused for a while, perhaps to reason with the admiring Pope who sought, much to the gentle painter's dismay, to make him Archbishop of Florence. About this time Ghirlandaio painted a Last Supper in the small refectory; and Baccio della Porta, won to the brotherhood by the preaching of Savonarola, added as a lunette an exquisite Meeting of Christ and the Apostles at Emmaus.

When Fra Angelico had prevailed on the Pope to leave him in peace at San Marco, he turned his attention to the great dormitory that filled all the second story of the house; and, with his brother's assistance, soon executed a series of small frescoes above the narrow beds. Shortly after the work was finished, the long low hall was divided into a corridor and two rows of cells, so that each monk found himself in sole possession of a tiny room, where one wall was filled by a bed, the opposite by a small arched window, and a priedieu placed beneath a little masterpiece. A pretty tradition has it that the patient brothers allowed each monk to choose the subject of his picture, which explains in part the haphazard way in which Pietas and Last Suppers, Annunciations and Transfigurations, Nativities and Presentations, follow one another to the number of two score.

In the cells for which Fra Angelico chose the pictures, one may study the workings of his simple mind. For the sainted Archbishop Antonino, whose wise rule did so much to liberate Florence from what the good monks knew as the "bonds of sin," his friend and follower painted a Descent into Limbo, together with a genealogical tree of the

household, in which the names or faces of many a Fra Predicatore appear as genealogical fruit. In the penitential cell, with its stone benches and iron wall-rings, is a sad-eyed Saviour being tempted by the devil. In the cell chosen by the princely Cosmo de' Medici (as a naive bit of flattery perhaps) is the Visit of the Magi.

In his own cell is the strangest picture of all. In that little sanctum, designed for the subject of his daily meditation, the peace-loving and childlike Angelico painted not a Nativity nor a Transfiguration but a Betrayal by Judas. The dusty sunbeams entering by the little window fall dimly on the faded and elusive fresco, where the pictured torchlight serves to show a delirious group of enraged and startled men, the wrathful Peter with his too ready sword, and the Master's pitying white face turned with unaccustomed sternness on the cowering traitor. In the inner cell, where Angelico once dreamed his angels, some appreciative hand has hung a beautiful reliquary—once in the sacristy of Santa Maria Novella—that holds a Coronation and a Nativity rich in singing choirs.

The cells of the younger monks—the Giovanti—were grouped about those of the prior; and in each of these Fra Benedetto painted, with deep feeling and admirable patience, a series of Crucifixions. But the acme of interest in San Marco centres in these cells of the prior; for here, only four hundred years ago, a brave man studied and struggled until his great heart broke. As they were in the days of Savonarola so they are to-day: stone walls and floor and ceiling, each tiny window guarded by a spiked grill adorned with devils' heads; the Frate's prayer-bench, the student's desk, the prior's chair,—all, all are here; and something more besides.

After the tragedy of the piazza, loving disciples gathered up and brought to these little cells, as to a shrine,

mementos of the martyr. Here hang two noble life-sized paintings of the Mother and Child done by Fra Bartolomeo; here stands a terra cotta bust of the Frate, and that profile portrait which recalls that other great Florentine, Dante; here are the hair-shirt and rosary and crucifix; a painting of the day of fire and a fragment of wood from the pile; and those more touching relics, the annotated books of him who was as a voice crying in a wilderness.

Kresstoffsky.

A STORY OF HOLY RUSSIA.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "NUESTRA SEÑORA," ETC.

XXXVI.—HAPPINESS ALL ROUND.

IT was resolved that all the party on the *Corisande* should go over to where the dead Baroness lay. The Russian Ambassador happened to be at the club where Percy sought him. With Prince Demidoff, second secretary of the Embassy, he repaired to the *Adora*, and was received with all the flag honors, it being contrary to etiquette to salute with guns.

Count O'Reilly presented the Ambassador to the assembled company, and then all entered the main saloon, which had been artistically draped in purple and black. The remains of Olga Vera, Baroness Grondno reposed upon a raised couch, which brought the face almost on a level with those standing around it. From an adjoining stateroom came a low musical murmur, occasionally broken by bursts of earnest prayer. Miss Voss was utterly overcome, as were the two tire-women; while Miss Edregevitch controlled a grief that was as evident as though she were wailing aloud.

Everybody knelt around the couch; and it was strange and almost weird to

hear the merry laughter, the twanging of banjos, the throbings of steam yachts, the rattling of cordage, the whistlings and callings that came through the open ports from craft of every sort bounding over the sparkling waters of the picturesque Solent.

Myles, as may be supposed, was strangely affected as he looked upon those immobile features that only a few hours before were aglow with the fires of the master passion. Forever and aye were closed those eyes that had flung themselves into his in the tumultuous expectancy of learning her fate. Her fate! Oh, the great gates that now barred question or answer, or love or hate, or human passion or human emotion! He thanked God, as he gazed upon her in the icy embrace of Death, that he had ever tried to behave as a man of honor, and that his conscience was white as the snowy pall that had fallen upon her.

The Ambassador and Count O'Reilly held grave conference with Doctor Lonka. During the voyage the Baroness had consulted the doctor for a troublesome action of the heart, for which he had prescribed the usual remedies, since there were no indications of an abnormal character. The symptoms were simply those of indigestion.

"About three o'clock this morning," said the Doctor, "she sent a maid for Miss Voss, and then recalled her; but Miss Voss, a calm intelligence, always on the alert, was at her bedside ere the maid had time to reach the stateroom. The Baroness requested Miss Voss to return to bed, saying she had been suffering from a horrible nightmare. Miss Voss, however, only pretended to retire; something in the appearance of the Baroness caused her intense uneasiness, and after a little she decided upon awaking me. I hastened to the stateroom of the Baroness on hearing a cry from Miss Voss, who had preceded me, and found life extinct."

Here Doctor Lonka entered into details in regard to the fatal seizure.

"Are you prepared to attest that Baroness Grondno died from natural causes?" asked the Ambassador.

"Assuredly, your Excellency."

"Then there is no need for a coroner's inquest. On the part of the Imperial Government of Russia, I now take charge of the remains, which shall be embalmed at once, and returned to St. Petersburg on board this yacht. You will see to the embalming, Doctor Lonka, with the physician to the Embassy, who shall be wired for immediately. The Chancellor of the Embassy will take charge of all papers and so forth. Prince Demidoff, I shall place you in control of this yacht and its contents until certain formalities are discharged. I shall go to London by the night train. Count O'Reilly, should you so desire it, you may remain with Demidoff."

Now we must say *vale* to the Baroness Grondno, whose remains were duly borne to St. Petersburg, the faithful Miss Voss declining to be separated from her, while Miss Edregevitch remained on a visit to Mrs. Byng.

The shadow that the untimely fate of the poor Baroness cast upon the whole party was the immediate cause of breaking it up. Eileen was called to London by her father, who, be it said, had started for the Foreign Office the instant that the *Corisande* had dropped anchor,—which prevented Myles from obtaining the interview for which he was so hungry, yet so ill prepared.

"It seems so unmanly that because I happened to be on hand when my darling was in danger, I should have the effrontery to ask for her, without being the possessor of a penny wherewith to support her. I feel very mean, too, in seeking employment from Mr. Byng simply because I was on hand again when his son was in a tight place. The sooner I get both of these interviews over the better. Eileen I shall never

give up. And, if it goes to that, I can earn enough for both even at the Hibernian Bank. Somehow, the future looks bright," he went on with his soliloquy. "With Eileen's love and her gentle help I shall be the happiest of men. Her smile shall light the darkest gloom, and my life will be too short to thank Heaven for such a treasure."

Percy, who was now deeply enamored with Miss Edregevitch, came to Myles.

"How lucky, my dear old chappie, that *you* set your affections on Eileen De Lacey! You *are* a dark horse. If I had known you were in the running, much as I am devoted to her, I should have withdrawn. Myles, you are getting a diamond of the first water. I yield her to you with a heart and a half. Alexandrovna Edregevitch and I seem to have been made for each other. The hand of Fate has interposed,—that's all. You are coming to Grosvenor Place, Myles, for as long as ever you can stay."

"My dear boy, I can not. I have to go and look for work; and a clerk out of a job would be very unfitted for the glories of Grosvenor Place."

"I'll fix all that, Myles. I am a splendid fellow, if I say it, for adjusting things. At Eton I was always the umpire of my school. So leave yourself in my hands."

Mr. and Mrs. Byng would not hear of Myles' going anywhere but to their house.

"Tut, tut, tut, sir! No nonsense with me! Not much,—not much!"

"Besides," interposed Mrs. Byng, "we extracted your promise in Russia. Why, what sort of people should we be if we permitted you to go to a cold hotel after saving all that is nearest and dearest to us on earth?" And the good lady sought refuge in honest tears.

"It's all right, *mater*!" cried Percy. "Wait till he and the Governor get together to-morrow!"

"Yes, yes!" burst in the old gentleman. "You will stop at Grosvenor

Place to-night, and come in to the bank to-morrow. Ten o'clock—ten o'clock! Pretty early, though!"

The following morning Myles was driven to Lombard Street, and shown into the small oaken parlor on the right where he had had the honor of meeting the Lord Mayor of London. After a wait of a few minutes Mr. Byng entered with a very old gentleman, whom he introduced as Mr. Jenkins.

"Mr. Jenkins is going to leave the bank, Myles,—yes, leave the bank, on full pay; eh, Jenkins?—full pay. Sixty years in the service."

"Sixty-two and two months, Mr. Byng,—pardon me!" interposed Jenkins.

"There's a memory for you, Myles! Sublime,—yes, sir, sublime! Well, the departure of Mr. Jenkins—his own wish, Myles; full pay, you understand?—will create a vacancy in one of our draft departments. This, Myles, you shall have, beginning with a thousand a year."

"Great Scott!" cried Myles. "Please to remember, Mr. Byng, that my salary at the Hibernian Bank was worth only one hundred and fifty pounds—"

"Your character, sir, was worth ten thousand—aye, twenty thousand. Now, Myles, you will enter on your duties on the 1st of the month; and in the meantime Mr. Jenkins will coach you up a bit—not a word! I must run over to the Bank of England. Dinner at eight sharp,—sharp's the word, sir,—sharp!" And the generous little banker disappeared, beaming with genuine and unalloyed delight.

Myles walked down Lombard Street as if he had wings to his feet. He kept on thanking Almighty God and His Blessed Mother for this favor, which had fallen upon him like a glorified essence. *Ave Maria* came to his lips with a soul-felt fervor. The Immaculate Virgin had interceded for him with her Divine Son. He could now go to Colonel De Lacey and claim Miss Eileen,

not as a poor hanger-on, a miserable adventurer, but as a bread-winner. A thousand a year! That meant a flat in London, a little box on the river, and a month's holiday in the Clohogue valley and the passes of the rugged mountains of Auchavana. He stopped in Piccadilly to wire the glad news to his mother; then pushed on to Claridge's Hotel, where he found the Colonel alone and delighted to see him.

In a few words Myles blurted out what had happened, then he rushed *in medias res*.

"I have loved your daughter from the moment I first beheld her. I can now honestly and fearlessly ask you, sir, to give her to me."

"Mr. O'Byrne," observed the Colonel, slowly and almost in a broken voice, "she is yours. No man on earth has a prior claim. The child loves you,—she has told me so. Take her, Myles! She is my one joy—the pulse of my heart. But, I repeat, she loves you, and her happiness is far dearer to me than my own. There is great comfort in the thought that you are worthy of her,—General Romansikoff has told me all about you: he knows you well. Take her, then, with my blessing. You are getting a treasure."

At this moment Eileen entered, blushing delicate blushes, the love in her violet eyes almost hidden by the sweeping dark lashes, the rich red lips quivering, as she ran to embrace her father, and then to be confided to the tender keeping of the only man on earth whose heart beat in perfect unison with her own.

A few days later the mail steamer from Holyhead was met at Kingstown jetty by the veteran, who waved his hat and stick in the wildest of whirlings as he recognized Myles and his *fiancée*, Count O'Reilly and his *fiancée*, Percy Byng, Miss Edregevitch, and Mrs. Byng, who chaperoned the party.

"You are welcome to old Ireland,

first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea!" cried the old man, before the boat had stopped. "Glory be to the good God, but this is a proud and a happy day for all of us!"

It was a merry evening at the Shelburne Hotel, the veteran doing the honors after a fashion to be practised only by himself.

The next morning Myles drove Eileen upon an outside jaunting car—a brand-new sensation—to the little cottage at Sandymount, where his Aunt Kate joyously received them in the little front garden; and his dear old mother, in a very imposing new cap and a pair of black lace mittens, sat in great state in the parlor.

"Mother," cried Myles, "here she is at last!"—leading Eileen forward.

The girl dropped on her knees at the side of the old woman, who took the fair face between her hands, gazed into it for a moment, pressed a lingering kiss upon her forehead, and exclaimed between happy, happy sobs:

"You are a sweet young thing! And you are good and you are honest. I can see it in your eyes and in every line of your beautiful face. God bless you, my darling children!" Then, putting her hand on the head of Myles, who was also on his knees beside her, she added: "Here is my boy, who never caused me an unhappy thought—except when I feared that some crinolined butterfly might lure him from his God and from me. The Blessed Virgin has watched over him, and, oh, how happy and how thankful my heart is to-day! But—who is this?"—as Miss Abell and Count O'Reilly entered.

"I'm an American girl!" cried Alice,— "an American girl every inch of me! You dear darling, what a joy to meet you!"—giving her a hug.

"I love America and the Americans," said the old lady, with mingled smiles and tears. "They have been so good to my poor country! Why, what would

have become of Ireland without them?"

"And I love Ireland, and have found my ideal of all that is beautiful and true in one of its noblest sons—Count O'Reilly!"

"Are you one of the O'Reillys of Clanmannon, sir?"

"We are of the blood, ma'am."

"Ah, 'tis purple blood that runs in the veins of those brave men and beautiful women! May God bless you! And take good care of this charming young American!"

With a loving glance at Alice, the Count answered, earnestly:

"Her happiness shall be the one thought of my life!"

"I'm off to see the spot where I listed at Beggars' Bush Barracks, when I took the Queen's shilling that has led up to all this," observed the veteran. "Go into the Star of the Sea all of you, and thank Almighty God and His Holy Mother for giving you such honor and happiness."

(The End.)

The Universality of Mysteries.

UNBELIEVERS claim that the mysteries of religion are not credible because they are absurd, and that they are absurd because they are incomprehensible. Such reasoning is illogical; for there are hundreds—yes, thousands—of facts that one sees every day and admits and believes in without difficulty, although they are not understood in the least.

For example, we believe that the piece of bread we eat will be changed into our substance: do we understand how the change is to be accomplished? We believe that a fruit-stone put into the ground will sprout and develop a germ which in time will become a tree with leaves, flowers and fruit: does any one comprehend how this will be effected?

We believe all these things because experience demonstrates their existence.

Now, is not the word of God a stronger reason for believing in the mysteries taught us by religion? Our experience is supported by the testimony of the senses, which may and often do deceive us, while the word of God can not do so.

There are mysteries in all sciences. What is the nature of electricity? What is the cause of all the strange phenomena it produces? We are forced to confess our ignorance in this matter. There are many mysteries in physiology. Since the days of Hippocrates, the process of digestion has been the subject of dispute. Some chemists make a laboratory of the stomach; Dr. Hocquart makes it a mill. "Fortunately," says Voltaire, "nature makes us digest without it being necessary for us to know how it is done."

There are mysteries in psychology. How is the soul united to the body? How does it act upon the body and how does the body act upon it? How can we explain the passage of sensations from the material brain to the spiritual being?

Now, since there are mysteries in all sciences, is it to be wondered at that there are mysteries also in religion?

A Member of the Family.

An impecunious Gascon once asked Cardinal Fleury for some money, adding the statement:

"I am related to your Eminence."

"Related to me?" said the Cardinal. "Through what common ancestor, pray?"

"Through Adam," replied the Gascon.

The Cardinal handed him a small coin, saying:

"Here, cousin. Now go ask every other member of the family to give you as much."

Notes and Remarks.

"There are 75,000,000 men and women among us who do not know how to cut out and make a dress-suit, and they would not think of trying; yet they all think they can competently think out a political or religious scheme without any apprenticeship to the business, and many of them believe they have actually worked that miracle." Mark Twain intends this as a "stunner" for those who think that Christian Science will fail because there is "nothing to it" intellectually; but are not those very words rather hard on the humorist himself? We do not remember that he ever took any theological degrees, and we can not recall that a statue has ever been erected to him in any seminary of ecclesiastical learning; yet he chases dogmatic wraiths through the desert spaces of his mind as nimbly as ever he joked jokes. That, however, is not the point we wish to make here. Let Mr. Clemens read over those words of his again very carefully, and then whisper whether that very inability of the average man to work out a reasonable system of religion for himself is not the strongest condemnation of the principle of private judgment, and the very best ground for assuming that Christ set up an infallible Church to teach the truth which is essential to his well-being, but which he never could discover for himself.

"We understand," says the *Ecclesiastical Review*, "that in one, at least, of our clerical seminaries careful attention is being given to the training of candidates for the priesthood in the science and art of teaching." This is gratifying, the more so as Catholic schools must perforce come into sharper competition with secular schools as time passes. No one realizes better than a priest that we have no right to label an inferior school

"Catholic" and then force it upon the reluctant laity. The principle of religious education is now triumphant all along the firing line; not only the Catholic laity but a multitude of Protestant educators have come out for it. But to secure the fruits of this long and hard-fought victory, Catholic schools—not some but all of them—must reach and maintain a standard of excellence at least equal to that of the State schools. This is possible only where the enlightened zeal of the pastor reinforces and stimulates the efforts of teachers; and the place to acquire a taste for school work is obviously the seminary. The suggestion of a diocesan school director, that seminarians be required to familiarize themselves with the courses and methods of normal institutes, is an excellent one, however unpopular it may prove in certain quarters. People who smile at Dogberry's dictum, that "to read and write comes by nature," find nothing incongruous in the notion, strange to say, when applied to teaching.

The *Literary Digest*, from the very nature of its work, enjoys a wide outlook on contemporary tendencies; hence it is encouraging to find it recording that "the question of religious education, which has provoked the bitterest religious controversy that England has known for many years, is beginning to be widely discussed in this country." Another observant journal, the *New York Sun*, has noted that "the Roman Catholic Church is staggering under a tremendous burden of expense in order to maintain its parochial schools." There is a connection between these two facts that Catholics should remember for their encouragement. The sacrifices made by pastors and people to create and develop the parochial school system has demonstrated in a striking way before the world the sincerity of their belief in the need of religious education. Our primary school system is defective,

no doubt; but just as it stands, created out of the poverty and the faith of our people, it is the most impressive fact in the spiritual life of our nation. Moreover, it is every day justifying itself by results; while the public schools, despite the best efforts of high-minded and zealous teachers, are visibly producing a generation of unbelievers. The spectacle of compact, well-organized congregations composed of loyal young men and women who attended the parochial schools, is everywhere noted in contrast with the empty pews of Protestantism. The unceasing efforts of the Catholic press, the zeal of the clergy, the generosity of the laity, and the superb effects wrought in Catholic youth by religious teachers,—these are the reasons why the question of religious education "is beginning to be widely discussed in this country."

The movement—the inception of which we noted some months ago—to honor the memory of Captain Thomas Lloyd, "the Father of American Shorthand Reporting," culminated on the 22d ult., when the memorial tablet erected by the National Shorthand Reporters' Association was dedicated in the cemetery adjoining St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia. The Rev. J. D. Waldron, O. S. A., offered the opening prayer at the grave, and a grandchild of Lloyd's adopted daughter unveiled the tablet. A number of addresses by persons of prominence in Lloyd's profession followed. Mr. E. V. Murphy, official reporter of the United States Senate, briefly reviewed the stirring career of the man they were met to honor. The address of Mr. C. C. Beale, official reporter of the Massachusetts Superior Court and president of the Association which erected the memorial, dealt with Lloyd as a stenographer, and pointed out that, while clergymen and attorneys had occasionally employed systems of shorthand, Lloyd was the first to adopt stenography

as a profession. Mr. K. C. Hill, secretary of the Association, discussed Lloyd as a soldier; Mr. D. W. Brown, official reporter of the national House of Representatives, eulogized him as a patriot; and Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin considered him from the viewpoint of religion, pointing out that he was the first Catholic layman of America to write a treatise in defence of the Church.

Now that the new Pope has taken up his work, we may expect a crop of reminiscences and anecdotes, more or less authentic, showing what manner of man he is. One of the prettiest stories we have seen told of him is this from a well-informed though not unprejudiced writer in the *Boston Transcript*:

Never before, perhaps, had a Patriarch of Venice lived so modestly, almost poorly, notwithstanding the great dignity of his office and the magnificent traditions of the ecclesiastic dignitaries who had preceded him as Patriarchs in the proud Venetian See. Not only the Cardinal made it a point of answering personally all the letters and communications and requests for help which he received in numbers untold, even from the poorest parishioner of his jurisdiction (his handwriting is small, neat and remarkably legible, by the way), but also he made it a point to see whoever wanted to see him, and to talk to whoever had something to say to him. Needless to add that such a system had an effect both on the familiar and the official budget of the Patriarch, but "God will provide" was his motto.

One fine morning the sister of his Eminence, on returning to the kitchen after a short absence, found that the earthen pot containing the daily beef-tea had disappeared from its lawful place on the stove. The poor woman ran to the Cardinal, who was busy in his study, and sorrowfully related the extraordinary case. "Well, my sister," quoth his Eminence, "evidently it was the cat."—"But the cat would not have stolen the pignata and everything: pignata and all has gone!" remonstrated the poor woman.—"Have patience," insisted the Eminentissimo, smiling. "The fault was yours: you went off and did not watch; and some sinner, who evidently tries to catch others in fault, took the pignata, while the cat took the meat." Finally the mystery was solved. A poor man had come to the Cardinal with a pitiful story of a sick wife and hungry children who had nothing to eat and no one to make dinner for

them; and, seized by a sudden inspiration, his Eminence had hit upon the clever plan of sparing to the poor man even the trouble of going to buy the broth with the money which he had given him, besides the "pignata" (a considerable sum), to provide for many future meals.

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The Duc de la Salle de Rochemaure has the distinction of being the first French layman to be received in private audience by the new Pope. Comparisons must always limp; however, we feel that we know Pius X. better after hearing him compared with personages whose lives are familiar to us. In a published account of his interview, the Duke says: "The last impression on coming away from this audience, which will leave me imperishable recollections, vividly recalled to my mind the great Bishop of Geneva, whom we are wont to call the most amiable of all the saints. I can not help thinking that if St. Francis de Sales were seated on the Apostolic Throne he would have shown exactly the same elevated dignity—simple and modest,—the same affectionate and attractive manner, and the same paternal benevolence as his Holiness Pius X."

The current *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society publishes an article of unusual interest from the pen of Mr. M. I. J. Griffin. Its subject is the now forgotten Abbé Joseph Francis Correa de Serra, of whom his acquaintances wrote in terms that seem to us curiously extravagant. Francis Gilmer, himself a notable scholar, said, "He is the most extraordinary man now living, or perhaps who ever lived"; and other utterances cited from Correa's contemporaries show that Gilmer only voiced the general opinion of the sages of that day. The Abbé came to this country as chaplain to Kosciusko in 1797, and gave a series of lectures at the University in Philadelphia. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the young Republic, was lionized by Jefferson, and acclaimed by Brackenridge (who dedicated "Views of

Louisiana" to him) as "one of the fathers of our country." Correa had been forced to flee Portugal on account of the Inquisition, for what cause we are not informed; but that he was a priest in good standing may be inferred from the fact that he performed two baptisms in St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, while holding the post of Legate Extraordinary of the King of Portugal. His name also appears on a list of subscribers to Milner's "End of Controversy." Mr. Griffin refers to his essay as an introduction to a more detailed sketch.

"It is not often," remarks the *London Tablet*, "that any doctrinal vagary is condemned as being too much for the comprehensiveness of the Anglican Church. There is less latitude where decoration and ritual are concerned." The Consistory Court of London has ordered the removal from a church in Marylebone of "a representation of the Virgin Mary with the Holy Child in her arms over the holy table in the side chapel, with a red light perpetually burning before it, which the vicar declared had been designedly erected as being similar to those in use in the second year of Edward VI." The offending vicar, the Rev. and Hon. James Adderly, has given notice of his intention to appeal against the decision of the Judicial Committee.

Official statements in connection with the recent Conclave go to show that the enterprising correspondents who furnished the first reports of the election of Pius X. were not lacking in what Artemus Ward declared to be a necessary qualification for a journalist—"imaginashun." There were graphic descriptions, it will be remembered, of the "thrilling effect" produced by the announcement of a veto in the name of Austria against the election of Cardinal Rampolla; and some of the writers went

so far as to quote the "words of angry yet dignified protest" which fell from the lips of his Eminence. It turns out that not a word was said about a veto on behalf of Austria or any other power. Attempts to curtail the freedom of the Sacred College in electing a new Pontiff would have been of no avail, in any case. A decree issued during the pontificate of Pius IX. excludes "all and every intervention of the secular power" in the election of the Sovereign Pontiff.

There are memorable words on the difficult subject of Church music in a pastoral letter published by Pope Pius X., as Cardinal Sarto, in 1895: "Church music ought to possess three qualities: holiness, art dignity, and universality." Music of a theatrical kind, which has no other aim than to please the senses, is condemned; and to those who think by such means to attract men to church, his Holiness replies that "the public is much more serious and more pious than is generally supposed." On another point the Holy Father's wise words deserve attention. "The liturgy," he declares, "must not be made to appear a secondary matter, the handmaiden of music: the latter ought to be the humble servant of the liturgy."

It is commonly said by members of the other sects that so strong is the political solidarity of the Methodists that office-seekers ally themselves with that body in much the same spirit as they join secret societies,—merely to get votes. If this be so—and, despite some remarkable testimony from the followers of Wesley themselves, we are loath to believe it,—we have only to say that our Methodist friends seem to carry out their part of the arrangement loyally enough; for, according to the *Kansas City Journal*, twenty-five per cent of the governors of States are members of the Methodist body.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



A Saintly Prelate's Love of Birds.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



COME in, uncle dear! So glad to see you! I suppose we may thank the weather-clerk for your visit this evening? It is quite a surprise."

"How is that, Bride? The weather is pleasant enough outside, and the moonlight is really charming."

"Yes, but the heavy rains we've had for the past two or three days have spoiled the country roads for bicycling; otherwise you'd be wheeling away out by Rothesay about this hour, I fancy."

"Oh, I see! Yes, you are partly right. Wheeling by moonlight along the quiet country roads is an excellent relaxation after a long day at one's desk."

"Relaxation, Uncle Austin? Why, Charlie says that his cycling trip to Musquash with Johnnie Davis was the hardest work he has done for a year!"

"That, Clare, was probably Charlie's own fault. The round trip to Musquash and back is only about thirty-two or thirty-three miles; and if Charlie and his chum had been content to spend four or five hours, instead of three, in making it, they would have felt no excessive fatigue from their outing. When Charlie is as old as his uncle, he'll discover that 'scorching' is foolishness."

"Here's the young man himself," said Bride. "Master Charlie, uncle, has just remarked that 'scorching' on the bicycle is foolish. Do you agree with him?"

"That depends," replied the lad, as he entered the Barrys' sitting-room where the conversation was going on. "Good-evening, Uncle Austin! About scorching, sir,—what do you consider scorching,

anyway? When *does* a fellow scorch?"

"Whenever he rides just as fast as he possibly can; especially when he has his handle-bars turned down away below the level of his saddle, and curves his body until he looks like an ungraceful monkey."

"Oh, now, uncle! You don't expect young fellows to sit up as straight in the saddle as you do, I hope? Why, that's the way the girls ride!"

"It's the way all sensible people ride, and the only way in which cycling can be made a healthful recreation instead of an injurious pastime."

"A mighty slow way, all the same," rejoined my nephew. "Don't you remember, sir, that day last fall when we both rode in from Rothesay? I did the nine miles in thirty-five minutes, while you took fifty or fifty-five."

"Yes," interjected Bride; "but I remember that when uncle invited you, the next week, to ride up to Sussex with him for dinner and return in the evening, you didn't accept the invitation."

"Sussex! Well, I guess not. Sussex is forty-four miles from here. Do you suppose it's a motor cycle that I ride?"

"No, I don't; but I think if you took your riding as moderately as uncle takes his, you'd last longer, anyway."

"Untle Austin, did my St. Fwancis ebber scorsh on *his* bikle?"

"Hello, Frankie my hero, are *you* there? No: the bicycle wasn't in use in St. Francis' time. If he ever had ridden a wheel, however, he, as a sensible man, would have adopted my style of riding, and not Charlie's, you may be sure."

"Tarlie tan't wide fast as a wobin; tan he, untle?"

"As a robin? No, Frankie; pedals promote great swiftness, but they're scarcely equal to wings."

"Speaking of robins, Uncle Austin, don't you know some nice bird-story you can tell us? Cycling may be very interesting to Charlie and you; but, as mamma won't let me ride a wheel, I confess it's not a fascinating subject to me."

"Your point is well taken, Clare. Birds—birds? Let me see! I think I must have pretty well exhausted my stock of stories regarding the saints and those pretty little feathered creatures. Well, the transition from the saints to the saintly is not an abrupt one; and I do know a charming story about a saintly French prelate who was very fond of birds. Let me find my material. Here it is.

"Cardinal Guibert, who died Archbishop of Paris about seventeen years ago, was a model of all virtues. His charity in particular was so unbounded that at his death he did not leave behind him enough money to pay his funeral expenses. Like so many of the saints on whose lives he modelled his own, he was uniformly kind and gentle with all the inferior creation, and was the friend and protector of every kind of animals.

"A priest of the Cardinal's household tells how one of the good prelate's pets interfered somewhat with the gravity of the household's evening recitation of the Beads. It was the custom to say the Rosary while walking up and down an avenue of linden trees in the Cardinal's spacious garden. One evening the band of ecclesiastics were quite surprised to see the Cardinal's cat join the procession and gravely walk up and down, turning exactly in time with its master. Mgr. Guibert laughed heartily when a visitor who remarked this performance said: 'Monseigneur, you are bringing back the age of St. Francis, when the patriarch of Assisi invited to prayer his 'brother wolf' and 'brother fox.'

"An imitator of St. Francis in very truth was the Cardinal in the matter of birds. He did not preach to them,

of course; but he entertained for them the same tender affection that characterized St. Francis, and he fed them with his own hands. His garden, with its many clumps of lofty trees, and its broad basins that received the water from several sparkling fountains, seemed made especially for birds; and numerous flocks had established themselves there. Sparrows, linnets, ringdoves, blackbirds, and even chaffinches and wagtails, were all represented. 'Every day when the Angelus bell rang out at noon, the window of the Cardinal's dining-room was thrown open and the prelate was seen standing there with his hands full of crumbs. Quick as a flash scores of birds flew toward him, chirping and fluttering in their impatience to partake of his bounty. Indeed, if the window was not opened the instant the bell rang, they did not scruple to fly up to it and peck at the glass, as much as to say: 'And what about us? Are you forgetting that we want our dinner?'

"A number of pretty incidents are told in the Cardinal's life concerning his experiences with his feathered friends; but I must content myself with telling you of only one of them. The prelate received one day this letter from a prisoner in a central penitentiary:

"CLAIRVAUX, Aug. —, 1885.

"YOUR EMINENCE:—Take pity on a poor fellow condemned to five years' penal servitude, and about to start for the convict settlement of New Caledonia. I am only nineteen years old. I repent of my crime very sincerely, and I am firmly resolved, once in the colony, to deserve by my irreproachable conduct a return of public esteem and the recovery of my good name. But, your Eminence, you must help me. I have here two chaffinches that I have been bringing up for the last three months. Already they know me, and will come of their own accord to peck at my fingers and drink from my tongue. I shall utterly despair if I have to go away without my birds.

The warden of the prison tells me (he rather likes me because of my submissiveness) that perhaps the captain of the convict ship will allow me to take my bird-cage on board. So I address your Eminence to solicit a loan of twelve or fifteen francs to defray the travelling expenses of my chaffinches. Your charity will not be granted to an ungrateful fellow. I may tell you that I was taught at Catholic schools, and you can see from my spelling and my style that the Brothers did not have to do with a deaf boy.

"Be pleased, your Eminence, kindly to accept,' etc.

"The Cardinal was not deaf either, as may well be supposed. Less than a year afterward he received from New Caledonia a letter from which this extract will suffice for my purpose:

"'Thanks to your twenty-five francs, I am almost happy. I am working for all I am worth at my restoration to honest citizenship. I do not mix up in any troubles or complaints of the prisoners. My two gentle little companions prevent me from getting lonesome. They seem to understand me. I call one of them "Cardinal" and the other "France" that makes me remember my country and my kind benefactor....'

"Now, isn't that a charming bit of a letter? The Cardinal was on his death-bed when it was read to him, and it so affected him that tears of joy stole down his cheeks as he listened to it. You see, their common love for God's daintiest creatures, the birds, established a bond of sympathy between the great Archbishop of Paris and the penitent young convict far away in the Southern Pacific. And the birds kept the poor prisoner hopeful, courageous, and almost happy. I am quite sure that, thanks to them, the ex-convict is now a thoroughly happy and a good man, living in his native land, and respected by all who know him.

"And now good-night all!"

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

X.—THE CAVERN IN THE FOREST.

Jake was at first horrified at the disappearance of Julian, and something like remorse entered his soul when he remembered the danger to which Julian had been exposed on his account. However, the thought of his own safety soon became uppermost in his mind. The grim figure of the Mad Hermit was still in evidence, tossing wild arms upward and addressing invocations to imaginary beings who seemed to people the air about him; while on the bank still paced restlessly, with ferocious sniffings, the angry beast.

Jake was sufficiently agile, once he had recovered from his first fright, and presently made for himself a temporary retreat in the topmost branches of the trees, secure for a time from his two assailants. As he sat there ruminating, a thought suggested by the demon of avarice began to take shape, half consciously, in his mind: that, after all, it was as well if this Julian, who seemed likely to be a successful competitor in the great race, had really been removed from the arena. No one could help it: it was one of those happenings for which none could be held responsible. He did not directly rejoice, but he could not be expected to mourn for Julian, whom he hated. Julian was always popular, ever making friends, and doing plucky things which cost him little effort, and gaining applause from old and young.

While John Jacob was busy with these dark fancies, Sedgwick had made a pole of the branch of a dead tree which lay prostrate across a corner of the marsh, and strove to explore the depths into which his comrade had disappeared. When he at length realized that these efforts were futile, he stood irresolute

and grief-stricken on the bank, in company with Wat, who alternately wrung his hands and wiped his eyes.

Sedgwick had meanwhile given very little heed to Jake, who now began to implore his assistance; for he feared that his companions might go away and leave him in his dangerous plight, with his two dreaded foes still in a position of vantage below him.

"Here I am stuck up in this tree!" he cried out, in a cautious whisper.

"Serves you right!" replied Sedgwick. "You're the cause of all the trouble,—coming here alone, like the sneak you are. Now I suppose you've gone and done for Julian, the best of the whole crowd and the only one who had the least bit of a chance to find the ruby."

The tears were very near the honest lad's eyes as he thus spoke; for he had learned to love his brave and generous cousin, and felt not the slightest envy at the general good-will he earned. However, he resolutely suppressed his emotion and went on, in a voice that sounded like a growl:

"I've a good mind to let you stick up there! Well, you'd better get onto the next tree and I'll give you a hand,—though I'd a great sight sooner give you the toe of my boot."

Sedgwick, however, in point of fact, gave Jake such efficient assistance that the latter presently stood upon solid earth, nervous and shaken by conflicting emotions,—a mere haggard wreck.

As they paused a moment, conversing in whispers, uncertain what to do and afraid to attract the attention of the Hermit, that eccentric individual, with a wild shriek, suddenly fled howling into the forest; and at the same moment the beast upon the opposite bank seemed to realize that his late foe had descended to the earth, and so might come within range of his claws. He would, of course, have a considerable detour to make in order to come round the marsh; but he prepared to solve the difficulty,

keeping watchful and terrifying eyes upon Jake.

With one accord Wat and Jake and Sedgwick took to their heels. The race was at first a severe one, and its upshot might have been doubtful; but, whether the attention of the beast was distracted, or for some other cause, he suddenly gave up the human hunt, to the intense relief for the boys. They now pursued their way, unmolested, but despondent and dispirited, toward the camp. Once there, Sedgwick set out to scour the edge of the forest in search of Nicholas; for he had a faint hope that that mysterious personage might in some way be able to give help where Julian was concerned. But of Nicholas there was no trace. Only the rising wind stirred the foliage of the trees or the dry leaves upon the ground. Night was upon them, solemn and drear, and both Sedgwick and Wat were determined to proceed to the mansion at Pine Bluff in the morning, acquaint their grandfather with what had occurred, and give up the "whole blessed job." Jake, despite his cowardice, was stubbornly determined to continue the pursuit, with the hope, daily becoming more faint, of discovering the jewel.

"I guess if you stay here alone you'll go mad like the Hermit," prophesied Wat.

That was an awful night at the camp. Julian's tent stood like a white spectre, a warning and a prophecy; and the dawn found the boys still wakeful, pale and haggard from the horror of what had befallen them. Sedgwick announced his intention of going first to the marsh, to discover if by any means Julian could have made his escape; and if this effort proved futile, he resolved that he would call upon the grandfather to organize a search-party, that might thoroughly explore, with spade and shovel, the mud and slime of the morass.

Jake positively refused to accompany him on his first expedition, alleging the utter uselessness of seeking for Julian, who had been buried for several hours in

the morass; and Wat frankly confessed that he was afraid to venture near the Hermit and the beast.

"If I were strong and well, perhaps I shouldn't mind so much," Wat declared apologetically.

Sedgwick, without answering, began his lonely way, in the first white light of the dawn, through the forest.

Meanwhile it is time to return to Julian, who felt himself descending through space with a curious rotatory movement, for which he could not account. In the confusion of his thoughts, he wondered that he was not choked with the slime nor swallowed up in the thick black marshy substance, as he had supposed should be the case. After rapidly revolving for some time, he suddenly came to a standstill on some soft and yielding surface, after which he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself he began to look about him. The boom of the sea sounded strangely near, and rocks gray and sombre stood around, in the light which had begun to grow dim. One thing was clear: he was not dead, nor were the objects which surrounded him mere spectral shapes. He lay still a few moments, while sudden and sharp the remembrance of his mother flashed into his mind. What would she think could she know of her boy's perilous position? The recollection, however, gave him courage. She was certainly praying for him earnestly, lovingly; and her prayers would help him whatever came or went.

At last he tried to move, and found to his satisfaction that he was unhurt. He rose to his feet and began to make observations. It was a strange scene, wild and desolate; and as his eyes wandered over sea and rocks it became apparent to him that he was close to the entrance of a cave. Breathlessly he regarded the spot; while, with a bounding of the heart and quickening of the pulses, the thought occurred to him

that here was the cavern of the forest.

The entrance, cunningly concealed, and upon which he had happened by the merest chance, tallied strangely with the description given by the Mad Hermit, and he had found it just when he was risking his life for his perfidious cousin. While scarcely dwelling upon this last consideration, he was very glad that he had made the discovery without taking any advantage of the madman's clue, except in so far that he had bent his steps toward the marsh on that particular afternoon.

He suddenly took his courage in his hands and passed within the portals of the cave, full of a throbbing sense of victory, which filled him with a curious elation. At first he entered merely a rocky vault, dark, with sea-stained walls and damp floor. As he traversed the winding passages, however, the atmosphere grew more and more dry; whilst the light which streamed in here and there from crevices in the rocks revealed those beauties which have so often charmed adventurous explorers in the seabound caverns of granite-lined coasts. Innumerable traceries of delicate, filmy creepers and almost infinitesimal flowers reminded Julian of the stories of the fairy kingdom with which in early childhood he had been familiar. Here and there a stalactite, hanging from a natural pillar and gleaming in the rays of a setting sun which streamed from without, filled the boy with a feeling of awe.

He wandered on and on, till at last he felt a wave as of hot air blowing in his face. This so startled him that he was tempted to turn back. Bracing up, however, he made a few steps forward, and by a sudden turn found himself confronted by a large compartment, fitted up quite comfortably as a human habitation. A wooden flooring had been raised some feet above the rock pavement, and was covered with a thick carpet. Its coloring was dim

and obscured by time, but it answered admirably its purpose of imparting warmth and comfort to the place. The walls were hung about with skins of beasts, some of which were uncouth and formidable, others glossy and shining, but all tending to exclude the outer chill and darkness. Easy-chairs stood about in careless profusion; there was a great table with dragon legs, upon which stood a pair of massive silver candlesticks containing two waxen tapers, and provided with snuffers and tray.

Last but not least, a fire burned bright and clear upon the hearth,—a chimney, or venthole, having been arranged to emit the smoke. This appeared to Julian most wonderful of all, and filled him with a very whirlwind of thoughts. He recalled, vaguely and confusedly, the vestal fire which the Roman maidens had forever kept alight in the Temple of Vesta; the fires of the sun-worshippers; and he wondered if Anselm Benedict had contrived in any way whatever to have had this flame kept burning for over two hundred years.

He stood staring at the hearth as though he had seen a veritable apparition; whilst a low, chuckling laugh suddenly broke the stillness and increased his terror. He did not dare to turn his head, and was not aware that Nicholas stood just behind him till a deep, guttural voice hoarse as the sea sounded on his overstrained ears.

"For the second time," it said, "a seeker has found this cavern."

The boy, turning slowly, looked into Nicholas' deep-set eyes and saw a powerful emotion agitating the rugged features. Julian was half relieved, half terrified by the sight of the old man; for just then his identity seemed more than ever unreal. Together the boy and man stood looking into each other's face for about three minutes, during which Julian murmured a "Hail Mary" and implored the help of his Mother in heaven. Then he ventured to speak.

"Nicholas," he said, "you are sure that this is the very cavern in the forest that we have been seeking all these days?"

"Yes!"

"And now may I go?" the boy queried eagerly.

"Not until sunrise to-morrow."

A shiver crept through Julian's frame.

"I am afraid to stay here alone," he said frankly.

"If you leave now, you renounce the inheritance," Nicholas replied brusquely.

"Within the next half hour, if you still wish to be free, strike with this stick upon the cavern wall three times in succession. For that space of time I will hear and answer."

Julian involuntarily took the curiously carved stick which Nicholas placed in his hands, but before he could utter another word the old man had disappeared and the boy stood alone in the growing darkness. The light from without, coming faintly through the winding passages, had died away completely; and the logs were burning with a steady glow, which gave heat but no longer much light. Julian paused irresolute, trying to make up his mind as to whether or not he should be equal to the dread ordeal of spending a night of solitude underground. He thought upon his mother, who would be so disappointed should he fail in this contest; he reflected upon the trials and dangers through which he had already passed; and at last his mind reverted to Anselm Benedict and the high qualities with which youthful fancy had invested him. He would never have allowed himself to be turned backward by cowardly fear.

Julian, by a sudden impulse, threw the stick to the far corner of the room. Neither would he weakly yield. Advancing to the hearth, he was cheered to discover a pile of pine knots ready to replenish the fire. He threw a few of them upon the fire, and drawing forward an armchair, sank into its depths. But,

despite his brave resolve, he was far from being at ease. His eyes roved restlessly over the walls, which, fur-covered as they were, appeared spectral in the dimness; and at the rocky ceiling overhead, which seemed to conceal uncouth darkness. The firelight accentuated the blackness which settled down upon the cave, save when, more fearful still, there appeared above Julian's head phosphorescent gleams—livid, greenish white or lurid flame-colored.

Scarce comprehending their nature, they filled him with terror. He rose and began to grope his way toward the table. All at once his hand came in contact with a head. He recoiled in horror, only to rest his hand upon some clammy substance. In his affright he rushed to the hearth, snatched thence a pine knot, which he lit, thus providing an excellent torch, with which he also enkindled the two waxen tapers. He then discovered that the head was that of a leopard hanging from one of the skins upon the wall, and that the clammy substance was the nose of a stuffed silver fox.

But though the clear light of the candles, blending with the red glow of the torch, made every object in the apartment plainly discernible, and so relieved his worst fears, he suddenly felt the various surrounding objects intolerable, and fancied that the rocky cave without and the foaming waves of the sea would be less unendurable. He grasped his torch firmly and set forth to seek the mouth of the cave; but, owing to a wrong turning in some of the winding passages, he suddenly found himself in another large compartment, which, though very different in its appointments, showed signs likewise of human habitation. Rude chairs, boxes and kegs stood about; the ashes of a fire were upon a hearth; while guns, cutlasses and other less familiar weapons were strewn in the corners of this rocky chamber.

As Julian stood and gazed, with the roar of the sea in his ears, he realized with a thrill that here, ready to his hand, were some of those adventures which had fascinated him in the pages of boys' books. This must be the abode of sea-rovers, perhaps of pirates. While he familiarized himself with this idea, he was gradually seized with a fear, not of men but of the sea—the terrible, limitless sea,—which sounded so near, and into which an incautious step might hurl him. He shuddered as his imagination conjured up sea-monsters, strange, uncouth fishes, the broken hulls of wrecked vessels, and the motionless forms of drowned mariners.

And while he grew every moment more terrified, the keel of a boat grated upon the rock, the sound becoming gradually louder and more distinct. Julian sank, trembling, upon his knees, praying with a fervor which surprised himself, as all of a sudden the grating noise gave place to the rushing and trampling of feet, and a dozen rough fellows rushed into the compartment.

(To be continued.)

Cruel to Birds.

Lighthouses, so kindly to men, are cruel to birds. Attracted by the great light as moths are by a candle, they fly against the brilliant glass and are killed. Often the lighthouse keeper finds hundreds of the pretty creatures that have beaten their heads in this way and lie dead. A lady whose father was keeper of the light on White Island, Isles of Shoals, tells us that when a little child she sometimes gathered her apron full of the beautiful feathered strangers, and that it almost broke her heart. Greatest havoc is wrought among the land birds; the sea birds have wisely grown afraid of the bright light, and except in storms they are careful to avoid it

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Benjamin Disraeli: an Unconventional Biography," by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, is among Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.'s preliminary announcements for the autumn.

—Pius X. is the author of a "Manual of Politeness," which some enterprising publisher will doubtless soon put on the market in English. The printed sketches of his Holiness rather comically assure us that he wrote the treatise "for the benefit of his parish clergy."

—A writer in the *Bookman* thinks that Hall Caine deserves to be put among the prophets because "he was inspired to choose the name of Pius X. for the Pope who does so many remarkable things in 'The Eternal City.'" It will be remembered that Mr. Caine sought to placate the outraged feelings of Catholics by explaining that there never had been a Pius X. and therefore the pontifical dignity was in nowise impugned by his fiction. It was a curious process of reasoning, but it proved one thing conclusively,—viz., that Hall Caine, like all non-Catholic novelists before him, is absolutely incapable of understanding the feelings of Catholics toward the Church and the priesthood.

—As long ago as 1849, James Martineau, looking out upon the world from his Unitarian watch-tower, saw the hosts mustering in this way: "Catholicism on the one side, a pantheistic socialism on the other, between which every form of mere Protestantism is growing weaker every day." And then he went on to describe what he conceived to be the inevitable struggle between the Church and the socialist propaganda:

On the one hand the venerable Genius of a *Divine Past* goes round with cowl and crosier; and from the halls of Oxford and the cathedrals of Europe gathers, by the aspect of ancient sanctity and the music of a sweet eloquence and the praises of consecrated Art, a vast multitude of devoted crusaders to fight with him for the ashes of the Fathers and the sepulchres of the first centuries. On the other, the young Genius of a *Godless Future*, with the more intense intensity of metaphysic enthusiasm on his brow, and the burning songs of liberty upon his lips, wanders through the great cities of our world, and in tolling workshops and restless colleges preaches the promise of a golden age, when priests and kings shall be hurled from their oppressive seat, and freed humanity, relieved from the incubus of worship, shall start itself to the proportions of a God. Who shall abide in peace the crash and conflict of this war?

Martineau was more mystic than rationalist, more essentially a seer than a thinker, an uninspired prophet rather than a philosopher. His general attitude to the Church was one of amiable toleration, and—it is only fair to add—of inflexible justice when he saw his way clearly. At the unveiling of a memorial tablet in his honor in England last month, Mrs. Humphry Ward recalled how, when he was a young man ministering to

a Presbyterian congregation in Dublin, he gave up the State payment then made to the Irish Presbyterians "because he thought it a monstrous thing that a nation passionately Catholic should have to pay for Presbyterianism, while her own priests lived on the voluntary pence of Irishmen and her cathedrals were handed over to Protestants."

—*Le Ménestrel* of August 16 says that the late Hugo Wolf, who, like many gifted men, was very modest, was once asked by a journalist for his biography and portrait. His laconic reply was as follows: "My name is Hugo Wolf. I was born on the 14th of March, 1860; I am still alive. That is sufficient for my biography; my slender figure is of no interest."

—In the address by the "Translators to the Readers," which, as the *Athenæum* takes notice, is not now printed in the English Bible, they do not name the Rheims New Testament, "but direct against it a charge—for which there is only slight foundation—of obscurity." It remained for Dr. James Carleton to show that the Rheims version had a great influence on the work of King James' translators. In his recently published book, "The Part of Rheims in the Making of the English Bible," he sets forth in a series of elaborate tables (1) the renderings in which the Authorized Version and the Rheims New Testament agree against all the other versions, the other readings being confronted with them in a second column; (2) the agreement of the marginal readings of the Authorized Version with Rheims; and (3) the passages in which Rheims, Geneva, and the Authorized Version agree against the other versions. Dr. Carleton's work, besides being a solid contribution to the history of the English Bible, is of great interest to students of the English language.

—The writer in the *New England Magazine* who recently glorified the Rev. Jedediah Morse as the author of the first American geography may plead in justification that most of the books written by Americans and Englishmen accord Jedediah that distinction. But that fact did not save the errant scribe from the wrath of Mr. Charles A. Lummis, who in his own magazine, *Out West*, pays his respects to the New England writer and all his clan in this vigorous Western manner:

The "First American Geography" indeed! In the backward year of 1500 the first map of America was made by Juan de la Cosa; and the first American geography was by Enciso, so lately as 1517. The writer of the article in question as to the Rev. Jedediah Morse would have had as much pleasure as profit had he taken some pains to learn of the hundreds of American geographies written, printed and read the world around, all the way from one

to three-and-a-half centuries before the Rev. Jedediah began to infest this Vale of Tears. A magnificent three-volume geography, even of California (with maps, illustrations, and incomparably better scientific scope than Morse's), was printed in Madrid just four years before Jedediah Morse was born. This is only a hint at the innumerable company of men who wrote better, and had studied deeper, in American geography far, far before this amiable New England divine.

It is one of the strange things which inevitably strike every serious student of American history that, in the old days, Spain was the only European nation which found the New World worth studying. England did not touch this hemisphere for more than a century; and then only as a business opening. Up to within the latter part of the seventeen-hundreds, the most historic voyages to America made by the English were solely for the purpose of piracy. It is only of late years that any serious study of our New World has begun among us of the dominant tongue; but it is 400 years since the Spanish explorers began to make geographies, ethnological studies, religious, philosophical, economical, and other works—to such an extent that the most careful buyer could not with one million dollars purchase the published books in Spanish, which are indispensable to the student of America, and printed before Morse's first geography—or any other work in English of deep value to the student of Americana.

The writer in the *New England Magazine* deserved his fate; after all these years he ought to have known better.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.
 Salvage from the Wreck. *Father Gallwey, S. J.* \$1 60, net.
 The Life of St. Philip Neri. *Bacci-Antrobus.* Two Vols. \$3.75, net.
 The Truth of Papal Claims. *Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D.* \$1, net.
 England's Cardinals. *Dudley Baxter.* \$1, net.
 All on the Irish Shore. *E. Somerville-M. Ross.* \$1.50.
 The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Rev. Nicholas Gühr, D. D.* \$4.
 The Government: What It Is; What It Does. *Salter Storrs Clark.* 75 cts.
 Teaching Truth. *Dr. Mary Wood-Allen.* 50 cts.
 The Voice of the River. *Olive Katharine Parr.* \$1.75.

- Ne Obliviscaris. *Florence Ratcliff.* 75 cts., net.
 Studies Concerning Adrian IV. *Prof. O. A. Thatcher.* \$1.
 Mary: the Perfect Woman. *Emily Mary Shapcote.* \$1.25.
 The City of Peace. *By Those who Have Entered It.* 90 cts., net.
 Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). *Frances E. Herring.* \$2.
 History of Philosophy. *William Turner, S. T. D.* \$2.50.
 Introibo. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.
 Historic Highways. Vol. III. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net.
 History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. *Johannes Janssen.* Vols. V. & VI. \$6.25.
 The Philippine Islands. *Blair-Robertson.* Vol. III. \$4.
 The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Tuntun.* \$5.
 Political and Moral Essays. *Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.50.
 Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.
 Love Thrives in War. *Mary Catherine Crowley.* \$1.50.
 Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.
 In Holiest Troth. *Sister Mary Fidelis.* \$1, net.
 The New Empire. *Brooks Adams.* \$1.50, net.
 The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.
 How to Sing. *Lilli Lehmann.* \$1.50, net.
 In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. E. A. Murphy, of the archdiocese of Chicago. Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister Mary Georgia, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Joseph Arsene, Sisters of Charity of Providence.

Mr. Henry Garbe, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Katherine Bender, Beloit, Wis.; Mrs. Elizabeth McIntosh, Newry, Pa.; Mr. John Marlow, Marquette, Mich.; Mr. Joseph Britt, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Katharine McDermott, Saxonville, Mass.; Miss Rose McCabe, Easton, Pa.; Mr. George Crosby and Mr. Joseph Felding, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Henry Murray, Sturgis, S. Dakota; Mr. Patrick Corbitt, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. C. Ganahl, Tyrol, Austria; Mr. Robert Rogers, San Francisco, Cal.; and Dr. J. J. Johnstone, Bristol, England.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 12.

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The Little Hours.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

AT PRIME.

LORD JESUS, take this hand of mine,
And teach me how to go!
Lord Jesus, clasp my will in Thine,
And keep it so!

AT TIERCE.

Be with me, God the Holy Ghost,
The everlasting Lord;
Upon Thy Church at Pentecost,
As at this hour, outpoured.

AT SEXT.

Jesus, Jesus, on the tree
Nailed for me,
Let Thy mercy hold me fast
To the last!

AT NONE.

Lord, in Thy pierced hands
I lay my heart;
Lord, at Thy pierced feet
I choose my part;
Lord, in Thy wounded side
Let me abide!

The Morality of Hypnotism.

BY A PRIEST.

FOR many years past the remarkable effects that can be produced in the human subject by means of what is now generally called *hypnotism* have been attracting increasing attention. From their nature, these phenomena have aroused the interest of two very different classes of people. Their extraordinary and marvellous character appeals irre-

sistibly to the curiosity of the masses, while their bearing upon the study of man's mental and bodily faculties has brought them under the serious notice of scientists. The advertisement sheets of our light periodicals are full of the praises of hypnotism as a means of amusement, influence over others, and gain; while its more enthusiastic advocates among scientific men declare that, in their hands, it has passed from the stage of charlatanism to the rank of an exact science. "Hypnotism," we are told by an eminent doctor who has made large use of it as a curative agent, "originated in mesmerism, as astronomy in astrology, and chemistry in alchemy"; and that therefore "among hypnotic phenomena are to be found those mesmeric ones which have stood the test of rigorous investigation." And again: "The physiologist or psychologist who ignores its existence or denies its phenomena imperils his reputation."*

It was inevitable that a practice which has thus aroused the attention both of the learned and the unlearned should come also under the notice of the moralist, and particularly of that great guardian of morality, the Catholic Church. The mental and bodily condition induced by hypnotism implies such far-reaching modifications of man's normal state of mind and body that the question could not fail to be put: "Is this right? Is it right that crowds of curiosity-seekers should flock to a

* J. Milne Bramwell, M. B., London, in the recent *Encyclopædia Medica*. Edinburgh.

place of public entertainment to see their fellow-creatures brought into a condition in which they can be made, at the will of another, to perform the most foolish, ridiculous, and even degrading antics? Is there anything to justify medical men in producing the hypnotic condition in those who confide themselves to their care? Are such real benefits to medical or psychological science likely to result from experiments in hypnotism as to justify their professors in carrying them out? And again, are such experiments, whether undertaken in the interests of science or for the sake of personal advantage or amusement, always free from superstition, or unattended by grave dangers both to the health of mind and body and to the moral character of those who are subjected to them?

Before endeavoring to answer these very practical questions, it will be interesting to give some account of the phenomena of hypnotism as observed both in the public hall of entertainment and in the hospital ward or doctor's consulting room. And first I will transcribe from the *Nineteenth Century* for October, 1883, a graphic account, by a member of the Society for Psychical Research, of the kind of thing that happens at a public hypnotic *séance*:

The scene may be a public hall in a university town; the operator, a woman of vigorous frame and commanding gaze. Sitting along the back of the platform is a row of young men, groups of whom are in turn called forward and seemingly compelled to go through ridiculous antics—to laugh, sneeze, or jump till they are plainly in agony; to divest themselves of their personal property, and generally to behave in a manner for which the blushes of a lifetime will hardly atone. In the midst of this scene a disturbance is heard at the door, and a bareheaded undergraduate is seen forcing an entrance. With gaze fixed on the mesmerist, he pushes and clambers his way to the platform, regardless of the obstacles interposed by the serried ranks of the audience, over whose hats and persons he tramples with equal indifference. Remonstrances are not spared him; but he does not appear even to hear them, and ends his headlong career by flinging himself at the

feet of the stern mistress of his destinies. It turns out, on inquiry, that on the previous evening he has been bidden to attend, and all his efforts and precautions have not enabled him to resist the command. Not the least interesting part of the entertainment is the demeanor of some of the "subjects" on waking; their angry incredulity passing, under the influence of accumulating testimony, into a resigned conviction as to the nature of their last half-hour's performances.

Or let us shift the scene to an exhibition before a less educated assemblage, where the greater simplicity of the "subjects" makes them succumb still more rapidly and completely to the operator's will. Here will be seen a score or so of rough boys and men crowding onto the platform. They are accepted as "subjects" without parley; and in a few moments a majority of them are to be seen blindly following about a slight youth, who reminds us of the former operator in nothing except the force and fulness of his gaze; and who has apparently dominated them by that gaze alone, aided by a few passes from his quivering fingers. As they crowd on his heels, jostling over him and each other in the effort to gain his eye, they have all the air of Franksteins which his magic has created, and of which he can now rid himself no more. At last, with a clap and a gesture, he restores them to comparative sanity. He then calls one of them forward, and bids him place his flat palm on his own; a rapid pass or two, and the victim with all his contortions can no longer remove his hand from the cohesion of the living magnet.... Another "subject" is then selected and thrown into a deeper condition of trance, in which he is told that he is to wake in a quarter of an hour, and then to perform in order a long series of actions of various sorts, such as putting his coat on inside out, stealing his neighbors' handkerchiefs, and so on.

There is much more to the same effect, but what I have quoted is enough to show how extremely unsavory a business the whole thing is.

To come to the scientific aspect of these phenomena. The hypnotic trance—which may be induced by various means, and can even be brought on the subject by himself—is usually divided into catalepsy, lethargy, and somnambulism, according to its degree of intensity.* In the lighter trance, the subject is aware of what is going on, but is in a state of *rapport* with the operator, and suscep-

* See Appendix on Hypnotism to "Psychology," by Father Maher, S. J.

tible to suggestions from him. In the deeper stages, the subject loses connection more and more with all other objects but the hypnotizer and the particular experiences which the latter suggests. After the lighter trance, the subject can remember all that has happened; while after being thrown into the deeper forms of hypnosis, all that has passed is a blank.

The chief phenomena observed are the following. The patient, on being told that he can not move his arm or leg, or open his eyes, is completely paralyzed in regard to those acts. In a deeper stage, he may be told to stretch out his arm and that he will be unable to withdraw it. The arm will then become perfectly rigid, and can be held out for a far longer time than would be possible in the normal state. Any kind of illusion or hallucination may be easily suggested, and will be firmly believed in and acted upon by the patient; and this, it is asserted by competent authorities, even though the actions suggested be absurd, unpleasant or ridiculous. One great authority, Bernheim, states that crimes may easily be suggested and carried out through the medium of a subject in this condition. Dr. Milne Bramwell denies that this is so; though the explanation he gives of an admitted instance of a subject putting sugar into a person's tea under the impression that it was arsenic, does not appear satisfactory.*

Other well-known phenomena consist in a remarkable exalted sensibility of the perceptive faculties. "In certain cases," writes Father Maher, "the sensibility of the perceptive faculties seems to be heightened in a marvellous manner, so as to enable the hypnotized subject to apprehend faint *stimuli* that would in the normal state be indiscernible. How far certain strange, extraordinary phenomena of this class are to be ascribed to hypnotism proper, it would be difficult to decide. At all events, authenticated

cases of the kind do not seem to appear in legitimate clinical practice like that of Bernheim at Nancy. On the other hand, a writer as little likely to extend unduly the territory of the preternatural as Professor James is very frank in his confession of belief in the reality of occurrences at *séances* given by certain 'mediums' as altogether inexplicable by hitherto known natural causes."

Is, then, the 'practice of hypnotism right? In answering this question we must be guided primarily by our God-sent teacher, the Catholic Church, attending carefully to any decision she has pronounced upon the matter. Then we must look to the moral theologians who interpret and expound her utterances on questions of right and wrong, and who draw from them any conclusions to which they lead. If further instruction is required on any point, we must rely on the educated Catholic conscience, and decide the question to the best of our ability according to those great general principles of morality which we have imbibed from childhood. If we apply to these three sources of information, we shall find that the question "Is hypnotism right or wrong?" can not be answered by a simple "Yes" or "No." The Church is very careful not to condemn outright anything which is merely new or unaccustomed, or apparently marvellous. Nor will she condemn a thing which, though good in itself, is liable to abuse or has been abused. She will condemn the abuse and leave the good untouched.

In matters like this, the Church can afford to wait. At whatever stage of a new scientific practice or theory she may be called upon to pronounce a decision for the guidance of her children, she is always sure of finding, in the great deposit of dogmatic and moral truth committed to her, an answer that will be a secure and sufficient guide, for the time being, to the souls under her care. As time goes on, and the true

* See article Hypnotism in Encyclopædia Medica.

character of the theory or practice in question becomes better understood, both by theological and physical or mental scientists, she is able again, in the light of her unchanging and unchangeable principles, to give further guidance. Her gift of guiding and teaching is not a gift of prophecy or inspiration: the decisions which she gives are arrived at by the ordinary way of human inquiry and study,—in the light, of course, of divine faith; but these careful researches are so guided by the Holy Spirit who dwells within her, 'leading her into all truth,' that we may securely trust and follow her every word.

Thus, when first called upon to give guidance to Catholics on the question of hypnotism—or, as it was then termed, mesmerism, or magnetism—the Holy See (speaking through one of the Sacred Congregations to which the Chief Pastor delegates the consideration of many matters which do not call for the exercise of his supreme and inalienable prerogative of infallibility) laid down what we may call the first rule for Catholics in this matter. Coming as it does from the Holy See through its chosen representatives, whose decisions are ratified by the Sovereign Pontiff in person, such a pronouncement is of the most weighty authority.

At the time when this first decision was given, "Animal Magnetism," as it was then called, was not free from very grave suspicions of superstition. The astonishing feats alleged to be performed by magnetized or hypnotized persons were such as to be incapable of reference to any but a preternatural source. The Bishop of Lausanne, in an application which he forwarded to the Sacred Tribunal of the Penitentiary in 1841, states that magnetized persons, especially women, when thrown into the somnambulistic state, although ignorant, and unskilled in medical science, when interrogated either orally or by a mere

mental interrogation of the magnetizer, will give precise and accurate information concerning their own or others' diseases, even when those others are not present and are unknown to the somnambulist; will indicate the seat and progress of the disease with all its variations and complications, using the proper technical medical terms, prescribing simple and efficacious remedies.*

If effects like these were actually obtained—and, in the face of the evidence, it would be rash to deny that they were and are obtained,—it would seem impossible to account for them by any natural known power. Even supposing the magnetizer to be fully acquainted with all the facts that he elicits from his subject, the performance is so far beyond anything ever accomplished by telepathy as to exclude referring them to the latter art; which, moreover, in its "higher developments" is itself very questionable. Nor does it seem possible that any "exalted sensibility" could confer such powers. The conclusion forced upon me is, then, that if the facts are as they are alleged to be, there is so great a disproportion between the effects and any conceivable natural cause that they must be put down to preternatural—that is diabolical—agency; and the practice of any art, whether it be called mesmerism, magnetism, or hypnotism, *attended with such results*, is plainly sinful.

In reply to the application of the Bishop of Lausanne, the Sacred Penitentiary, as we might expect, declared that "the use of magnetism, *as set forth in the petition* [i. e., with these plainly superstitious attendant circumstances], is unlawful." In other words, the Sacred Congregation condemned all superstitious use of magnetism, though abstaining from a total condemnation of the practice in itself apart from superstitious uses. In 1856 the Congre-

* See the Postulatum of the Bishop of Lausanne *apud* Gury—Ballerini. Vol. i, p. 252. Rome, 1898.

gation of the Holy Inquisition issued an instruction on this subject to the bishops of the Catholic world. "It has been found," the instruction states, "that a *new kind of superstition* has been introduced on occasion of magnetic phenomena, by many lovers of novelties; not in order to throw light on physical sciences—which would be right,—but to deceive and seduce men; thinking that by the magnetic art... they can discover things hidden, distant, or future." After referring to a former decree on the subject, the letter proceeds: "Although the lawfulness and unlawfulness of the use and abuse of magnetism is sufficiently explained in this general decree [just referred to], the malice of men has so increased that, *neglecting the lawful study of science*, and following what is curious, they boast, with great damage to souls, of having found a means of fortune-telling and divination."

In the decree referred to, which was promulgated in 1847, the Holy See had declared that "the use of magnetism—i. e., the simple act of employing physical means not otherwise forbidden—is not morally wrong, so long as it is not for an illicit or evil object. But the application of purely physical principles and means to things or results which are in reality supernatural is nothing but a delusion and altogether unlawful and heretical."

The Holy See, then, has condemned all *superstitious use* of hypnotism; all application of *physical means* that are otherwise unlawful or forbidden; and all use of magnetism or hypnotism for unlawful ends or objects. Not only as a matter of obedience but as a matter of reason, every Catholic will heartily subscribe to these prohibitions. None can doubt that the great enemy of souls and his fallen angels go about the world 'seeking whom they may devour.' As Dr. Johnson said, no one who reads the New Testament can disbelieve the

fact that the fallen angels do exercise a malevolent influence over man. That they are intelligences of a far higher order than our own we know, and there is nothing improbable in supposing that they can and do take occasion from men's experimenting with certain little-known forces, which in themselves are natural, to get into connection with human beings and to deceive and influence them by the introduction of their own diabolical operations into such experiments. The hypnotic or mesmeric state may sometimes offer them an occasion of this sort, like the planchette or the "medium" of spiritualistic *séances*. The terrible dangers of such communications, however brought about, can not be exaggerated; and a recent work by a member of the Society for Psychical Research paints them in vivid colors, and incidentally reproaches that Society for not making clear, in their published Reports, the inevitable risks that, as they know from experience, research of this kind entails.

But though, as Father Génicot points out, it is the *abuse* of hypnotism that has been condemned, not the practice itself with due precautions and restrictions, and with a lawful end in view, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Holy See has given its unqualified approval to every form of the practice of hypnotism as it is now prevalent, or has given to Catholics complete liberty in the matter. Treating of the abstract question whether, apart from superstition, the practice is in itself immoral, the Holy See replies, as we have already seen, that "the simple act of employing physical means *not otherwise forbidden* is not morally unlawful." But there are many circumstances connected with the common practice of hypnotism as it now exists which may very well come under the head of "means otherwise forbidden," or of 'unlawful ends and objects.'

It is here that the work of the moral

theologian comes in, who, investigating the matter under the eye of the Church and in the light of the general principles of morality which she teaches, as well as of the decisions she has put forth, must pass judgment and say what are forbidden means, what are unlawful ends, what are the circumstances which may bring the practice of hypnotism into conflict with the teachings of morality. It is to them, then, that we must look for light upon many details connected with this practice upon which the Church has not spoken in particular; and in a concluding paper I propose to consider the question as treated by some of our eminent and recognized theologians, and according to the dictates of the Christian conscience.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

I.

A YOUNG girl was seated at the window of a charming house in one of the most attractive streets of an attractive Canadian city. Her eyes upraised, one might perhaps have thought she was praying, so rapt was her attitude; but another glance would make clear to the observer that she was intently watching a bevy of twittering birds perched aloft in the branches of a luxuriant sycamore.

As she gazed a lady approached from the back room. She placed her hand on the shoulder of the young girl and said, in a slightly reproachful tone:

"What! Dreaming again, Louise?"

"O mamma," replied the girl with a start, "how you frightened me!"

"But you are too easily frightened, my child."

"I can not help it, mamma."

Madame Belfroy repressed a sigh as she gazed into the lovely face of her only daughter.

"But could you not help it if you tried, my darling? It is dreadful to be so nervous."

It was now the turn of Louise to sigh.

"If you only knew how I do try!" she responded. "But this time at least I was not dreaming. I have been watching the swallows. They are so intelligent and lively, so intent upon building their nests in that large sycamore tree, that I have not been able to turn my eyes away from them."

The mother leaned forward to see the birds which had caused her daughter so much pleasure. At that moment they flew away in a chattering group; and Louise said, with a bright, girlish smile:

"Now they have gone for the present. I think they have quarrelled about house-room—ah, there is Doctor Vau!"

A carriage stopped in front of the house; a stout, middle-aged man alighted and came rapidly up the steps, through the open door, and, passing into the corridor, soon appeared in the parlor.

"Well, Louise," he exclaimed abruptly, in a cheerful, breezy voice that seemed to fill the whole room, "what is this I hear of you? Are you going to marry that young man, after all?"

"I really do not know, Doctor. I have not decided," replied Louise, with a merry little laugh.

"That is all she will ever say about it," observed Madame Belfroy, shaking her head reproachfully at her daughter. "She does not seem to be able to make up her mind."

"That is nonsense," said Doctor Vau. "In some sort, I stand in the place of your father, my little girl. I am the only man who has ever scolded you. No one *but* your father could have loved you so well. You seem to me like my own child. Now, why this keeping of the young man on tenter-hooks? You do not seem to be of the stuff of which coquettes are made. You have always been a sensible girl: French enough to consult and mainly to abide

by the wishes of your elders in things so important as this; yet American enough—and I am glad of it—not to be coerced into doing that which might be very disagreeable and even undesirable. I can not understand you, Louise."

"I can not understand myself. I dislike change, Doctor," said the girl, gravely.

"Well, did you ever hear the like?" cried the Doctor, addressing Madame Belfroy. "It is pure inertia, then.—Rouse yourself—rouse yourself, Louise! Either say 'Yes' to the poor fellow or send him about his business. I came here this morning expecting to hear that the wedding day had been fixed. Tante Roussel told me last evening that you were walking with him all Sunday afternoon. With her old-fashioned ideas, she made no doubt that everything was settled, or you would not have been out alone with him in sight of all the town."

"Poor Tante Roussel!" said Louise, compassionately. "How glad I am mamma is not like that! How thankful I feel for those three years spent in the United States, when I was at the convent! What a blessing that papa left some affairs unsettled there, or we should never have gone!"

"What a tantalizing child!" exclaimed the Doctor. "But does she love him, Madame Belfroy?"

"I can not tell you," answered the mother. "You will have to find that out for yourself."

"I do not know—myself," said Louise. "I really do not know whether I should or not."

"Isn't that exasperating?" asked the mother. "It is what she always says—even to him. She has asked a week for reflection; it expires to-day; and instead of deciding she passes her time walking in the garden looking at the ants, or at the window watching the swallows—"

"And she goes to church," interrupted the Doctor. "I have seen her at church a great deal during the past few days.

Take care that she does not develop wings and fly away.—You are not considering the alternative of becoming a nun, Louise dear?" he continued.

Louise blushed and smiled.

"A nun!" cried her mother. "Have you ever thought of such a thing, my child?"

"Never, mamma," replied her daughter in a reassuring voice. "I do not think I could be a nun."

"I am glad of it," said Madame Belfroy. "It is a lovely life, to be sure; but one must have a vocation—and not be an only child, to break a mother's heart."

"Sometimes children break it in other ways," rejoined the Doctor, dryly.

"But Louise never would," observed Madame Belfroy.

"I think not,—I hope not. The wings are not sprouting either. I do not see them. She does not want to be an angel—yet." Placing his hand under her chin; he lifted her head. "You are a delicate little thing," he went on; "at least that is what people would call you who do not know you as well as I do. A little thin, but that is natural. You eat well?"

"Pretty well, Doctor."

"And sleep well?"

"Sometimes—not always."

"You still dream?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Of our friend Daulnay?"

"No, Doctor—never."

"You are not in love, then?"

"Perhaps not."

"Of what do you dream? Pleasant things?"

"No, Doctor."

"You still have the nightmare?"

"Still the same."

"That is bad. It is time you changed it. New ideas, hopes, plans, experiences would give you something else to dream about. You have not enough to occupy your mind. They tell me this young man is all right. Marriage will bring new responsibilities. You had better take him, Louise. How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty to-morrow," said Louise.

"Twenty? It is high time. I believe in early marriages."

"Go, Louise, and see if Melanie has put the flowers on the table," said Madame Belfroy.

Louise disappeared. Her mother turned to the Doctor.

"Those horrible nightmares! I really believe they will affect her reason if they continue. It distresses me beyond measure to know that they seem to be as much a part of her life as her food and sleep. It is dreadful."

"Pardon, Madame, but I have never rightly understood the story. A sudden fright, what was it?"

"She was six years old when they began. Yes, it was a dreadful fright—a shipwreck."

"Ah, yes, I remember! But during the years I was absent the exact details slipped my memory. A doctor's mind is full of many things. He must be excused if he forgets sometimes. And I am getting old."

"My husband had just died," said Madame Belfroy. "I was feeling very lonely and melancholy. Not wishing to infect the child with my sadness, I permitted her to accompany my sister on a short trip to New York. When it was time to return, a friend of the family, who had a yacht and was coming home then, invited them to accompany his family. The yacht took fire and burned to the water's edge. Fortunately, they were rescued by a fishing boat; but Louise has never recovered from the shock. She seemed like one paralyzed from the first."

"And afterward?"

"She was very ill; patient and quiet during the day, but always crying out in her sleep. And so it has continued. She has also an unconquerable fear of accidents by railroad as well as at sea. Her nervous system was really injured."

"I see," said the Doctor. "She needs

a change. She is a dear child. Go now, my dear lady, and send her to me."

Madame Belfroy left the room, and in a moment her daughter reappeared.

"Tell me, Louise," said the Doctor, seating her beside him and taking her hand, "can you not decide whether you like this young man well enough to spend your life with him?"

To his surprise, she answered without hesitation:

"I feel sure that I do."

"Have you come to that conclusion since you went to the dining-room?"

"No, Doctor: I have known it some time. But I did not dare to say it before mamma."

"Why, my child?"

"She would be so jealous. She really wants me to marry Jean, because she is unselfish and desires my best interests. She is satisfied that he is all he ought to be, and that he will be a good protector for her daughter when she herself is gone. But she would not like it were I to say that—that—I loved him."

"She would not?" asked the Doctor. "I do not comprehend."

"No. She would be jealous, Doctor,—dreadfully jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Yes, Doctor. She loves me so dearly that she can not bear to think of a third person coming between us. She was always that way."

The Doctor murmured something unintelligible.

"It is true, Doctor," Louise went on, with a very serious face, and speaking in a low tone. "And there is something else. Oh, I assure you everything is hard! Jean, in his turn, is jealous of mamma. I have to keep him in good humor as well as mamma; and neither must know anything about the other's state of mind. Jean has no relatives; he does not remember his mother. He can not understand why I will not say that I love him better than mamma."

"I don't like that," remarked the

Doctor, gruffly. "He is unreasonable. He should not press that matter now, my child. But they say that lovers are always selfish."

"I have to humor them both, as I said. I tell Jean that my love for him and the love I feel for mamma are so different that there can be no possible friction between them. And to her I must pretend I am rather indifferent toward Jean, if I do not want her to dislike him. As it is, she is very favorably disposed, because she thinks I do not care a great deal about him."

"I do not know whether you are right or wrong, *petite*," said the Doctor. "I can not say whether the course you are pursuing is calculated to do good or harm. But I think you are an admirable, unselfish little creature, and very brave at that; a diplomatist too, which I had not suspected."

"He is coming to dinner. That is why I wanted mamma to ask you. He will formally demand my hand once more, as you Frenchmen are accustomed to do. I will not refuse. It will all seem very business-like. But I tell you, Doctor, that if in my heart of hearts I did not feel Jean necessary to my happiness, I should say 'No' over and over again,—not only to him but to any other man who might wish me to be his wife. That much at least my American education has done for me."

The Doctor smiled.

"You are a succession of surprises," he said. "The old order changes; a new one comes to take its place. I am told that even in France now young girls have far more liberty of choice, far more independence in these matters than formerly. It may be right; I hope it is."

"I could not do otherwise than I am doing," said Louise.

"You are a dear little bird of God's own making," said the Doctor. "May He help you to smooth out the rough places, which, if what you tell me be

true, promise more black bread than cake. In any case, count upon me, my child. God bless you!"

"M. Jean Daulnay," announced the servant, and Louise vanished.

The two men were not very well acquainted: Doctor Vau had been in Europe for more than a year and had just returned. They spoke pleasantly to each other, and Madame Belfroy came in. To the Doctor the young man appeared quite ordinary, though very gentlemanly and well-dressed.

After a while Louise returned, simply attired in white, her beautiful eyes downcast, her cheeks a little flushed, her smile somewhat tremulous. A silence followed her greeting; then M. Jean Daulnay arose, bowed to the Doctor, then to Madame Belfroy, and said in an embarrassed tone:

"Madame, I have the honor to ask your daughter in marriage."

The mother looked at the girl inquiringly, timidly, as though she feared to ask the necessary question.

"Do you consent, my child?"

"Yes, mamma, with your permission," answered Louise, quite composedly.

"Then I give mine also," came from the lips of the mother, in a voice that was almost a whisper.

Jean Daulnay leaned forward, took the hand of the young girl in his own, kissed it, and said respectfully:

"I thank you, Madame! I thank you, Mademoiselle!"

Then the mother embraced her child, while M. Daulnay repeated the respectful caress on the hand of his future mother-in-law. Doctor Vau gravely saluted Madame Belfroy and the *fiancé*; but he drew the young girl to him and imprinted a kiss on her white forehead. She looked up at him, her eyes swimming in tears, thanking him in her heart for taking the place of the father she had never known. And then they went in to dinner.

Mater Dolorosa.

O GLORIOUS QUEEN, in the days long fled
Great was thy sorrow and great thy dread
When holy Simeon with prophet tongue
A shadow over thy young life flung.
And now in heaven, by that memory,
Dolorous Mother, O pray for me!

Hardships were thine in thy journeying
To a darksome land with thy Son and King,
When the blood of babies the hearthstones dyed,
And the wail of woman was far and wide.
By the peril and danger that round thee lay,
Dolorous Mother, for sinners pray!

With anguished heart and with aching feet,
Thy steps were rapid in lane and street
Of the Sacred City on that day when
Thy Child discoursed with the learned men.
Through that third sorrow upon thee laid,
Dolorous Mother, O give me thine aid!

Matted and damp was the Saviour's hair,
Swollen and blood-stained His features fair;
With each onward motion the red blood flowed,
When He met with thee on the rocky road.
By the tender glance He bestowed on thee,
Dolorous Mother, O pray for me!

Thy sad eyes looked on the thorn-crowned head,
On the hands and feet with the blood-marks red,
When in midair high upon Calvary's side,
Between two thieves, on the cross He died.
By thy sufferings during His agony,
Dolorous Mother, my Mother be!

It was thy portion to see the spear
Piercing the Heart to thy own heart dear;
To kiss the lips that were still and cold,
And thy dead Son in thy arms to fold.
By all thy sorrows, in meekness borne,
Dolorous Mother, help those who mourn!

In finest linen thy hands arrayed
Thy Son for burial in grave new-made,
Ere kind hands led thee weeping away
From the Sepulchre at the close of day.
By this crowning sorrow allotted thee,
Dolorous Mother, O pray for me!

M. R. B.

It is usually not so much the greatness
of our trouble as the littleness of our
spirit which makes us complain.

—Lucy H. M. Soulsby.

My Hospitals.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

SHARP pains were darting through
my body like forked lightning.
Vertigo seized me and I succumbed to it.
The physician said: "You have malaria:
you are charged to the full with it. We
must go to work at once and drive it
out." I said: "Doctor, I have two
requests to make,—two only: have me
removed to the hospital, for I would
not become a burden in the house of
these dear friends; and under no
circumstances give me morphine in any
shape. I have a holy horror of it; I
have seen too much of the ruin it has
wrought."

I do not seem to remember definitely
anything that happened after that. I
suppose it was the fever that drove me
out of my head. I was certainly mad—
mad as a March hare,—though why a
March hare should be any madder than
a February or April member of his
sprightly family is more than I can guess
at. I was unconscious of my surround-
ings. I did not recognize those who were
compassionately caring for me. I kept
moving over to one side of my bed,
because there seemed to be two of us
there—I and my other self. We were as
closely and as tenderly, not to say as
securely, attached as the Siamese Twins.
I was always trying to be polite to him,
and so kept moving over to make room
for him, until I had to be tucked in again
and quieted with some soothing drops.

It seemed to me that many strange
people were sorry for me. We had
never met before, yet they came to offer
sympathy. They stood in a line like
soldiers,—a line that extended diagonally
from one corner of the room to the
other. They were dressed in the costumes
of various nations; and, though chiefly
peasants, they were scrupulously clean,

as if they had donned their best clothes. They were very picturesque, these good people—Italian, French, German, Spanish, Hollander, Swede,—and their eyes were full of pity. I seemed to know what they wished to say to me, though they said nothing. When they had been there a little while I wanted them to go, for the situation was quite embarrassing; but they were shy and awkward, and seemed not to know how to get out of the room. Again and again I gave them a bow of polite dismissal, but they did not move a step. Oh, how this worried me! I turned from them to spare their embarrassment; and when I looked again in fear and trembling, they had mysteriously disappeared.

What was stranger still was the aerial serpent that hovered near me for many days, until I began to look upon it as my mascot. I have always been afraid of any legless thing that crawls; even an angle-worm gives me an unpleasant sensation when I come unexpectedly upon one. In this particular aversion I know that I am unreasonable; for I dote on lizards, and lizards are but abbreviated snakes with four brief legs; their heads and tails are unmistakably ophidian.

My mascot was about twenty feet in length, snow-white, and coated with a thick, short nap as fine as rabbit's fur. Its lips were scarlet and almost human in form; its eyes, rose-pink and limpid; delicately pencilled eyebrows overarched them and gave them a wild but intelligent expression. The surprising creature was about as big in circumference as a circle formed by the second finger and thumb of my two hands. What always puzzled me was that it came to an abrupt termination, as if it had been chopped off a foot or two from the pointed end with which nature had probably once provided it.

I thought much over this, and worried much; yet my mascot seemed to have been sent me for my delight. It used

to float through the air as lightly as a chain of thistle down, and festoon itself among the picture frames that now were apparently hanging in space,—they must have been picture frames, although the walls of my room seemed to have disappeared: at least I do not remember having seen them. Nor do I remember the presence of any attendant so long as my mind was wandering; yet I must have been closely and very carefully watched all that trying time.

Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than the immaculate white coils of my mascot draping whatever object chanced to be in view. It would at intervals turn to me with a kind of infantile smile, as if seeking my approval. I always cheered it with a responsive smile; for it pleased and interested me as I watched it by the hour. Often it changed its position softly, noiselessly, and with exceeding grace. Sometimes when I grew a little weary—I suppose I showed a look of weariness in my face—it would unwind itself from the picture frames and bric-a-brac and drift like a smoke wraith through the air; then it would descend upon the foot of the bed and there rest, coil upon coil, as light and white as eider down. It had no weight: it seemed to be mist. If I stretched my foot under the spread where it was lying, I could feel nothing but the weight of the spread itself; but if I did that, it seemed to fear that it was annoying me—perhaps was intruding,—and it would then waft itself back among the ornaments it loved to decorate, and there assume a thousand lovely poses,—and all for my delight.

The soaring serpent was not my only diversion; nor the international delegation that came daily to pity me and had such difficulty in making a proper exit; nor that other self, my astral body, the which I was so afraid of crowding. What made each day delectable was the flight I took into the remotest quarters of the globe. I had not recently

been reading De Quincey, but was not unfamiliar with the fanciful and sometimes fearful pages of "The Opium Eater." Whether or not a memory of those recorded visions influenced me, I can not say. Probably, to a certain extent, it did; but there was also my own life and adventures for me to draw on, in case I was in need of any slightest suggestion.

My visions, never twice alike, began and ended in the same manner on every occasion. My bed was an elaborate structure of antique oak; the headboard very high and exquisitely carved; it looked not unlike a model of the façade of some Italian cathedral of the Renaissance period. It was a downy bed of ease. My pillows were worthy of a royal couch; my covering a delight to every sense. The footboard was as trim as the bow of a boat. Did that, I wonder, catch my fancy and set me sailing through the air? I seemed to be enthroned on this sumptuous couch, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance environing a Roman emperor. The couch, in some mystifying manner, resolved itself into a barge of such stateliness and splendor as might have thrilled the heart of a Venetian doge when he set forth in all his glory to wed his queen the incomparable Adriatic.

My barge of state passed from its moorings almost imperceptibly. There was not the faintest sound as of the casting of cables, the heaving of anchors, the hiss of steam, the splash of paddles, or the making of sail to the accompaniment of the sailor's dolorous song. The barge once freed from earth did not pitch or roll or even quiver in the slightest degree; indeed, there was no sense of motion. We sailed silently into space, and traversed the zones as easily as if we were a meteor, and we sped with meteoric speed.

I was not in the least afraid then, but I tremble when I recall my imaginary experiences: the perils I might have

encountered; the shipwrecks; the being left to perish in an undiscovered country; the fear, famine, torture and living death that might have been my lot in a desolate and uninhabited land; or the unbroken solitude in a spot undreamed of by the most adventurous explorers. With boundless faith in Providence, I folded my hands upon my breast and calmly awaited developments.

I was upon the verge of sleep when I heard faint and far-away music wafted upon the winds, and every moment growing louder and more distinct. I raised myself upon my pillow with difficulty—for I had but little strength,—and suddenly we swam, as it were, into a vast arena surrounded by numberless pavilions. The pavilions were fashioned of gorgeous tapestries, and above them floated clouds of banners radiantly dyed; their thousand peaks, like distant mountain heights, dissolved in the vapory distance. Never had I beheld such a vision of fairy fabrics sinking and swelling in the breeze—like a sunset sea.

Now the music was almost deafening, yet ever rhythmical, and with the indescribable charm that pertains to all Oriental music—a mingling of passion and pathos that may be called almost fanatical. As my barge passed into the arena, thousands upon thousands of singers and dancers surged forth and saluted me. We were in the heart of the Orient, but just where I knew not. All these singers and dancers and players upon instruments had assembled by order of the lords of the land,—yet why, at first, I knew not. Princes and potentates bore messages of sympathy from unimagined powers; for I had been ill—desperately ill,—and there was sorrow among the people. Hence these demonstrations in my honor.

At my wish we drifted onward, my thought at the helm, and soon entered an apparently endless avenue of extraordinary breadth; on each side of it were ranged sphinxes and obelisks and

pyramids, these extending onward till they were lost to view. But, to crown all, there stood on the two sides of the avenue an interminable phalanx of elephants, superbly caparisoned in palls of cloth of gold, with jewelled turrets upon their foreheads and chains of silver bells about their necks. And as I passed between the files they all knelt, while the bells chimed musically; and, lifting their huge trunks into the air, they trumpeted in chorus; and their trumpeting was as the blast of doom. Thereafter my barge and I descended into the sick chamber as quietly and as cosily as a ferry draws into her slip. Oh, how tired I was then, how languid, how glad to lose consciousness and forget it all—for a time at least!

We went forth again, my barge and I together,—for surely we were one and inseparable. It must be that my wish or my hope piloted it through space. There was no one visible at the helm, no one visible at the prow. We were without chart or compass. It was like voyaging among the planets to be so free of the earth. It was like the magic carpet of the Persian tale,—a mere thought was enough to wing it to worlds unknown. I do not know how long those visionary voyages lasted; I do not know how often I embarked on them. I took no note of time. To me the evening and the morning were as one day; but which day it might chance to be, or whether it was the light side of the day or the dark side which is called night, I knew not and cared not.

Once I felt the shadows gathering about me; the pungent odor of moist leaves was in the air. I seemed to be waking from a stupor. I opened my eyes and saw that we were in the depths of the forest primeval. It might have been the heart of darkest Africa for aught I knew. The colossal columns of the trees towered to heaven and were lost in a canopy of interwoven branches so dense that no glimpse of sky was visible.

Eternal night reigned there. Enormous vines sprang from tree to tree and, like petrified boa constrictors, locked them in an everlasting embrace. Beards of moss fell in cataracts from funereal boughs, swaying to and fro as if rocking upon the heaving bosom of the Invisible. Strange creatures with gaunt flapping wings sailed heavily upon the dead air; weird cries fell upon my startled ear; unspeakable creeping and crawling things were stirring everywhere. Yet nothing frightened me; nothing even aroused my curiosity or interest. I accepted everything as another phase in this life of perpetual development, and was satisfied.

Suddenly the whole forest burst into a wilderness of flame. I wondered if it was thus when God said, "Let there be light!" and there was light." The impenetrable foliage above me was gilded like a cavern of glowing coals; it was supported by monoliths of fretted gold; a river of molten lava flowed sluggishly through the midst thereof, and upon the shining shore of the river stalked battalions of flamingoes whose glorified feathers seemed literally ablaze. At intervals the sacred ibis stood silent and unmoved as if chiselled in frosted silver; while birds of radiant plumage darted like meteors through space. The crater of a volcano in eruption could not be more overwhelming in its blinding magnificence than was that conflagration in the depths of the untracked wild. The pageant of the sunset rushing onward in a flood of flame had in one incomparable moment consummated and consumed the glory of an unknown world, for the blackness of darkness followed. My barge was wafted almost imperceptibly into its slip; I was conscious of having returned in safety—then knew no more.

Yet again I was destined to voyage into the unknown, the uttermost parts. I was hardly aware of my material surroundings. My vitality was ebbing

fast. I was indeed conscious of a chill in the air, in my limbs, in my heart. When I turned to ask of some one, of any one, concerning this unwonted temperature, no one was visible. My barge and I were sailing over measureless ice fields. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing save a wide, wide world of ice. Here and there it was broken as if by some submarine upheaval; cliffs of the most fantastic shape jutted into the air. I could catch glimpses of caverns among these cliffs; and the overhanging eaves—I called them beetling brows—were fringed with icicles so wonderful in color and design that had I been able, and not so cold, I should have hailed them with a cry of joy. The prevailing color was the indescribable green that shone dimly within the caverns,—the evasive, ethereal green that one catches a glimpse of for a moment in an opal. Opaline, opalescent! Everything as far as the eye could see was as delicately tinted as the opal. It was a world of flashing jewels, and not a creature, not a thing animate or inanimate visible to the naked eye. Here indeed were the walls of jasper and the gates of pearl, but the everlasting silence of space reigned over it as it has ever reigned from the beginning of all things and shall reign unto the very end.

And so cold it was—so very cold,—the marrow chilling in my bones, the blood clogging in my veins. Not a breath was stirring, yet waves as of rippling moonlight flowed silently from horizon to horizon. The sky was tinted with iridescent dyes; the very air seemed to sparkle. It must have been midsummer away up yonder in the Arctic solitude; for there came a glow in the southern sky, as if the hour were nearing sunrise. But the sun never rose: he never more than showed the tip of his crown to me,—a pale radiance as if it were the reflection of a conflagration millions of miles away. Then the ineffable beauty of the far northern twilight succeeded. It was a wondrous light that enveloped

the world; it was as if it were an inward light streaming through a dome of frosted crystal,—and all so cold, so cold as with the coldness of death!

I knew not how it came to pass, but I found myself in a cavern, borne irresistibly onward through a tunnel-like cave, so buried in obscurity that it seemed to have been hewn out of the blackness of darkness. I knew, because I was somehow conscious of the fact, that throngs were pressing, were ever pressing onward irresistibly, even as I was being borne helplessly toward a goal I knew not of. We must have each awaited our turn, though we could not see one another. I think we must have done so, because my turn came, I knew not how; and I found myself at the feet of one who was cased in sombre armor, yet was he in nowise of fearful or forbidding aspect.

I was reclining on my couch, which had been wafted hither by unseen agencies. He lifted me in his arms as carefully as if I had been his brother; with infinite tenderness he supported me upon his breast. I saw that his face was beautiful and benignant and full of compassion. He gently led me to ponderous gates, that noiselessly opened at his word; and there I saw—I can not, I dare not say what I saw; but never was the like of it seen on earth by mortal eyes, dreamed of by mortal man, hoped for by mortal heart: a landscape the very sight of which ravished the soul, peopled by angelic hosts lost in the ecstasy of that future life now realized. Oh, the transport of the momentary vision! Oh, the rapture unspeakable which it inspired!

"Let me enter!" I implored of him. "I beseech you bid me enter!" He still supported me in his arms as if I had been a child. "Not yet," said he, as he softly laid me back upon my pillow. "Not yet!" he repeated, his voice sounding like a reverberation—and the gates were closed against me. Alas and alas!—

and then somehow, I know not how, I knew him to be the Angel of Death.

I wot not how long I had been in dreamland; but when I finally awakened out of it, the dear ones were gathered about my bedside and some of them were weeping. All objects seemed shadowy and unreal. I was not sure of myself yet, nor did I take much interest in life. As soon as I had strength enough to speak distinctly, I asked where I was at the moment. They told me that I was where I had been ever since a malarial fever had laid me low. "In the hospital?" quoth I?—"No indeed: always here in the Old Kentucky Home, and always with some of us near you. Thank God you are at last yourself again!"

Yet I had not for many days known where I was, or if any one save the spectres had watched over me. It was as if I had risen from the dead,—in love with Death!

(To be continued.)

Her Face.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

A STREET shaded by maples whose leafy branches meet and interlace far above in the summer air, forming Gothic arches far more beautiful than even the great cathedral naves of Milan or Cologne; aisle-like walks bordered by stretches of green grass that extends back to the spacious houses, once stately as the trees, but now, in their fading splendor, forming a sharp contrast to the maples' perennial youth.

Such is one of the thoroughfares leading from Woodward Avenue in Detroit eastward toward the quarter where the Polish emigrants are rearing homes and churches, children and schools, in the sunlight of the prosperity that follows the dawn of their day of liberty. As to the once aristocratic street, although

here and there an old mansion shows on its red brick front the sign "Rooms to rent," a moiety of that portion of the American public who have no settled place of abode is the gainer thereby, being provided, for the nonce, with very agreeable quarters.

On a certain June afternoon, in the former drawing-room of one of these airy houses, a little bride sat chatting with a visitor—a delicate-looking elderly lady.

"Yes, Mrs. Cordwell—or rather Aunt Mary—(it is so kind of you to let me call you Aunt Mary, as Jack does!)" she rattled on,— "Jack and I have been married since the autumn, yet we are still on our wedding tour. You see, my husband's business requires him to travel; and I go about with him, trying to make a home for him wherever we happen to stop. We are to be here for a few weeks, after which we shall go on to Chicago. Oh, this nomad life is pleasant enough when one has become accustomed to it! At least, anything is better than to be separated from Jack."

Mrs. Cordwell smiled, indulgent of this girlish effusiveness; and was more favorably inclined toward the plain, soft-voiced girl whom her handsome nephew had chosen for his wife, and whom, upon his arrival in the city two days before, he had brought to call on her for the first time.

"Rita is certainly very much in love with Jack, and we can only hope for the best," she mentally commented, with a sigh. "But I am now almost thankful that my dear sister did not live to know that her son has married a heretic. Truly death sometimes comes to spare one some especial grief. Well, Jack was only a boy when she was taken, and for years he has had to shift for himself."

"Oh, yes, we were married by a priest!" Rita replied to the elder lady's hesitating query. "I made no objection—because—" she glanced around contentedly,— "because I know the Catholic Church does not allow divorce with

permission to remarry; and thus Jack would not be able to get rid of me, supposing he should ever fall in love with a prettier or more fascinating woman."

She spoke almost flippantly, and with a serene security in her happiness; yet beneath this apparent lightness there was an undertone of deeper feeling.

"Humph! she has hit the nail on the head. She has found the only rivet that is strong enough to bind society together," reflected Aunt Mary. "In the supreme moment of her life, the girl intuitively stretched forth her hands to the Church as to a mother for protection."

"Jack and I get on beautifully," proceeded the young wife. "But I am afraid his people do not like me,—that they think I am to blame because he does not go to Mass on Sundays."

"It is, unhappily, too common a story," answered Mrs. Cordwell, as the tears welled up in her clear brown eyes.

"But it is not my fault," argued the persistent Rita. "Every Sunday I tell him he ought to go to church. What more could I do even if I were a Catholic?"

"My dear, there is this difference," gently replied her visitor. "Where you say 'Go' a Catholic wife would say 'Come.' No power of persuasion is so effectual as example. Were his mother living it would break her heart to know that he has, seemingly, forgotten the good influences with which she surrounded his boyhood."

Rita made no response, but idly toyed with the fan attached to the long chain of coral beads that hung from her neck. She hoped Jack's aunt was not going to prove "preachy" or an uncomfortable personage; and, resolving to avoid the question of religion in the future, plunged into the discussion of an indifferent subject.

The next week Jack and his wife returned Mrs. Cordwell's visit. They found her in a simple but beautiful home,

and in the company of the husband to whom she had been married for more than forty years.

"I am sorry this must be a good-bye visit, Aunt Mary," said Rita, regretfully; "but Jack has decided that we must leave to-morrow for Chicago."

"My business here did not take so much time as I had anticipated, and we must move on," explained Jack.

Restless of disposition, he was already impatient to be upon his journey, and soon grew inattentive to the conversation of the ladies.

As his eyes roved from the fine copy of the *Granduca Madonna* on the wall to the broad, low bookshelves, and thence to the Dresden bric-a-brac on the chimney-piece, he became aware that Mrs. Cordwell was recalling some humorous escapade of his childhood; while Rita, wifelike, listened with pleased interest. He caught his mother's name, and winced inwardly. The sadness of his early orphaned boyhood stole over him. But the gentle narrator told the story well. The scene arose again before him. His mood changed and he laughed with pleasure.

"I have often wished I had a portrait of mother," he said when the anecdote was finished. "Somehow, I never owned one."

A small velvet frame with closed doors hung on the wall under the picture of the Madonna. Aunt Mary crossed the room, took down the frame, and opening the little doors, placed it in his hand.

His stereotyped "Thank you!" was not quite steady; for thus suddenly, after the lapse of years, he saw again his mother's face. Only a faded photograph. Well yes, perhaps; but to the son whom the good woman had loved so much it seemed almost to speak. A mist arose before him.

"It is just like her," he said as he passed the picture to Rita. "Aunt Mary, give me this photograph? I will send you a copy of it from Chicago."

"It should have been yours long ago," she answered; and he did not guess the sacrifice she made in parting with it.

Soon after Jack and his wife rose to take leave.

"Rita," said Mrs. Cordwell in an aside, as Jack went to the door to watch for the approach of a trolley car, "my dear, always remember one thing. If—as I pray to God—Jack some day returns to the practice of his religious duties, encourage him; for the more faithful he is to them, the more faithful he will be to his duty to you."

The next moment they were gone.

During their sojourn in the Lake City, Jack's wife sent pleasant, newsy letters to his aunt. At last she wrote that they were going on once more, but neglected to give the new address; and thus the correspondence ceased.

Two years passed away. Then one day Mrs. Cordwell received a letter from St. Louis which told her that she had attained to the dignity of a grandaunt.

"The boy is a sturdy little chap two months old, and the perfect image of Jack," Rita enthusiastically wrote.

But although the young mother's joy awakened Aunt Mary's maternal sympathies, it was the closing paragraph of the letter that stirred her heart even more deeply.

"You will also be glad to know, dear Aunt Mary," Rita's pen ran on, "that more than a year ago Jack began to go regularly to Mass on Sundays, and now sometimes I go with him. It came about through the picture of his mother that you gave him. When we settled in our own little home, Jack chose as a place for the photograph the centre table in the living room. It was always before him when he came home in the evenings; and from seeing it he began to speak of her,—of what she used to do, how she brought up her children, and so forth. I suppose the frequent recurrence to those old days and the recalling of his mother's teaching was

like her voice urging him; for after a while he began to go to church again. And then one day when he returned he told me he had attended to what he called his 'Easter duty.' No doubt you will understand.

"That is all, except—oh, yes! Jack wanted to have the baby christened; but, I must admit, I put off the matter from week to week. One afternoon, however, a terrific thunderstorm came up over the city. The lightning struck and burned a house not far from ours, and I thought we should not escape with our lives. As I moved about the sitting-room wondering which corner would be the safest place to sit with baby, I happened to glance at the picture of Jack's mother. No doubt I imagined it, but she seemed to look at me reproachfully. Well, then and there I made up my mind. When Jack came home that night I told him I would have the baby ready so that he might have the baptism the next day. And it was done; Mary Ann, the Irish nurse, going with him. So I am afraid Mary Ann is the godmother; for, in spite of all the delay, there was not time to ask you.

"But I want to thank you for giving Jack the picture. His mother must have been indeed a good woman. And I think that if I should have to die and leave my child, even death would lose something of its bitterness if I could feel that in future years the thought of me would influence his life for good even as Jack is influenced by the remembrance of his mother.

"With love from Jack and myself, dear Aunt Mary,

"Yours devotedly,

"RITA."

Mrs. Cordwell's gentle countenance was wreathed with smiles as she finished the perusal of the letter.

"Thank God! thank God!" she murmured. "How true it is that we can never measure the extent of a mother's influence!"

She glanced across her cosy library to where the Granduca Madonna hung in its beauty. Beneath it there was a blank space on the wall where the little velvet frame had been. How well she was repaid for her sacrifice! Jack had indeed forgotten to send her a copy of the photograph, but now she would remind him of the omission. And, going to her writing-desk, she sat down at once to answer Rita's happy letter.

Reminiscences of Dr. Brownson.

BY J. M'C.

"I BROUGHT nothing into the Church but my sins." There is Dr. Brownson, self-revealed! This was his reply to those who taunted Catholics with making much of such converts as Newman. But what a world of profound truth and honest humility there is in the saying,—a saying that Archbishop Hughes characterized as worthy of the great Augustine!

I made the acquaintance of Dr. Brownson in 1873, shortly before the revival of his *Quarterly Review*. He was then living with his daughter, Sarah, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in a quiet out-of-the-way nook of a quiet out-of-the-way town. Sarah, whose "Life of Prince Gallitzin" was once so widely read, married Judge Tenney, of Elizabeth,—a convert to the Faith. She died about three years after her marriage, leaving two baby daughters. Mrs. Tenney was an exceptionally gifted woman, and had she been spared she might have enriched Catholic literature by many a valuable work.

I confess that I approached Dr. Brownson's house with something like fear and trembling. I had written a little, and, through mutual friends, knew that the Doctor had heard of me. But he was to me as Wiseman or Newman or Manning or Ward. I had seen and read stray

copies of *Brownson's Review* when a lad at college on the other side of the Atlantic. So I naturally approached this great champion of Catholic truth, this great teacher and guide, with veneration. That veneration I never lost; but with closer acquaintance came in addition a feeling of the warmest personal regard for the man quite apart from the philosopher and author.

Dr. Brownson soon scattered all nervousness on my part, and in a few moments I was at my ease with him. There he sat, massive in frame and lion-like in face, his bright eyes full of a soft light, and his broad and lofty brow stamped with the royalty of noblest manhood. You could not look at Dr. Brownson without at once feeling that you were in the presence of an extraordinary man. Not that he posed at all: he, of all men, would have the uttermost contempt and loathing for any such attitude. There was not a small grain in the nature of the man. He was built large; and the largest thing about him—larger even than his giant intellect—was his heart. That never went astray.

But Brownson loved the young. He was one of the most encouraging men I ever met. It has been my experience that the more a man knows, the more he discovers, or tries to discover, in others. It strikes me in this way: we ordinary folk move about the world treading carelessly on hidden treasures. What to us is mere earth is to another a gold vein. The stone that we kick carelessly out of our path is picked up by the scientist, examined, and a new discovery is made to all time.

So it was with Brownson. He found something everywhere and in everyone. He was a most captivating conversationalist. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," he touched all subjects with equal facility and zest. His whole being would leap up, as it were, to the shining heights where the very principles

of things were weighed and balanced. But in a moment he would drop from a warm discussion of some great principle to a chat about the latest novel.

Toward the close of his life he was a great novel-reader; nor is this exceptional in a man of profound thought and wide knowledge. It has often been a wonder to me why such men read novels, or how they can do it; and the only explanation I find is that they seek refuge from themselves at times. After all, men are men; and the greatest have their weaknesses. Just as Ward delighted in the theatre and the opera, so Brownson rejoiced in his novel.

It was often a wonder to me how Dr. Brownson contrived to work at all. To any one who called he was always at leisure, and delighted to be at leisure. Yet he read everything, and his correspondence must have been enormous. Montalembert was a constant correspondent and great admirer of his. Long ago—before the present generation was born—Lord Brougham considered him one of the first thinkers and writers not only of America but of the age. Much of his personal history has been made known to the public by his son, Dr. Henry F. Brownson, who has published a life of his father, as well as a uniform edition of his works.

"How did St. Augustine, with his labors as bishop and in such trying times, ever contrive to write so much?" I asked once of an eminent ecclesiastic. "Well," said he, "how does Dr. Brownson contrive to write so much?" Indeed, his work, looked at simply as manual labor, is enormous. And there is the wonder in always finding such a man at leisure. Perhaps it was that his mind, which was extraordinarily swift and far-reaching, caught in a flash things what it took others time and labor to reach; while his powerful physical frame enabled him, when called upon, to undergo any amount of fatigue without feeling the strain excessive.

I was speaking to him one day on this subject of literary style. We were talking, by the way, about Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review*—a philosophical antagonist of Brownson,—whose style was rather cumbersome and top-heavy. If I recollect rightly, the Doctor said something to the effect that a clear mind was apt to express itself clearly. "Englishmen," he added, "are not logical. They refuse to be pinned down. An Englishman will go with you just as far as he pleases and no further. He will not say two and two make four, though he will acknowledge that they do not make five. There he'll stop if the case is against him."

I spoke of his own style, as a pupil would to a teacher; and asked him if it were born with him or acquired. He answered that, such as it was, it was wholly acquired. It took him years and years of labor to form and fashion it into what it had become. "Reviewers," he said, "are very rare. I do not believe there are more than about four men in the country who can write a really good review article. To be a thorough reviewer, a man should have a fuller knowledge of the subject reviewed than the author himself." There was Dr. Brownson's standard.

He told me of a visit he had from Daniel Webster when Webster was in his prime. Brownson was then, I believe, editing the *Boston Quarterly*. He was not a Catholic at the time. Politics were hot and he took a vigorous part,—he could never be anything but vigorous. One of his political articles attracted special attention. It was in accord with Webster's views; and the great orator and statesman called, with one or two friends, on the reviewer, with whom at the time he was not personally acquainted. Making himself known, he complimented the Doctor on his article, and expressed the pleasure and admiration with which he had read it; saying at the same time it was a pity that

such opinions and such articles were not more common. "Well, Mr. Webster," said Brownson, in his jocose vein, "such articles never will be common."—"Why not?" asked Webster.—"In the first place, you have not the men to write them; and in the second place, you have not the men to appreciate them when they are written."—"I hope you will count me among the latter," was Webster's response, as he entered himself as a subscriber; "and I am very sure you will answer for the others."

"Doctor, what led you into the Church?" I once asked him, wondering in a human way, that so independent a mind and disposition could ever yield to any authority. It was a foolish thought; for surely the clearer a man's intellect, the nearer he ought to be to truth, when not weighed down by ignoble passions, as Brownson never was. He told me that in his doubts and struggles he never dreamed of Catholicity. That did not enter into his thoughts even as a possibility. He was prepared to investigate and try anything but that. He absolutely knew nothing of it, save in the general way of a reader and unbeliever. But the immediate cause he said, was a poor Irishman whom he met with. He found him reading his prayer-book, which, I believe, contained a catechism of Christian Doctrine. He questioned the man and borrowed his book. His searching and honest intellect went actively to work. He could never rest until he unravelled a problem. The unravelling of this was that he entered the Catholic Church. It is the old story. God chooses His own instruments. It is the faith that moves mountains; and it was the intelligent faith of that poor and unknown man that helped to draw the scales from the eyes of the genius and enable him to see and worship his God and Creator.

All his family followed Brownson into the fold. His wife, Miss Sarah Healy,

I never had the happiness to know. She died about a year before I met the Doctor. But the eminent ecclesiastic whose tribute to Dr. Brownson's genius I have already quoted once said to me that she was indeed a saint. Their eight children—seven sons and one daughter—were Catholics.

People were sometimes captious with Brownson, forgetting that, as Cardinal Newman says, "men, not angels, are ministers of the Gospel." He was regarded as arrogant, proud, and self-opinionated; and, perhaps, to a degree this was true. But he was wholly honest and disinterested, and of so naturally simple a disposition that a child could move him. He has read to me, who to him was a youth, a scorching review on a matter that touched him sorely, asking my opinion on it, and whether I thought it advisable that it should appear in the *Quarterly*. He did me the great honor to ask me to contribute to the *Review*; and I wrote one article, which appeared. Though invited to continue, other pursuits called me off at the time, and, I deeply regret to say, interrupted my visits to the Doctor. I only recall this to tell how my article was received.

"Bring it over when finished, and we'll read it together," wrote Dr. Brownson.

I took it over, and, as usual, slept at his house that night. Our talks used to extend into all hours, and range over every kind of subject.

"Well, we didn't get at the article," observed the Doctor at breakfast next morning. "Bring it up after breakfast and read it to me."

I stayed a while talking to Mrs. Tenney.

"You'll never read your article to him," she said, with a mischievous smile.

And so it proved. I had not read two pages of the manuscript before a name came up that set the Doctor going.

"I hope you have not said anything against so-and-so?"

"No: quite the contrary."

"Because—" and he struck at once into a discussion that lasted an hour or more.

"Well, never mind the article now. Let us talk. Leave it over, and I'll read it myself."

By the next mail the article was returned, but only to require the references for quotations. The old reviewer was in this respect a strict disciplinarian.

Of Dr. Brownson's public life and work I am not speaking: I am simply giving a fireside sketch of one who I doubt not might truly be called a confessor of the Faith. God sent him to us when such a man was sorely needed, and when just the kind of bitter experience that he went through in working up to the light was necessary in order to instruct and encourage others who were groping through the same dark and tortuous ways. It was heroic truth in him to say: "I brought nothing to the Church but my sins." Once in the Church, he never staggered but went straight on to the end.

He was born in Stockbridge, Vermont, September 16, 1803, and named Orestes Augustus. His father died when he was a child. His mother was poor, and he was adopted by a worthy couple in Royaltown, who brought him up, as his daughter said, "in the most rigid form of the New England orthodoxy of that period." He early began to doubt, and at nineteen was in great spiritual darkness. By way of seeking some relief, he became a Presbyterian. This was in 1822. Presbyterian severity chilled him, and his free spirit revolted against its chains. He went to the other extreme—to the verge of atheism. Still he always believed in God. He had already begun to write, and his power was at once recognized. He next became a Universalist and a minister, and edited the *Gospel Advocate*. At this time he was only twenty-two. He afterward edited the *Philanthropist*, and contributed to the *Unitarian* and other periodicals.

He was still restless, and in 1836 organized in Boston the Society for Christian Union and Progress. In 1838 he established his own review, the *Boston Quarterly*, which in 1843 was merged in the *Democratic Review*, and in 1844 revived as *Brownson's Quarterly Review*. On October 20, 1844, he was received into the Church, and peace at last came to his soul.

The *Review* continued, but changed its religion. The headquarters were removed to New York at the end of 1855. In 1864 the publication was discontinued. For a time the Doctor wrote a monthly leader for the *Catholic World*. He contributed also to the *Tablet*, and prepared what he himself described as some of his most careful articles for THE AVE MARIA. He also published various works, the chief of which is "The American Republic." In "The Convert" he recounts his own spiritual struggles. In 1873 he resumed the publication of the *Quarterly*, which failing health induced him to discontinue in 1875, the year before his death.

Brownson was, perhaps, better known abroad than any other American writer, and his judgment on European politics and the drift of events was singularly accurate and sagacious. When the Catholic University was started in Dublin, he was offered a chair by Dr. Newman; he declined the proffered honor, and ended his days as he began them, on his own soil, battling for truth and justice to the last, and leaving a glorious memory to the Catholics of this New World.

EDUCATION does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave.—*Ruskin*.

PEOPLE who pray on their knees on Sunday and prey on their neighbors on Monday need simplicity in their faith.

—W. G. Jordan.

Concerning a New Book.

“AN attempt to grapple with difficulties that are very real to many minds,” is perhaps the best description that could be given of a recent work by an English priest. We prefer not to name book or author. To our mind “England and the Holy See,” by the Rev. Spencer Jones, is much better calculated to promote Reunion than this later publication, written for the same purpose; though its author is a Catholic priest and Mr. Jones is an Anglican parson.

It is at all times gratifying to meet with an apologist who is unaffectedly disgusted with sophistry, and who strives to be at once honest and fair with his adversaries; but this attitude also supposes exactness and temperateness. We freely admit that pious puerilities are much in vogue nowadays, and that they are industriously propagated by men who, in an age of loose living and lax teaching, should realize the importance of inculcating solid virtues and of preaching essential truths. Still we can not but regard as wildly sweeping and exaggerated the statement of our confrère that “superstition has enveloped the practice of invocation to such an extent as to make it indistinguishable, except to the hawk’s eye of a professional controversialist, from the worship of God alone.”

We do not contend that the Bull condemning Anglican Orders is an infallible utterance, but we have always held that it was final as well as authoritative. The Rev. E. L. Taunton, writing in the *Catholic Times*, reminds us that Leo XIII., in a communication on the subject of this Bull addressed to the Archbishop of Paris, declared that it was “a definite and irreformable condemnation”; and certain French ecclesiastics who thought otherwise were told that the question was closed. The reverend

author whom we prefer not to name would keep it open. He says that the Bull is neither final nor infallible, and adds: “It is devoutly to be hoped in the interests of Christian unity [that it] may share the fate of the *Instructio ad Armenos* of Eugenius IV., and of the Bull *Dominus ac Redemptor noster* of Clement XIV. suppressing the Society of Jesus.” The parity is not plain. The suppression of the Jesuits was a mere matter of discipline. One Pope thought they deserved to be suppressed, another that they merited to be restored. The condemnation of Anglican Orders was a formal decision on a question of dispute. The Holy See is not accustomed to decide in such cases without thorough investigation. Both sides were heard, and the question was discussed in all its bearings. It is not in the bounds of probability that it will ever be taken up again.

A non-Catholic reviewer of the book under consideration remarks: “It will show the average man that it is not necessary to be a fool or to commit intellectual suicide to be a loyal Roman Catholic. And this is still a common opinion even among the so-called educated classes.” Such an opinion, of course, ought to be combated unceasingly; but Catholic controversialists should always be on their guard against anything like minimizing or misrepresentation. And it ought to be plain to them, we think, that the interests of Christian unity require that all Christians should accept the directive decisions of the head of the Church without questioning whether they be infallible. There is a duty of religious obedience as well as a duty to eschew heretical opinions.

WHAT we are engaged on in education is the formation of character, not the cultivation of certain aptitudes for reading, writing, and doing sums.

—Mandell Creighton.

Notes and Remarks.

A recent writer remarks, we forget where: "Without necessarily accepting Christian dogma, the thinking man is likely to admit nowadays that there is something in life besides matter and force; and that this something—cosmic energy, divine law, morals, honesty, good policy, whatever it may be called—ought to be reckoned with at the same time with those facts which are more obvious to the eye. A school system which gives the child no instruction of a definite and earnest kind in conduct as well as in knowledge can not but be regarded as defective." The indisputable fact that the moral instruction of the vast majority of children in the United States is altogether inadequate goes to show that a school system of a different kind from the one in vogue should be regarded as desirable, even indispensable. To the assertion that moral instruction should be given in the home it is sufficient answer that it is not given in the home. The influence of few homes is strong enough to counteract that of most schools.

Dr. John A. Mooney, whose tragic death we noted in a recent issue, was an admirable type of the Catholic layman. The *Messenger* informs us that "he was eighteen miles from a priest when the death summons came"; but "in spite of the distance, he had ordered a conveyance that morning in order that he might fulfil what he considered his Sunday obligation." Of his character we are told:

He was an ideal Catholic gentleman, not only for the refinement and exceptional elevation of his intellectual culture but for the stainless purity of his character....Never a day passed that he did not recite his Rosary, and his practice of frequent Communion, begun in youth, was continued uninterruptedly till he died....His Catholic instincts were always quick and true; and his intense love for the Church made him often

undertake arduous, unremitting and protracted labor that seemed almost a menace to his frail and delicate constitution. He was a man to remember and to imitate, and his death is a great loss to the Catholic cause.

It must be a comfort for the friends of Mr. Mooney to know that, though sudden and seemingly untimely, his death was not unprovided for. As for timeliness God knows best; and St. Francis de Sales was of opinion that a sudden death is often a great grace. It has been widely announced in the press that Mr. Mooney's entire estate, amounting to \$50,000, has been bequeathed to Catholic educational and charitable institutions.

Concurrently with the coronation ceremonies in St. Peter's on August 9, the great and mighty president of the French Council, the "very respectable, highly delectable" Premier Combes, proclaimed himself at Marseilles in express terms to be the sovereign pontiff of a new worship "which has for its altar liberty; for dogmas, the rights and duties of the citizen; and for revelation from on high, conscience and human reason." The "new" worship is not at all new. It was old and worn-out centuries ago. It received its death-blow from the Man of Nazareth; and whenever, in later days, it has been galvanized into temporary activity, as in 1793, it has speedily degenerated into anarchy and crime. France, let us hope, will soon have done with both M. Combes and the cult of which he professes himself the pontiff.

A writer in *Onze Eeuw*, one of the best known of the Dutch reviews, recalls a peculiar incident that occurred in Paris not long ago. A culprit arraigned for bigamy attempted to justify himself on the ground that marriages seem very trivial things in the light of what is allowed by law; and the judge, we are told, agreed with him. The tacit tolera-

tion accorded by society to lapses from the moral law on the part of at least the sterner half of the race can not but have the effect of lessening the popular horror for bigamy; the wonder is that bigamy remains on the statute books as a punishable offence at all. Still more demoralizing in this respect is the influence of divorce. Promiscuity—and divorce is logically nothing but regulated promiscuity—is worse than polygamy; and it is hard to see how persons who tolerate divorcees in politics and society can object to Mormonism.

The gradual "Anglicanization" of the Methodist denomination is not confined to England. The disciples of John Wesley in the United States manifest a growing disposition to imitate in every way possible the worship of the Church of England. The modern "meeting-house" is called a church and has altars and things just like the "Episcopals," as the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church used to be called in this country. Wesley himself would certainly be in favor of a return to the liturgy of the Church of England—of which Wesleyanism is an offshoot,—for he wrote of it: "I believe there is no liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid, Scriptural, rational piety than the Common Prayer of the Church of England." Wesley may not have been informed as to the origin of that liturgy; however, there is no doubt about its being a fragment of the liturgy of the Catholic Church.

The action of President Roosevelt in reinstating an employee of the Government Printing Office who had been discharged at the request of the Bookbinders' Union, and his further general ruling that in the government service no one is to be discriminated against because of membership or non-membership in a union, seem to have

commended themselves to the country at large. Special pleaders can doubtless frame a plausible argument in behalf of the Union's insisting that all laborers shall join them or suffer disabilities in consequence; but the plain equitable view that will appeal to ninety-nine hundredths of our population is that in this free country a man has a right to dispose of his labor as suits himself, to join or shun labor unions at his own option, and to be protected from the coercion or persecution of fellow-laborers whether acting separately or as an organization. And the sooner the unions recognize the justice of this view, the more speedily will they enlist the sympathy of all in their legitimate aims.

The new Archbishop of Westminster, the Rt. Rev. Francis Bourne, formerly Bishop of Southwark, is the youngest member of the hierarchy in England and has been a bishop only seven years. He has the reputation of being a very successful administrator, but a higher recommendation is that he held a high place in the regard and esteem of Cardinal Vaughan. The appointment of Dr. Casartelli, rector of St. Bede's College, Manchester, as Bishop of Salford was not unexpected, and is said to have been made at the instance of Cardinal Vaughan, by whom he was ordained and who appreciated his virtue as the world appreciates his learning. The successor of the lamented Bishop Bilsborrow will rank among the most scholarly of English prelates. His fame as an Orientalist may be said to be world-wide.

It is to be hoped that old-fashioned zealots who have a relish for the revelations of ex-monks will take note of what one of the tribe has written about slavery and enforced detention in convents. In his latest book, "Church Discipline," Mr. Joseph McCabe declares that "the bond which keeps a monk or

nun to the convent is a moral one," and that a case of physical detention would be heard of with as much incredulity in a convent as among the Catholic laity. "I do not believe three nuns," he adds, "would leave the convents of England if they were thrown wide open to-morrow to officious inspectors and warm-hearted Protestant ladies."

On the subject of "Mariolatry," too, Mr. McCabe has revelations to make to the old fogies. "Though I have lived amongst ignorant Catholics in England, Ireland and Belgium," he says, "I have seen nothing of that 'adoration' of the Virgin that offends the Protestant eye (or imagination). I think that no matter how powerful the Catholic peasant takes Mary to be, he never forgets that hers is a derived power, or a power of persuasion."

Whatever may be thought of Senator Beveridge as a statesman, as a writer he ranks far above the average, being thoughtful and forceful and not without grace of expression. Some of his essays addressed to young men are wholesome reading; notably is this true of the fourth of the series now running in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It is good for young Americans to be told by one whose success has been remarkable that the religious man has a better chance even in business and politics than the indifferent or irreligious. We quote a paragraph:

Where a successful man of affairs is known to be a sincerely religious man, the respect which his fellows feel for his abilities is gilded with a sort of brightness. It is not uncommon for the heads of the great twentieth-century corporations (which are constantly searching for strong young men to enter their service) to inquire whether a subject of examination is religious or the reverse; and it counts distinctly in his favor if he is the former.... There is a certain political leader who makes as careful a selection of his lieutenants over his State as a general would make in choosing men and officers for a desperate enterprise; and an unvarying inquiry which this "boss" makes concerning new men whom he is gradually working into the

"organization" is as to their church standing in their own community. All of which proves that your boss in politics and your promoter in business value the asset of moral qualities, and weigh with the fine scales of experienced judgment the religious character of the men with whom they propose to do their work.

It ought to be said, however, that while religion is obviously a good thing for the politician, there is grave doubt as to whether the politician is a good thing for religion. Had Senator Beveridge chosen to do so, he might have told of politicians galore who "join the Methodists" or the Baptists or the Presbyterians just as they join the Masons—to get votes. Such men, of course, are not genuinely religious; yet their moral obliquity reflects unpleasantly on earnest church-membership, and associates it vaguely in the general mind with hypocrisy. The same is true of business men. Senator Beveridge's advice, like quinine, is very good when properly taken; but, in the minds of reverent and believing men, religion is too sacred to be used merely as a means of getting votes or dollars.

The following item appears in a report from Mount Vernon, dated September 1, to the *Baltimore Sun*:

A month ago Superintendent Dodge removed the historic corner-stone of the tomb, the one bearing the Masonic emblem, in an effort to prevent further decay. He found it necessary to have the sides cut away, and this destroyed the Masonic emblem; but it was recut in the stone.

Does any one remember to have seen any account of Mount Vernon before September, 1903, which mentioned that there was a 'corner-stone of the tomb bearing the Masonic emblem'?

Some interesting and important discoveries recently made at the inner end of the Ameralik fjord, in the Godthaab district of Greenland, include the remains of a church with a holy-water font of stone, and a figure of a Northman, carved in walrus tooth.



The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XI.—AMONG SMUGGLERS.



DOZEN or more rough men burst into the compartment where knelt the astonished and affrighted boy. Some carried oars or tarpaulins, others bore kegs, and still others were provided with formidable-looking weapons similar to those which stood about the cave. They were clad in red flannel shirts, trousers of coarse stuff tucked into huge boots, and slouch hats drawn down over their faces. They all stood still at sight of the boy, and some deep and terrible oaths disturbed the stillness of the cavern. Their first instinct was to rush upon Julian, but something in his appearance and attitude restrained them. A superstitious terror seized upon all except one or two of the most hardened.

"It is surely a sperrit or spook!" whispered one.

"*Oui, un revenant*,—one who has come back from the dead!" replied a Frenchman; while the rest stood by regarding Julian with reverence or curiosity, uncertain what to do.

The boy's eyes, distended by fear, were raised in supplication, and his hands were clasped as he fervently implored the help of our Heavenly Mother. Around him, upon the wall, was the gleam of strange weapons; and in a semicircle, regarding him intently, were the uncouth figures, who evidently made an habitual resort of this cavern. What they were, Julian could not imagine. Living in an inland town, he knew but little of smugglers, pirates or other water-side characters; and it was only

his reading of more or less veracious boys' books which enabled him to form a guess as to their real character.

At last the captain, who was at once the shrewdest and fiercest amongst the men, having made up his mind that the boy was certainly of flesh and blood, approached and seized him rudely by the shoulder. Some of the band started forward as if to prevent a sacrilegious act, and then paused in an attitude of curiosity, as if to observe the outcome.

"Say, who be you and what be you doin' here?" growled the daring ruffian.

"I am Julian Robert Mortimer," said the boy, rising and facing the rude circle, with head erect and flashing eyes.

"Mortimer!" echoed one and another, uneasily. The name was an old one in the neighborhood and well known to all save the foreigners. It was, moreover, vaguely associated in their minds with uncanny tales and an atmosphere of mystery.

"Yes, Mortimer," repeated Julian; "and I am one of the seekers."

"Lud o' mercy, Bill!" muttered a desperado, in an audible whisper. "I told you it was a spook. It's some o' them dead-and-gone Mortimers comin' dodgin' around after the money."

But the captain, who was a stranger to the place, questioned doggedly:

"'Seekers'? What be they?"

"Boys who are seeking a jewel and a fortune," answered Julian, proudly.

"'Pears to me," laughed the skipper, brutally, "you're in pretty much the same line o' biz as ourselves."

"I guess," put in one solemn-looking fellow, "he's speakin' about the kingdom o' glory,—the jewel that the parsons chin about."

"Yes, that's it!" cried the Frenchman, excitedly. "It's a saint come to seek

his salvation in this cave. I'm no saint, and I don't believe much in anything; but I don't want to hurt a saint."

"Be you a saint?" grunted the captain, not very clear as to what the others meant; and the question, despite his fear, sent Julian into a gurgling fit of laughter which prevented his answering.

"Best leave him alone and make tracks!" cried one.

"But what about the swag?" queried another.

"If you mean these things," observed Julian politely, glancing at the kegs, "they're quite safe with me."

"Safe, you bet," roared the captain, "till you bring the perlice about us!"

And he ripped out an awful oath, which made Julian's blood run cold; but he managed to control his feelings, and answered hastily:

"Oh, no! The only person that knows about this cavern has nothing to do with the police. Nicholas—"

"Nicholas!" repeated the smugglers,—and amongst some of them, at least, there was evident trepidation. "Do you belong to Nicholas?"

Julian hesitated an instant, then said: "I know him, and he's coming for me to-morrow morning."

There was a chorus of oaths and imprecations this time such as Julian had never heard, and which seemed to intensify the horror of the scene, the semi-darkness of the cave, and the booming of the waters without upon the pebbly beach. The smugglers were rather alarmed by this intelligence, and Julian continued boldly:

"I guess Nicholas knows you're here, anyway; for he seems to know most everything and to hear what people say."

This was a chance shot, but it had a marked effect.

"We'd best ship anchor, messmates," grunted one old salt. "The chap's right: Nicholas knows whatever's goin' on, and if he has biz to transact here, we'd

better get out, and the quicker the better, swag or no swag."

"Wal," said the captain, "Nicholas or no Nicholas, this here chap's got to swear secrecy. You say Nicholas knows, but how d'ye know he knows?"

This was unanswerable, and some of the men began to mutter amongst themselves that there was no harm in precautions.

"So, my young cockatoo," roared the captain, "down on your marrowbones and say what I tell you!"

He forced Julian down upon his knees and proceeded to formulate so awful an oath that even some of those hardened in crime actually shuddered. Their nerves had got a shock, and they were not quite sure yet as to whether or no they had been called upon to deal with the supernatural; while the mention of the mysterious Nicholas was far from reassuring. The boy's face turned pale with horror, and he threw back his head with the gesture of pride and courage so familiar to all who knew him.

"Stop!" he cried. "I wouldn't repeat those wicked words if you were to kill me on the spot."

"I tole you it was a saint," murmured the Frenchman; and others secretly concurred in the sentiment.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to insult God like that!" Julian went on, borne out of himself by honest indignation; and as he thus spoke, those in a position to make the comparison would have noted a marked resemblance in this young descendant to Anselm Benedict of heroic memory.

"If you won't swear as I bid you, we'll find means to make you," snarled the captain, with another frightful imprecation. The truth is, he trembled for his authority with his ungovernable crew should he permit himself to be bearded by this mere stripling.

"You'll never find means to make me repeat that!" cried Julian. "I always

disliked boys that said bad words and blasphemed God. I never wanted to have anything to do with them. And it's worse for grown-up men to use such language."

The clear young voice rose above the roar of the ocean, giving its honest testimony there in that underground cavern, surrounded by lawless and desperate men, far from all human succor. It was the fearlessness of a noble nature protesting against what was evil, and it wrung a reluctant tribute of admiration from nearly all who heard. Deep down in the soul of some of those wretched men old memories stirred, and across many a lurid scene shone the sunshine of innocence bright and clear. The oldest amongst that fierce band mechanically drew a hand across eyes which were dimmed by an unwonted moisture.

Julian was unaware, however, of the effect which his gallant bearing had produced; and, looking around the circle of dark faces, he found no comfort there. The captain was absolute and none dared openly to oppose him. Something like a chill of fear crept into the young heart. He thought of his mother, and of her horror and consternation could she see him then; but he also remembered her often-repeated injunction to have recourse in all dangers to God and His Blessed Mother. Then the memory of Anselm Benedict suffering exile and imprisonment for the Faith flashed into his mind. The boy's thoughts were brought back to his awful surroundings by the captain's voice giving a grim command:

"To the boats, then; and take him along if he won't swear!"

The men approached the boy with marked reluctance, and, securing his arms, led him swiftly away through the rocky passages of the underground retreat, till he felt the salt air and the sea spray upon his cheek, and presently stood upon a pebbly beach, where three

or four boats lay in waiting. He was thrust into one of these, which was soon manned by the captain himself with three or four of the crew. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed when the little vessel was dancing on the foamy crest of the waves, moving rapidly outward. Despite the danger and uncertainty of his position, Julian's spirits began to rise. The love of adventure which in his far-off ancestor had stood out side by side with his higher qualities now stirred in his young descendant, and he scarcely repressed a wild whoop of enjoyment as they followed their course out over the darkening sea.

There was a strong element of fascination in the situation which appealed most powerfully to Julian's imagination. Who were these men and whither were they taking him? Why did they seem to fear Nicholas? With these conjectures were mingled a host of fancies more or less distinct. He pictured himself afar off in stormy seas, shut up, perhaps, in the hold of a vessel; or regaining his freedom and sailing to distant islands in search of treasure. This last consideration reminded him of the fact that he was probably leaving the jewel of the Mortimers and the phantom fortune behind him; and he recollected with a pang that he was likewise leaving his mother in her loneliness, disappointment and sorrow. She would not even know his fate. The only consolation was that he could not have done otherwise, and she would have been the last to advise him to blaspheme God in order to secure his own safety.

As they went on, the sky became gradually overclouded, and the few stars which had appeared now vanished one by one; a moaning wind crept over the surface of the sea, stirring the wavelets into angry billows. As they grew in volume they beat the boats about with terrific force, now tossing them high, now burying them in a deep trough. It was soon apparent that

rough weather was at hand, and terror began to manifest itself upon the faces of the men, as they cast uneasy glances upon Julian, where he sat calmly in their midst, his face pale but steady and composed. For he was too inexperienced to dread the fury of the elements, and the gathering storm had, to the boy's nature, all the charm of novelty. He felt like giving a wild halloo as wave after wave sent showers of spray over every inmate of the boat, and he had to hold his cap tightly on his head lest it should be blown away.

"I tole you!" broke in the Frenchman. "It's a saint, and the anger of God—the God he prays to—is after us."

Most of the others were disposed to concur in these sentiments, especially when lurid gleams of lightning began to part the dark clouds to the southwest, and the mutterings of thunder growled ever louder and louder.

"And look you there, skipper!" cried one of the crew, pointing to the rocky shore they had just left, which was illumined with flashes of light gleaming amongst the rocks,—now livid white, now red, now opalescent green.

"St. Elmo's fire!" exclaimed another, who in his youth had gone down to the sea in ships and had been familiar with many sights unknown to the offshore smugglers and wreckers amongst whom he now dwelt.

The men, turning, gazed with superstitious awe upon that granite-bound coast, illumined with strange lights. Nor was their uneasiness lessened by the tongues of flame which presently shot up from some hidden recess of rock, and the meteors, or so it seemed, which mounted to the very heavens.

"That devil of a Nicholas!" muttered the captain. "He can do most anything with them meteors and things; and I reckon he can make fires blaze up jest as he wants them to."

Julian felt a shiver pass over him. Nicholas seemed to be surrounded,

indeed, by all kinds of mysteries; and as he looked toward the shore he fancied he saw his form fantastically enlarged in the dim light, waving great arms.

"The St. Elmo fire," croaked the travelled one, "means storm, it do, and death and misfortune."

The men with one accord begged of the captain to put into shore, and return Julian to Nicholas and the cavern.

"I say, we'd better heave the lubber overboard, if so be he's the cause o' the foul weather," suggested the skipper. "Let Nicholas take him ashore if he's got a mind to."

Happily, however, the predominant sentiment was in favor of putting Julian ashore, and the captain reluctantly gave orders to that effect. Nor was the order an easy one to obey; for the sea ran ever higher and higher, and the roar of the wind became more sullen and ominous; so that Julian felt in his whole frame the excitement of a life-and-death-struggle with the forces of air and water. The dogged silence of the crew was broken ever and anon by the hoarse shouts of the captain; while the dazzling glare of the lightning, the dashing of the white waves about the boat, with the swarthy faces of the men bending desperately to their oars, made a picture which remained in Julian's mind for many a day.

Sometimes, when his courage quailed, he quietly made the Sign of the Cross and whispered a "Hail Mary" to the Star of the Sea; then nerved himself to emulate the endurance of these rude seamen, who remained stonily silent save when necessary orders were given. More than one of them noted with admiration the resolute bearing of the boy, as he sat, a slender figure, with folded arms, pale face, and lips tightly compressed. Even the skipper was moved to something like approval; and, as he did not share in the belief of his crew regarding Julian's semi-supernatural attributes, he all the more commended his manliness

and fortitude, and inwardly cursed old Nicholas, who by his devices had deprived him of so promising a seaman.

"Them things he's sendin' up is signals," he muttered to himself, while he watched rocket after rocket soar upward into the blue. "He's warnin' me to bring back the young un,—that's what he's at; and the sea's sidin' with him. I couldn't never git the boats safe off the coast in this gale."

So ruminated the skipper, while he manfully handled his oars like the rest; their hard labor being at last of some avail. By a determined effort they sent the boats ashore, Julian being devoutly thankful when he heard the grating of the keels against the pebbles. He was hastily hustled ashore and through the entrance of the cavern; but not before he had remarked that there was no sign of Nicholas, and that rockets and fires were apparently going of their own volition.

Julian was left in the cavern whence the smugglers had withdrawn him, and which was now dark and silent. He did not remain there long. He began to wonder if the fire still burned upon the hearth and if the tapers were still alight in that more comfortable apartment from which loneliness had tempted him. Moreover, it seemed to him that perhaps, after all, it was there that Nicholas had wished him to remain.

He groped his way with some difficulty through the rocky passages, guided by a thread of light which soon deepened into a glow. There blazed the fire upon the hearth; and the candles in the silver candlesticks burned with a steady flame, as if only a moment had passed since he left the spot. To Julian it seemed as if this must be the work of enchantment. Wet and chilled as he was, the warmth and light were most welcome; and he sank into an armchair, realizing at the same time that he was not only very tired, but faint and hungry. Scarcely was he seated when he heard a slight grating sound; and, turning his head,

he saw a species of shelf projecting from a corner of the rock. Upon it were plates piled with ham sandwiches and plum-cake, also a glass, and a small jug containing a hot posset of milk. This was sweetened and spiced, and was highly agreeable to the wearied boy. After partaking abundantly of this refection he settled himself in the armchair and fell sound asleep. He woke just as a faint glimmer of dawn stole into the cavern. The fire had at last burned out, and only the two candles—evidently renewed—now relieved the dreariness.

Julian felt rested and refreshed, though somewhat stiff; and a sudden desire, born of his adventurous nature, seized him to explore the cavern. He took up one of the candlesticks and began to look about. He raised one of the skins, and found that it covered but the bare rock; another concealed what seemed to be a door. This, however, appeared to be securely fastened and resisted all efforts to force it open. He raised a third—the skin of a tiger,—and there was revealed a pair of winding stairs leading he knew not whither. As he stood, hesitating, at their base, it seemed to him that he heard a voice, and the voice he could have sworn was that of Sedgwick.

(To be continued.)

Faithful Friends.

The editor of *Our Dumb Animals* publishes this pathetic but true story. It is told of Mr. John Gates, late of Sterling Junction, Mass., and his two pet dogs. Mr. Gates had taught one of them, Tip, a fine collie, to go down to the railroad crossing every morning to meet a certain train and get his paper. Tip never made a mistake as to the right train; and if it was late he waited for it. Last April Mr. Gates died and was buried in the family lot, and ever since the dogs in company make almost daily visits to his grave.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Some words written to Miss Mary Gladstone by Ruskin on the death of Carlyle, and only now published, will be welcome to those who are defending the Sage of Chelsea from the attacks of his "good friend," Froude. Ruskin wrote: "That death is, I believe, not the end but the beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps also of mine. My remorse every day he lived for not having enough loved him in the days gone by is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him in this and all other moments." Whoever has confidence in Ruskin's ability to judge men will not easily believe evil of one who could elicit such a tribute as that.

—A volume which clients of St. Anne will be eager to possess is "The Good Saint," by the Rev. Paul V. Charland, O. P., of Fall River, Mass. It is an examination into "the devotion to St. Anne before and since the twelfth century"; and the author marshals a great array of facts drawn from monuments, churches and documents in the East and the West to prove that the devotion to St. Anne dates back, as Pope Gregory XIII. declared, to "the early ages of the Church." A Life of the Good Saint, consisting of a literal translation of three ancient documents, is prefixed to the work, and a selection of appropriate hymns concludes it. Altogether Father Charland's study is a learned and valuable one. Published by the author.

—It will be remembered that an article in the *Fortnightly* on "Man's Place in the Universe" attracted world-wide attention because of its revolutionary character and the fame of its author, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace. The thesis, briefly, was that our world is the centre of the universe, and that the whole firmament exists mainly for the benefit and development of the human family. It was a flying in the face of modern scientific teaching, a restatement of the old Ptolemaic theory; and it was sharply attacked by other famous professors. Dr. Wallace, however, has not budged an inch from his position; he has just finished a volume in which he elaborates his theory. As the book is of religious as well as scientific interest, it is destined to be one of the best-discussed works of the century.

—The idea of a federation of Catholic societies in England is strongly advocated in a pamphlet by "Father Clemente," which we take to be a pen-name. It opens with an elaborate statement of the unsatisfactory state of modern society, the remedy for which is to be found in a union of Catholic societies working under a central direction for the public good. Regarding the comparative

apathy of the clergy in social works we may quote a passage from page 27 of this pamphlet:

One day an Italian Bishop was asked by his Holiness [Leo XIII.] whether his clergy occupied themselves with social works among the masses besides pursuing their pastoral work in their churches; but the Bishop to his great regret was forced to reply that some of his priests did not like to move or to stir a finger in that direction. To this the Pope replied with emphasis, "And do they say Mass? The Encyclical on the evils of the day—was it not addressed to the Bishops to arouse action in social matters?"

Copies of this essay may be obtained from Henry Potter, Esq., 90 Sydenham Road, London, S. E.

—In "Temporal Dominion of the Pope in the Divine Plan," the Rev. Francis Dent argues that the Temporal Power was contemplated by Our Lord in establishing the Church. The Son of God, as we know, was of royal lineage apart from the divine prerogatives; and Father Dent suggests that on the decline of the Jewish people the sceptre passed from Juda to Rome, descending to the successors of Christ in the government of the Church. The main contention is buttressed by chapters which go to prove, so far as we can see, not the divine origin of the Temporal Power, but only the practical need of Papal independence—which no one disputes. Of the book in general it may be said that it will leave the reader virtually where it found him. Rome: Propaganda Press; New York: M. A. Butler.

—The reader who takes up "Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish; or, Priest and People in Doon," may find less distinction of style than in some of the other Irish books published so numerous of late; but he will find vastly more of the vital spirit of the people of Catholic Ireland. Here is an extract from it:

He [Father John] thought of their love for him, their "Soggarth Aroon"; and he felt, as well he might, a thrill of joy and pride when he reflected that many among them would, in very truth, die for him were it necessary. And, oh, what a lofty ideal these poor people had formed of the sacred character of the Lord's anointed, whom they regarded as infinitely above them and apart from them in sanctity, and whom they revered with a veneration almost idolatrous! He, their pastor, could do no wrong; he was to them "another Christ." Excellent priest though he was, Father John felt ashamed and abashed when he considered how far short he fell of the standard of perfection his people had set up for him; for he always feared to contrast his own life, holy and useful though it was, with the lives led by most of these humble country folk—so supernatural, so innocent, so clean, so childlike and sinless, so prayerful, so secretly holy. Never a time did he hear their confessions in the Tribunal of Mercy but he was deeply edified and profoundly impressed by their virtues, their wonderful faith, their absolute confidence in God's mercy, their shrinking horror of sin, their scrupulous and delicately sensitive consciences. All this was especially true of a very considerable number of weekly communicants of both sexes—white, beautiful souls, who might truly be described in the words of the Psalmist as "little less than angels." Like the

patriarchs of old, they "walked with God"; their only concern was the "one thing necessary." In the world, but not of it or attached to its empty honors and fleeting pleasures and riches, they looked on themselves as banished for a time from their Father's home in heaven, toward which their gaze was ever turned, even as God's people of old, in their wanderings through the desert, ever longed and yearned for the Promised Land.

The author modestly signs himself "A Country Curate." M. H. Gill & Son, Benziger Bros.

—It wouldn't do to repeat the remarks made by an advertising agent on discovering that the publisher of a certain religious paper had grossly exaggerated its circulation. Suffice it to say, they were picturesque, profuse and profane. It is a deplorable fact that many business men distrust the claims made for religious periodicals on account of being so frequently deceived by their representatives—men who have no scruple in telling the largest lies to secure even the smallest advertisements. There ought to be a reform among religious publishers. The paper to which we have referred was not, we are glad to say, a Catholic journal; still, within recent years the publishers of two of our own periodicals, sad to tell, have been publicly convicted of misrepresentation regarding their circulation, thus throwing discredit on all their associates. The Catholic press should set an example of the highest integrity, and discountenance all forms of fraud and dishonesty. A paper like the *Irish Catholic*, for instance, whose thieving course we have often denounced, deserves to be shunned as a disgrace to religion as well as a dishonor to Dublin.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish; or, Priest and People in Doon. 45 cts.

The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.

Salvage from the Wreck. *Father Gallwey, S. J.* \$1 60, net.

The Life of St. Philip Neri. *Bacci-Antrobus.* Two Vols \$3.75, net.

The Truth of Papal Claims. *Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D.* \$1, net.

All on the Irish Shore. *E. Somerville-M. Ross.* \$1.50.

England's Cardinals. *Dudley Baxter.* \$1, net.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Rev. Nicholas Gihl, D. D.* \$4.

The Government: What It Is; What It Does. *Salter Storrs Clark.* 75 cts.

Teaching Truth. *Dr. Mary Wood-Allen.* 50 cts.

The Voice of the River. *Olive Katharine Parr.* \$1.75.

Ne Obliviscaris. *Florence Ratcliff.* 75 cts., net.

Studies Concerning Adrian IV. *Prof. O. A. Thatcher.* \$1.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. *Emily Mary Shapcote.* \$1.25.

The City of Peace. *By Those who Have Entered It.* 90 cts., net.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). *Frances E. Herring.* \$2.

History of Philosophy. *William Turner, S. T. D.* \$2.50.

Introibo. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. *Johannes Janssen.* Vols. V. & VI. \$6.25.

The Philippine Islands. *Blair-Robertson.* Vol. III. \$4.

The Little Office of Our Lady. *Rev. Ethelred L. Tuntun.* \$5.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. Edward Martin, of the diocese of Springfield; Rev. P. A. Lysaght, diocese of Omaha; Rev. Thomas Howard, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. John Pryor, diocese of La Crosse; and Rev. Joseph Schemmer, diocese of Green Bay.

Mr. Joseph Coen, of Newport, R. I.; Mrs. V. M. Baca, Denver, Colo.; Miss Mary Conway, Buenos Aires, Argentina; Mr. Thomas Close, Necedah, Wis.; Mrs. Anna Hackett, London, Canada; Miss Margaret Nolan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Nicholas Walsh, New York city; Mr. Joseph Haworth, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Annie Tlat, Denver, Colo.; Miss Kathleen McGlannon, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. B. Harrington, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. Charles Norton and Mrs. Gertrude Rohm, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Thomas McMahon, Mr. Patrick Convery and Miss Nellie Convery, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. John Birmingham and Mr. W. C. Foster, St. Louis, Mo.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903.

NO. 13.

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Holiday Memories.

THE pleasant weeks of Summertime are fled;
And, though no records of their flight remain
In fair achievement of the hand or brain,
Not bootless deem the care-free life we led:
New strength it gave for months of toil ahead,
And store of memories whose jocund train,
Like dulcet echoes of some sweet refrain,
Will still prolong the joys too swiftly sped.

Enchanting days upon the bounding sea,
Whose saline breezes chase fatigue away;
Glad hours we spent where Beauty riots free
By varied shores of river, lake, and bay,—
All these will live again in Fancy's clime,
Bright keepsakes of a happy Summertime.

Pilgrimages in Former Times.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

PILGRIMAGES are journeys undertaken in order to venerate some sacred object or some holy place,—generally from motives of devotion, with the practical aim of obtaining spiritual graces or bodily cures; or to give thanks for such favors received, and in fulfilment of a vow. Pilgrimages entered into the religious system of the Egyptians, and India is a land noted for them. It has observed them for a longer period than any other country of which we have historical records; and for frequency and multitude they may be said to be unrivalled. The most popular are to

certain temples with the object of expiating sin and acquiring merit. Every large river is also supposed to be pervaded with the divine essence and capable of cleansing from sin. The Mohammedan pilgrimages of devotion are too well known to need mention; they are chiefly to the tomb of the prophet in Medina; and the annual great pilgrimage to Mecca still takes place with unbroken regularity.

The Jews used to go up in thousands to keep the Feast of the Passover in Jerusalem; on every road leading thither from north, south, east and west, bands of pious pilgrims might be seen on their way to the magnificent temple on Mount Sion. They travelled in well-regulated companies, men and women in separate bands; for the most part they formed processions, singing psalms as they wended their way to David's royal city. These pilgrimages naturally ceased after the destruction of Jerusalem.

Christian pilgrimages may be said to be coeval with the dawn of Christianity. They were at first limited to the localities in and about Jerusalem, hallowed by the footsteps of the Redeemer. About the close of the fourth century converts flocked from Armenia, Persia, India, Gaul and Britain to the cradle of the Faith they had accepted.

Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were especially distinguished for their love of pilgrimages. For the energetic, adventurous spirit of the Northern nations this devotion had a great attraction; and from the earliest times

we read of converts of distinction journeying' to Palestine to visit the sacred spots to which faith and piety lent so irresistible a charm—to the cave where the Saviour was born, the mount whereon He suffered, the sepulchre wherein His body was laid,—although the perils attending such enterprises were sufficient to daunt the most resolute courage.

Jerusalem was distant from Britain more than three thousand miles; it was in the hands of the infidels; the traveller had to cross an unknown sea, to make his slow and tedious way amongst peoples whose language, customs and manner of life were unfamiliar to him; to traverse lands without level roads and destitute of means of conveyance. Yet, as everyone knows, St. Helen, when seventy years of age, journeyed to Jerusalem in order to become acquainted with a country so worthy of veneration, and to carry thence relics of inestimable value for the Christian. An account, written at the time, is preserved of the peregrinations of St. Willibald in the eighth century, who was so fearless as to start from Rome, with only two companions, on a long pilgrimage to the places once sanctified by the bodily presence of the Saviour. The Irish were specially conspicuous, historians tell us, for their insatiable ardor in regard to pilgrimages, which often led them to start in a reckless manner, and fail in reaching their destination.

Next after the Holy Sepulchre, the Tomb of the Apostles in Rome possessed the greatest hold on the Christian imagination and the most potent allurements for our forefathers. When the division of the Empire lessened the intercourse between East and West, and the advance of Mohammedanism made travelling more perilous, Rome gradually supplanted Jerusalem to a considerable extent as the goal of the pilgrim; if not the theatre of Our Lord's sufferings, it was the arena upon which His Passion

had been enacted over again in the tortures endured by martyrs and confessors for His sake. The mortal remains of St. Peter and St. Paul reposed within its churches; it was, besides, the residence of the Sovereign Pontiff and the centre of Christianity.

Nowhere were pilgrimages to Rome more popular than in England. The increase of communication with the Continent had indeed rendered Italy more accessible, yet the journey was one of no small difficulty and danger. The pilgrim had to cross mountains, to follow highways infested with banditti, to encounter fatigue, exposure, hunger, and often sickness. A large proportion of those who braved these dangers did not live to revisit their homes. Yet we read of kings and bishops, knights and burghers, priests and laymen innumerable, who undertook the long journey from their remote island to the ancient capital of the world, drawn by their pious desire to visit the Tomb of the Apostles and to pay their homage to Christ's vicegerent upon earth.

No less than eight Saxon kings laid aside their crowns and assumed the palmer's staff and habit; of this number four did not resume their regal state but spent the remainder of their lives in the Holy City. We might mention Cadwalla, the warlike King of Wessex, who from a fierce pagan became an humble Christian; and journeying to Rome to receive baptism from the hands of the Supreme Pontiff, fell ill and died before he had laid aside the white garments which it was usual for a neophyte to wear for a week after baptism; of Ina, who founded the Anglo-Saxon College at Rome; of Alped, the adopted son of Leo IV.; of Cnut, the strong Dane, whose letter, written from Rome, shows as a great king and a good man, moved to the depths of his heart by the power and influence of St. Peter.

Still more numerous were the ecclesi-

astics who wended their way to Rome. The laity also in great numbers took up the pilgrim's staff out of devotion to the Apostolic See. Unfortunately, there were some amongst these who by their misbehavior brought disgrace on the rest. In 743 St. Boniface wrote to Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, imploring him to prohibit pilgrimages to Rome on account of the moral dangers of the journey, particularly to women, amongst whom were nuns, travelling in public vehicles. He confesses with shame and sorrow that in certain cities in Lombardy and Gaul, and in almost every city in Italy, there were some of his countrywomen leading depraved lives, their virtue having fallen on the route.

The unceasing and ever-increasing stream of pilgrims was not directed only to the Holy Places or to "Limina Apostolorum." In course of time other sanctuaries became famous and attracted many of the faithful; as, for instance, the tomb of St. James of Compostella, or of St. Martin, the Thaumaturgus of Tours. And besides those greater shrines there were many lesser ones, nearer home, open to the poorer classes, whose circumstances precluded them from visiting sanctuaries beyond the sea or in distant lands. Moreover, there were—as there still are—vicarious pilgrimages, made by deputy; and spiritual pilgrimages made by religious communities strictly enclosed.

England was in early times a soil fertile in saints; and with the invocation of saints came the impulse to venerate their remains. No sooner had St. Alban shed his blood for the Faith than the spot where he was martyred became a British pilgrimage. Edmundsbury attracted many pilgrims to honor the martyr-king who had been slain there. Thus many sanctuaries dedicated to the saints sprang up in England; and those who were unable to reach more famous spots satisfied their devotion by repairing to Our Lady of Glastonbury, the

shrine of St. Cuthbert at Durham, or St. John of Beverley. These sanctuaries, besides many later ones, rivalled in medieval times more distant shrines in the number of pilgrims they attracted, and the munificence of the gifts that were offered by the faithful.

Amongst those of which we now speak a high pre-eminence must be given to the sanctuaries of our Blessed Lady, both in regard to antiquity and number. The first pilgrims who knelt at Mary's feet were the Three Kings. They were the prototypes of all Christian pilgrims. They came from a country a hundred miles distant; they had to travel across vast deserts and through dense forests, to climb high mountains and ford rapid streams; and this at an epoch when there were no conveniences for travelling. But their faith was greater than all these obstacles, and it was abundantly rewarded; for they found not only the Divine Infant, but with Him Mary the Blessed Mother of God; and their joy was thereby doubled. Her virginal beauty charmed them, her gracious manner of receiving them enchanted them, and precious indeed were the graces she obtained for them from her Son. On their return to their own land, tradition tells us, they preached the Christian Faith to their fellow-countrymen. From them we learn that purity of intention and simple faith should characterize the pilgrim, and that he should, in so far as he is able, offer gifts at the shrine where he worships,—gifts propitiatory or of thanksgiving.

Long before Loreto, Einsiedeln, Kevelaer, and other sanctuaries on the continent of Europe obtained a world-wide fame, on the introduction of Christianity into England modest shrines to Our Lady were erected in the island; for from the first it was held to be her special inheritance, so that the inhabitants were bound to surpass all other nations in the honor paid to the Queen

of Heaven. Besides the more noted sanctuaries, there were many out-of-the-way chapels in wayside villages, where wondrous favors were obtained through Mary's gracious intercession. To the little chapel at Caversham, near Reading (long since, alas! destroyed), there was once, we are told, "great pilgrimage"; and the Chapel of Our Lady of Grace, near Southampton, was, the old chroniclers say, "much haunted by pilgrims." Froissart tells us that the young King Richard II., before setting out to encounter the infuriated insurgents, went with his nobles to kneel before an image of Our Lady in Westminster Abbey, called Our Lady of the Pewe. To this he attributed the marvellous turn of fortune that immediately followed.

Of all the famous, almost countless shrines which abounded in that country, to which royal and noble personages and crowds of humbler pilgrims continually flocked, Walsingham was by far the most popular. So intense was the affection of the common people for this shrine that, in the wild but poetic imaginings of the period, the Milky Way was piously thought to be placed in the heavens to point out the route for pilgrims to the sacred spot; and on this account it was called in ancient times "Walsingham Way." The sanctuary consisted of a little chapel exactly similar to the Holy House of Nazareth (miraculously transported to Italy, now called the House of Loreto), which was erected in 1061, in obedience to an injunction received in a vision of Our Lady. This chapel was enclosed in a spacious church, and richly decorated with gold and silver, with brilliant and costly jewels. Erasmus, on visiting England shortly before the spoliation of the shrines under Henry VIII., was astonished at its magnificence; the prayer he recited on the occasion of his visit has been recorded. It runs thus:

"O alone of all women mother and virgin, Mother most happy, Virgin most

pure, now we who are impure are come to visit thee who art all pure! We salute thee, we worship thee with our humble offerings. May thy Son grant that, imitating thy most holy manners, we may also, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, deserve spiritually to conceive thy Son Jesus Christ in our inmost soul (*intimis animi visceribus*); and once conceived, never more to lose Him."

Scarcely less frequented were the sanctuary at Glastonbury, venerable for its great antiquity; the Church of All Hallows in London, celebrated on account of a miraculous image placed there by King Edward, in gratitude for his victories over the Welsh; Our Lady of Ipswich, of Lincoln, of Coventry, of Doncaster, and many others. Amongst these, far away to the west, among the hills of Glamorgan, was Our Lady of Penrice, still marked by a holy well whose waters possess healing powers. This is mentioned in one of the scurrilous ballads composed at the time of the Reformation:

To Walsingham a-gadding,
To Canterbury a-madding,
As men distraught of mind;
With few clothes on our backs,
But an image of wax
For the lame and for the blind.
To Thetford, to Ipswich,
To Oxford, to Shoreditch,
With many more places of price;
As to Our Lady of Worcester,
And the sweet Rood of Chester,
With the Blessed Lady of Penrice.

The offerings made by pilgrims of every class and condition, who annually resorted to these favorite sanctuaries, were so large that in some instances, it is recorded, the Archbishop of Canterbury had to arbitrate as to the disposal of them.

Pilgrimages in the Middle Ages formed an important factor in the intercourse and exchange of ideas between distant nations. A proof of the number of English and Irish pilgrims who crossed the Channel into France is afforded by

the fact that about the year 1130 a special cemetery was consecrated at Cape Grisnez for those who were wrecked or succumbed to the fatigues of the route. The "Sarum Manuale" gives the *servitium peregrinorum*—the form of blessing of the pilgrim's staff, and the Mass for those who were about to start on their journey. Special privileges were also granted to pilgrims. Charlemagne wrote to Offa, King of the Mercians, freeing English pilgrims from all tolls and customs on their way to the *Limina Apostolorum*. In 1399 an Englishman taken prisoner by French soldiers was instantly set at liberty when they discovered that he was on a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Rocamadour.

Besides pilgrimages of devotion, there were penitential pilgrimages; and these may be divided into two classes: those voluntarily undertaken by private individuals in a spirit of penance, and those made by judicial order as public reparation for deeds of violence. The conditions attached to the latter were that the delinquent should publicly in the church receive the pilgrim's belt and staff, and on his return bring an attestation under seal that he had performed his penance. These penitential pilgrimages were often imposed in commutation of a more severe sentence; they might be performed by deputy for a fixed sum of money. This practice formed part of the penal law in France for lay tribunals as well as of ecclesiastical justice.

But, as nothing good in this world is without its abuse, in the fifteenth century pilgrimages to foreign countries sometimes degenerated into mere pleasure trips and gave rise to the stricture contained in "The Imitation": "Many run to sundry places to visit the relics of the saints; they behold the spacious buildings of their churches, and kiss their sacred bones, enveloped in silk and gold.... Oftentimes, seeing those things, men are moved by curiosity

and the novelty of sights, and carry home but little fruit of amendment."*

Heretics were especially bitter against pilgrimages. In early times they used to assert that when undertaken with the object of obtaining bodily cures they were a relic of the cultus by the pagans of Æsculapius. The Wickliffites, at a later period, maintained that God, being present everywhere, is ready to bestow His graces and gifts everywhere, and therefore no one place on earth is holier than another place. The falsity of this argument is clearly proved by the witness of Holy Scripture; for we read that God said to Solomon: "My eyes also shall be open and My ears attentive to the prayer of him who shall pray in this place. For I have chosen and have sanctified this place, that My name may be forever there, and My eyes and My heart may remain there perpetually."† We know, in fact, that under the Old Dispensation special privileges and favors were attached to particular places; though to a more limited extent than in Christian times, when the faith and knowledge of God was spread throughout the world.

* Bk. IV., ch. i.

† II. Paral., vii, 15, 16.

FROM one point of view, education may be considered as mental gymnastics, which aim at training the mind so as to bring into play all its activities. For this purpose religious teaching far excels any other mechanism which we are able to use; and therefore, looking at the question merely as one of educational utility, I maintain that religious education is positively necessary for the proper training of the child.—*Dr. Creighton.*

ART, in the hands of the saint, ministers to virtue; in the hands of the sinner, to vice. The soul must have been liberated, the will elevated, its affections purified, by other than æsthetic influences, before æsthetic culture can aid moral progress.

—*Brownson.*

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

II.

WITH the penetrating eyes of youth, Louise had divined rightly that her mother was jealous of her future husband. She could not understand, this doting mother, how three or four months of casual intercourse, of stolen glances, half-spoken words of endearment from a young man who a year ago was hardly known to them could compare with the absolute devotion of twenty years of tenderness, of unceasing self-sacrifice,—in short, with all the height and depth of a mother's love.

And yet she would have been disappointed if she had thought that her daughter would never marry. To die and leave Louise unsettled for life was something she could not have contemplated. But she had peculiar notions about marriage when her daughter was concerned. She intended to preserve all her rights over her only child, whom she so passionately loved. Nothing, so far as regarded herself, was to be changed; her future son-in-law, whoever he might be, was to be a kind of prince consort annexed to the family without being precisely an integral part of it; he would be the husband of her daughter but not the master of the house; he should have all the duties incumbent upon his position but very few rights and privileges.

In order to counterbalance this situation, Madame Belfroy, who flattered herself that she knew mankind very thoroughly, had resolved that her daughter's husband should be welcomed as a member of the household, where all the appointments were excellent, and the *cuisine* was unapproachable for variety and delicacy; and his mother-in-law, there presiding, would take it upon herself to minister to the wants

of his palate with the most gracious attention, the most thoughtful care.

She had not the slightest doubt but that her intentions on this point would be carried out to the letter. She never dreamed that Jean Daulnay would feel otherwise than grateful for the plan of life she had outlined. His own means were not large: he could not possibly support her daughter in the luxury to which she had been accustomed,—a luxury to which he himself was a stranger. This fact, which she imagined he fully recognized, was the pivot on which her future projects were prepared to revolve. It never occurred to her that the young man might have other ideas, an independence of his own. She did not find him especially attractive: there had been other suitors, older men, to whom Louise would not listen, any one of whom her mother would have preferred to the man she had finally chosen.

Madame Belfroy knew instinctively that to none of the others could she dictate terms such as she proposed to wind about Daulnay as with hoops of steel. But he was young, and therefore pliable; it was his youth which had appealed to her in one fashion, as it had to her daughter in another. The heart of Louise was attracted by the youth still lingering in the heart of her lover,—she did not look very far beyond; while her mother fancied that because of it she could mould both hearts in her own fashion. She gave Jean credit for considerable intelligence, and in that she was right.

Jean Daulnay was intelligent enough, but he was also very narrow. He saw clearly but he did not see far. Furthermore, like Madame Belfroy herself, his principal characteristic was one common to narrow souls: he was afflicted with inordinate jealousy, which threatened to resolve itself to an atmosphere in which he lived and moved and had his being; which extended to every person and

every thing in which he had an interest or a claim.

When he looked about him for a wife, he had selected Louise Belfroy, because she was attractive and he knew that her mother was wealthy. An ugly wife or a dowerless one he would not have chosen; but such was his nature that neither beauty nor wealth daunted or discouraged him. His position in the bank was a rising one; he considered himself the equal of any in the circle in which he moved. The thousand nameless little luxuries which surround a home like that of Madame Belfroy did not excite in his mind any emotion of wonder, even of pleasure: he simply did not notice them. As we have said, he had a narrow mind; but, so far as it went, it was sincere.

The marriage took place after a short interval of preparation, during which time Madame Belfroy threw herself into all the intricacies of the trousseau as though the peace of Europe depended upon it. Indeed, it is absolutely certain that the peace of Europe, about which she was not at all concerned, would not have interested her half so much as the embroideries and laces and gowns she lavished with such profusion upon her beloved daughter.

The great day came. Everything went off beautifully, and the newly-wedded pair stood under a marriage bell of flowers to receive the congratulations of their friends. Radiant and smiling, with a blush here and a word there, Louise never looked more lovely or more amiable than on this her wedding day. But Jean Daulnay was at a disadvantage, and people remarked it. Never an important personage, he was merged to-day, as all bridegrooms are, in the identity of his newly-made wife. It seemed to him that he received but the aftermath of the smiles, good wishes and Godspeeds of the joyous groups that gathered about them.

In some respects he was right, though

in a great measure the fault was his own. His manner was stiff, constrained, silent. He had always felt out of place in a crowd; he despised it; and he had not grace enough to conquer his feelings. As he stood beside Louise, gazing over the heads of most of the company—for he was more than ordinarily tall,—a scowl upon his forehead, his eyes fixed on vacancy, Doctor Vau, in a distant corner, watched him for a long time. Once the old man sighed, and once he shook his head. Suddenly Daulnay met his glance; the young man felt that the older one was eyeing him critically, and the glance did not please him.

"He is a fool and an autocrat!" thought Daulnay. "He shall have a wide berth in my house when I have one."

The Doctor's reflections might be translated thus:

"That young fellow lacks tact. He is out of humor because Louise and not himself is the centre of observation. He has inordinate pride—and he can be insanely jealous. Poor little girl, I am afraid she has not done well for herself! A man must be a savage not to be gracious on his wedding day."

At last it was time for Louise to put on her travelling dress. Surrounded by her young companions, clinging to her mother, she had either not observed the silence of her husband or had attributed it to shyness; and she longed for the moment when they should be alone,—when she could put her hand in his and say, "Jean, how happy I am to be with you at last—your little wife!" She had rehearsed this speech many times. In her simplicity she had imagined it necessary to reassure him,—to show him how entirely she had given herself to him.

It has been said, and not perhaps without truth, that all men are bunglers. It may have been, doubtless was, a woman who first made the assertion. Probably it is where women are concerned that they bungle most frequently.

Just as Louise was about to rejoin her husband, the Doctor met her at the foot of the stairs.

"Come here, *petite!*" he said, beckoning. "I have a word to say to you."

She followed him to a corner of the hall.

"Louise," he said abruptly, laying his finger on her arm as she looked up at him smiling. "Your husband is not an amiable man. You will have to humor him constantly. I advise you to begin at once. Besides, he will be jealous, prodigiously jealous. From all I have seen of him to-day—and I have been watching,—he lacks intelligence, or I might better say tact."

The girl gazed at him wonderingly. She looked a little displeased.

"Yes, yes, I mean what I say, whether you like it or not," the old man continued. "He has behaved like an ogre all the morning. He can't bear people to compliment or caress or kiss you. He is horribly jealous."

Louise laughed.

"You dear old fellow!" she replied. "It is you who are jealous. "I am not going to be vexed with you at all, though at first I thought of being. *That* shows Jean loves me, if what you say is true. I thank you for it; it makes me feel happy."

The Doctor shook his head.

"Take care, take care, my child!" he said. "I may be blunt but I am sincere. You will need all your amiability—and you have a fund of it—to manage that husband of yours. You may always depend upon me, Louise,—you may always depend upon me."

The bride looked at her adviser. Could he have been drinking? No: there was not any evidence of it in his speech or his appearance. Her face sobered again.

"O my dear old friend!" she said, her eyes filled with tears. "You mean well, I know; but if these things be true, why did you not let me find them out for myself? Why be thus cruel upon my bridal day?"

"Have I been cruel, *petite?*" he cried. "Forgive me! I did not mean it."

As he spoke he took her small, delicate face between his hands and pressed a kiss on the white brow.

At this precise moment Daulnay made his appearance in the doorway, behind Louise. Casting a menacing glance at the Doctor, he exclaimed in a gruff tone:

"Well, well, you will make us miss the train with your affectionate leave-takings! Louise, come on quickly!"

Madamé Belfroy was standing immediately behind her son-in-law. At the sound of his voice and the words he had spoken she drew back as though some one had struck her. Louise's face had become crimson, but she said nothing. The Doctor stepped aside.

"You will not be late," observed Madame Belfroy at last. "There is more than half an hour yet."

"Very well,—so much the better," answered Jean. "Come, Louise! You are ready: why need we wait longer? Good-bye, Madame! Good-bye, Doctor!"

Taking his wife on his arm, the young husband passed through the corridor and entered the carriage in waiting.

"Drive quickly!" he said to the coachman. "Louise, who are those people behind us? I see another carriage," he added, as he glanced through the door of the carriage.

"I do not know," replied the bride, almost frozen by his gruffness.

"Well, I declare! Your mother and that old Doctor! It seems they can not let us depart in peace."

"I had not said good-bye to mamma," murmured Louise, her heart standing still in her bosom at the first harsh words she had ever heard spoken of her mother.

Daulnay grumbled something under his breath, and leaned back in the carriage. Louise timidly raised her eyes, seeking his; but they were far above her, apparently contemplating the back of the coachman through the small glass

window. His forehead was contracted in a frown.

Ten minutes brought them to the station. As the carriage stopped, a crowd of young people surrounded it.

"Oh, what rot is this?" cried Daulnay in an undertone. "Such beastly crowds,—such a ridiculous fuss! What does it mean? I am glad we shall soon be well out of it."

Louise did not reply, though her heart was bursting. All she wanted now was to preserve her composure until they should be on their way. She returned the caresses of her girl friends, shook hands with the young men, and had time for another hand-clasp from the Doctor and a lingering embrace from her mother before the train started.

As she stood on the platform waving her handkerchief, her husband caught hold of her dress.

"Be careful, Louise!" he cried rudely. "Do you want to kill yourself at the start?"

Her handkerchief, a trifle of lace and cambric, flew from her hand.

"Oh, that is too bad!" she said, childishly perhaps, but with a simplicity that would have made her dearer to another man. "I am so sorry, Jean! Our Sodality girls gave it to me; it was the finest Valenciennes lace. I am so sorry!"

"Don't be a baby, Louise!" said Jean, gruffly. "It is now high time you were beginning to be serious. You are a married woman: your husband ought to be your first concern."

She turned and followed him.

He busied himself with their various parcels, and then seated himself opposite her. Louise searched in her pockets and found another handkerchief, with which she quietly wiped away a tear. Save an occasional remark about the landscape, Daulnay was silent, apparently wrapped in thought which was not pleasant. Somehow, the memory of her mother's face, the odor of lilacs in the old garden,

the twitter of her favorite swallows in the sycamore tree, blended with one another in her mind.

Twilight descended; the lights were lit in the train; Daulnay rested his head against the window frame, his eyes closed—he was asleep. But Louise sat watching him with open eyes, over bridges, through smoky tunnels, till at length the cars began to move more slowly—then they stopped.

Daulnay sprang to his feet.

"I must have fallen asleep," he said, beginning to remove the parcels from the rack. "Come, come, Louise!" he went on, as though he were speaking to a servant. "Hurry now, or we may not be able to get a cab. The ferry will be crowded. Hurry!"

And so, following meekly in the footsteps of her master, she hurried after him. Her married life had begun.

(To be continued.)

The Morality of Hypnotism.

BY A PRIEST.

(CONCLUSION.)

WE have now to consider the teaching of moral theologians and of the Christian conscience in this matter. Let us take first the opinions of a well-known writer, Father Lehmkuhl, S. J.* In our time, he tells us, many of the phenomena formerly attributed to magnetism are otherwise explained, or spoken of under the new name of hypnotism,† which is a wonderful means of inducing a state of mind similar to (natural) somnambulism. This art is recommended

* "Moral Theology." Vol. I. No. 994. Note.

† It is now generally agreed that the ordinary phenomena which have gone under the various names of animal magnetism, electro-biology, mesmerism, hypnotism, etc., are attributable to one and the same set of natural causes; though what those causes precisely are is still a matter of speculation.

as a safe means of producing insensibility under surgical operations, and as a cure for diseases of the nerves and brain, rheumatism, and numerous other maladies.

On the supposition that these advantages are really to be gained, a theologian must ask: Is such a remedy lawful? We can not deny, he replies, that it is lawful, unless (1) the mode of inducing hypnosis be unlawful, or (2) the effect itself be unlawful. Into the mode of inducing the state only two unlawful elements could enter—namely, interference with the rights of the subject or some superstitious practice. There is no interference with the rights of the patient, since (as it appears) he can not be hypnotized without his consent.* As to superstition, that does not necessarily enter into the practice; for phenomena of a very extraordinary character may be brought about in a perfectly natural manner by modifications of the brain and nerves, and hallucinations the most stupendous may be produced by purely natural means.

"Is, then, the effect unlawful?" our author goes on to ask. We have, he says, the deprivation, for the time being, of the use of reason; such that the subject is entirely at the command of the operator. This effect is in itself a very serious matter; and it is a principle of the moral law that to deprive oneself of reason, which should be the lord and director of all our faculties, is not permissible except for very grave reasons, such as the necessity of undergoing a dangerous operation in order to save life; and, similarly, even graver reason must be adducible to justify that

complete resignation of oneself into the hands of another which hypnosis, at least in its deeper stages, implies. Hence, Father Lehmkuhl concludes, there must be some grave reason for submitting to hypnosis, to make it morally permissible; and there must also be every precaution taken against possible abuse of his power on the part of the operator, so that he may have no opportunity of taking advantage of the helpless state of his subject to commit, or induce him to commit, any sort of crime. Of these precautions the most obvious, which will suggest themselves to all, would be, first, to take care that the operator is both skilled and of unimpeachable character; secondly, that the operation should be gone through in the presence of equally reliable witnesses, preferably relatives and friends of the subject; thirdly, it should be ascertained for certain that the constitutional disposition of the subject is not such as to make it likely that permanent harm to the system might ensue.

Every precaution being taken, our author concludes, the use of hypnotism will be lawful, especially if, as is alleged, diseases can be cured by this means which will not yield to any other kind of treatment. Scientific men of the medical profession claim to have established beyond a doubt the efficacy of hypnotic treatment as a curative agent, and that in cases which were otherwise incurable. He gives a list of cures, amounting to several hundreds, which he himself has seen effected; and it is a well known fact that since the time when Braid, the English physician, devoted himself to the study of hypnotic suggestion as a means of curing disease, many other medical men of repute in their profession have used the art with success. There seems to be no reason, therefore, to doubt its usefulness in this respect.

Hypnotism appears to be efficacious in the cure of drunkenness and drug

* Others say that, after frequently being hypnotized by the same operator, the subject can be instantly thrown into the trance, even unwillingly, and by the sight of a mere written command. An instance is also recorded of a patient falling suddenly into deep hypnosis at the distant sound of a gong which was customarily used to induce the state.

habits, and also of defects of character. Nevertheless, as a writer in the *Month* for October, 1890, well says, "Save in the hands of duly qualified operators, *and very few can attain that position*, attempts at hypnotism are nothing short of criminal as necessarily involving a terrible disturbance of the whole nervous system, a disturbance which may extend to all the faculties." Rightly indeed do our moral writers require the most stringent precautions to be taken; and only when those precautions are taken do they allow the use of hypnotism.

Father Génicot, another recent writer of the Society of Jesus, allows the use of hypnotism upon the same terms as the theologian just quoted. He touches, however, upon another aspect of the question. He asks how far those who, being in the hypnotic state, or acting later upon suggestions received when in that state, carry out the commands of the hypnotizer, are responsible for their actions. Probably, he answers, the influence of hypnotism does not often extend so far as to deprive the subject altogether of moral liberty, so that he would commit any crime suggested to him. Nevertheless, it appears that sometimes the use of reason is totally suspended, in which case any evil action performed by the hypnotized person would not be a voluntary act; though that person might commit sin by willingly submitting himself, to begin with, to a condition in which he foresaw he would be liable to evil suggestions and their consequences. Doctors, he mentions, are still at variance as to the possibility of suggesting crime. Some writers assert that, though a hypnotized subject may be persuaded to do many ridiculous and extraordinary and even unpleasant things, he will stop at anything opposed to his idea of moral rectitude. On the other hand, so high an authority as Bernheim, as we have seen, considers this kind of abuse quite possible. Most

probably a great deal depends upon the moral character of the subject; and if this be so, a weak or dishonest subject might be made the easy tool of an unscrupulous operator.

According to the writer already quoted from the *Month*, the greatest risk is in the nature of hypnosis itself. "All its phenomena indicate its nature as a true nervous disease; and in several cases it has been shown to have, like hysteria, a tendency to spread, as if it were contagious." It is a two-edged sword, to be wielded only by one who knows perfectly how to use it without harm to those whom he wishes to benefit. But is it a fact that only skilled operators make use of this practice? Is it a fact that the stringent precautions necessary to avoid grave risk are always taken? We may take it for granted that medical men, whose reputation deservedly stands high, *do* take all precautions possible against physical, mental and moral dangers. But what are we to say about public exhibitions of hypnotism, given by wholly irresponsible charlatans for the sake of making money? Here the Christian conscience may be securely appealed to.

Most decidedly such a thing is altogether wrong. It can not be right that rational beings should put themselves entirely into the power of another for the sake of amusing a curious crowd with their ridiculous performances. It can not be right that the delicate machinery of the nerves and brain should be rudely played upon by operators who have no knowledge of its intricacies, who are themselves unaware, perhaps, of the dangers attendant upon their art, and who are incapable of repairing the harm they do. It can not be right that private individuals should, at the invitation of money-making advertisers, learn and practise upon their friends and relatives so dangerous an art. As well might we, for the sake of amusement, administer potent drugs or

intoxicating drinks to our brothers and sisters and friends in order to enjoy the degrading state into which they would be brought. Every Christian and humane instinct within us cries out, 'No, this is not right!'

Would that English and American legislators might turn their attention to this crying evil of public exhibition and private practice of hypnotism, and, following the example of Belgium and other Continental states, make such irresponsible experimenting a penal offence. At any rate, let every Catholic determine that neither he nor his children nor any one else over whom he has any authority shall ever lend their countenance to so degrading a use of an art which is still far from being thoroughly understood even by its scientific students. It may be of interest to quote once more from the writer in the *Month*:

"If one might be permitted to conclude an article like this with a piece of practical advice, there would be a strong temptation to copy a famous admonition, and say to those about to hypnotize, 'Don't!'...No sane person would dream of administering opium or aconite or any other potent drug for the mere purpose of satisfying an idle curiosity; much less would any one imbibe these drugs from such a motive. Yet at public exhibitions of mesmerism many persons have no scruple in submitting themselves for experiment without a thought of the possible injury which may accrue to them. To those about to get hypnotized we would still more emphatically say, 'Don't!'"

Pain.

BY MARY TERESA WÄGGAMAN.

DEATH'S pallid, rue-wreathed prophetic! Who sits beside Time's secret gates,
With mysteries her speech vibrates—
Enigmas Love alone can guess.

My Hospitals.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—HAWAII.

A VERY dear friend once said to me, in a moment of enthusiasm: "Oh, I wish you would be sick so that I could take care of you!" Not to be outdone by him in generosity and self-sacrifice I straightway fell ill and took to my bed on the shortest possible notice. It happened in this wise.

I awoke one morning with a heavy heart and no appetite at all. Life seemed an unbearable burden, and the world was a blank. In the good old days of Hawaii there used to be a purely local low fever, to which very many of the unacclimated foreigners fell easy victims. It was called the boohoo fever. When it seized one there was only one thing to be done, and that was to dissolve in tears. There was nothing to cry over,—not even spilled milk. The sun shone just as brightly, the birds sang just as sweetly, the zephyr was as fragrant as ever, and the world was beautiful as of yore; but—everything was wasted on the boohoo feverish patient. Rivers of tears flowed night and day, as if one were weeping for one's sins. Surely they should have been washed away, even the stain of them, for the lachrymation that seemed never to cease for a moment.

There were four of us keeping bachelors' hall at Stag-Rocket Bungalow, up Nuuanu Valley, just above Honolulu. There was not a woman within sight of us. We could not recognize any one entering our gate, it was so far away from the house. The house itself was as light and airy as a barn. There was never a door or a window closed there from one year's end to the other—unless the great Kona blew: the "sick-wind" that everyone dreads and shuts out of

doors if possible. But the Kona was not blowing when I resolved to give up the ghost, if possible, and depart out of that summer land with all its beauty, and return no more for aye.

I lay speechless upon my pillow, albeit the breakfast bell had been jingled twice at least. Still I lay there with my face to the wall, and pitied myself mightily. Akamah, the Celestial chef and man-of-all-work, stood in my doorway with a puzzled cast of countenance; the like of this he had never seen before. Being but a poor sleeper, often I wandered in the dead of night onto the broad veranda and sat rocking to and fro until the dawn of day. I was not wedded to my pillow. Moreover, our menagerie—a half dozen fox and Irish terriers—had the freedom of the place, and at intervals during the night would spring from dreams of the chase and go tearing throughout the house with a barking chorus that was enough to encourage a fit of nervous exhaustion.

On this particular morning Akamah withdrew from my presence, and I heard a conversation going on in the breakfast room. Then Momona, who was our chosen head-of-the-house, entered my room. "Are you ill?"—"No!"—"Are you not hungry?"—"No!"—"Do you want anything done for you?"—"No!"—"Then what is the matter?"—"Nothing! Life is a blank, that is all." Exit Momona.

Then Polo came as if by accident. Happened to be passing that way, that was all. More questions, more negative replies. Exit Polo. Enter Kali-Lili—all these were our native Hawaiian names. Kali-Lili would fain have me ill so that he might nurse me back to health, and feel that he had saved my life. Kali-Lili had dark, sympathetic eyes and a laugh that led all of us to laughter. He was serious now; he sat on the edge of the bed and wondered what he could do for me. Alas! nothing—nothing whatever; and he turned away with a sad

face. Then there was another consultation in the breakfast room. After that they came in a body to say good-bye; for they were busy in the town, and had to leave the Bungalow on their horses at eight in the morning. I did not see them until five o'clock in the afternoon. They each and all wondered if they could not get me something in town and bring it home to gladden me in the evening. "No, nothing whatever." And again I turned my face to the wall, thinking how difficult it is for some people to die, how easy for some others.

I heard the cavalcade galloping down the long lane; and later I heard their horses' hoofs booming on the two wooden bridges that span the stream flowing between the Bungalow and town. Silence followed, broken only by the chirp of crickets, the delirious headlong flight of those winged javelins, the dragon-flies, that darted into my chamber and nearly broke their necks before they could find their way out again. There was also the nasal drawl of the trumpeting mosquito, the noisy carol of the myna birds, and the soft, far-away refrain of the reef that sings with unceasing song.

I was thinking of all these things as I lay in my gauzy tent,—for one must lie under a tent of gauze if one would escape the assaults of the mosquito night or day. My bed was evidently an heirloom. It was one of those very tall four-posted bedsteads such as must have come over in the Ark. These posts were richly carved and supported a canopy of turkey red material with a fringe of white tassels; the mosquito tent slid within it on two iron rods that ran the length of the bed. Once within this gauzy fortress, I felt secure from all assaults.

Yet I was not! As I lay there and thought upon my foolish waste of life, I heard a soft footstep in the passage that separated the breakfast room from the rest of the house, and made of it a kind of kiosk at the end of the great

veranda. I said to myself: "That must be Akamah. He is putting the breakfast things away. A faithful soul is Akamah!" Then I heard a noise as of something being stirred violently in a glass. I hoped and prayed that my illness—such as it was—had not driven this highly respectable son of the Orient to drink. We already had one untimely grave in the back yard. It was that of the young wife of the proprietor of the Bungalow. It was enclosed within a white picket fence, and a dense foliage had grown all about it.

Presently Akamah appeared in my doorway with a small glass in his hand. His face was radiant with smiles. The glass contained a liquid of some kind,—a dark and pungent liquid. Akamah approached me with the air of an ambassador who is the bearer of royal gifts. He crept carefully under the gauze curtain of my bed, and, extending his hand with the glass, said soothingly: "Cocktail: you take cocktail?" I could not deny him, for to repulse his kindness would have been cruel. I took the potion, probably his first attempt at a like concoction. Shades of quinine and gall, with red pepper and a dash of the extract of unripe persimmons in it! I think that draught was compounded of Worcester spire sauce, cherry bounce and tobacco. Well, if it did not cure me, it did not kill me, and Akamah was supremely happy. Then I sank into the soothing languors of the afternoon. Surely the hours were restful; for they were not long, though they were empty.

By and bye came the boys galloping home. As soon as the horses were turned loose—one does not stable them in that delectable land—the riders stole softly into my room, one at a time. The first brought a fruit offering—the very choicest fruits filling a net to overflowing. Oh, the alligator pears, the mangoes, guavas, and the *ohias* which seemed like the materialized ghosts of the most delicious apples that ever

grew! The next a flower offering—wreaths and garlands of the native flowers, such as the Hawaiians love to adorn themselves with,—and it must be confessed that they adorn the flowers who wear them. Lastly, a book offering—a selection of the very latest popular successes. What more could be done for me, or for any one under similar circumstances?

They dined without me, though I was thrice invited, and Akamah put in an imploring word as a kind of "Amen" to it all. After dinner there was a popular concert on the veranda, but very near my end of it, and evidently especially addressed to my ears. Every song that I liked was sung, to the accompaniment of mandolins, guitars, and *ukuleles*—or "Taro Patch fiddles," a Portuguese instrument that looks like a liliputian guitar and is strummed after the manner of the mandolin. This, the favorite instrument of the Hawaiian, has almost become national, and when heard in the twilight or the moonlight is bewitching beyond compare. Listening to this offering of devotion, I fell asleep, and even the terriers seemed to realize that it was the polite—not to say the humane thing—to walk about on their tiptoes.

The languor of the morning followed. "Will you breakfast with us?"—"No!" They each paid me his first visit on returning from the bath-house, a rustic arbor on the other side of the lawn, with a deep basin constantly filled by a flowing rivulet of mountain water. After breakfast another interview, with an air of increased anxiety darkening the brows of those dear fellows.

"Would you like to take a little tour around the island of Oahu?" (the island on which we lived.) "No!"—"Some of us will go with you if you would like to go."—"No! I have been around and around the island." Then spoke the second voice: "Will you go to Maui and Haleakala, if some of us will go with you?"—"No! I have been

there again and again." The third voice was lifted doubtfully: "Will you go to Hawaii and see the volcano; it is very active now?"—"No! I have seen in action three of the most celebrated volcanoes in the world, including Hale-Mau-Mau; I should not care to see any one of them again, even if it were brought to my door." The trio left me in despair, but not until, at my request, Momona had suggested to Akamah that perhaps, owing to the abnormal condition of my nervous system, it were better for him not to tempt me in future with the "flowing bowl."

Another day, in which I seemed almost at my last gasp, passed like a dream. I must have dozed, for the hours were so very brief. But all through it I heard the faint murmur of the reef; the voices of Hawaiians singing or wailing for joy or sorrow; the birds, the bees, the sighing of the trade-wind as it swept through the house; and again the pelting of the passing showers that fell upon the roof like avalanches of shot. Betimes Akamah came softly to the door in sandals and peeped in, but said nothing. He was evidently grieved: his occupation was gone. The menagerie grew sympathetic: all the dogs came in and threw themselves in a half-tragic manner upon the floor, as if they despaired of me, but were faithful unto death; then they went to sleep,—rushing at intervals into the air, as if they had been sent for in hot haste. On a table beside me was a tray of tempting fruits, a pitcher of lemonade, and flowers whose fragrance was almost overpowering. Even the Circean cigarette was left unlit, though I was a smoker then.

Again the boys returned and paid their visits of sympathy. More kindly inquiries: "Will you have a doctor?"—"No!"—"Would you like all the fellows to come up some evening and have a good time with you?"—"No!"—"Then what?"—this uttered in the accents of despair.—"Nothing!"

When they said good-bye next morning they seemed to be taking leave of my remains. I found that Akamah was passing most of his time just outside of my door. He spread his mat there, and there waited hour after hour the happening of the unexpected. Of course anything that might happen must be unexpected; for no one of us could read the future, and we were all in the dark so far as my case was concerned. I discovered him on his watch, because I heard a knock at one of the veranda doors; it was repeated twice or thrice, and then footsteps came my way, and in a few moments Father Leanore, of the cathedral, entered my room. He had wandered through the house—the rooms were all connected—until he found me in my bed. Then he went to the veranda door and saw Akamah wrapped in profoundest slumber. I fear he had been sitting up o' nights and was overcome at last. We let him sleep.

Good Father Leanore had learned of my case from one of the boys—or all of them. He said, as he sat by my side, his finger on my pulse: "My dear child, there is nothing the matter with you. You are a little run down and have the boohoo fever, which is rather depressing but perfectly harmless. You need change, that is all,—you need a change." At once I lifted up my heart. Change? Of course. Why not take the steamer, then in port, and run up to the Coast—that is San Francisco—for a few weeks? I had not seen my friends there for two quiet, balmy, beautiful, but monotonous years. I smiled at the prospect. We became almost merry, Father Leanore and I; he left me feeling brighter than I had felt for a long time. I could hardly wait for the return of the boys. But presently I heard their horses' hoofs on the two bridges in the edge of the town, and then I heard them tearing wildly up to the Bungalow and then—

Well, they were beaming. They had consulted Father Leanore, and he had

said to them, on his return to town: "Send him to the Coast by the steamer which leaves to-morrow. A change is all he needs, and that is the one change for him." When the boys came in Momona was waving a slip of paper in his hand. He gave it to me with an air of triumph. It was a pass to San Francisco and return, good for three months! I laughed outright. The boys gave three cheers, and then each in turn embraced me and said: "You will dine with us this evening?" Of course I did. But imagine my amazement when I was escorted to the dining-room to find it thronged with our most intimate friends who were to spend the evening with us. And such a joyous evening! Music into the dawn—almost. Merry tales of the merry times we had had together in the Bungalow. Akamah was quite in his element; for we were hungry again at midnight, and he gloried in preparing an impromptu repast. I seemed to have somehow suddenly come to the surface out of the depths. It was Father Leanore who was the good physician, and his prescription worked wonderfully.

The next day at noon I drove to the dock, accompanied by a retinue of outriders; for all the boys who frequented the Bungalow came with me. Bandmaster Berger, with his Royal Hawaiian Band, played for me a farewell—"Beautiful Isle of the Sea!"—and we slipped cable and drifted out of the harbor into the blue Pacific.

The truth is, I suppose, that I had sucked my orange dry and was sick of the pulp: I needed a new orange,—that is all. Yet that night, when the beautiful isle of the sea had vanished beyond the horizon, and I began to think of the pastimes which we had all lately shared in the dear old Bungalow, I could have wept anew, and would have given all I was possessed of only to be back again with the best fellows in the world. Such is the perversity of the human heart.

(The End.)

The Home of Longfellow's Youth.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

FOR many years a stately dwelling has stood upon the principal street of Portland, that fair city by the sea. When it was young—so long ago!—those within its massive walls could look out upon miles of spacious country; or, westward, could have views of the mountains of New Hampshire—the dear White Hills. To-day the old house is surrounded by retail shops where tourists hunt for souvenirs, and the clang of the trolley gong incessantly sounds above the street murmur, or what one has called "the growl of the city."

When strangers, attracted by its air of distinction, have inquired concerning the ancient mansion, the reply has been: "Longfellow lived there when a boy." The townspeople appeared to know no more. The inside of the dwelling was to them a mystery; their thoughts concerning the outside almost as vague. Generations came and went and the old house, sheltered by its dignified elms, remained the same. At last it lived, there in the heart of the town, so lonely a life that many forgot even the fact that the boyhood of the beloved poet had been passed within it.

Then all at once the news spread about that its owner and occupant was dead, and the good citizens awoke to the fact that the sister of Longfellow had saved this old home for the city he loved. Yea, more: she had given it and all it contained to the Maine Historical Society; and had so carefully made the bequest that it will virtually belong to the people for all time to come.

Eighty-seven years of her life had been spent in this the home alike of her infancy and age. Outside of it fashions had changed: within were hanging the well-preserved garments of her forbears. Outside of it people were inventing

conveniences and luxuries: inside the crane in the kitchen fireplace still held the homely utensils in which were prepared the Thanksgiving feasts of a hundred years. Outside of it young people chattered of the yacht races, and automobiles bore their gaily-gowned burdens: within a gentle old lady glided about like a shadow, with dreams and memories for her chief companions. The thick walls kept out all sounds. At long intervals she could be seen glancing shyly out of one of the deep windows, but these glimpses of her became less frequent; and when she died she had outlived all who knew her, and was to the citizens of Portland almost like the denizen of another world.

"I remember Longfellow well," said one of the kindly custodians of the old house. "I was born right round the corner. He was grown when I was a little shaver, and I always looked up to him with reverence. This is the true Longfellow house, though he was not born in it. His mother was at her uncle's when he was born, keeping her aunt company while her husband was away on a voyage. But she came back here when Henry was eight months old, and this was his home for upward of thirty-five years. Even after he went to Cambridge to live he used to come back here regularly, visiting his sister, Mrs. Pierce. He always wanted to sleep in the room that was his when he was a boy. The Portland people never made any fuss about him when he was here. They did not seem to think anything about it. He would slip into town and out as quietly as a mouse; and never made any calls to speak of, except on the Deerings. Many times I have seen him wandering about the streets as if he were trying to locate all the old places; and there was always a look on his face that said, 'Have *they* changed, or have I?'

"Mrs. Pierce," the pleasant *raconteur* ran on, "left the old house to the Histor-

ical Society on condition that it would keep the first floor intact, and would erect a building on the back of the lot. You can see that the building is going up; and as to the first floor of the old house—why, we are going to keep them all, every bit of them, just as they are. Most of the rooms had their original furniture, and what was lacking has been sent back by the family. General Peleg Wadsworth built the house in 1784-86. You know his daughter married the poet's father. The Longfellows were from out near Gorham."

The Wadsworth-Longfellow house was the first brick house in Portland. When it was new it was on the outskirts of the town, with pleasant fields on every side; and must have possessed its solid dignity even before the present third story was added. Its inmates were always gentlefolk. There was no poverty to fight; no wolf ever howled at that stately front door.

Longfellow's kindred were all scholars. His father was a remarkable lawyer and statesman; his maternal grandfather, a distinguished officer in the Revolution; his father's father, an eminent judge. Little Henry, unlike so many of whom the world has heard, was sheltered and aided by every circumstance. In his mother's letters we have glimpses of his childhood. When eight months old she speaks of him playfully as "an active rogue," and later we read of his military ardor and the tin gun of which he was fond. In the first letter he ever wrote he begs for a drum.

Life in the old house held many pleasures for the eager boy. He had access to his father's well chosen books, and music was part of the daily routine. Sometimes a circus would come to Portland, and its feats would be duly copied by the young Longfellow; the result on one occasion being the demolition of a valiant rocking-horse, over whose neck Henry had vaulted too boldly.

On Sunday every one went to meeting; little Henry, in winter, carrying the footstove of live coals as he trotted along by his mother's side. And on Sunday evenings the good Puritan lady would gather her children about her and give them instruction in a modified creed. Calvinism even then was at a low ebb in the Longfellow family.

Reminders of those old days still keep their place in the family mansion. There is the children's trundle-bed, the cradle in which all were rocked; the school-desk, hacked and whittled, at which each in turn sat. Perhaps the various sentences scribbled upon the side of the window in the children's room are as interesting as anything beneath the time-honored roof. These are plainly seen under the protecting glass which covers them. In the dining-room, at a table by the window, Longfellow wrote "The Rainy Day." Outside is the garden, and brick walls rise at the left hand. It was raining as I looked out, and it was easy to imagine the mood which inspired the words.

Every visitor goes to see the kitchen, unchanged since the Revolutionary period. There are the various dishes suited to the culinary needs of a hospitable family: the great crane, the spiders, and many articles whose use, except for their labels, would puzzle the modern beholder; and the great brick oven where the brown loaves and the bean pot spent each night before the Sunday breakfast. "The kitchen," writes Stephen Longfellow, "where hung the crane over the coals in the broad old fireplace, upon whose iron back a fish forever baked in effigy." It is baking yet.

Upstairs one goes, past the old portraits, to where the more personal family life went on. There Mrs. Longfellow died, and there Henry sat with her one entire night; not afraid during his vigil, he tells us, but feeling as if an angel were near. Old chests of drawers hold the embroideries and various knickknacks

that have accumulated during much more than a century; and quaint gowns and bonnets bring before us the wearers, long dead. In a back room the saddle-cloths and holsters of doughty General Wadsworth have a conspicuous place.

In a fair square in Portland a bronze Longfellow sits as if in deep thought, while the throng surges by; but those who know the old house will ever find a keener interest in the presence of the clean-hearted and gentle boy which seems to haunt its shadowy corners. He who visits "the dear old town that is seated by the sea" will miss a rare privilege if, after reading "My Lost Youth," he fails to explore, thoroughly and with intelligent sympathy, the house on Congress Street that sheltered our gracious poet in his youth.

One Way in which We Miss the Mark.

A PACKET of books for review received some months ago from one of the leading publishing houses included an anti-Catholic novel of the Corelli kind. The author was unknown to us; and, feeling sure that he was not known to one-tenth of our readers, and that they would never hear of him unless we called attention to his production; convinced, furthermore, that it was not likely to win much popularity or to do much harm, we concluded to make no reference to it. The book was "written down" by not a few of the secular reviewers and soon made its exit, like hundreds of other books declared unsuccessful by those interested in their production and sale. The number of dead books annually is exceeded only by the number of dead leaves.

What was our surprise last week to see a goodly portion of a page of one of our Catholic papers devoted to this same wellnigh forgotten book! The denunciation of it is well deserved, but to what purpose is it? The publishers

have ceased to exploit the work, other and better books have relegated it to back shelves, it has ceased to be talked about. Why in the world should the thing be noticed by Catholics, especially at this late date?

It is a fact as true as deplorable that anti-Catholic books often receive more attention at the hands of Catholic editors than meritorious and much-needed works written for our own people by our own authors. An adequate review of any Catholic book, in fact, is seldom met with. Secular reviewers as a rule ignore our publications; it is the greatest pity that they should also be ignored by ourselves. But such is too often the case.

If instead of writing criticisms of "good books to let alone," we were to recommend good books to possess, the Catholic public would be more benefited and we should be giving needed encouragement to Catholic authors and publishers. Those who are in a position to know are often heard to declare that the best Catholic books in the language are comparatively unknown to those for whose benefit they were published. As a rule, they receive no general welcome and are soon forgotten. A short time ago we were asked if there was any book in English treating of the Dolors of the Blessed Virgin. Evidently the inquirer had never heard of Faber's "Foot of the Cross" or of that exquisite little book by the late Eliza Allen Starr on the Sorrows of Our Lady.

We lately noticed in these pages and listed a little book entitled "Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish; or, Priest and People in Doon"; but, for fear it may fail of the popularity which it so well deserves, and by way of giving example of what we have been preaching, let us tell more about it and quote from its fascinating pages. It is not a book of unusual literary merit, but it is full of interest and edification,—a book which every reader will be sure to

enjoy and profit by. The author is a priest, and the scenes which he describes are evidently familiar to him,—not so familiar, however, as to have lost aught of interest or charm; homely are the incidents which he relates, but they illustrate a side of the Irish peasant's character little known, it would seem, to writers like Lover, Lever, and Carleton, and unfamiliar to thousands who bear Irish names. The people of Ireland have been sadly misrepresented and vilely caricatured by humorists, novelists, and playwrights. The complexion of mind of the Irish is intensely religious. Examples of singularly holy and mortified lives among them are more common than the world dreams of.

As an instance of this spiritual tendency and unworldliness of the Irish peasant, Father John would tell of a woman he had known in Doon,—a poor farmer's wife and the mother of a large family. Although delicate and frail, for many years she kept a "black fast" twice a week, abstaining from flesh-meat, milk, butter, and eggs. During the whole of Lent and Advent she used no meat at all; she recited daily the fifteen decades of the Rosary; she walked four miles every Friday to the Chapel of Doon to perform the devotion of the Stations of the Cross; she was also a weekly communicant.

"Christfolk of the Apennines," by Miss Alexander, edited by Ruskin, is a volume that has found many admirers; it tells of the beautiful lives led by Italian peasants—men and women who keep themselves unspotted from the world; of the peace and the happiness that are theirs, and the charity that reigns among them; of acts of virtue and deeds of devotion so common as to pass unnoticed save by an alien. But is there anything in that charming volume fairer or more uplifting than this glimpse of an Irish home?

When Mrs. Coghlan, after putting the younger children to bed, made the usual nightly announcement, "To yer knees, to yer knees!" Bryan had already been kneeling a good ten minutes, and with all the fervor of his soul had besought the God of Mercy to avert misfortunes from his

innocent children; adding, however, the invariable ejaculation of the Irish peasant when asking for temporal favors, "Welcome be the will of God!"

In the family circle of Bryan Coghlan the Rosary after supper was never omitted. There was a tradition that, in the old homestead of the Coghlan's, it was said nightly without any break or interruption for three generations; and the present family would no more think of neglecting it than they would of abandoning the Faith.

Mrs. Coghlan "gave out" the Rosary in a low, sweet voice, and in a manner so deeply reverential that one could not listen to her without being moved to sentiments of greater piety and devotion. As she knelt there, with her mild blue eyes raised heavenward and a holy calm and peace radiating from her gentle, spiritual face, one could not help comparing her with the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in the chapel of Doon; or, if influenced by literary associations, of thinking of Wordsworth's exquisite sentiment:

The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration.

Probably about the same hour in thousands of humble homes throughout the land the Rosary was being recited just as devoutly as in Bryan Coghlan's; and we can well imagine the Mother of God and the whole court of heaven nightly bending their earnest gaze on our own little spot of earth, "our own loved island of sorrow," and listening with strained and enraptured attention to the full chorus of praise that swells upward from Erin in one grand symphony to the Throne of the Most High.

Whilst the fourth decade was being said a neighbor and kinsman of Bryan's, Mat Coghlan, lifted the latch of the door and entered. Finding the family at the Rosary, he quietly dropped on his knees, as was customary in such cases, and joined in the responses. At a silent intimation from Mrs. Coghlan, he even said the fifth decade, a privilege of which he seemed to be proud. As he seldom came for a *ceilidh* so late, Bryan instinctively associated his visit with bad news, and his heart sank.

The Rosary finished, each spent a considerable time in saying what they denominated 'their own prayers.' Although Mrs. Coghlan, according to an invariable custom, now extending back over many years, had already recited the first two parts of the Rosary (in the morning and at midday), and had consequently completed the fifteen decades, or entire Rosary—her daily devotion,—nevertheless, she was the last to rise from her knees after completing 'her own prayers.' As a delicate compliment to her in particular, the visitor did not arise sooner; and only then did he exchange salutations with the household.

"Well, Mat, what's the best news?" Bryan observed, apparently in an indifferent way,—

though, truth to tell, he was deeply concerned about the reply.

"Bad news,—very bad news for all of us, I'm afraid," Mat answered, as he leisurely lit his pipe with a live coal, and then tried by various audible drawings and puffings to kindle up the obstinate *dudeen*.

Although all were awaiting in silence the momentous intelligence, he proceeded, before giving any further information, to "ready the pipe" with Mrs. Coghlan's knitting needle, and applied another coal to the tobacco with great deliberation and extreme care. In reality all this was a bit of acting in order to break the news gently.

"The rint-warner was at my house to-day," he said, "and he towld me for certain that the new landlord intends to raise the rint on some of the strong tinants next gale-day. He was afraid to come here to tell you himself: he has a mortal dread of Tom here since the time he pitched him into a bog-hole for calling the Coghlan's 'bog-trotters.' Sure, aren't we the direct descendants of the famous owld 'Maw' Coghlan, a member of the Irish Parliament in College Green, who owned in owld times as many as a dozen fortified castles in the barony of Garrycastle? Howsomever, it was not to tell ye the family history I came here this late hour o' the night. I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news; but as sure as your name is Bryan Coghlan your rint is going to be ruz on you, and mine too. God help us both this blessed and holy night, wid our big, helpless families to support; and we hard set enough as it is to struggle round and make ends meet, wid the bad times that is in it!"

"Mat," says Bryan, "I knew this was coming. Before we began the Rosary I felt that some *meeya* was over us. Do you know but to-night, while I was having a blast out of the pipe, when I looked at the corner and saw all the bags of meal we brought from the mill the other day, and when I seen all the children—God bless them!—around me lookin' so happy and gay, and herself there so brave and hearty, I thought that I was too well off, and that maybe I didn't deserve to be so comfortable; and that, like Job that Father John preached about last Sunday, God would try me with a touch of poverty and misfortune. But sure if He does, welcome be His holy will! Whatever He sinds must be for our good, Mat *avic*, even though we mightn't think so ourselves; for our ways aren't God's ways at all times."

We have quoted only two of many passages in the little book about Ireland over which we lingered, but they will suffice to reveal its charm and to recommend it to all who can appreciate the lofty virtue of the lowly Irish peasant.

The author expresses the hope that his book may touch a tender and sympathetic cord in many a breast, and recall fading or mayhap wellnigh forgotten memories that should be sweet and precious,—memories

Full of hope and yet of heartbreak,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter.

"Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish," we venture to say, will be read with no less profit than pleasure; and those who recommend it to the class of readers for whom it was specially written will at the same time render a service and afford a gratification.

Notes and Remarks.

A happy sign of the times is the readiness with which non-Catholics now admit errors on their own part, and defend their Catholic brethren from unjust attacks. It is freely admitted that many Protestant notions are false, and that much of what has been written against the Church is "old-fashioned and out of date," as one non-Catholic writer expresses it. The terms are euphemistic, but we will not quarrel with them. Dr. Washington Gladden is remembered with gratitude by American Catholics as the Protestant clergyman who, in the last century, persistently and vigorously denounced the A. P. A. movement by word and pen; and whose manly Americanism was all the more conspicuous because most Protestant ministers were silent about the persecution, and many of them fomented it. It is, therefore, less of a surprise than a gratification to find the following declaration by him in an article contributed to the September *North American Review*. The reference is to the German Kulturkampf:

Let those of us who are Protestants remember and confess that the most grievous case of religious persecution which has occurred during

our generation was not the persecution of Protestants by Roman Catholics, but of Roman Catholics by Protestants.

At a recent convention of the Christian Endeavor Society in Pittsburg one of the exhorters made an attack on the Catholic clergy and laity of South America. A prompt and forceful reply came from Major Joseph Kerbey, formerly United States Consul in Peru, now prominent in Grand Army circles, and noted as a writer and traveller. It appeared in the *Pittsburg Leader*. Major Kerbey states that his parents were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, but declares that he can not sit comfortable while a Catholic neighbor is misrepresented and slandered without protest. We quote:

South America is not a neglected continent, and the Bible is not an unknown book to its people. I am free to say that instead of the most degrading vices holding sway, there is, relatively, more sin, misery, degradation and crime in the city of Pittsburg than in any city of South America of twice the population. It is one of our mistakes to assume that our civilization is better than any other. As they look at it, their civilization is superior to that of the United States; and in many respects this is true, as can be demonstrated.... Relatively, there is as much virtue in the better class of Spanish-American homes as with us; and perhaps, as a rule, there is no more vice. The trouble is that in those countries it is open, no attempt being made to conceal certain vices that are prevalent here, but to which we add the sin of hypocrisy.

When carried once between two kindly Indians into a village, so sick that I could not hold my head up, it was to the *padre's* house I was taken, presumably to die. But under his care and kindly nursing, while delirious, I thought it was in reality my own father who was always near me. When I recovered sufficiently to continue my journey, it was the good *padre* who accompanied me and gave me his blessing. When one experiences these kindnesses in a foreign land far from home and kindred, he can scarcely stand by and hear the entire class libelled in his own home without an effort to resent the injustice.

The warm eulogy of the late Mr. Joseph Haworth, published in the *Catholic Universe* and reprinted, we are glad to notice, by many of the Catholic papers, was wholly deserved. Like

Madame de Navarro (Mary Anderson), whose triumphs he shared for at least one season, Mr. Haworth found it possible to combine the best traditions of the stage with the life of a loyal, practical Catholic. During the last dramatic season he played *Cassius* to the *Brutus* of Mr. Mansfield; and the critics, we remember, were practically unanimous in bestowing equal praise on himself and his great principal. Yet Mr. Haworth never became too busy or too distinguished to organize a "church benefit" whenever a struggling priest appealed to him for help, and only a week before his death he had appeared in an entertainment for the benefit of a needy and indebted congregation. Though a comparatively young man, he was one of the few remaining links between the day of Booth and McCullough and the contemporary stage. *R. I. P.*

The avidity with which, since the election of Pius X., the world at large has looked for news of his personality, his record, his acts and intentions, is somewhat notable, though not perhaps unnatural. The copiousness of the information supplied as to all these matters by the typical twentieth-century newspaper is calculated to astonish the native who does not know that meagreness of facts is compensated for by fluency of invention. The omniscient Roman correspondents, writing in offices distant anywhere from a hundred miles to a thousand leagues from the Eternal City, have been anticipating not a few of the new Pontiff's procedures, and specifying with the utmost particularity of detail just what are his occupations at present and his plans for the future. If the editor doesn't know what has been done in any given case, he merely records as having taken place what to his mind *should* have been done. The Pope is not unaware of this phase of up-to-date journalism, and a week or two ago he

mildly rebuked some of its manifestations. In more than one audience he expressed himself to this effect: "To those who tell you that the Pope is preparing this, the Pope is going to do that, you may say that the Pope is just now preparing nothing. He is straightening himself under the burden of the cross which has been so brusquely laid upon his shoulders. He is waiting, observing, reflecting. When the occasion seems to him opportune, he will publish an Encyclical as short and as clear as possible. Beforehand, however, he wishes to take account, himself, of the situation. And he is not in a hurry."

It may, of course, strike the able editors as ridiculous that Pius X. should not be able to settle offhand the thousand and one questions involved in his spiritual sovereignty over two hundred and fifty or sixty millions of subjects; but they should make allowance for him. He is sixty-eight,—that is, about thirty or forty years beyond the period when he might reasonably be expected to "know it all."

The City of Brotherly Love has seldom witnessed so spontaneous and impressive a demonstration as that which marked the sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Ryan. The presence of eight archbishops and thirty-two bishops gave the occasion almost a national character; and the throngs of eager Philadelphians, made up of Protestants as well as Catholics, who could not secure admittance to the cathedral, afforded proof enough that Mgr. Ryan is not without honor even in his own country. A majestic figure physically, an orator of exceptional grace and power, a bishop meet to inspire as well as govern his clergy, a veritable father to the orphan and the poor, the Archbishop of Philadelphia is a man whom American Catholics, without respect to sectional divisions, regard with pride and veneration. He has borne an honorable part

in the general service, though most of his superb energies have properly gone to the development of his own great diocese. To mention only a single matter, the number of parochial schools, as we learn from this year's report, has been doubled during the nineteen years of his administration.

The Jubilee (fiftieth) Congress of German Catholics at Cologne was notable for many reasons. Pius X. addressed to it his first public document; twenty-five thousand Catholic workmen paraded the streets during the great labor demonstration; the People's Association, which has been so useful in strengthening the Centre Party and in combating Socialism, announced an increase of membership from 200,000 to 300,000; the question of Catholic education was exhaustively discussed; the Priests' Abstinence Alliance took strong measures to discourage even moderate drinking; and Herr Cahensly, who has been the agent of so much good to German Catholic emigrants, made a vigorous appeal to them to choose Brazil rather than North America. And we must not fail to call attention to a pregnant utterance of Herr Trimborn, a deputy of the Centre Party, on the subject of Socialism. The best way to render Socialism harmless, he said, was for Catholics to do all in their power to eliminate social abuses. "If there were no social iniquities, there would be no Socialist Party." That is an admirable plank for an anti-socialist platform in any country.

The wondrous growth of the Church in the United States in half a century, and the still more wondrous change in the attitude of Protestants toward their Catholic fellow-citizens, were strikingly illustrated in the reception given to the new Bishop of Buffalo. The whole city was *en fête* on that occasion, and

everyone, irrespective of religious belief, seemed eager to welcome Bishop Colton and to do him honor. A writer in the *Intermountain Catholic*, who is evidently an old Buffalonian, recalls that when the sainted Bishop Timon came to the city in 1847 it was a hotbed of bigotry. More than once to our own knowledge his life was in danger. Catholic children attending the public schools were assaulted by companions and insulted by teachers. Anti-Catholic literature circulated everywhere, and fanatics like "John the Baptist" and the "Angel Gabriel" preached to excited throngs in the streets of all our large cities. At Father Whelan's first Mass in Buffalo, which was celebrated in a room over an auction store, only a handful of Catholics were present. Now they number nearly half the population of the city; and the churches, schools, convents, etc., have multiplied accordingly. Indeed a wondrous change within a lifetime.

It is not often that a citizen is honored by having a statue of him set up in his own city during his life. This signal tribute is to be paid to the venerable Monsig. Nugent, of Liverpool, England, in recognition of his labors during the last fifty years in behalf of abandoned children and social outcasts. The cost of this remarkable testimonial is to be defrayed by voluntary offerings, and it is a satisfaction to note that these range from a hundred pounds to a few pence. The proposal to honor Monsig. Nugent in this unique way was first made, if we remember aright, by a Protestant gentleman of Liverpool, and the secular papers of the city promptly fell in with the suggestion.

For Papal eulogies one must go to the Protestant press nowadays. It has lauded Leo XIII. to the skies and heaps praise on his successor. A keen observer has noted, however, that the chorus

sung by the press of Great Britain has a deeper tone than that of American papers. Englishmen regard both Popes as providential men. Leo XIII. is referred to as a great Christian teacher, one who did much to enlighten the world and to combat materialism; Pius X. is greeted as a Pope of the people, who will be in close touch with the masses and do his utmost to promote peace and Christian unity. Americans see in Pius X., as in Leo XIII., an uncompromising opponent of anarchy, and for this he is chiefly lauded. Truth to tell, money-makers in this country feel their worldly prospects jeopardized on account of labor troubles, and recognize the Church as a bulwark against all forms of lawlessness,—anything, however, but “the pillar and ground of truth.” The spread of enlightenment and sympathy, of which we hear so much, is a blessed thing, of course; but let us not mistake a tendril for a tree.

News of the death of Monsig. Joseph Schroeder, D. D., in his fifty-fifth year, comes as a painful surprise to a multitude of friends in this country. A man of the gigantic stature which Cæsar and Tacitus observed in the ancient German tribes and which is still a national characteristic, of rugged health and seemingly inexhaustible energy, there was every reason to think that, after the period of storm and stress through which he had passed in the United States, he would live to a green old age amid the serene and congenial duties of a theological lectureship in his own country. Into the troublous questions with which his name was so prominently associated here a few years ago, neither his friends nor his opponents will have any wish to enter, now that he has passed away; suffice it to say that his death will be genuinely regretted not only by German-Americans, who showed him such superb loyalty throughout a long and painful controversy, but by the

clergy and laity of all schools of opinion. No one who ever met Dr. Schroeder could fail to be impressed not only by his superior intellectual quality, but by the perfectly obvious simplicity, strength and purity of his character. *R. I. P.*

The ripple created by the discussion of the oath of membership prescribed by the Typographical Union is another reminder of the danger of intemperate speech and hasty action in those who hold responsible offices. The text of the oath is as follows:

I hereby solemnly and sincerely swear that my fidelity to the Typographical Union and my duty to the members thereof shall in no sense be interfered with by any allegiance that I may now or hereafter owe to any organization, social, political or religious.

Obviously, the oath as it stands was a mistake—a sort of typographical error, as it were. Interpreted in its strict sense, it sets the Union above society, above the Church, and above the State. However, as the membership of the Union is made up largely of men who are good Catholics and good Americans, it might have been taken for granted that they had not, all of a sudden, turned anarchists. A brief and friendly conference between a prudent bishop and the officers of the Union cleared the atmosphere and quickly calmed the little tempest.

In a review of “*Les Sources Allemandes de l'Histoire de Jeanne d'Arc*,” a recent work by Germain Lefèvre-Pontalis, the *Athenæum* remarks on the truly historical character of Jeanne's history: “Contrary to what might be naturally expected, legend and myth enter but scantily into the records of the life of the Maid.” Most of the legendary marvels concerning her which are favorable seem to have originated in Germany and Spain, while England and Burgundy supplied unfavorable myths.

Notable New Books.

Back to Rome! Being a Series of Private Letters, etc. Addressed to an Anglican Clergyman. By Scrutator. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

We can not congratulate the author of this book on its title, which to our mind is a singularly unhappy one. A book-title ought to be as attractive as possible, and, in the case of serious works, should convey a clear idea of the contents. "Back to Rome!" deserved the best name that could be given it. It is an exceedingly interesting and well-written volume; and it is of special value on account of references to and extracts from works little known to the general reader, and of which every student will be glad to be reminded. As a further recommendation, we may state that Scrutator's book is off the beaten track of controversy. More than once he expresses the opinion—one with which we fully agree—that in the present conflict between the creeds, and between belief and misbelief, or disbelief, it is not, as so many suppose, a question of theology, but a question of philosophy and of accurate thinking:

I maintain, and have always maintained, that, however great the learning with which Catholic theologians have enriched and fortified the Church, the great truth upon which the entire system reposes is an extremely simple one, and does not need the aid of the theologian. It was believed and taught by simple and uneducated men before Scholastic theology came into being; and, even though the controversies of centuries have complicated things and have made our task an infinitely more difficult one, I am convinced that to-day, too, reason and common-sense and accurate thinking will go a long way toward removing those dark shadows which obstruct the world's spiritual vision.

...The truth—with the recognition and acceptance of which the salvation of the soul must be said to be bound up—can not possibly depend upon the verdict of the latest Biblical science, or upon any means and source of information which are not as accessible to the poorest and most illiterate of men as they are to the most favored and enlightened.

These extracts will give an idea of the excellence and usefulness of the present volume, and of the author's freshness of thought. It deserves to have many readers, and we feel certain that none will be disappointed in it.

Essays Historical and Literary. 2 vols. By John Fiske. The Macmillan Co.

Much of what these handsome volumes contain will not be new to the admirers of Prof. Fiske; but they will be glad and grateful to possess these delightful essays in permanent form. It need not be said that the author was one of the most eminent men of letters whom our country produced in the nineteenth century. His historical essays are of imperishable value on account of being written after the new method, which requires knowledge at first hand; while those dealing with

scientific or philosophical questions are of highest importance, as so many deathblows to materialism. It is not, perhaps, too much to say of Prof. Fiske that he did more than any contemporary writer, at least in our own country, to expose the philosophic flimsiness of materialistic views and tenets.

The first of these volumes is made up of lectures and biographical essays which represent the material that the author had collected for a comprehensive history of the American people. Every reader of these scholarly chapters will feel regret that it was not completed. They deal with Thomas Hutchinson, the last Royal Governor of Massachusetts; General Lee, one of the most interesting figures of the Revolutionary War; Alexander Hamilton and the Federalist Party; Thomas Jefferson, the Conservative Reformer; James Madison, the constructive statesman; Andrew Jackson and Democracy seventy years ago; Harrison, Tyler and the Whig Coalition; and Daniel Webster and the sentiment of Union. The second volume contains three instructive and thoughtful essays, also historical, which treat of the fall of New France, Connecticut's influence on the Federal Constitution, and the Boston Tea Party. There are also essays on Milton, Spencer, Tyndall, Koshchei; but better than these are the essays entitled "Old and New Ways of Treating History" and "Evolution and the Present Age." The versatility of Mr. Fiske is illustrated in his reminiscences of Huxley, which are informing as well as delightful. If our author's estimate of Spencer and Huxley seems exaggerated, it should be remembered that the address on the former's service to religion was delivered at a farewell banquet to Mr. Spencer in New York on the eve of his return to England. Of Huxley it may be remarked that if his opponents had known him as well as Mr. Fiske did, or been more familiar with his writings, they would have had a higher admiration of his intellectual integrity and the great amount of real Christianity which his intimates found in him; while brethren of little faith might have been spared the fears which the thunderbolts of the great man's wrath and indignation were wont to inspire in them.

Of few posthumous works could it be said with more truth that literature would have been poorer had they perished than of these two volumes by the lamented Prof. Fiske. They were well worth publishing, and in the Macmillan Co. they found publishers who have shown due appreciation of their importance.

A Tour in Mexico. By Mrs. James Edwin Morris. The Abbey Press.

A traveller's tale pleasantly told, of which the author herself says: "Only a charcoal sketch, without any pretensions to the warm tints of a

Murillo or the technic of a Turner; only a little tribute to a country and her people, where the stay of a foreigner was made delightful by the kindness of her poor and the courtesy of those who have inherited the courtly traditions of Old Spain. A simple sketch without any pretensions to the deeper insight into the customs and institutions which a longer residence in her Republic would give."

Mexico is a Catholic country, and it is too much to expect an altogether satisfactory account of its people and institutions from a non-Catholic. Still Mrs. Morris writes with much sympathy and insight, and her work is wholly free from the bumptiousness and bigotry so common in books dealing with our sister Republic. The information which "A Tour in Mexico" affords would be more reliable if the author had consulted authorities like Bandelier and Lummis rather than romancers like Prescott. Numerous illustrations enhance the interest of the volume.

Historic Highways. Vols. IV. and V. By Arthur Butler Hulbert. The Arthur H. Clark Co.

It is surely saying much of a series that began so happily to affirm that each new volume seems an advance upon its predecessor; yet this is strictly true of Mr. Hulbert's great undertaking. Was the Battle on the Monongahela ever described more dramatically, we wonder, than in the half dozen pages allotted to it in Volume IV.? It certainly was never described more accurately; indeed, it is the singular merit of this series that a style unusually graphic and warm is employed to convey information gathered by tapeline and camera as well as from manuscripts and print. The charm of Mr. Hulbert's writing stands out very prominently, for instance, by comparison with the lengthy quotations from other writers—and they are citizens of no mean city—toward the end of Volume IV.

The old Glade Road, more properly the Pennsylvania Road, which became the great highway from the Atlantic seaboard to "the trans-Alleghany empire" is the subject-matter of Volume V., which no future biography of Washington can afford to overlook.

We trust that the somewhat enigmatic title of this valuable work has not frightened readers away from some of the most satisfactory pages of historical writing afforded by recent years.

Souvenir of the Episcopal Silver Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria. Press of Hollister Brothers.

Memorial of the Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, D. D., Third Archbishop of New York. The Cathedral Library Association.

The purpose of these handsome and well illustrated volumes is the same—viz., to preserve

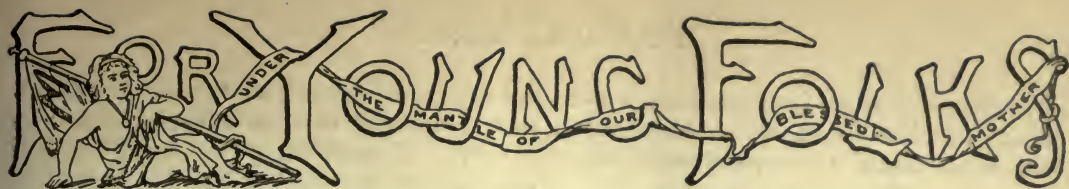
valuable matter for the future historian of the Church in America, and to offer a tribute of respect, gratitude and affection to prelates who have not only won the love and veneration of their own flocks, but earned, each in his own way, the respect and admiration of the community at large.

The lamented Archbishop of New York was a model prelate—learned, pious and zealous. Those who knew him best and were most closely associated with him in his life-work will never forget the example of his steadfast adherence to principle and his unselfish devotion. It was well worth while to record the deeds and virtues of one whom many of his brethren in the episcopate regarded as an exemplar of all the qualities required of a prelate of the Church. To the clergy and laity of the great archdiocese over which he ruled, this fair memorial offers consolation, encouragement and inspiration. It is highly creditable to all concerned in its production.

Of the important services to religion and country rendered by Bishop Spalding it is needless to speak. On the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the diocese of Peoria, and of his elevation to the episcopate, he was congratulated in cordial and eloquent words on possessing a model diocese, rich in institutions of learning and of charity, rich in the virtues of its clergy, rich in the treasures of faith and of devotion that characterize its laity. "And far beyond the limits of his own diocese, throughout the whole land, wherever work was to be done for God or for humanity, Bishop Spalding has gone forth with powerful word and act to serve the cause of truth and virtue." Thus spoke the Archbishop of St. Paul. If only to preserve the noble reply which Mgr. Spalding made to the congratulations heaped upon him on that joyful occasion, the publication of a souvenir volume would have been more than justified.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. By Richard H. Clarke, LL.D. P. W. Zeigler & Co.

This life of the lamented Pope Leo was begun ten years ago, and has been kept up to date as developments seemed to demand. It is, therefore, not a hurried piece of work; though the last chapter is somewhat scrappy and ill-digested. Dr. Clarke has made free use of the labors of other biographers, to whom he gives due credit. His own narrative possesses no special characteristics, and this may also be said of his comments on the great events with which Pope Leo had to deal; and in our day, when the daily press furnishes such exhaustive sketches of celebrities, the value of a work like this depends almost wholly on the author's grasp of his period. The pious spirit of the venerable author is evident throughout the volume, which, as a whole, is one of the most satisfactory Lives of Leo XIII. yet issued.



The Carnival.

BY RODERICK GILL.

OUT on mischief bent, a Cloud
Spied some Buds demure and proud
On a hill;
And bespattered them with rain,
Though they beckoned him refrain
And be still.
Though the Daisy said, "Enough,
Sir! Your jesting is too rough!"
And the Rose:
"Sisters, did you ever see
Traits like this unmannerly
Urchin shows?"
He but shook his sides: "Ho! ho!
'Tis, your ladyships must know,
Carnival;
So look out!"—then drove a gale
Of *confetti* of the hail
At them all;
Till the Sun came smiling out
Mother-like, and put to rout
The young tease,
Saying: "Children, no more play
Or more bickerings to-day.
If you please!"

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XII.—TO THE RESCUE.

JULIAN, hearing Sedgwick's voice, uttered a joyful exclamation, calling out at once in answer. But his voice seemed to die away in the echoes of the cavern. Julian, more intent just then on communicating with Sedgwick than on pursuing the windings of the stairs, descended promptly into a narrow passage, along which he followed the sounds from above and his comrade's piercing calls, till at

last he found himself at the entrance to the cavern, and presently stood upon the shingly beach.

As he paused and looked about him, he noted a peculiar shelving rock, covered from top to bottom with a carpet of green moss, and forming almost a sliding tunnel from a height above. Julian regarded this strange descent closely, wondering within himself whether or not it was by means of it that he himself had tumbled downward. While he was revolving this problem in his mind, he heard a shuffling noise, a stifled exclamation, and then a heavy dark mass came rolling rapidly over the moss-covered incline and landed at the boy's feet. He drew back, startled; and the next moment was almost paralyzed to discover, in the grey light of morning, that it was a human body which had thus rolled swiftly toward him.

After the first movement of terror he drew near to where the figure lay motionless, and found to his dismay that it was Sedgwick. Grieved at the thought that the comrade whom he loved best might be lying there dead, Julian bent over him, unfastened his necktie and the collar of his shirt. Then all at once he remembered his own fall, the brief period of unconsciousness which had followed, and hoped that things would go no worse with Sedgwick. He brought a little of the salt water from the shore in a clam shell and bathed the pale face and moistened the lips. In a very short time the unconscious boy showed signs of reviving. He opened his eyes, stared about him a moment, fixing bewildered eyes upon Julian's face. Then he asked, tremulously:

"Am I—are we—dead?"

Something in the question touched Julian's sense of the ridiculous and he

burst into a hearty laugh; Sedgwick, looking at him a moment, began to laugh too. When their merriment had exhausted itself, Sedgwick exclaimed:

"So curly-pate, you're alive, after all! I guess you'll come through anything. But where on earth are we?"

"Get up and look around," said Julian.

As the first step toward following this advice, Sedgwick sat up; then, with Julian's assistance, he slowly rose to a standing posture, stretching himself, and feeling all his bones to be sure that they were unbroken.

"Whatever this place is," remarked Sedgwick, thoughtfully, "I guess I came down pretty much as you did. I was poking in the marsh, hoping to find you dead or alive, when the ground gave in, and here I am. It looks like—like the entrance to a cave!"

"It is a cave," replied Julian,—"the cave—the cavern in the forest. Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" echoed Sedgwick, catching the contagious enthusiasm.

"And I'm as pleased as anything that you found it, too," went on Julian.

"But you found it first," suggested Sedgwick.

"Oh, I don't think that matters, so long as you found it on your own hook, without any help from me!" declared Julian.

And together they pressed forward, Julian eager to show and Sedgwick anxious to see the wonders of this mysterious place. When at last they stood in the largest room, before that fire which seemed to burn forever upon the hearth, Sedgwick said:

"Well, these are jolly quarters. I wouldn't mind living here for the rest of my days. But what's to be done now?"

"Wait for Nicholas, I suppose," Julian responded.

They had not long to wait; for, as if in answer to the thought, Nicholas stood suddenly behind them. He showed no sign of surprise at Sedgwick's appearance, though never before in all

his years of service with the Mortimers had a second fortune-seeker found the cavern. Greatly to the boys' disappointment—for they would have enjoyed being together in the cavern,—Nicholas announced that he was about to take Julian away. But here came into play the favor with which the old man had from the first regarded the youngest of the competitors. When Julian appealed to him, declaring that he would much rather stay a second night in the cave than return without Sedgwick to the camp, Nicholas, after a moment's consideration, gave his consent.

He left them as suddenly as he had come; and the boys, disregarding the opportunities for further search which the place might possibly afford, set to work to enjoy themselves. The morning hours were spent out upon the shore, clambering amongst the rocks, fishing with the tackle which was plentifully scattered about, and paddling in a boat which they found on the beach.

Of course Julian told his comrade all about the smugglers, and took him to explore their corner of the cavern,—which, by the bye, looked rather forlorn and dreary in the morning light, the empty kegs and even the weapons having a poor and commonplace appearance. Many a strange tale might the boys have heard, if the rocky walls could have spoken; for it had been a resort of lawless men from time immemorial, and there had always been a tradition in the neighborhood of the existence of some secret hiding-place at some point along the coast. Of all this, of course, the boys were ignorant.

"I wonder if all the wild tales we read about these sort of people are true?" Sedgwick observed thoughtfully, as he gazed about him.

"I don't know," replied Julian; "but I tell you what, Sedgwick, if it hadn't been for my mother's prayers I'd have been taken away and have seen far-off places and all that."

"But I don't suppose they go very far," said Sedgwick, "unless they're pirates instead of smugglers."

After a time they reluctantly returned to that habitable part of the cavern where Julian had spent his first night; and were much gratified to find upon the sliding shelf, which had so suddenly appeared before, a substantial meal of bread and cheese.

Having done full justice to the meal, they set about exploring the odd quarters in which they found themselves. Julian wanted to show his friend the winding stairs upon which he had stood when he first heard Sedgwick's voice; but for a long time the search for them seemed absolutely fruitless.

"I could almost swear it was behind that leopard skin," Julian said, discomfited; but the raising of that furry covering disclosed only the solid rock.

It was late in the afternoon when at last they came upon the missing stairway quite unexpectedly. They mounted it with eager haste, and came to a turning that led along a passageway they knew not whither. This they unhesitatingly followed; coming after a time to another winding stairs, which they mounted also, and pressed eagerly along a second passageway. Thus they continued for some time—now going upward, now pressing forward, led by occasional gleams of light from crevices in the rock, till at last they bethought themselves of turning backward. It was then they realized, with sudden dread, that they were in absolute darkness. They stumbled on, however; but, instead of going downward, continued on and on upon the same level. It finally occurred to them that they were lost in a species of labyrinth, where the darkness grew more and more intense, and from which they knew no way of exit. But as they stood and shivered another thought flashed upon Julian which set his pulses beating hard.

"Perhaps," he whispered to Sedgwick,

"this passageway leads to the hidden room."

"I don't believe it leads anywhere!" cried Sedgwick. But his eyes, too, gleamed in the darkness and his cheek glowed with a certain excitement; for the very thought was a stimulant.

"Suppose we push on?" said Julian, eagerly. "We can't get lost altogether; or if we should, Nicholas will get us out some way,"—for Julian had come to have unlimited confidence in that mysterious personage.

"Here goes, then!" cried Sedgwick.

And together the boys made a rush forward as swiftly as the darkness would permit; feeling their way by rocky ledges, turning now this way, now that. At last they discovered that they were at the head of a stairs leading downward, which caused them to go very cautiously. This experience was but the first of several similar ones, so that they were often on the point of slipping and tumbling precipitately to the ground.

Once they were brought to a halt by what sounded like a mocking laugh. This was blood-curdling, coming through the silence and darkness, and re-echoed from passageway to passageway. Suddenly, they perceived a gleam of light, and pressed toward it with beating hearts. They were approaching some place, they knew not where. Their expectation rose to fever heat. The gleam as of candles was mingled with the red glow of a fire. What were they about to see? What mysterious vision was to appear before their straining eyes? They came to a halt all at once, and saw before them the very cavern from which they had started. They stood still an instant, and then burst into a peal of laughter such as those rocky depths had never heard before. They sank into easy-chairs before the fire, and, utterly exhausted by their late efforts, fell fast asleep.

When they woke they were disappointed to find that they had slept

the whole night through, that it was daybreak and Nicholas was standing before them, ready to lead them back to camp.

"Why, we haven't seen half the place yet!" remarked Julian. "And perhaps if we had a little more time we might discover something."

But there was no relenting this time in the old man's wooden face; and the boys, having first regaled themselves with a fresh supply of bread and cheese, were forced to take leave of that fascinating spot and follow whither their grim guide led.

Nicholas conducted them through some devious paths known to himself, and along the shore beneath the cliff. The sea stretched before the eager eyes of the two lads; it was pearly white, or flushed with the pink of the dawning, and catching quivering arrows of gold from the sky in the east. The tide was just coming in.

They reached camp just as the sun was high in the heavens. They found Jake sitting at the door of his tent. He cowered in a very paroxysm of fright when he first caught sight of Julian, whom he had supposed to be dead. But Julian's cheery voice very soon dispelled the illusion.

"Hello, Jake!" he cried out. "You see I'm alive and kicking!"

"You showed him a short cut to the cavern, Jaky," put in Sedgwick, maliciously.

The look of terror upon Jacob's ill-favored countenance gave place to an expression of rage and hate, just as Nicholas interposed, intimating in his monosyllabic fashion that no information was to be given regarding the cavern. He also made the adventurous four understand that; though Jake and Wat would be obliged to finish their two weeks in the forest if they desired to continue the quest, Julian and Sedgwick were free to return to the mansion

at Pine Bluff, and there await the announcement of the third and last test.

Wat, who had testified genuine delight at the return of his favorite cousin, began to protest that he knew he had no chance of finding the cavern, and wanted only to give up the contest and get out of the horrible forest. He declared that he would return to the house with Sedgwick and Julian.

Jake was divided between cupidity and cowardice. He still hoped that by some exercise of his wits he might discover the cavern, but he was dismayed at the thought of being left any longer without the protection and support of Julian and Sedgwick.

"Look here," observed Julian, "what do you say, Sedgwick, to seeing the two weeks out in the forest?"

"Hurrah!" cried Sedgwick. "It would be twice as much fun as waiting at the house."

Nicholas made no objection, and this point was speedily settled to the satisfaction of all.

Everyone was hungry by this time, and Julian went off foraging. He remembered the little house near the cliff; and having made his way there, found a tiny woman bent nearly double. Her house was as small as herself and scrupulously clean. She looked up with her bleared eyes into Julian's bright face as he stood, cap in hand, before her; and readily gave him the milk and butter for which he begged, with a few freshly baked scones thrown in. When Julian offered to pay, jingling his money proudly in his pocket, the old woman altogether refused to allow him, patting him kindly on the shoulder and bidding him come again whenever he wanted milk from her cow.

Julian ran home in triumph to the camp; and the breakfast was a splendid affair, after all, spread out on the green-sward before the tents, while the birds sang overhead and butterflies flitted up and down the forest paths.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna," with useful notes by Mr. Bret Ince, is among late issues of the Unit Library.

—McClurg & Co. will have a new book by Bishop Spalding ready in November. The title is "Glimpses of Truth," and the volume consists of short paragraphs after the manner of "Aphorisms and Reflections."

—"The Art of the Vatican: a Brief History of the Palace, and an Account of the Principal Art Treasures within its Walls," is the title of an important new work by Mary Knight Potter, just published by George Bell & Sons. It has forty-one illustrations, also a plan.

—The Navy Department has issued an instruction declaring "The Star-Spangled Banner" to be the national anthem; and directing officers and men to stand at attention whenever the composition is played. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is not a notable performance, considered either as music or as poetry; but national anthems for some curious reason seldom are.

—The transfer of the body of the late Father Eugene O'Growney from California to Ireland was a graceful and grateful tribute from the Gaelic League of America to one who was not only among the most accomplished Celticists of his day, but foremost in promoting the Gaelic revival. A model priest and an ideal scholar, Father O'Growney was hardly less venerated in this country than in the land of his birth.

—The Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet* writes as follows of a new work by Mgr. Wilpert:

The first important work dedicated to Pius X. will see the light in a few days. Fifteen years ago, Mgr. Joseph Wilpert began his studies of the pictures of the Catacombs, and the results of his labors are now enshrined in a handsome volume, *Le Pitture delle Catacombe Romane*, with over three hundred illustrations. Some of these have already been reproduced in German magazines, but the greater number are still unknown. Most of them are phototype and polychrome reproductions from the originals, so that the student is at last enabled to examine scientifically the different stages of early Christian art, and its bearing on many dogmas of Catholic faith. Mgr. Wilpert's work may be said to crown the labors of De Rossi, Marrucchi, and other archaeologists who have devoted their lives to the study of the Catacombs.

—Major Joseph Kerbey in his reply to recent calumnies against Spanish-Americans by a member of the Christian Endeavor Society—we quote from it elsewhere—states that the Bible was published in the City of Mexico a hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was declared in Philadelphia. We are not sure about the date of the first Bible printed in the Western Hemisphere, but we do know that when they were hanging witches in New England books

were being printed in Mexico. The famous "Bay Psalm-Book" appeared in 1640, a printing-press having reached the English colonies two years before; but Bishop Zumárraga had set up one in the City of Mexico more than a century earlier.

—Mr. Hall Caine has instructed the English company which has just set out to tour the provincial towns with "The Eternal City" to change the name of the Pope in the drama from Pius X. to Pius XI. "It remains to be seen," says the dramatic critic of the *Chicago Tribune*, "if the American company will be similarly tactful." A better proof of tact would be to drop the drama altogether.

—The catalogues of Joseph McDonough, "ye olde booke man" of Albany, are not always free from traces of anti-Catholic prejudice ill-becoming any book man, old or young, least of all a book man named McDonough. Books against the Church do not properly come under the heading of "standard literature." We observe, however, that Mr. McDonough has brought out a limited edition (the second) of Dr. John Gilmary Shea's "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley." It is a work of great value and remarkable interest. The occasion for the edition is the approaching celebration in St. Louis. It is rendered still more timely by the inclusion of Marquette's newly discovered map.

—In a brief but not inadequate tribute to the late Cardinal Vaughan appearing in *Catholic Book Notes*, Mr. James Britten recalls these memorable words of his Eminence with regard to the Catholic Truth Society:

We are in the age of the Apostolate of the Press. It can penetrate where no Catholic can enter. It can do its work as surely for God as for the devil. It is an instrument in our hands. All should take part in this apostolate; here at least there is work for everyone. For ten who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed. For this purpose, under the patronage of the Hierarchy, and richly indulged by the Holy See, the Catholic Truth Society has been founded by a number of priests and laymen. It is already doing good work; but the good work ought to be multiplied through every town and mission, not in England only, but throughout the British Empire. It instructs, edifies and amuses; it educates and evangelizes Catholics and non-Catholics. It will become an engine of gigantic power in the service of God, if our men and women only have in them the hearts and wills to become apostles.

—Young women for whom the profession of journalism has attractions would do well to read an article in the current number of *St. Mary's Chimes*, the very superior periodical emanating from St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. The writer, an alumna of that excellent and progressive institution, has had practical experience of the profession and still holds an important position

on one of the Chicago dailies. She is strongly of opinion that newspaper women are born, not made,—and not born often.

It is not a pretty business. It is not a refined business. If a young woman is contemplating "going into journalism" because it will sound less like "trade" to her aristocratic friends than some line of commercial work, she had better take to stenography instead. Newspaper women are born, not made. The girls who must be educated to the paste pot and the quill might just as well let them alone. They will never like the work of a newspaper office and they will never succeed in it. They had much better leave it to the "one out of a hundred" who has been born to it, who loves it, who understands it and who succeeds in it.

Of the moral effect of general reporting in the case of young women, Miss Maule has this to say:

There is an almost invariable loss in manners to the young women who take up the life of reporters on daily newspapers, and an all too frequent deterioration even in morals. The irregular hours, the free and easy Bohemian association with a free, easy and Bohemian set of extremely young men, the unvarnished comments on all sorts of "stories" printable and unprintable, the daily contact with all sorts of social conditions,—these are influences which can not fail to blunt, if not pervert, the moral sense, and to unsettle all the previous standards of conventionally-reared young women.

After the unsettling process, which is inevitable, some young women are able to rearrange their standards. Some are big enough to be able to live their lives according to principles rather than to codes; but others, when their rules of conduct are taken away from them, find nothing by which to guide their lives and go wofully adrift.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Back to Rome! \$1, net.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. *Richard H. Clarke, LL. D.* \$2.50.

Essays Historical and Literary. 2 vols. *John Fiske.* \$4, net.

Historic Highways. Vols. IV. and V. *Arthur Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net, each.

Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish; or, Priest and People in Doon. 45 cts.

The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.

Salvage from the Wreck. *Father Gallwey, S. J.* \$1 60, net.

The Life of St. Philip Neri. *Bacci-Antrobus.* Two Vols. \$3.75, net.

The Truth of Papal Claims. *Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D.* \$1, net.

All on the Irish Shore. *E. Somerville-M. Ross.* \$1.50.

England's Cardinals. *Dudley Baxter.* \$1, net.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Rev. Nicholas Gihl, D. D.* \$4.

The Government: What It Is; What It Does. *Salter Storrs Clark.* 75 cts.

Teaching Truth. *Dr. Mary Wood-Allen.* 50 cts.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Norris, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Sister M. Zygmunt, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother M. Agnes, Sister M. Magdalene, and Sister M. Camillus, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Buchanan, of Seattle, Wash.; Mr. Edmund Glass, Vermilion, S. Dak.; Mr. Thomas Ryan, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. John Conlan, New Haven, Conn.; Miss Rose Darragh and Mr. George Twibill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Ellen Jennings, Charlestown, Mass.; Mr. Patrick Claffey and Miss Louise Claffey, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Ellen Dent, Mt. Washington, Ky.; Mr. Joseph Klein and Mr. William Notter, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Keyes, Chicago, Ill.; and Mr. J. C. Stenger, St. Leon, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!





THE MADONNA AND CHILD.
(Carlo Dolci.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVII.

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NO. 14.

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A Cable.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

THE master-mariner whose fragile bark
Slow rides at anchor off a rock-bound shore,
Uneasy hears the midnight tempest roar,
Nor fails its swift-increasing force to mark
As, madly plunging in the rayless dark,
The ship strains at her leash. Till winds give o'er,
Of scant avail is seaman's skill or lore:
The cable's strength affords Hope's only spark.

E'en so, when passion-tempests fierce assail
The soul, at anchor off sin's fatal coast,
Full oft she quivers 'neath the shrieking gale,
And strains, as if urged on by hell's full host:
Then rest, sweet Mother, all our hopes in thee,—
Our cable stout, thy Holy Rosary.

An Impressive Feature of a Grand Ceremonial.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.



IT has been our fortune to read innumerable journalistic descriptions of the coronations of Popes Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X. Not in one of these sometimes pretentious lucubrations have we ever met with a recital of one of the most impressive features of the grand ceremonial. Catholic, Protestant, and secular journals have vied in silence in regard to it. We allude to the *Laudes* which are chanted by the senior Cardinal Deacon on this momentous occasion. In a recent issue

of the *Civiltà Cattolica* there is given a most interesting and learned disquisition on these *Laudes*; and if the space allotted to us by Our Lady's Magazine permitted, we would translate the entire article for the benefit of our readers. A paraphrase must perforce content them, unless their knowledge of Italian encourages them to peruse the *Civiltà Cattolica* of August 15.

After the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the new Pontiff proceeds to his throne; then the senior Cardinal Deacon goes to the Tomb of the Apostles and chants (of course in Latin) the words: "Christ, hear us!" The assistants respond: "Long life to our lord, — [here the name of the new Pontiff is inserted], who has been appointed by God as Supreme Pontiff and Universal Pope!" Then follow three invocations to the "Saviour of the world," two to "Holy Mary," and one to each of the Saints Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, the Baptist, Peter, Paul, and Andrew. After each invocation the assistants chant: "Help him, thou!" That these *Laudes* were used centuries ago at every coronation of a Roman Pontiff is shown by the "Roman Ceremonial" which was published by Pope Gregory X. in 1274; and even by that work which Cencio Savelli (afterward Pope Honorius III.) wrote under the title of "Customs of the Roman Church" in 1192. In the "Pontifical Book," an authoritative work which was begun in the eighth century, we are told that on the occasion of the first visit of Charlemagne to the Eternal City, all the

school-children saluted him not only with the *Laudes* but with "all appropriate laudatory accompaniments." And when the grand Frank prostrated himself at the feet of the Pope at the main door of St. Peter's, all the Roman clergy sang: "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!" A few days afterward, during a solemn Mass, the Pontiff, says the "Pontifical Book," caused the following *Laudes* to be sung in honor of Charlemagne: "To the Omnipotent God and the said Charles, King of the Franks and Patrician of the Romans!"—"Long life and prosperity to the pious and august Charles, crowned by God as Emperor!"

The reader must remember that the *Laudes* were not mere acclamations such as are shouted by the multitude in honor of the great: these praises were really liturgical, as is shown by a manuscript preserved in the National Library of France. (*Cod. Lat.* 13159.) We should prefer to give the Latin text of this passage, because of its peculiar eloquence; but since many of our readers are not well versed in Latin, we must render it into our less expressive vernacular: "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands."—"Hear us, Christ! Long life to our Pontiff Leo III.!"—"Hear us, Christ! Long life to the pacific Charles, crowned by God as King of the Franks and of the Lombards, and as Patrician of the Romans!"—"Hear us, Christ! Victory to the army of the Franks!"—"May (Charles) have prosperity for many years!" Similar *Laudes* were chanted, according to circumstances, in nearly every cathedral during the Middle Age;* even now the Liturgy of the United Greeks prescribes such acclamations.†

We read in the "Pontifical Book" that in Constantinople the legate of Pope

Agatho (678-681), during one of the sessions of the Sixth General Council, while celebrating Mass in the Latin language, was greeted with the shouts of the congregation: "The subjects of the Emperor Constantine wish many years to the Orthodox Roman Pontiff Agatho!" These *Laudes* were always chanted at every solemn coronation of a Pope, even in the first eight centuries of the Christian era, as is shown by such passages of the "Pontifical Book" as: "They conducted the elect to the Lateran *cum vocibus adclamationum laudibus*."—"Cum laudibus they led the Pontiff to the Basilica of the Saviour."—"In ejus laude all took part." The persistence of this custom is indicated by the fact that when the enemies of Pope Stephen II. (752-757) intruded momentarily a certain monk named Philip into the Chair of Peter, it was, according to the "Pontifical Book," done *cum laudum vocibus*: "St. Peter has chosen Philip as Pope." In the Roman Ordo which is numbered as the Ninth, and which, together with the Seventh Ordo, is found among the manuscripts of the ninth century,* we read that at the Pontifical coronation, when the *Gloria* has been sung, the new Pope gives the *Pax*; and that then the customary *Laudes* are chanted not only by the singers of the Basilica but also by the provosts of all the *rioni* or districts of Rome,—an indication of the popular approval of a Papal election which was then in vogue. Then occurred a solemn procession, the Pontiff "seated on a white mule," and the people "chanted the *Laudes*," such as "Long life to our lord, Pope —, whom St. Peter has chosen to sit in his Chair for many years!"

It is worthy of note that among the chanters of these *Laudes* were all the "priestesses, deaconesses, and widows"

* See Martene: "De Antiquis Ecclesiæ Ritibus." Also the "Glossarium" of Ducange; article, *Laus*.

† See Cabrol: "Dictionnaire d'Archéologie Chrétienne"; article, "Acclamations." Paris, 1903.

* H. Grisar, S. J.: "Analecta Romana," 1899, p. 229.

who had just been blessed by his Holiness. But the position of these women should not be misunderstood. The deaconesses have not been seen in the Western Patriarchate since the twelfth century, nor in the Eastern since the thirteenth. It was their duty to assist women at the rite of baptism, which was then performed by immersion; to act as ushers in that part of a church which was then assigned to females; to visit the poor and sick of their own sex; and to strengthen the courage of women in times of persecution.* As for the "priestesses" and even "bishopesses" who are mentioned as having joined in the chant of the *Laudes*, they were the separated wives of men who had become priests, etc.; and Pope Soter (y. 175) specially terms them laics. They were bound to a life of continual prayer and mortification, and were excommunicated if they broke their vows.†

The antiquity of the *Laudes* is demonstrated by the Father of Ecclesiastical History, Eusebius. He tells us that at the election of Pope St. Fabian (238-250), the people, in a transport of joy, shouted: "He is worthy!" It is certain, however, that similar *Laudes* were either chanted or shouted in the early centuries of our era at every episcopal election which gratified the people. We cite the election of the successor of St. Augustine,—an election procured by the great Doctor himself when he found that the infirmities of age were interfering with his duties to his flock.‡ Having summoned all his clergy and the principal laity to his cathedral, the holy Bishop of Hippo concluded an explanatory discourse with these words: "Since it often happens

that the death of a bishop is followed by factious troubles, I wish to prevent such evils in this diocese; therefore I now declare my will, which I believe to be the will of God—I wish the priest, Heraclius, here present, to be my successor." Then the entire congregation shouted, "We thank thee for thy decision!" sixteen times; and, "Be it so!" twelve times. The ceremony concluded with the chant, by both clergy and people, repeated thirteen times, "*Deo gratias! Christo laudes!*" "*Exaudi, Christe! Augustino vita! Te patrem, te episcopum!*" chanted eight times; "*Heraclium episcopum!*" sung eight times.

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

III.

ON returning from their wedding journey, the young couple were installed in the fine apartments which Madame Belfroy had prepared for them in the interim. It was all in vain that some of her sincere friends, including the Doctor, who had noted the maladdress of her son-in-law, represented to that good lady how much better it would be to let the newly-married pair go to housekeeping for themselves. While they did not dare even to suggest that M. Daulnay was not the most amiable of men, they put it on the general desirability of such a course; instancing events that had happened in her own cognizance which would indicate that an opposite plan would be for the peace and goodwill of all concerned. She was deaf to all their advice, being one of those persons who, gifted with a certain superficial intelligence, mistake it for unusual judgment, and who can say with sublime sincerity and satisfaction: "Oh, yes, such things may have happened *there*, but with us it will be altogether different!

* Assemani: "Bibliotheca Orientalis," vol. vi, ch. 13.—Balsamon: "On the Canon II. of the Council of Laodicea."

† Second Council of Tours, held in 567.

‡ See the "Letters of St. Augustine" in Migne's "Latin Patrology," xxxiii, 966.

I am a woman who knows how to manage."

True, she had not forgotten the incidents of the wedding morning, and the memory was one which was not pleasant to recall; but, charitably ascribing it to the hurry of departure, she did not anticipate any recurrence of those few disagreeable moments. To live in the same atmosphere with her adored and amiable Louise would be sufficient to smooth and calm the most fractious temperament. No one could love her daughter—and surely the husband who had chosen her must love her almost to adoration—and not imbibe the peaceful atmosphere which surrounded her.

Louise was very quiet from the first; but, in the joy of seeing her again, her mother, who was not an observant woman, did not notice any change. All went well for three days, but on the fourth the waters were troubled. A slight circumstance was the cause.

"You are not very punctual, my son," said Madame Belfroy, as M. Daulnay made his appearance in the drawing-room just as the clock was striking seven. "We dine at half-past six, and Clemence does not like to have her nice dinner spoiled."

She spoke with some slight irritation.

"I return when I can, Madame," retorted Daulnay. "When it is convenient for me to be here at half-past six, I shall be on time; when it is not, you must not expect me."

"But it disarranges the household," continued the mother-in-law, not having the tact to be silent. "We are used to very regular hours."

"Yes, I do not doubt it," replied Daulnay. "Where there are only two women that is natural. But when there is a master, it is he who regulates or not, as he chooses."

Madame Belfroy stared. Did he presume, then—this newcomer, this stranger whose very name she had not known a year ago,—to call himself the "master"

in her house? It was incredible. With eyes flashing she was about to answer, when Louise, who had been seated near the window reading by the fading light, put up her hands imploringly.

"Mamma, I beseech you do not say anything!" she cried.

"And you, Louise, keep silence also!" interrupted her husband, who was glad of the opportunity he had desired and foreseen of putting his mother-in-law "in her place." "I can regulate my own affairs, and I intend to do so without assistance from either your mother or yourself. Now, dear Madame," turning to the elder lady, who could hardly believe her ears, "we can only live harmoniously provided I am allowed entire liberty as regards my actions, my hours—my coming and going. It is as well to have this understanding at once. When I married I promised to be a good husband: I intend to keep my promise; but I did not engage to return home at any particular hour for dinner or supper. I shall, as a rule, be on hand when the meals are served; but if I should now and then be detained by business or even pleasure, I do not expect to be greeted with reproaches. And, furthermore, I do not intend to listen to them."

Having thus delivered himself, M. Daulnay took his hat and left the room and the house, closing the door with a loud slam. The maid had already placed dinner on the table, and now announced that it was ready.

"Shall we wait, mamma?" asked Louise, timidly.

"No, certainly not," was the reply. "Your husband has deliberately gone elsewhere, in order to let me know that he sets the rule of the house at defiance. We will eat our dinner as though nothing had happened. My poor Louise!" she added, putting her arm about her daughter's shoulder. "I fear you have found a tyrant instead of a protector and companion; and I fear also that you are already aware of it."

Louise made no reply. Gently pressing her mother's hand, she followed her to the dining-room.

"M. Daulnay has been hurriedly called away," Madame Belfroy said to the maid who waited at table. "He may not return until late."

"Shall I have his dinner kept warm?" inquired the maid.

"No, Lizette. It is likely he will be detained, and dine at a restaurant."

They ate in silence. Madame Belfroy was both grieved and angry. From time to time a sob of discouragement arose in the throat of the newly-made wife, who from the first had seen the end which was inevitably approaching; though it came sooner than she had anticipated.

As the meal progressed, the anger of Madame Belfroy mastered her grief.

"Louise," she said at length, after the maid had arranged the dessert and retired, "tell me frankly whether you ever saw anything more brutal than Jean's conduct this evening?"

The wife hesitated. She had been educated on old-fashioned lines, which told her that loyalty to her husband came first, even before that due the mother whom she now felt she loved incomparably better, even though her action that evening had been hasty and injudicious.

"Jean is very quick-tempered and impatient of any restraint," she replied evasively. "Perhaps all men are like that, mamma. I do not know, as until now we have always lived by ourselves—you and I."

"They are far from being all like that," said her mother. "Your father was a very patient man; and he was a punctual man. He wanted a good dinner and he wanted it on time. The best of them think first of creature comforts, and I learned to know that early in my married life. Where, I ask, could your husband be better lodged, better fed than under my roof? More I ask also; do you

think he was ever so well taken care of before? Never, you must acknowledge that; he should appreciate it, but he does not. He is not a gentleman, Louise."

"He is very hasty," the young woman answered. "But perhaps you were a little too quick, mamma. You know it was the first time he had been late."

"One must always take such things in time," said Madame Belfroy, drumming with her fingers on the table. "I am sorry to see, Louise, that you do not sympathize with your mother."

"Mamma, I do,—you must know that I do. I am very unhappy about it all. But what can I do?"

"You are too weak," said her mother. "He has you under his thumb: you are afraid of him. Unless you change your tactics, he will be a dreadful tyrant. I advise you to begin a new line of conduct from this very day."

"O mamma, do not talk so!" said Louise. "You know it is not my nature to be obstinate. I must take things as they are."

"Louise," cried Madame Belfroy, as she gazed on the face of her daughter, masked with a placidity which she took for indifference, "you are a cold creature! You love me no longer,—I can see that. You will not even admit that your husband—the husband of a month—has been rude to the mother who has adored you for twenty years. You do not love me any longer, Louise!"

"O mamma, how can you say that?" asked Louise, now on the verge of tears.

"I know it,—I have seen it,—I have felt it. You seldom caress me any more, especially when your husband is present."

Louise tried to keep back the tears. Her mother's complaint recalled an unpleasant incident which had occurred the day after their return. She had thrown her arm about her mother's neck and pressed her cheek close to her own,—a habit she had long cherished. It was as natural to her as to breathe.

When she and her husband were alone together that evening he had said:

"Louise, I have observed a very silly habit of yours. I wish you would get over it."

"What is it?" she inquired in surprise.

"You clutch at your mother's head as though you were afraid she was going to lose it; and you squeeze her face up to yours. It is such a childish thing for a married woman to do! Caresses in public are odious."

"It seems to me a harmless thing to do, Jean. Mamma loves me and I love her: it is natural for me to caress her."

"I am to be the judge of that," he replied angrily. "Respect my wishes in future. I decline to see you make a laughing-stock of yourself."

Since that day she had been careful, and the restraint under which she suffered had had its effect. Her mother had observed it, and attributed the absence of her usual demonstrative little actions to a loss of affection on her part. Her loving heart was full to bursting. Leaving her seat at the table, she ran to her mother's side, threw her arms around her and pressed her convulsively to her bosom.

"O mamma," she cried, "never say that I do not love you! Never say it! I love you better—a thousand times better—than I did a year ago."

Half laughing, half crying, the two women wept in each other's arms. At last Madame Belfroy disengaged herself and said:

"I have a sudden thought, Louise. I believe you are afraid to show your affection when your husband is here. I believe he is jealous."

Louise smiled faintly. What her mother thought was undoubtedly true, but it was a peculiar kind of jealousy. Undemonstrative himself, he was yet possessed of a certain mean kind of reluctance that his wife, who belonged to him, should lavish her affection on any other creature; though it was really imma-

terial to him that she did not bestow it on him who was literally her lord and master.

"I think you are right, mamma," said Louise, after a pause. "He has peculiar ideas about things. He may be jealous. I never offend you by my conduct toward him, do I?"

"No: you are very properly behaved, I must confess," said her mother. "But how you could have the desire of being demonstrative to such a husband I fail to comprehend," she added, with her usual want of tact. "And I am not going to deny that I am a jealous person—a very jealous person, Louise."

"Oh, I know it, mamma,—I know it well!" rejoined her daughter. "But if you do not promise me to change in that regard, it will make me very unhappy."

"I will try, my child," said the widow, wiping her eyes. "But Jean is dreadful. To think that I should have to be jealous of him!"

Her tone was contemptuous.

"Mamma," said Louise, "there is one thing I want you to consider. Try to be patient with Jean. You know he is very impulsive; if you and he should not get on together, at any time he could take me away."

"Take you away!" cried Madame Belfroy, indignantly. "He would not dare."

"But he has the right to do it," said Louise. "And we must not be separated, if we can help it,—you and I."

"We *shall* not be. Let him try it,—let him only try it!"

"I should have to go, mamma. He is my husband."

"Oh, what dreadful possibilities you suggest, Louise! But no, it could never happen. He could not support you on his salary as you have been accustomed to live; and on his own side he would never forego the comforts and luxuries he enjoys here. Oh, no, Louise my darling, he would never take you away!"

"Well, perhaps not," said the young

wife. "But I have suggested the possibility in order that we may both be patient and forbearing, and act so that there will be no excuse for that. We will not anger him any more than we can help. We have lived so long without a man in the house that we have forgotten they must all be humored."

She had not forgotten the Doctor's advice, though when he had given it she had resented it; and she had endeavored to act upon it.

Madame Belfroy shook her head sadly. Louise fixed her eyes upon her mother's face: she had become older since her marriage; there were lines about her mouth that had not been there before.

"Alas!" said the poor girl to herself, "it is a sad thing to be a mother."

(To be continued.)

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain.

IT was one of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin in autumn, and the solemn hour of Benediction. The workhouse chapel was neatly decorated. Two very handsome shumac trees stood shading the statue of Our Lady. Lights and flowers were at the feet, and the mild and meek statue of the Maiden of all times and countries looked surpassingly beautiful. The principal altar was one mass of lights and flowers. To the left of the altar stood the stately figure of St. Joseph. At either side, in their little stalls, were the quiet nuns. To the observer from behind, their black drapery seemed but a setting to the dark-colored stalls, until a slight stir showed there was life beneath that motionless black.

Away down the chapel were the poor—God's poor,—all on their knees, some erect, some bent with age or weakness. Little children gathered about the altar; behind them the red shawls of the bigger girls or women; on the other side the grey frieze of the adult boys

or men; young heads and old grey heads, and heads that were neither young nor old. Many of these had seen brighter days, and little dreamed "once upon a time" that the workhouse would have been their end. Down the long aisle they knelt, beating their breasts, with the recollection perhaps of a foolish past giving zest to their sorrow. With some it was their own fault; with others, it was the fault of their parents or their husbands, or the stress of times, or the failure of business. But there is a Father that looks down upon all; and here is His Siloe, here is the Ark of His Testament resting. Here will He speak to His people: "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." With some such thoughts in mind, the workhouse chaplain, after returning from Benediction, began his new diary.

FIRST WEEK.

Sunday.—What a comfort religion is to these poor people! Take religion away, and what barrier have you between the remorseful gnawing of the soul and the swift logical conclusion that the most ignorant-minded will argue to itself with the same certainty and accuracy as the learned professor in the school,—the logical conclusion of one's own destruction, when all hopes are gone and all sympathy denied? Nature, and the self-preservation taught by nature, are strong in the human breast; and the sense of fear for those who believe in the world to come is minatory. But, oh, how far this negative principle lags behind the beautiful, positive, generous and salutary consolations of religion!

Place before the poor but a few years more of monotonous poverty, humiliation, and imprisonment; straw beds at night, stone walls by day; a crust of bread or a mug of milk; a curse, a push, a threat; a frieze jacket, heavy brogues, and a union-marked shirt; on all sides the emblems of a pauper's worthlessness and degradation; add to

these a common deal coffin, dragged out to the charnel house that is called the "dead room," and lowered down into a few feet of earth, and you at once dethrone humanity from its lofty position in creation,—nay, debase it below the level of the animal world. For it is soothing to wander over green fields without let or hindrance, to bask in the sunshine or sleep in the shade, and at last to stretch the wearied limbs on that mother's breast—that mother that has been a mother: kindly Earth,—and, with the wide skies above, to render up life to Him who gave it.

On the other hand, introduce religion into the home of the sick, the poor, and the unfortunate. Tell them of One—their Leader—who, worse off than themselves, had not a pillow whereon to lay His head; tell them that He was covered with bruises and wounds; that He had a hard deathbed; and that, though there was none to smooth that bed or to pour oil on those painful wounds, He suffered patiently for our sakes. Tell them He was hanged up between two murderers, as if He were the worst of criminals, and then was laid in a grave that charity had provided. His gaping body reposed therein for a day or two or three, and then—lo! a transformation! He burst His prison-house, leading captivity captive; and, bearing His spoils on His shoulders, ascended on high, and by His birthright and by His labors claimed and obtained a throne in heaven beside the God of Majesty, where He has a home and a throne for each one of us, and where He promises by His oath to give that throne, that glory, that happiness to those who like Him are poor and who suffer here below. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!"

Benediction! That same God has just blessed His poor,—that same God that reigns in the heavens and promises unseen and unheard-of things to those that love Him....

No calls. I went through the wards. Good news! The poor girl who intimated that she could not make her confession because she was unable to speak, who we all thought was dying, and for whom there was no hope, has miraculously recovered. She is actually beyond danger now. It is one of the most wonderful recoveries that have ever come under my notice. In a few days, when she grows stronger, I must ask her whether she understood us when we were talking of her as if she were dying, and believed her to be wandering and unconscious.

More good news! I have seen the poor girl in the fever hospital,—the frail-looking girl with the delicate face and the fair hair,—she who the doctor feared was showing signs of incipient consumption. She is all but quite recovered, and to the nonprofessional eye does not appear to labor under any symptom of that insidious disease. But time will tell.

In the evening no confessions and no sick calls.

Monday.—In the morning said Mass. At midday, no sick calls; two baptisms,—both legitimate. "Legitimate," unhappily, is not always the word here. It is in here, of course, that poor girls come who (to use the charitable phrase of the country people) have "made a mistake" in the world outside. In the lying-in hospitals of the city such persons would not be taken, and wisely perhaps. The lying-in hospitals in the city are meant for honest tradesmen's wives and poor people who, though not rich, are respectable and "touchy"; and these certainly would not congregate with "an erring sister." The city hospital would in that event be avoided, and thus lose its grand and charitable usefulness—a gratis maternity-house for the poor.

From the room where I write I hear a Babel. It is the women of the idiotic portion of the house. One is shouting a

popular ditty with a loud, coarse voice; another is shrieking sharp and angrily; a strange laugh rings out from a third; while a medley of voices, all buzzing together, forms a sort of recitative chorus to the execution on the higher keys. One day I shall probably have to go through it, and until then let me bid the poor unhappy wretches a pitiable good-bye. God help them! Theirs is indeed an unenviable lot.

Having some leisure, I visited the schools. The girls are under the charge of the nuns, thank God! Before I came here I had some knowledge of what poorhouse children are. I can not say whether or not those I met with outside in the world, in my professional capacity, could be accounted specimens; if so, this workhouse, unsavored by the holy influence of the nuns, must have been a sad place for children. Those I saw were not only vicious themselves, but were tainting and destroying everything within reach of them. From all I have been able to glean, I believe that the real degradation of such places would not bear description. So thoroughly do the heads of other institutions realize this fact that industrial and kindred establishments will move heaven and earth rather than permit among their young folk a child from a workhouse where nuns are not in charge of the schools.

The number of children in the female schools ranges between one hundred and sixty and two hundred. They are divided according to the "national" (?) system into sections and classes. The schools are large, airy and clean; and the children looked neat, well-dressed and cheery. There was no trace, either in their features or in their dress, of that detested regimental system so common and so hateful in public institutions.

Children love pretty colors and take pleasure in them. I would make a premium out of that feeling, or failing. The girl that is good should have a choice of her dress, as well as her green

or red ribbon and medal; it would be her greatest pride to be seen in it, as it would certainly be her greatest punishment and affliction to be deprived of it and put in the uniform garb of the place, did she transgress or misconduct herself. These children were not dressed in that cut-and-dry uniform; and being taught good manners and innocence of heart, and being induced by kindness and affection to show confidence toward their teachers, they seemed to me not poorhouse children, with paupers' clothes and crushed and crouching hearts, but bright, lively, merry-hearted little things, that had come that morning from their fathers' home and their mothers' kiss, and were to return to them again as soon as school was over.

The Sisters are very happy in the midst of their work. They love the children, and the children love them. The Sisters see that a long life is before each one of these children, and a longer eternity. They know all the shipwrecks that take place in life; and if the children's mothers were to come out of their graves and implore the pious teachers, they would scarcely get them to add one jot more or further to strain one nerve; for all that is possible for women's head or heart or hands the nuns do for these little ones, who, as well as happier children, are the purchased lambs of Jesus Christ.

And the little mites repay this devotion. Even the child that at school may not be the best conducted will, in its own hour of thoughtfulness, "scruple" not only a rude or impudent word, but even a look that was wanting in respect; and many times (in imagination) will kiss the habit that in its moment of "humor" it had disrespected. And years and years afterward, when time and the cares of the world will have sobered down the heat of youthful blood, it will think over the kind word that had been spoken to

it by some dear nun in its early days.

There is one thing the Sisters complain of with regard to the schools. The children whose parents are living may be taken out at any time. A mother is sick, a father is in jail: the children are put into the workhouse. The mother recovers or the father returns, and then the children are led back into that society that had so tainted them already. They had been taught while with the nuns to avoid harsh or unbecoming words; but back in their old home, they may hear coarse, even profane language at every turn. They had been taught to avoid obscene language, but here is language that might make a statue blush. They had been taught to be modest and decent, and they wander into lanes and houses where everything is calculated to wound decency. They were neat and clean, but are now surrounded with dirt and squalor. And yet the law is there; and should we even succeed in getting it changed, it may cut in another way just as fatally.

In the evening a Sister came to me and said:

"Father, there is a poor man in Ward No. 6 whom I have been urging to go to confession. He says he will be able to get up and dress to-morrow, and that he will then go down to the chapel. But he will not be able,—indeed, if he is ever able, it will be a miracle. He says he was to confession a fortnight ago, but I am tempted to doubt his words. And the danger is he may die,—not to-night, I trust; but it would be well to anoint him to-morrow."

"Very well, Sister. I will go and do my best."

"I'll say a prayer for you, Father," she replied, as I moved on to see him.

Tuesday.—Said Mass this morning. No sick calls. After breakfast four old people—two men and two women—for Holy Viaticum. The principal work on Tuesday in this hospital is to hear the

confessions of bedridden people, who are not ill enough to be anointed but who are unable to go to the chapel.

After getting through these—and, by the bye, they were very few to-day,—I turned in to the hospital library. When one reflects on the position of the poor people on their beds, lying there unoccupied the whole day, one can judge what a boon it must be to them to have a book to read. St. Ignatius, methinks, ought to be the chosen patron of hospital libraries. It was while he was laid up with a wound in his leg, still full of dreams of ambition and fame—and of softer dreams, too,—that he turned to read the Lives of the Saints, was converted from the vanity of his ways, and there, on his bed, laid the foundation of that after-sanctity which has so characterized him among the canonized children of the Church.

It is pleasant to see the poor patient half nestled beneath the clothes with a book in hand. These books, though they be not medicine or bandages or blisters, have much to do with the recovery of the patient. They are nurses: they dress the bed twenty times a day; they are narcotics, chloroform, sleeping drops; they are soothing liniments, balsam, oil and wine. A hundred times a day they fan that panting sore, they cool that smarting wound, they kill or deaden that constant pain.

And not alone over the aches and ills of the body, but over the afflictions of the mind—those wandering knights of horror—they also cast their spell. They shut out the hospital and its file of beds, and with singular magic bring before the eye green fields and sunny tracts; they sweep away from memory the haunting recollections that, like cobwebs in a deserted room, hang around the wreck of the past. They lead the heart, with its native nobility, tenderness, sympathy and bravery, to where the forlorn lies outcast, where the brave lies wounded, where the

generous lies forgotten, and the affectionate unremembered and unrequited. They bring into being another world, as far beyond this world of ours as the sunny field or the evening cottage fireside is beyond the cheerless hospital ward,—a world that is not earth, because it is too good; and that is not heaven, because unreal. Well might Tom Davis write of the magic power of those twenty-six little letters, that no magician's wand could equal.

Moral.—Give books to the library: the old books that interested you and that you no longer need:

Wednesday.—This morning immediately after Mass I went to give Holy Communion to the bedridden people, whose confessions had been heard yesterday. After breakfast my first call was to the fever hospital. There was a young married woman, with her little stepsister and stepbrother, down with the fever. The woman seemed to be the worst of the three, yet not so bad as to be anointed. The Sister in charge, however, desired to have her confession heard, lest unconsciousness should set in during the course of the disease; and the poor young woman herself, with fine Catholic instinct, and an innocent soul beaming through her mild face, desired it also.

A Protestant doctor, during my time on the mission, impressed me very much with his anxiety to have his patients go to confession. "Until their mind is at peace," he would say, "there is little use in our administering medicine." He looked at the matter, of course, from a professional point of view: the recovery of his patient and his own reputation; and even so it is not without its usefulness. But it has a higher and a nobler end: the recovery of a soul from a state of disease—sometimes bordering on death itself—to a state of life and blessedness. Moreover, with regard to Extreme Unction, it is laid down by the Church that one of the effects of the Sacrament

is to restore health to the sick, and that not by way of miracle, but by the efficacy attached to it by our Blessed Lord when instituting it.

There is scarcely a priest on the mission but could give numerous instances of recoveries that could be attributed to nothing else than to the efficacy of Extreme Unction. The latest case in my own recollection was a little boy who was suffering from a gastric attack. The doctors had pronounced his case hopeless. He was writhing with pain; beads of perspiration stood on his face from weakness and agony. He had not yet made his First Communion and had never been to confession; for he was only about seven years old. He was an only child. The parents were not rich, but the poor love their children as tenderly and devotedly as do the wealthy. He was a good-looking boy: his complexion was fair and delicate, and the sickness gave a tinge as of rose to the cheek and a brightness to the eye. He was a mild, uncomplaining little fellow, contrary to what one would expect from the petting usually bestowed on an only child. "O ma! O ma!" was all he would say, as he looked up to his mother with eyes and face expressive of intense suffering.

As I entered the bedroom the mother knelt at the door, and, with her hands flung out, cried: "The doctors have given over my poor child, but my trust is in God. God will save him!" I found the boy well instructed; and when about to anoint him, I told the mother and the child of the effect of the Sacrament, and suggested a few words of prayer, giving shape to their aspirations. On returning next day I trembled to meet the mother, because if the child had died she would have lost her senses; and yet, from his dangerous condition, I could scarcely expect anything else. I met her—there was a wildness about her: it was a frenzy of gladness. "Glory be to God, from that time yesterday

everything has remained on his stomach! He hasn't vomited once since; and he has slept well too. Thanks be to the good God, my poor child is left to me!" And, in fact, from that day forward the boy improved steadily.

After hearing the confession of the woman in the fever hospital, I turned to her little stepsister, who was in a bed in the same ward and almost opposite to her. She seemed to have a very light attack. These two were the only beds in the ward. I saw my former patient—the delicate girl with the fair hair. She told me she would be leaving the next day. Somehow, I did not think she looked well: there was something in the compressed lips and in the expression of the features that certainly did not indicate robust health. But—a long and a happy life to her, poor girl! In the men's ward of the fever hospital was the little stepbrother, a fine, stout lad, now sound asleep. In the general hospital were four old men and three old women to receive Holy Viaticum.

This is very sultry weather, and there are not many sick at present. The fever hospital is hardly ever empty; the wards for those suffering from asthma and delicate chests are almost deserted. But the accident wards—for patients with broken limbs,—the wards for cancer, sore eyes, and for incurables are—alas for poor humanity!—just as full and as pitiable as ever.

(To be continued.)

A Mourner.

BY MARION MUIR.

THE rush of the contest is brief,
But rest for the striver is long;
Then stilled be the tempest of grief,
And silent the wailing death-song.

Life's thread a moment may sever,
Its ways are all shadowed with fears;
Mourn for its weary endeavor,
But not for the end of its tears.

A Freak of Fortune.*

I.

TWILIGHT was descending over the pretty little city of Haarlem. It was an evening in early spring; the scent of tulips and hyacinths perfumed the air. It seemed that only happiness should exist in so calm and lovely an atmosphere as that of this charming, quaint old town. But the heart of man is not always in accord with that of nature. Sin, sorrow, poverty walk side by side in the fairest pathways; humanity, born to suffer, finds but little alleviation for its trouble in ministration of sight and sense when all within is anxiety and discouragement.

In a quiet street, lined on either side by large, imposing-looking dwellings, lived the wealthy banker Bartens. A broad hallway between his two buildings led to the staircase, carved and antique, leading to the upper stories where his family lived. To the outward view, the groundfloor of both of these buildings was exactly similar to the other residences on the square; but within all was different. One side was given up to the business of banking; the other, a genteel pawn-shop, hid many pitiful secrets behind its massive doors.

Everybody knew Bartens for a just man. If some called him "hard," it was but the natural expression of those of whom he had exacted his dues, or to whom he refused to return their trinkets or heirlooms until he had received his equivalent in money loaned, at the most moderate rates ever exacted by pawnbrokers.

In front of this portion of the Bartens house stood, on this delightful spring evening, a man about thirty-five years

* This story, true in every detail, was related to me by the grandson of the man whose native and incorruptible honesty brought him the good fortune which has remained with his family for three generations.

of age. He was handsome and refined in appearance; his clothes, though shiny from wear, displayed a certain elegance which spoke of better days. He glanced cautiously around him, as might one guilty of some crime and fearful of detection. It had been his first visit to the *mont de piété*, and he carried in his hand a small sum of money, to obtain the loan of which he had just left a pearl ring on the counter within.

As he was about to pass on, another man, perhaps a few years older than himself, quickly turned the corner of the street, and paused irresolutely in front of the bank building. He looked prosperous, was very well dressed, and carried under his arm a long slim package wrapped in paper, carefully tied and sealed. He seemed uncertain what to do next; a perpendicular frown appeared between his brows; he gazed somewhat furtively about him, till his glance rested on the figure of the man who had just issued from the pawn-shop. His quick eye at once read the honest face and clear, truthful eyes of the stranger.

"My good fellow," he began, "will you do me a favor?"

The face of the man before him flushed slightly. He had not been accustomed to being addressed in this manner. But his was a meek soul; and he realized that not only the frayed seams of his coat but his presence on the threshold of the pawn-shop had fixed his status in the mind of the well-dressed stranger.

"With the greatest pleasure," he said politely, in a cultivated musical voice, which further prepossessed the man who addressed him.

"It is a slight favor—in one respect," the stranger continued; "and yet, if you could realize it, my friend, I am paying you a very high compliment in asking you to oblige me. It is to deliver this packet into the hands of Mr. William Bartens, the head of the firm. Will you do this?"

"Excuse me, but why not deliver it

yourself? I presume Mr. Bartens is in his office at this moment, as banking hours are over, and he usually remains there until dinner-time."

"Reasons which I can not explain make it absolutely impossible that I should deliver the package in person."

"Very well; then I will give it to him," replied the obliging and incurious patron of the *mont de piété*.

"Once more, it must be delivered into the hands of Mr. Bartens."

"But if he should not be there?"

"Oblige me by inquiring, will you? I had not thought of that."

The other turned back to the pawn-shop, from which he issued presently to say:

"He is at home—in his office, as I thought."

"Very well. Here is the package," rejoined the stranger, transferring it to the hand of his companion; at the same time pressing upon him a gold piece, which the man made an effort to refuse.

"No, no, my friend," said the whilom owner of the package. "You do not look as though the world had used you very well. If I mistake not, you had just been paying a visit to the pawn-shop when I caught sight of you. Have no false pride. You are performing a weightier service than you know, and should be paid for your trouble."

Still the man shook his head as he answered:

"It is nothing, sir. I do not wish to be paid for it."

"You may have children, then? Ah, I see that you have! Take the piece of gold to buy them some trifles, or put it in their savings bank."

Thus exhorted, the man who had known misfortune swallowed his pride, and, looking frankly into the eyes of his prosperous fellow-creature, said:

"Thank you! You are right. I will take the money. I do not deny it is needed in my household."

With a gesture of kindly sympathy,

the stranger once more laid the gold in the hand of his messenger, and departed as suddenly as he had appeared. Before the other man could open the door he had vanished round the corner of the street.

Joris Hupsmans entered the office and asked to see the proprietor.

"He is not here," answered the clerk. "He never comes here. You will find him on the other side of the building, in his private room. If you like, I will take you around by the back way: it will save your going into the street again."

"Thank you!" said Hupsmans, following the good-natured clerk through a long dark corridor, at the end of which a glass door opened into the private office of Mr. Bartens. There the clerk left him; telling him to knock loudly, as the banker was a little deaf.

Joris knocked twice before receiving a response.

"Come in!" said a voice at length.

As he entered the banker turned from his desk.

"Who is it? What is your business?" he inquired.

"I have been requested to give you this package."

"Who requested you to do so?"

"I do not know."

"What!—you do not know?"

"I was standing on the pavement in front of the bank when a stranger approached me, carrying this package. He begged me to give it into your own hands, and I promised him to do so. I know nothing more, sir."

At this moment a shadow fell across the window; and Hupsmans, glancing out, saw that the stranger was standing close to it. Being a prudent man, he refrained from the observation which rose to his lips. As the package passed from his hand to that of the banker, the stranger disappeared.

The banker turned the packet over several times, scanning it carefully for any marks by which he might identify

the sender. Failing to find these, he returned it to the man before him, saying, with a smile which beautified his otherwise stern countenance:

"I see no reason to doubt what you have told me, and I am almost certain the package is harmless: there can hardly be any explosives concealed in it. At the same time I must refuse to take it, as I have made it a rule never to accept anything which comes to me anonymously. You have now only to return the package to the man who gave it to you."

"But I do not know where to find him, sir."

"With that I have nothing to do," answered the banker, making a motion as though to resume his writing. "I must say that you did rather a foolish thing in taking it from one who was an entire stranger to you. There is something unusual, to say the least, in his having made use of you for this purpose, when he could as easily have stepped in with it himself. You both took your own risks. I have no more to say."

Feeling himself dismissed, Hupsmans bowed and left the room. When he reached the street, he made the turn of the square several times, hoping to find the stranger, but without success. Night had now begun to fall; the street lamps were being lighted, and laborers hurried home to their evening meal.

"Marie and the children will be wondering what has become of me," said the poor man to himself as he hastily turned homeward.

After threading a number of streets, he arrived at the poorer quarter of the town, entered a shabby-looking tenement, and mounted the stairs, two at a time, till he reached a poor lodging under the mansard roof.

(Conclusion next week.)

SIN maketh nations miserable.

—Prov., xiv, 34.

The Career and Personality of the New Pope.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

SELDOM has the attention of the Christian world been riveted upon the Eternal City as it was during the summer months just passed. While Pope Leo XIII. lay at death's door, the thoughts of Catholics centred upon the great Pontiff; even those who did not acknowledge his spiritual supremacy were full of admiration for the self-possession, the resignation and devotion with which Christ's Vicar upon earth prepared to meet his God. To the last the frail old man, on whose shoulders rested so heavy a burden, was fully alive to the responsibilities of his office, and in all his words and deeds there was an impressive blending of the humility of the dying Christian with the dignity of the ruler of God's Church.

Then when the end had come, after the funeral rites had been paid to the dead Pontiff, the election of his successor became, throughout the world, the leading question, the supreme interest of the day. With the solemn forms and customs that from time immemorial have been observed in the Church, the Cardinals assembled to fulfil the duty that falls to them on such occasions. Throughout the universe men followed their secret deliberations from afar with the same interest as the Roman people who, day after day, assembled on the great square before St. Peter's.

Many prophecies, as was altogether natural, were widely circulated, and the "rival claims" of the best-known candidates were eagerly discussed by their respective admirers. The names of Cardinals Gotti, Rampolla, Vannutelli were on the lips of many as being the most important candidates to the vacant throne. But once more in the history of the Church God's Providence

brought about unexpected results. On the 4th of August, the feast of St. Dominic, it was announced that the new Pontiff was Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice,—a man comparatively unknown, whose name had hardly been mentioned in connection with the succession of Pope Leo XIII.

The news created at first a feeling of surprise. Human calculations were at fault and human predictions had proved vain! To many minds, however, this in itself seemed to point to a more direct intervention of the Holy Spirit, whose guidance had been so earnestly prayed for by the assembled Cardinals as well as by the Universal Church. The new Pontiff appeared in a special manner the elect of God. Even Protestant papers, when recording the crowning result of the election, enlarged upon the dignity, disinterestedness and conscientiousness with which the Cardinals performed their solemn mission. One of them stated its "firm conviction, based upon a very close and careful observation of recent proceedings, that the conduct of the members of the Sacred College before, during and after the Conclave was, without any exception, absolutely in accordance with their high office, grave responsibilities, and the dictates of the most religious conscience."

Only the hero of the hour showed genuine and uncontrolled confusion and sorrow. From the moment when it became clear to him that the dread weight of the triple crown was slowly but surely drawing near, Cardinal Sarto's distress was painful to witness. In vain he besought his colleagues to choose one more able and more worthy: the Cardinals remained firm in their resolve; and at last they prevailed upon him to accept the burden that God, by their means, had laid upon his shoulders. The benevolent countenance of the new Pontiff has now become a familiar object throughout the Catholic world. Of his moral personality less is known; but

from his past history and also from the testimony of those who were acquainted with him at Venice sufficient details may be gathered to form a tolerably complete picture.

Like St. Peter, Christ's first Vicar upon earth, the new Pope is of humble birth. His father and mother were peasants, and he came into the world on the 2d of June, 1835, in a small house that is still standing at Rieti, between Vicenza and Treviso. He is one of a large family. His sisters are married, respectively, to a sacristan, an innkeeper, and a tailor. Two of them who remained unmarried followed him to Venice, where they continued to wear their national dress, and on their heads a veil such as is worn by women of the people. Those who had the privilege of visiting Cardinal Sarto noticed that in his private sitting-room were always well to the front the portraits of his father and mother in peasant costume. He neither boasted nor was ashamed of his lowly birth, nor did he ever wish to move his family from the social position where it had been placed by God.

Rieti was a small town of about five thousand inhabitants, and Giuseppe's parents were able to give him only the teaching of the children of the poor. But the little lad's quick intelligence attracted the notice of the parish priest of Rieti, the Abbate Tito Tosarni, through whose exertions he was sent to a day-school in the neighboring town of Castel-Franco. In order to save expense, the boy continued to live at home; every morning he walked from Rieti to Castel-Franco—a distance of several miles,—carrying on his arm a basket containing his midday meal.

Giuseppe Sarto's industry and brightness continued to win the sympathy of those with whom he came in contact. He was able to complete his education and to pursue his studies for the priesthood, owing to the kindness of Mgr. Farina, Bishop of Treviso, and of

Cardinal Monaco, Patriarch of Venice, himself a native of Rieti. These worthy prelates realized the fact that by enabling the boy to become a good priest, they were giving the Church an able and devoted servant; but they little thought that they were helping to prepare a future Pope.

At the Seminary of Padua young Sarto was considered a first-rate pupil. In the year 1858 he was ordained priest, and almost immediately was sent by the Bishop of Mantua as assistant priest to Tombola, a small town of two thousand five hundred souls, where the parish priest, Abbate Constantini, proved a kind friend and adviser to his young colleague.

Giuseppe Sarto was in those early days what he has proved himself ever since—an exemplary priest. He was zealous, devout, entirely absorbed in his parochial duties. But he was young and, according to one who knows him well, somewhat uncompromising in his methods. Once, for instance, he was passing in the street when a discussion arose between some young men in whose Christian training he had taken particular interest. One of them, in the heat of the quarrel, uttered a blasphemous exclamation, whereupon Abbate Sarto rushed forward and gave the offender a sound box on the ears. He was, nevertheless, much beloved; his absolute devotion to his flock and his warm sympathy with their joys and sorrows won all hearts.

In 1867, at the age of thirty-two, he was sent as parish priest to Salzano, a large village near Treviso. For the first time he had the sole responsibility of a parish; and in his opening discourse he promised his people that he would henceforth belong to them entirely, making each one of them the object of his life and work; striving, at whatever cost to himself, to do his best for their bodies as well as for their souls. These earnest words were carried out to the

letter. So conscientiously did the *cura* of Salzano spend all he possessed on his parishioners that he found himself reduced to positive poverty. In order to pay the debts that he had incurred in their behalf, he was even obliged to sell a horse that served him on his journeys.

After nine years' residence at Salzano, Giuseppe Sarto was appointed, in 1876, professor of ecclesiastical history at Treviso. He had already been raised to the dignity of canon of the cathedral of that town, and later he became vicar-general of the diocese. Here, in a wider sphere, he displayed the same gifts as in the villages where his life had been spent hitherto. He was earnest, hard-working, kind and generous; and when, in 1884, he was chosen to be Bishop of Mantua, his departure caused universal sorrow.

As a bishop, a difficult task lay before him. The diocese of Mantua had an evil reputation. It was one of the very few Italian dioceses where Protestantism seemed, in a certain measure, to gain ground; moreover, the Freemasons and Socialists possessed much influence; the clergy were negligent and somewhat insubordinate; and of the two bishops who preceded Mgr. Sarto, one, Mgr. Rota, had resigned his office; the other, Mgr. Berengo, had declared himself to be unfit for the hard work demanded of him. It was precisely Mgr. Sarto's well-known character for kindness, benevolence, and tact that determined Pope Leo XIII. to send him to Mantua; and events fully justified the wisdom of this choice.

The new Bishop set to work with his usual earnestness. By degrees he succeeded in reforming many abuses; and the clergy, stimulated by his example even more than by his precept, gradually became more fervent and more zealous. "The tact, patience, and above all the genial good-humor with which the Bishop addressed himself to the difficult task of conciliation soon won the sympathies

of the moderate majority, and turbulent Mantua became a model diocese."

He was a living example of unworldliness in his personal habits; as simple in his ways as he had been when a country parish priest; keeping neither a carriage nor horses, and spending all his income on the diocesan seminary and on the poor. It was difficult for the clergy to be self-indulgent and worldly with a leader of this stamp; and it was no less difficult to "quarrel with a man who would not quarrel, and who disarmed all fury of aggression with a kind of jovial banter, not unspiced with country wit." Many anecdotes are told of his open-handed generosity to the poor, and of the distress of his sisters when he was discovered to have given away to a beggar the best part of the dinner that had been prepared for himself.

The same traditions of charity ruled his household at Venice, where he was transferred in 1893. As Cardinal Patriarch of the "Queen of the Adriatic," he lived in peace with all men—no easy task,—and, without ever yielding any important point, kept in touch with the official authorities as a means of promoting the welfare of his people. His private habits of life continued to be as simple and austere as was consistent with the duties and demands of his new position. He loved his flock, the poor especially; and a Protestant traveller who once heard him address a congregation of workingmen on St. Mark's Day noted "the extraordinary sympathy between the preacher and his people."

Two years ago, in November, 1901, Mgr. Farley, now Archbishop of New York, who was then coadjutor of Mgr. Corrigan, visited Venice and had a long interview with the Patriarch. The conversation turned on the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, which at Venice as elsewhere provide for the relief of the poor. The Cardinal's intimate acquaintance with the working of the Conferences

amazed his visitor; not a detail escaped his notice; and, to use Mgr. Farley's own words, "he bubbled over" when he enlarged on the subject. The poor, their sorrows, their wants and their interests, evidently touched him to the quick, and he spared neither time nor trouble in making himself acquainted with the best practical means of giving them relief.

His palace was open to all. Only a few days ago a Discalced Carmelite friar was telling us how Cardinal Sarto, himself a Carmelite Tertiary, made the religious of the Order welcome on every occasion. "We were as much at home in his palace as he was in our convent," he said; and he added that, as a little boy, the present Pope had often served Mass in the church of the Discalced Carmelites at Treviso.

When his Venetian children flocked around him to bid him farewell on his departure for Rome, some few among them seemed to have a foreboding that their Patriarch was leaving Venice forever. Not so Cardinal Sarto himself: he entered the Vatican without the faintest idea that never again would he be permitted to cross its threshold. Hence his surprise, his dismay, and finally his overpowering sorrow when it became clear to him that his colleagues had selected him to fill the vacant throne. Hence, too, his pallor and his emotion on the day of his solemn coronation, when the triple crown was placed on his brow, with the words: "Receive the Tiara with three crowns adorned, and know that thou art the father of princes and of kings, ruler of the orb of earth, Vicar of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory for ever and ever!" Impressive words indeed, that invested the peasant boy of Riesi with the highest dignity in the world.

Letters from Rome enlarge on the new Pontiff's kindness, benevolence, and simplicity. His natural inclination would lead him to modify the rules of etiquette that surround the Supreme

Head of the Church, but a sense of duty prompts him to submit to these time-honored customs. Though he is not, like his predecessor, a classical student, he is a well-read man, solidly grounded in all the knowledge that appertains to his calling as a priest. For some years past he has devoted much attention to the question of church music; and as Patriarch of Venice he strove to banish from the churches of his diocese all music that, to use his own words, was "light, trivial, scenic and profane." As a politician and a diplomatist, he has yet to make his mark. But whatever may be his line of conduct in this respect, we may feel assured that one who has, so far, faithfully lived up to every duty will be safely guided in the new and thorny paths that now open before him.

The beauty of the Catholic Church is made of variety in its manifestations and of unity as regards its dogmas,—a rare combination, that preserves in its integrity the sacred treasure of religious truth and yet allows full scope for the development of the individual gifts of the servants of God. The personality of Pius X. may be a contrast to that of his predecessor, his methods may be different, but his object and his responsibilities are the same. It is easy to believe that each one in his way, according to his special gifts and graces, the late and the present Pontiff, will, when their lives become a matter of history, be proved to have added largely to the glory of the Church whose government was vested in their persons.

WITH what face can you use the same mouth to eat the God of love and goodness and mangle the good name of your neighbor?—*St. John Chrysostom.*

A COMMON book will often give you much amusement, but it is only a noble book which will give you dear friends.

—*Ruskin.*

The Case of the Nancy Convent.

IT was our hope that it would never become necessary for us to refer to what is known as the Nancy scandal, and that only faint echoes of it would ever be heard outside of France. But this was too much to expect in a scandal-loving age. The charges against the Sisters of the Good Shepherd of Nancy have been widely circulated in the United States, especially by the *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal), and we are asked by several correspondents to publish a defence of the accused. We are glad to be in a position to do so. But first a few words regarding the accusers.

Episcopalians, it seems to us, ought to have only the most kindly feelings toward their Catholic brethren, and be the last to throw stones at them. It may be permitted us now to jog memories a little. Some years ago when a bishop of the P. E. Church in this country was on trial for gross immorality, and all the papers—at least those in the West—were filled with reports of and comments on his alleged monstrous and unnatural crimes, the Catholic press was so conspicuous for silence on the subject that not a few of the bishop's supporters expressed grateful appreciation; and when a certain priest in Detroit counselled his parishioners not to read the reports of the sensational trial, and warned them of the injustice and uncharitableness of forming hasty judgments, the bishop himself declared that his greatest consolation was the charity shown him by Catholics. More recently an ex-member of an Anglican sisterhood, hailing, if we remember aright, from New Zealand, published sensational and injurious reports against her former associates, accusing them of all sorts of misdemeanors, and ridiculing attempts to maintain religious orders in the Church of England. It is very gratifying to be

able to state that none of the Catholic papers of New Zealand gave the slightest publicity to the alleged revelations, etc., and that in this country they were also ignored. Did any Catholic paper in any part of the world exploit that book by Mr. Hall Caine which so grievously offended our Anglican brethren? We remember to have denounced it.

In view of all this and much more that might be recalled, it is not easy to understand why so many official organs of the Protestant Episcopal denomination and so many of its clergy should be so eager to attack the Church and so zealous in spreading evil reports about her members. It is asserted that this is done with a view to check the "Romeward movement"; but, whatever may be the reason, there is manifestly much bitterness among Episcopalian controversialists, some of whom seem to take delight in publishing accusations against their Catholic brethren. Having made repeated reference to the trial of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Nancy for alleged cruelty, etc., toward the unfortunate women under their care, the *Churchman* hastened to inform its readers of the prosecution of a branch of the same community at Tours for similar grave offences.

That the inmates of homes, asylums, etc., conducted by Catholics never experience harsh treatment, we will not affirm; that abuse of power on the part of superiors of religious communities is altogether unknown, we will not assert; that priests, regular as well as secular, are sometimes guilty of avarice, we do not deny; that the spirit of commercialism may pervade convents, we admit. But it is in the nature of things that such evils should be of comparatively rare occurrence. And this is indisputable: nothing that ecclesiastical authority can do is left undone to prevent abuses and check disorders in dioceses and religious communities. In spite of all legislation, however, and of all efforts to maintain

discipline, disorders will sometimes creep in and scandals will sometimes occur. "It must needs be that scandals come."

The animus of those who accuse the Sisters at Nancy of avarice and cruelty is shown by these words of the *Churchman* (Aug. 8): "The 'good shepherdess' who managed this money-making orphanage in the name of Christ bore the fragrant name Mother Sainte Rose—and yet they talk of religious persecution in France!" We refrain from characterizing this remark. It may be too much to expect of the *Churchman* and the *Evening Post* that they will publish a defence of the calumniated Sisters; however, they shall be given the opportunity. Fair play, if nothing else, demands that the editors of both of these papers should take notice of the following facts:

In 1898 the Sisters of the Good Shepherd of Nancy received a medal as a testimony of public gratitude for their work among fallen women and incorrigible girls. The year following several official inspections of their institution were made; and not only were they fully exonerated of any charge of ill treatment to inmates, but it was stated in the report made to the civic authorities that the internal arrangement of the place could not have been "more favorable to the health of the pupils"; and that "it would be impossible to obtain elsewhere," for the class of inmates that are gathered together in such institutions, "a more favorable union of mental and moral conditions than they enjoy at this establishment." The creature who was the chief accuser of the convent in the case before the court—she declared under oath that, having been ill treated and underfed, she had contracted hip disease—left the institution in 1871, and, notwithstanding her allegations of ill treatment, went back of her own accord six years later, and remained with the Sisters for a period of twelve years. It is now fourteen years since she left for good, no action having been taken

against the convent until the present anti-clerical frenzy in France was at its height. The other witnesses included a number of depraved women raked out of the slums of Paris by emissaries of the persecuting government.

But let us be quite frank. It is true that the Bishop of Nancy took sides against the Sisters and complained of them to the Holy See. His charges, however—of harshness toward the wayward women and of insubordination toward himself,—were not deemed to have been sustained in Rome. The Bishop of Nancy is distinguished for learning and zeal, but is less illustrious for gentleness and prudence. The archbishops of Paris and Rheims took occasion of the trial to publish feeling eulogies of the work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in their respective dioceses. Other French prelates have since done the same. In our own country these devoted religious need no defenders: their self-sacrificing labors to ameliorate the lot of fallen women are everywhere appreciated, and have frequently been lauded by men who, though professing no religion, admire the devotion of those who in the name of the Redeemer consecrate their lives to suffering and sinful humanity.

It ought not to be too much to expect that journals like the *Evening Post* and *Churchman* of New York, now that the leading facts of the Nancy convent case are brought to their notice, will retract what they have published, and acknowledge that they were misled by reports which were first circulated by ribald papers in Paris and by the anti-Catholic press of London.

SHALL we say to the child, "Learn that you may earn wages and get your daily bread; learn that you may compete with your fellows"? Can we hope to produce great results in the world by such motives?—*Mandell Creighton*.

God Does Not Die.

Notes and Remarks.

THE world has lately heard much—in connection with attempts on the lives of rulers—of a name that is justly celebrated, although it is that of a very unfortunate man: Garcia Moreno, President of the Republic of Ecuador. One evening a pious and courageous priest was introduced to him.

"I have come to warn you that your days are numbered," said the visitor, with emotion: "conspirators have sworn to put you to death on the first possible occasion."

"I have already had several such warnings, Father," said Moreno; "and, after careful reflection, I have decided that the only thing for me to do is to hold myself in readiness to appear before God."

He then proceeded with his usual tasks, as if he had received some unimportant news. On the following day he went, according to his custom, to a neighboring church to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. The conspirators watched him but could not reach him.

A few hours later, while he was kneeling before the Most Holy Sacrament, he was informed that some one desired to see him immediately on important business. He rose at once, left the church, ascended the steps of the peristyle, and was walking toward the palace when one of the traitors who were following him gave him a violent blow with a dagger on the shoulder, while the others discharged their revolvers at him.

He fell, bleeding from his wounds. But as he was still alive, the first assassin, more ferocious than the others, rushed upon him to finish him.

"Die, enemy of liberty!" shouted the man, piercing the prostrate figure with his poniard.

"God only does not die!" murmured the Christian hero with his last breath.

"Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges," was probably the reflection of a good many people on reading of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's resignation from the British Cabinet. Those who regarded the South African war as both unjust and unnecessary have rightly or wrongly imputed much of the responsibility therefor to the English Secretary of State for the Colonies; and they will discern some measure of poetic justice in that gentleman's forced retirement from his office on an economic question, which, it is tolerably safe to assert, would not have arisen had the Boer war not been waged. Mr. Kruger's prediction that the conflict would stagger humanity has been constructively verified in more ways than one. A protectionist administration in free-trade England is an incidental result that was assuredly not anticipated when the Birmingham Liberal Unionist decided to subjugate the Transvaal; and his own resignation from the Cabinet "in order to work more effectively for imperial union" is another resultant of experience acquired in South Africa. In the meantime English radicals declare that Mr. Chamberlain has met his Waterloo, and that his advocacy of colonial preference will be the campaign of a lost cause.

France is assuredly a country of contrasts, and contrasts more striking perhaps than can be found elsewhere. Here has M. Combes, the apostate premier and avowed enemy of all that is Catholic, been making what the government press acclaims as a quasi-triumphal tour of Charente-Inférieure, receiving more or less spontaneous ovations from the municipalities which he has visited; while, some two hundred miles to the south of Charente, forty thousand pilgrims were gathered at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, beseeching

the Immaculate Conception for future favors and returning thanks for blessings received. Looking on this picture and on that, there does not seem to be any good reason to despair of France's ultimate return to truly Catholic principles. The impetuosity of M. Combes in availing himself of the lengthy rope with which the Assembly of Deputies has provided him suggests the probability that he will achieve before very long the desirable consummation of hanging himself. In any case, a reaction from the present frenzied baiting of the Congregations and the clergy generally is bound to come, and the prayers of the pilgrims at Lourdes will, we doubt not, materially hasten its coming.

The "Religious Education Association," organized in Chicago eight or nine months ago, counts at present a membership of more than fifteen hundred. It is, of course, a non-Catholic organization; but in our day and country its work may be welcomed by all American Christians. Any force that tends to stem the mad flood of infidelity, materialism, agnosticism, and "anythingism" in these United States is a distinct good. From a paper contributed by Prof. Frank Knight Sanders, president of the Association, to the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*, we learn that thus far there have been organized the following sixteen departments of religious education: universities and colleges, theological seminaries, churches and pastors, Sunday-schools, secondary public schools, elementary public schools, private schools, teacher training, Christian associations, young people's societies, the home, libraries, the press, correspondence instruction, summer assemblies, and religious art and music. We are not surprised to read that, in Prof. Sanders' opinion, "a great and puzzling problem is that of the elementary and secondary public schools." It is, nevertheless, gratifying to know that the

correctness of the Catholic position—that religious education and mental training should go hand in hand—is at length recognized by so many of our most thoughtful separated brethren. We shall watch with interest the methods by which the new association attempts to remedy the lack of religious instruction in our public schools; but we confess some incredulity as to the adequateness of any other scheme than State aid to denominational schools.

The crop of scandals in the government service is rapidly growing. Following the shameful disclosures in the postal department have come the Indian Territory infamies, implicating the department of the Interior and of Justice; and, more recently still, complaints are made of the department of Agriculture. As a natural result, opponents of the administration cry, "Turn the rascals out!" while its supporters point to the thorough investigations of the scandals and the punishment of those involved as evidence of "aggressive honesty" on the part of our present rulers. The philosophical citizen who is tolerably free from partisan bias will probably conclude that fraud and wrong-doing are confined to neither party; that the punishment of the wrong-doing is an excellent thing, but also that prevention is better than cure. Which of the two great contesting parties will accumulate the larger amount of political capital from the revelations now becoming so frequent at Washington is a question wearing a good many of the features of a conundrum; and, speaking for ourselves, we give it up.

It is not only in England and America that one discovers the attempt to acclimatize Catholic forms of worship in Protestant churches. Adolph Harnack, in one of his latest works, comments

rather bitterly on a similar movement in Germany; and now a Danish convert, Mr. Niels Hansen, formerly a Lutheran clergyman, declares in the London *Catholic Times* that when an English Low churchman drops into a Danish Lutheran church, "he finds much more 'popery' than he had expected." Nor is the Englishman's surprise likely to be lessened when he learns that the objectionable liturgy is no new outcropping of Ritualistic tendencies, but a survival of the Catholic worship of pre-Reformation days. The Sunday service is called the Mass, and looks like it; the clergymen are not called ministers or preachers, but priests. The ordination service is intended to confer priestly powers; and the people—in western Denmark at least—often hold the Catholic doctrine regarding the Real Presence instead of the Lutheran teaching. Other similar manifestations are recorded by Mr. Hansen; but, best of all, he is able to set down that the Church "makes steady progress in Denmark as in other Protestant countries."

Mr. Charles Booth, of Salvation Army distinction, pays a high compliment to the Irish poor in the final volume of "Life and Labor in London." "Religious feeling," he says, "lies very deep in the Irish character and contains a singularly small infusion of superstition. The Catholic Church understands, as no other does, how to distil a pure religious essence from the rankest superstition; but with the Irish no such alchemy is required. Among Catholics they are early Christians." This is more than a pretty compliment: it is a high tribute.

The patience, carefulness, and impartiality of Mr. Booth's work are beyond praise. It is dedicated to his noble wife, "without whose constant sympathy, help, and criticism it could never have been begun, continued, or ended at all." Although he has been an organizer of gigantic enterprises for the betterment of the social conditions of the poor, in

concluding the account of his life-work Mr. Booth calls for "some great soul, master of a subtler and nobler alchemy than mine," who will "disentangle the confused issues, reconcile the apparent contradictions in aim, melt and commingle the various influences for good into one divine uniformity of effort, and make these dry bones live, so that the streets of our Jerusalem may sing for joy."

A graphic illustration of the sacrifices sometimes entailed by loyalty to Labor Unions was afforded the other day in a New York police court. A young laborer, charged with stealing a loaf of bread, admitted the larceny and told why he had committed it. Because of strikes ordered by his union, he had been out of work for several months. His father was in a similar plight. With a sick mother and seven other children dependent upon their labor, the outlook was unpromising. The furniture found its way to the pawnbroker's until naught was left in the house but the bed on which the mother lay fighting for life. The oldest son left home and for some time earned a little money at odd jobs, giving what he could to his mother. At last, on visiting her only to find her both very ill and quite penniless, and having no money with which to buy food for her and the children, he went out and, rather than beg, stole a loaf of bread. It is pleasant to record that the magistrate, having satisfied himself of the truth of the prisoner's story, at once discharged him. Strikes are sometimes heroic measures, not lightly to be ordered; and loyalty to unions may, like patience, occasionally cease to be a virtue.

The ex-Patriarch of Jerusalem, Nicodemus, one of the highest dignitaries of the Schismatic Greek Church, who was forced to quit his See because the Greek party were constantly accusing him of favoring Russian designs in the Holy

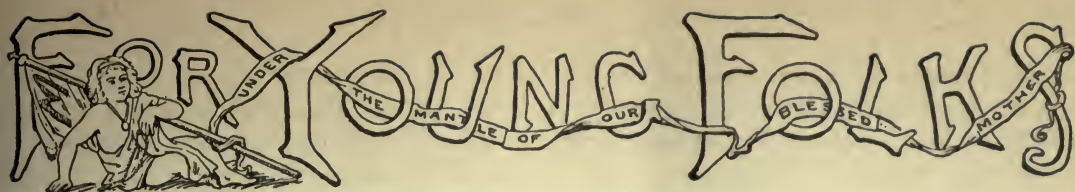
Land, is favorable to the Papacy. In an interview which has been published in some of our European exchanges, he is reported as saying: "Intelligent Greeks do not at all desire the ruin or decadence of the Papacy. From the bottom of their hearts they beseech Heaven so to order events that the unique and most invincible bulwark of Christianity may resist the attacks of all enemies of the Christian name. If the Papacy were to be vanquished all Christian confessions would soon disappear in the gulf of impiety; the defeat of Catholicism would also be the death of Orthodoxy. Protestantism is crumbling more and more, and the gnawing worm of liberalism is weakening its energy. As to Orthodoxy, it too is becoming divided into national churches. There is no compact mass save Catholicism, and it is owing to the existence of the Papacy that this union is possible. The Papacy is, then, the unique vital force of Christianity, and those who desire its ruin desire the gates of hell to triumph over the Church of Jesus Christ."

Since the ex-Patriarch has arrived at so thorough an understanding of the necessity of the Papacy, it is not presumptuous to hope that he may ere his death come to recognize the need of his personal submission to the infallible Vicar of Christ. Such submission would be only the logical outcome of his present beliefs.

South African missions have recently been subjected to numerous and very severe trials. Following in the wake of the disastrous Boer war came several misfortunes, any one of which would suffice to test to the utmost the courage of the devoted missionaries. The rinderpest has reappeared and is making sad havoc among the cattle of several districts; a scorching drought has prevailed for a long period; and immense swarms of grasshoppers now threaten to destroy what scanty

crops have survived the great heat. Writing from Emoyeni, in Natal, Father Rousset, O. M. I., says that one effect of the late war is a frightful increase in prices. Cattle that formerly sold for five pounds sterling a head, cost at present from twenty to twenty-five pounds. A bag of maize, four or five years ago, cost ten shillings: to-day the price is thirty. A similar rise has taken place in all lines; and the missionaries at Emoyeni can scarcely hope to keep up their school for the natives. Their debts are constantly growing, and unless European or American charity speedily comes to their aid their work, which has been so successful, will inevitably have to be discontinued.

The fact that the new Sovereign Pontiff springs from the people and has no personal fortune gives especial weight to the plea that is being made by several of our European exchanges for increased generosity on the part of the faithful in providing "Peter's pence." Pius X., like his two illustrious predecessors, is to-day virtually the prisoner of the Italians, who have confiscated the Pope's States, his capital, and almost all the resources which constituted his independence. The Holy Father retains only the Palace of the Vatican and several basilicas, whose maintenance entails great expense; and in addition has cardinals, nuncios, and missionaries to support; innumerable works of charity, education, and divers other apostolates to encourage all over the world. Something like two million dollars is needed to meet the yearly expenditure of the Holy See. Hitherto France alone has furnished (in Peter's pence) about one-third of this amount; and critics of other lands who are so prompt to condemn the milk-and-water Catholicity of twentieth-century Frenchmen would do well to emulate the generosity that glorifies her who in more than one respect still remains the "eldest daughter of the Church."



"Ave Maria!"

BY B. S.

"AVE MARIA!" the Angel said
In one mysterious midnight hour;
And ever since those words arise
From earth to heaven with wondrous power:
Linking as if by a jewelled chain
Our Mother's heart to her children's pain.

"Ave Maria!" All heaven thrills
Responsive to the accents sweet.
The Virgin Queen of that bright realm
Accepts those words as offering meet
From countless servants in every clime,
In every tongue and in every time.

"Ave Maria!" We join the cry:
We hail thee, Mother, full of grace!
Guard us, save us from every ill,
Till, gazing on thy radiant face,
With the angel choirs our voices blend
In bliss that never shall know end.

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.—JULIAN MEETS WITH MISFORTUNE.

THAT evening Julian took out his treasured volume recording the life and times of Anselm Benedict the heroic. He threw himself at full-length upon the grass, losing himself completely in that fascinating chronicle of past scenes and personages, to which his youthful fancy lent an added glow. He read of that gallant, hopeless rally in the town of Worcester, when the Second Charles led on his followers against Fleetwood's Cromwellian troopers. There, in Friar Street, with pike and smallsword, Anselm Benedict Mortimer, with scores of

other British gentlemen—English, Irish and Highland,—contested foot to foot and hand to hand the advance of the Covenanters. "It was a most furious contest," read Julian; "none that was whole ceasing to fight, but assisting their comrades so long as their strength served; ever esteeming more of their credit than of their safety." They fought with desperate valor, and the name of Anselm Benedict appeared in several dispatches of the day; and it was he again who, while the King was escaping by St. Martin's Gate to the north, at the moment when all was lost made a counter-movement with the Earl of Cleveland and a few other gentlemen and retainers, to draw upon them the fury of the Cromwellians and cover the King's retreat.

Numberless were the feats recorded of heroism, of reckless daring,—all inspired by unswerving loyalty to God and country; all showing that far-off ancestor to have been at once chivalric and romantic, valorous, and above all religious. They delighted the soul of his enthusiastic, hero-worshipping descendant under American forest trees; but even to his immature judgment they seemed less glorious than that after-struggle, when the man of mature years deliberately gave up fame and fortune and country "for that one true Catholic and Apostolic Faith, which is of a surety more precious to a man than goods of fortune or even life itself." It was a splendid, inspiring tale—the flight, capture, fine, imprisonment in a dungeon, and finally the death sentence,—all of which were unable to shake the superb courage and constancy of the confessor of Christ. The capital penalty was avoided by a hairbreadth escape; and Anselm Benedict took the path of exile

over the ocean wastes and settled at last in the New England colonies, where toleration of a man's convictions was but slowly raising its head.

Sometimes, in his enthusiasm, Julian read aloud a paragraph or two from those annals of the past; but it must be owned that they called forth only a half-hearted response from his auditors. Jake openly sneered; Wat could not understand, and kept putting exasperating questions which proved that he had not the remotest idea of what the book was about. Sedgwick was a simple, honest lad, susceptible to good impressions, and willing to do right according to his lights; but he was totally without ideals, detested history, and had made his heroes chiefly of successful athletes or daring aeronauts.

That which did attract and hold Jake's attention was the outer covering of the volume, and the precious gems with which it was incrustated. His eyes fairly sparkled with cupidity at their color and lustre, especially when Julian, in the simplicity of his heart, began to dilate upon the great value of the book. A plan was slowly forming in the boy's evil mind by which he could at once injure Julian, whom he hated, and secure a substantial advantage for himself. He argued that if he could obtain possession of the book, it would not be by any means stealing. It seemed little likely now that he could ever discover the jewel and the hidden room. Should he by a lucky chance do so, the book would be but a small item in the list of valuables then falling to his share; while, in the contrary event, it was only fair that he, a genuine descendant of the Mortimers, should secure this small portion of their wealth. He, therefore, laid his plans carefully, and determined in the first place to discover where his unsuspecting cousin kept hidden the precious chronicle.

"You'd better be careful of that book of fairy-tales," sneered Jake, with an oblique look at Julian from out his dark

eyes and a sharpening of his hatchet-face, "or you'll have old man Mortimer and half a dozen other blokes after you."

"Oh, I am careful!" said honest Julian, impulsively. "I keep it under my pillow at night, and in the daytime I hide it in a hole in the ground between the tent poles, with leaves and a rug over it."

Something in Jake's expression as he listened struck Sedgwick and he hastily interrupted Julian, but too late to produce the effect he intended. Jake, having secured the desired information, skilfully changed the subject. But long after they had all sought the shelter of their tents, Sedgwick pondered upon the singular expression of John Jacob's face, and feared that it portended no good to Julian.

Next day was cheerless and cold, with a drizzling rain which finally intensified into a downpour. The boys, shivering in their tents, experienced to the full the discomforts of life in the woods, under leaden skies, when the dull drip, drip, drip, from the sodden leaves upon the path seemed interminably weary and monotonous.

"I guess if it had rained much, we'd have given up the whole job long ago," observed Sedgwick, poking his head in between the curtains of Julian's tent.

Julian looked up brightly. He had almost forgotten the matter in the fascinating story of Anselm Benedict's life and doings.

"I suppose it is dismal," responded Julian. "I wonder if there's any place where we could make a fire?"

Sedgwick's face brightened.

"Let's see!" he cried, looking out upon the landscape, which was not very promising. "Perhaps in that sheltered corner over there. Hardly any rain has got through; and it couldn't be dangerous, because the trees are so wet."

Julian, having waited long enough to conceal his treasured volume, went forth with his cousin to investigate. They

brought out some dry wood from the tent, and presently had the satisfaction of kindling a blazing fire on the spot indicated by Sedgwick. Wat came forth from his quarters in great delight at the fire, which he hoped would prevent him from taking cold. Jake, too, strolled out, in lazy enjoyment of the crackling logs; though he did not vouchsafe one word of commendation to the kindlers of the blaze.

When the twilight fell, ghostly shadows began to creep in and out among the trees; a bat, attracted by the blaze, came forth from obscurity and circled about; the katydid droned in the foliage; and a wind stirring up from the west dispersed the clouds and drove away the rain. The boys beguiled the time with stirring stories of daring and adventure; Julian drawing some of the wondrous anecdotes from the life of their common ancestor, the chivalric Anselm Benedict. At last it became time to think of supper, and it was found that water was needed from the spring. This occasioned some surprise, as a large tin pail had been filled after breakfast; and only one of the four—the enterprising Jake—knew that it had been purposely spilled. The only thing to be done was to fetch more, and Sedgwick and Julian set off to replenish the pail. This was precisely what Jake had expected, for he had gone with unusual alacrity to procure what had been needed for the morning.

Once the two comrades had disappeared, Wat devoted himself to the care of the fire, and Jake began to stroll carelessly about, edging ever toward the tents. Loudly proclaiming that he was going into his own tent for some cooking utensil, he remained there but a moment. He stood at the door looking forth into the darkness. The damp, cool smell of the woods, heavy with the delicious fragrance of the forest depths, smote upon his nostrils. The drip, drip of the rain from the trees, like noiseless

footsteps, startled him back each time that he attempted to move. The birds were all still in their nests; the hush of night lay over the forest; and the shadows of the woods, intensified by the glare of the firelight, concealed his movements from Wat, who was intent on stirring up the fire and heard only the crackling of the logs.

Hence it was an easy matter for the catlike Jake to slip from his own into Julian's tent, where everything lay around in a kind of cheerful disorder,—for Julian used to say that he needed his mother to tidy up. Once on the scene of the contemplated theft, the unscrupulous boy quickly found his way to where the precious volume lay buried. He had found out the exact spot from Julian, and so lost not a moment in securing his booty. Thus it was that while merry-hearted Julian, in rain coat and rough hat, was swinging along the dripping paths in company with honest Sedgwick, a treacherous act against him was being done.

Jake, having secured the book, crept stealthily back to his own tent, panting and breathless as though he had been a long distance, with staring eyes and burning cheeks. It seemed to him as if he were an hour in passing from tent to tent. Once safe back in his own quarters he hugged the precious volume to his breast with fiendish glee, and held it close to the open door that he might see the reflection of the firelight in the glowing gems upon the cover. It seemed to the excited fancy of the wretched lad that they glowed with a baleful light, and were living and conscious of his act.

All at once Wat called out to him:

"I say, Jake, I think you might help to keep up this fire!"

Jake started as if he had been stung. The voice seemed to be that of an accuser charging him with the theft. In his fright he almost dropped the book; but, presently rallying, he hid it in

an obscure corner. Hastening forth, he almost rushed into the arms of Sedgwick, who fixed a penetrating look upon his agitated face, just then revealed by the firelight.

"Halloo, Jakey! You look 'as if you had seen a spook!"

"I—I have got a chill!" stammered Jake,—"that's all."

"You wouldn't be so chilled if you had been carrying water for a mile or so," Sedgwick responded, after which there was a diversion for supper: broiling bacon, baking potatoes and cobs of corn in the ashes, and boiling the kettle to make a pot of hot coffee. For all, except Jake of the guilty conscience, this was really a festive supper. It only seemed to add to the hilarity that the coffee-strainer had got lost, so that the coffee was a trifle muddy, and some of the ears of corn were a little scorched.

When Julian went to his tent that night he thought he would like to read a page of the fascinating memoirs. He carefully uncovered the hiding-place and put his hand into the hole. His fingers came in contact only with the paper which he had placed between the volume and the damp earth. He groped about feverishly: no volume was there. The cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, he trembled from head to foot. He snatched a candle from its place in a tin sconce on the wall, and sent its rays into the hole: there was nothing to be seen.

He threw himself upon the ground and burst into tears. In all the trials to which he had been subjected during the weeks that were past, he had never given way before. Many things conspired to make the loss of the memoirs peculiarly bitter: the trust which his grandfather had reposed in him, the inestimable value of the book, and probably his own disgrace. For it was not at all unlikely that his carelessness, even if no harsher name were put upon it, would disqualify him from pursuing

the quest. He rose and stole out through the darkness, toward Sedgwick's tent. The stars were shining brightly after the rain, and some night-bird called afar in the distance. Sedgwick was sleeping soundly. Julian made no effort to arouse him; but, returning to his own quarters, remained awake, so that the dawn found him white-faced and haggard from the trouble of his thoughts.

A second time he peeped into Sedgwick's tent. This time the sleeper stirred uneasily and finally opened his eyes. He fixed them drowsily upon Julian, till something in his friend's face attracted even his wandering attention. He sat up, exclaiming:

"I say, curly pate, what's up?"

"O Sedgwick," answered Julian, "my heart's broken: the book is gone!"

"The book!" echoed Sedgwick, who, not so interested in the memoirs as his cousin, did not remember at first what book was meant.

"Anselm Benedict's book," answered Julian, with a sob in his voice such as his cousin had never heard from him before.

With a sudden realization of what had happened and what it meant to Julian, Sedgwick started to his feet. He made a hasty toilet and accompanied his cousin back to the latter's tent, where together the two boys explored the hiding-place once more, but in vain.

"That villain Jake!" cried Sedgwick, with a sudden flash of intuition. "He has a hand in it, or I'm mistaken."

Julian, however, refused to entertain this notion, or even so much as to question the guilty boy. Sedgwick had no such scruple, and put John Jacob through a tolerably searching investigation. Jake had planned out his part by this time, and acted it thoroughly. He affected the utmost indifference about the whole matter, declaring that it was altogether Julian's affair if he chose to bring valuable books from the library and then report that they were lost. He threw out this last suggestion with

so meaning a glance and so evident an insinuation that he very nearly provoked Sedgwick to violence.

Julian, however, had but one thought—to seek his grandfather as soon as possible and make known the loss. He set forth through the forest at sunrise. The woods, fresh from the rain, gave forth delightful odors; and the leaves in their renewed verdure were hung with raindrops, glittering like jewels in the morning light. But Julian's heart was so heavy that he had no eyes for the beauties of nature. He sped on and on, and then had to wait an hour or more for the appearance of his grandfather.

Mr. Mortimer was an early riser, and took a constitutional on the lawn every morning at seven. On this occasion he had scarcely stepped forth when he saw Julian running toward him. The boy, in his impetuous truthfulness, was only too eager to acquaint his grandfather with the loss he had sustained. He ran swiftly across the lawn and reached his grandfather's side, panting and breathless; undergoing one of those agonizing moments more common in early youth than is generally supposed. Sedgwick had advised him to spare himself this ordeal, and allow Nicholas, in his mysterious fashion, to acquaint Mr. Mortimer with the theft. But this course of action did not commend itself to the boy's manly fearlessness nor to his sense of honor and justice. He alone was responsible and he alone must take all the consequences.

Mr. Mortimer looked down upon him with genuine kindliness. He was growing attached to this fine-hearted lad, who alone of all who had run the traditional race had seemed to be imbued with the highest qualities of the dead-and-gone ancestor. His natural good feeling and kindness of heart, which had been embittered by his own failure, reasserted themselves, more or less, under Julian's genial influence, as the sun shines upon the hoar-frost of the valley and

melts it away. He fully appreciated his grandson's indomitable spirit, high courage, and thorough-going honesty. He told himself that he might trust this boy in any emergency and would never meet with disappointment.

"Grandfather," said Julian, his voice choked with a very passion of grief and excitement, "I have lost the book,—Anselm Benedict's book!"

"What!" cried the grandfather, with an expression of such grief and disgust as confirmed Julian's worst forebodings.

"It was lost, stolen or something from my tent in the forest."

"Stolen from your tent in the forest!" echoed Mr. Mortimer, with a sneering contempt which brought out all that was most repulsive in a countenance ordinarily handsome and marked by a certain philosophic calm. "And pray who was in the forest but yourselves, and perhaps a wild animal or two? Who could have taken it?"

"I don't know,—oh, I don't know!" cried Julian. "And I'd rather have cut off my right hand than have it happen."

"A right hand would not be of much use in this emergency," observed Mr. Mortimer in his coldest voice; "so that I would advise you, my young man, to hasten back to the forest and continue searching until the volume is found. The expense of replacing it would ruin your mother; and I think, though I am not yet sure, that the occurrence will prevent your competing any further for the great prize."

Now, it flashed into Julian's mind that this was rather unjust, considering that Mr. Mortimer had almost forced the book upon him, hinting in high good-humor that he would no doubt be able to pay for it, if lost, out of the fortune accruing from the ruby. But he quickly dismissed the thought, being too generous to shift the blame from his own shoulders to those of any other.

"Have you reason to suspect any one?" inquired the grandfather.

"No, sir. I had it hidden away."

"Were the other lads acquainted with the hiding-place?"

"Yes; but of course none of them would take it. I wonder if an animal could have been the thief?"

"Animal, indeed!" retorted the grandfather, who was furiously angry at the whole affair; the more so as he felt that he had been to blame for intrusting so precious a volume to a mere boy. "Get out of my sight, in any case; and don't come near me till you have some news of the volume!" the angry old gentleman concluded.

As poor Julian fled back to the forest, his heart bursting with new and painful emotions, feeling convinced that no boy had ever been so miserable before, he suddenly encountered Nicholas lurking in the shadow of the trees, like some gnome of the woods, and forthwith blurted out the story of his misfortunes. Nicholas' wooden face remained perfectly undisturbed by the recital; nor did he give Julian any sign of encouragement, save only a slight pat upon the shoulder. Then he pointed toward the forest depths, saying laconically, "Go!" and Julian was left alone.

He ran on and on till he reached the camp, with a faint hope springing up in his heart, even as the leaves raised their heads after being beaten down by the storm. But the day wore to afternoon and there was no trace whatever of the missing volume. Both Julian and Sedgwick, who had energetically pursued the search, were utterly discouraged. All at once, however, just as the shadows were purpling the west, a great outcry was heard in the trees adjoining the camp. Presently Nicholas emerged, grasping Jake by the back of the neck with one hand, and holding up the missing volume with the other.

"You let me go, you old sneak! You stole the book yourself and tried to pretend that I did it."

Nicholas took not the slightest notice

of Jake's exclamations, nor of his frantic struggles to get free. He hurried the miserable boy into the very centre of the camp, where Julian sat in dejection, with Wat hovering about, eager to offer any consolation in his power; and Sedgwick pacing up and down, his honest face showing genuine concern.

Nicholas shook off Jake as if he had been an obnoxious reptile, and held out the book to Julian. The latter could scarcely believe that he really saw the precious volume again. But his pleasure at its return was swallowed up in horror, disgust and indignation at his cousin's treacherous conduct. He could not trust himself to speak; however, Sedgwick made up for his silence, expressing his feelings in forcible terms.

But here Nicholas interposed, and made them understand that matters must go on as before. So Jake, dark-browed and sullen, was left unmolested; though needless to say that his presence there, after what had happened, threw a constraint over the remaining days in the forest. He tried hard to treat the matter as a joke, and declared that he meant only to play a trick on Julian, and would have restored the book in the end. This explanation Julian, with his customary generosity, was finally led to believe, and was on terms of comparative friendliness with Jake during the final residence in camp.

(To be continued.)

Apostle Spoons.

It used to be a favorite plan of silver-smiths to fashion the end of the handle of spoons—every dozen—in the form of one of the Apostles. Sometimes a thirteenth was added, the handle of which was terminated by a figure of Our Lord. No work of the present day can compare with that on these old "Apostle spoons," and they are treasured in famous collections. Of the sets comprising thirteen spoons, only four are in existence.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A list of new books issued by Methuen & Co. includes "Studies in Saintship," translated from the French of Ernest Hello by V. M. Crawford.

—Admirers and friends of Aubrey de Vere will be gratified to learn that the long-expected biography of him by Mr. Wilfrid Ward is nearly completed.

—"My Friend Prospero," by Henry Harland, author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," "Lady Paramount," etc., is now ready in book form. McClure, Phillips & Co.

—The report of the Superintendent of Parish Schools of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia this year is in some respects a model performance. The seven pages of "hints" regarding school construction ought to make it valuable to those who have responsibility for the building of parochial school-houses.

—From the Unicorn Press comes Vasari's "Life of Leonardo da Vinci," done into English by Mr. H. P. Horne, who also supplies interesting and informing notes. Da Vinci was what is called a "universal genius," and Vasari's Life of him is the standard one. An adequate English translation of it, with the additional facts brought to light by modern research, has long been a *desideratum*.

—A dull-looking book, but full of interest to the student, is "Calendar of Papal Registers.—Papal Letters." Vol. IV., 1362-1404. By W. H. Bliss and J. A. Twemlow. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) The *Athenæum* remarks: "If any one is still imbued with the strange notion that the English Church in the Middle Ages possessed the smallest shadow of independence, he will do well to peruse this volume."

—Mr. John Lane announces a translation by Marie Clothilde Balfour of the famous "Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Echerolles," originally published under the title "Quelques Années de Ma Vie." These "Side Lights on the Reign of Terror," it is said, were highly prized by Lamartine. An illustrated edition of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" is also announced by Mr. Lane. This delightful and famous novel has already run into its one hundredth thousand.

—Mr. Orby Shipley, to whom we are indebted for some admirable collections of sacred verse, the most voluminous of which is his "Carmina Mariana," in two volumes, will soon publish, through the Manresa Press, "Carmina Eucharistica: Verses and Hymns on the Most Holy Sacrament." It is founded on the second edition of "Lyra Eucharistica," revised and enlarged. The original work, which appeared in 1864, has

long been out of print. "Carmina Eucharistica" will be a volume of about 500 pages, crown 8vo. The contents pages are a striking proof of Mr. Shipley's taste and painstaking industry.

—A new and complete translation from the original Latin by W. Duthoit, D. C. L., of "Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, has just been published by Messrs Kegan Paul & Co.

—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Casartelli, the new Bishop of Salford, is the author of a work entitled "Notes on a Course of Lectures on Commercial Geography," published in 1884, which is said to have been the first text-book in English on commercial geography.

—Joseph Skipsey, described by literary correspondents as "a miner and self-taught poet," and much admired by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, died in Eng^{land} recently. Skipsey was once custodian of Shakespeare's birthplace; and in a letter to a friend, written a short time before his death, he declared that as the result of special studies he had gradually lost faith in "the so-called relics of the great poet."

—The late Dr. Gargan, president of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, was the author of a standard work on "The Ancient Church of Ireland," and published several important brochures on Irish Ecclesiastical Bibliography, etc. He also translated from the Italian an excellent work by Cardinal Baluffi, entitled "The Charity of the Church a Proof of Her Divinity." (1885.) Dr. Gargan had been connected with Maynooth in one capacity or another nearly all his life. *R. I. P.*

—The following paragraphs are from an article on "Curious Publications" appearing in *Printers' Ink* (Sept. 16):

Bill Nye considered the dictionary good reading, and said it lacked nothing but plot. Simply as pure reading matter, such a work as the American Newspaper Directory is not without interest, and some of its pages reveal plots and counterplots that are very tangible. The 21,451 periodicals published in the United States and Canada cover a field just as wide as humanity. The progress and backslidings, the strength and weaknesses, the enlightenment and illiteracy of mankind are all faithfully shadowed in publications. Almost as soon as an idea is born in this age of printing, whether it be good or bad, healthy or diseased, it is embodied in some sort of periodical.

One of the first headings that strikes the eye is "Anti-Roman Catholic." The denominational literature of the United States embraces some thirty creeds, but the religion of the Pope appears to be the only one that has aroused opposition. Three publications are listed under this head—*American Citizen* (weekly), *Converted Catholic* (monthly), and *Primitive Catholic* (semimonthly). An examination of the Directory for five years past shows that the opposition is decreasing, for there were more than a dozen publications devoted to this cause when the American

Protective Association movement was at its height. The Roman Catholic Church is credited with 161 publications, and seems to be in little danger of extinction.

We omit the addresses of the three anti-Catholic publications to which the writer refers. It is a significant fact, revealed by "The Newspaper Directory," that the Catholic religion is the only one to which there is anything like organized opposition in the United States.

—Prof. Laughlin's well-known text-book of political economy has been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. Questions that have assumed special prominence in recent years—bimetallism, the tariff, combinations of capital, etc.—have been treated with greater fulness and with admirable freedom from partisan bias; though the author's personal opinions inevitably color the work somewhat. American Book Co.

—There is consolation for poets in these lines by Mr. W. B. Yeats, quoted from his new book, "In the Seven Woods: Being Poems Chiefly of the Irish Heroic Age":

I said "a line will take us hours maybe;
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought,
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.
Better go down upon your marrowbones
And scrub a kitchen pavement, or break stones
Like an old pauper in all kinds of weather;
For to articulate sweet sounds together
Is to work harder than all these, and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
Of bankers, schoolmasters, and clergymen
The martyrs call the world."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Back to Rome! \$1, net.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. Richard H. Clarke, LL. D. \$2.50.

Essays Historical and Literary. 2 vols. John Fiske. \$4, net.

Historic Highways. Vols. IV. and V. Arthur Butler Hulbert. \$2, net, each.

Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish; or, Priest and People in Doon. 45 cts.

Salvage from the Wreck. Father Galloway, S. J. \$1.60, net.

The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.

The Life of St. Philip Neri. Bacci-Antrobus. Two Vols. \$3.75, net.

The Truth of Papal Claims. Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D. \$1, net.

All on the Irish Shore. E. Somerville-M. Ross. \$1.50.

England's Cardinals. Dudley Baxter. \$1, net.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Rev. Nicholas Gehr, D. D. \$4.

The Government: What It Is; What It Does. Salter Storrs Clark. 75 cts.

Teaching Truth. Dr. Mary Wood-Allen. 50 cts.

The Voice of the River. Olive Katharine Parr. \$1.75.

Ne Obliviscaris. Florence Ratchiff. 75 cts., net.

Studies Concerning Adrian IV. Prof. O. A. Thatcher. \$1.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. Emily Mary Shapcote. \$1.25.

The City of Peace. By Those who Have Entered It. 90 cts., net.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). Frances E. Herring. \$2.

History of Philosophy. William Turner, S. T. D. \$2.50.

Introibo. Rev. Cornelius Clifford. \$1.50.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. Archer Butler Hulbert. \$2, net.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. Johannes Janssen. Vols. V. & VI. \$6.25.

Father Marquette. Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. B. Kayser, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. John Fallon, diocese of Springfield; and Rev. Peter Molloy, archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Sister M. Callista, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. M. G. Goodbody, of Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Mason, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Jane Dunn, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. James McCarvill, N. Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. K. Musser, Leadville, Colo.; Mrs. Maria Edgerton, New Bedford, Mass.; Mr. David Curran, Spring Valley, Ill.; Mr. John Kane and Miss Mary Butler, La Salle, Ill.; Mrs. Julia Philibert and Mrs. Catherine Casassa, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Lynch, Peru, Ill.; Mr. Henry Murray and Mrs. Mary Coudert, New York; Mrs. Antoine Valentin, London, Canada; Mr. Michael Hoban, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Katherine Slater, Waterbury, Conn.; and Mr. Jacob Glick, Cleveland, Ohio.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Autumn Rain.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

COME and listen to the clatter
Of the rain,—
To the steady pitter-patter
Of the rain!
Down the tree trunks slowly crawling,
From the barn eaves swiftly falling,
Hear the eager voices calling
In the rain!
Oh, I love the sudden dashing
Of the rain,
As it comes in noisy splashing
'Gainst my pane!
I am eager for its coming,
And I love its gentle humming,
Like an instrument's low strumming,
Idle rain!
How I love thy gentle sobbing,
Foolish rain!
And I feel thy great heart throbbing,
Tender rain!
Hush! The pines, low bent, are praying,
All my foolish fears allaying;
And my thoughts from thee go straying,
Wind-swept rain!
Oh, thou soul oppressed and weary,
Heed the rain!
Let it wash out all the dreary
Needless pain.
It will soothe the ceaseless aching,
It will heal the violent breaking
Hearts, to nobler things awaking,
God-sent rain!

A Sanctuary at the Mouth of the Seine.

BY THE REV. H. W. CLEARY.

PITY the tourist who leaves Normandy without going up or down that delightful portion of the Seine whose tortuous course lies between many-spired Rouen and the sea. As we drifted rapidly adown its rippled waters in the puffing little steamer, all our fellow-passengers gazed, like us, with unflagging delight on the changing beauties of the scenery: the wooded hills, grassy plains, frowning old strongholds, peaceful country-seats, pretty towns and hamlets rising up to right and left from the water's edge; and, pervading all, the ever-recurring spire and monastery and wayside cross that point to a faith which still forms the crowning glory of Normandy.

Our present destination was Honfleur, which we reached in the evening, after a run of about seven hours. Oh, how it has fallen! City of thirteen centuries, it looked out erstwhile with queenly majesty over the ocean, till, three hundred years ago, shifting sands and Seine mud relegated it inland, and situation and royal favor raised up a successful rival to it in the flourishing town of Havre. Since then it has been pining away under the cold breath of neglect. Its aged walls convey ill-disguised suggestions of mouldiness and decay, albeit there sits on all its faded trappings an air of former respectability, as though

SOCIETY rests upon conscience, not upon science. Civilization is, first and foremost, a moral thing.—*Amiel.*

street and square were forcing your attention to the "better days" they knew of yore. Around the port centres the pulsing little life of Honfleur. As it recedes therefrom, it struggles lower and more fitfully till at length, as in the extremities of the expiring old, its throbbing almost ceases in the straggling, far-off streets, where the footfall sounds hollow and intrusive.

So widowed Honfleur sits brooding on the faded glories that are past. Yet not all the gems of its wrecked treasure are lost: out from the dead-and-unforgotten past, and into the living present, shines one glory undimmed,—a glory that watched her rise, that enhanced her heyday of prosperity, that even now sheds on her fallen fortunes a halo that is heavenly and immortal. This is the visible protection of Mary, Our Lady of Grace, from her shrine on a hilltop that overhangs the town; and to it fallen Honfleur points as proudly as does the many-scarred veteran to the cross or medal upon his ragged breast.

A hasty repast with mine host of the Cheval Blanc; then to the hill (Côte de Grâce, as the Honfleurais call it); past St. Catherine's great old wooden church, from whose detached, pine-propped belfry came the thundering accords of the first Angelus. Then, silently reciting the Beads, up a steep and shady road, till after a twenty minutes' walk we found ourselves on the highest point of a bold and wooded promontory. Our feet pressed the shaven grass of a well-planted platform, half an acre in extent: a gift made to the church by one good Mademoiselle de Bourbon, who went to her rest in the year of grace 1608. On the edge of the platform, facing the northwest, stands a large wooden Calvary, whose fading shadow lay long and ill-defined athwart the glade. Far below us, to right and front, spread the untroubled surface of the sea, wherein the sun was sinking red and drowsy. Behind us, the town. Beyond Seine's

broad mouth, the outlines of Havre, showing uncertain in the fading light, while the sound of its evening bells floated soft and mellow to us over the waters of the bay. At a stone's-throw to our left, embowered in sombre foliage, was the venerable pile itself.

Most unpretentious of sanctuaries is that of Our Lady of Grace,—a low, cruciform structure, clinging bodily to the ground; naught in all its architecture suggestive of loftiness or "soaring," except perhaps the little belfry, of style unclassed and ancient, that sits perching over the inornate façade.

It was pre-eminently the hour and place for silent thought and holy prayer. A lamp shining through the half-oped doorway lighted us to the Presence there; thence to the miraculous statue of Our Lady, sweet, majestic, confidence-inspiring,—sparkling with gold and silver trophies of love and gratitude: of the which more in good time.

As was our wont, we knelt in a shaded corner to pursue our thoughts and make our orisons in peace. We were alone. Presently, however, a rustling dress, two little pattering feet, and sighs long and deep broke the stillness of the hour. We looked. A heap of widow's weeds lay before Our Lady's statue; hard by, a little boy—the widow's boy, I trow,—looking prematurely thoughtful as he scattered a little bouquet of faded roses, petal by petal, about the floor. The mass of mourning raised itself, and the light of Mary's lamp fell upon two streaming eyes and a youthful face whereon anguish fierce and unrelenting had set its mark. She either knew not or recked not of our presence there. Claspings her pleading hands, she cried out from the depths of a broken heart: "O my dear Mother! O Mother of the afflicted, give me strength! O Mary, give me patience!" At the moving tones of the mother's invocation the child's play ceased and he nestled in sobbing terror on her bosom. She calmed him, and

then prayed on, more softly, saying over and over again the selfsame words. Thus passed fifteen minutes or more.

My thoughts—I marvel not wherefore—reverted to the old scene in Gethsemane. God willed not that her chalice should pass from her; but I silently wondered if some spirit-messenger from heaven would mingle one little drop of consolation with the bitter wave.

At length she arose, reverently kissed the foot of the statue, raised her little boy to do likewise, and traced a cross on her own forehead and on his with a little of the oil from the Virgin's lamp. As she returned to go forth into the gathering darkness, the light of the lamp shone full upon her face once more: that face bore the sweet impress of calm and tearless resignation. Had she before coming thither tried human consolation, only to find it, as it is, all hollow, and now cast all her worldly hopes and joys, with their emblems—the faded rosebuds,—at Our Lady's feet? We know not, but this we know: that the message of heavenly comfort came. At Mary's prayer, a ray of divine consolation beamed forth from the Tabernacle into that sorrowing soul. We murmured a prayer for her, as well in gratitude we might; for she had taught us a lesson of hope and trust in Heaven, that shall remain graven in our hearts forever.

We were up betimes next morning, and on the hill again. The church was crowded to excess, the male portion of the congregation being more numerous than the female. Right before us, and close—quite close—to Mary's statue, knelt the widow of yesterday evening, praying away with calm fervor; her little boy clinging to her the while with the same childlike confidence as did she to her gracious Mother in heaven.

After Mass the congregation gradually melted away; and, our devotions ended, we began to look around. The unadorned exterior of the church ill prepares one for the comparative richness that prevails

inside. "All its glory is from within." In the sacristy are many vestments of great price, and abundance of costly altar-plate, while the interior of the church sparkles with the splendor of rich offerings in gold and silver. Yet to the Christian's eye its most glorious decorations are the countless *ex-votos* that swarm up wall and ceiling; that cling bright and thick around the statue of Our Lady of Grace; that cluster about the altars, ensconce themselves in windows, and peep out from a score of cunning little recesses. They are the counterpart of those we had seen at Mary's sanctuaries in many lands,—gold and silver hearts, marble slabs, crutches, models of vessels, and pictures of dire distress by land and sea: these last for the most part rude, uncouth, conventional performances, many of them two hundred years old. There, ranged round about in order fair, these mute testimonials of Mary's compassion appeal eloquently to our faith and hope in her whose benignant eye has beamed from that church-crested hill over sea and town and land from a time farther back into the gloom of the past than the historian's gaze can peer.

Thus the sanctuary of Our Lady of Grace has its prehistoric days. Generations of devout pilgrims wended their prayerful way thither long before the days of Duke Robert, surnamed the Magnificent, to whose generosity the material edifice owed so much. It was the time when Canute, King of Denmark, looked with covetous eyes on the throne of England, which had devolved by right of succession upon Edmund Ironsides, son of Ethelred the Unready. The gallant Duke hied him to Edmund's aid, with might of armed men; but his war-galleys were driven by a violent storm to the dangerous shores of Guernsey Isle. Not on land nor yet on sea did any hope of succor gleam. Then did Duke Robert turn his eyes heavenward, and to the Holy Virgin vowed three fair temples

over the sea. So a Voice from on high commanded the wind and the waves, and there was a great calm.

In good time the noble Duke returned in safety to Normandy and fulfilled his vow, setting up one of his three churches on the magnificent height that crowns historic Honfleur. Pilgrimages went on increasing, until, in the year 1538 (five centuries after the foundation of the church), the part of the promontory on which it was built was engulfed in the ocean during one of the most terrific gales that ever visited those storm-lashed coasts. Naught was left of good Duke Robert's church save an altar and a statue of Our Lady, the site whereof is marked to-day by a Calvary, whose spreading arms are visible far adown the bay.

Still the pilgrims flocked to the ruined shrine, and, reckless of life and limb, clustered in prayer around the altar and the statue. Thus for eight and sixty years. Then in 1606 M. Gonnier, with pious thought, laid the foundations of the present edifice. Nine years later the Capuchin Fathers were invited thither. They came accordingly, and officiated there, blessing water every Sunday, until the Vandals of 1793 crowded numerous and noisy up the Côte de Grâce. In solemn mockery, the "regenerators" paraded the streets of Honfleur tricked out in priestly robes. The church they pillaged and turned into a tavern. As of old in Belshazzar's halls, they used the sacred vessels of God's house, and in their own wild and unholy fashion made very merry indeed, saying and doing the while vain things against the Lord and against His Christ. But in the midst of their unholy revelling the handwriting was out against them on the desecrated wall, albeit none among them read its dread import; and—*Mane, Thecel, Phares!*—on the morrow the authors of that sacrilege were weighed in the balance and found wanting.

At length men had a surfeit of wrongdoing and unholy hate. Religion's mild sway began in France once more. In 1802 Notre Dame de Grâce was restored to divine worship, and, as erstwhile, an ever-flowing, ever-increasing tide of pilgrims poured thither, strong in the faith that moves mountains. Night and day the incense of their prayers is borne aloft by Mary before the throne of the Most High; night and day Heaven's choice favors flow down on them through that channel of grace from the Fount Eternal of all grace and all goodness.

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

IV.

JEAN DAULNAY did not return till midnight. He had dined at a restaurant; and later had gone to a billiard room, where he met several of his bachelor acquaintances. As he entered two of his old companions were about to begin a game.

"There is Daulnay!" said one. "How cross he looks! He is a very unamiable fellow. His wife is not to be envied, I can assure you."

"Nor his mother-in-law," answered the other, with a laugh. "She is very autocratic, though a good woman at heart. You know she is one of the largest stockholders in our bank. She makes things lively sometimes."

"From what I hear, some of your great Moguls have been speculating lately. Be careful! Times are shaky."

"Pshaw!—nothing of the kind. In my opinion, times were never better."

"I have been through it all," said the older man, who, once a bank president, was now occupying a subordinate position. "History repeats itself; and, after so much inflation, there is bound to be a general smash up before long."

"You are a croaker, Binns," replied his companion. "Daulnay would be finely sold, though, if anything should happen. Money was in his eye when he married Louise Belfroy."

"She is a nice little creature,—too good for him."

"By far," said his friend.

When he returned home, the light was burning low. Louise had cried herself to sleep. When she had left her mother and sat alone, reflecting on the unpleasant occurrence of the evening, she began more fully to realize its significance. What resource had she but to weep out her sorrow, anxiety and fears? To bring her mother to act reasonably with regard to Jean was, she knew, an utterly impossible task. To obtain any concession from her husband she felt would be equally impossible. She had already tried it, ineffectually; and her heart was sore at the thought of his obduracy. When a husband and wife love each other they may have occasional "tiffs" and even serious disagreements; but love gives them a common ground of forgiveness, forbearance and generosity. In course of time they recognize and steer clear of rocks; sharp angles become rounded; they avoid deep waters. But when a man is indifferent to his wife, she can conquer him neither by tears nor persuasion.

And Louise? With what confidence had she not told Doctor Vau, only two months before, that she loved Jean Daulnay? And at that time she had firmly believed it. "Why?" she now asked herself with the cruel sternness of a remorseless inquisitor. Because, perhaps, the other suitors who had presented themselves were old or middle-aged; because she had felt that youth should mate with youth; and she had fancied this lover God-given because he had presented himself at the very time when her mother had decided she must be prepared to marry. She remembered now that he had never been an ideal

lover; but she had imagined such lovers existed only in romances, of which she had read a few. Poor child, she would neither have asked nor expected much! A little thoughtfulness, a little kindness, would have satisfied her gentle heart. But from the moment he had summoned her so rudely in the corridor, from the last flutter of her little handkerchief as it flew from her trembling hand on the platform of the train, her peace and happiness had also flown. She felt like a prisoner in a barred cell. Outside were light and joy; behind her a past which she could never regain, and which she could not bear to remember; before her a future that seemed to stretch along through dreary years of bitterness and desolation. No wonder that she wept herself to sleep.

Daulnay, perhaps fearing a scene with reproaches, retired as quietly as he could. His conscience did not trouble him, and he was soon sound asleep.

Suddenly, about two in the morning, he was awakened by a piercing shriek. It was his wife's voice; she was standing in the middle of the floor, distractedly wringing her hands.

"Fire! fire! fire!" she cried. "O God save us from being burned to death!"

He sprang to his feet. A second later her mother opened the door. The cry had waked her; throwing a dressing-gown about her, she hurried in, put her arms around her daughter and led her back to bed. Louise stared at her with glassy eyes; large drops of perspiration fell from her forehead. Her mother gently assisted her to her pillow. In a moment she was asleep.

Daulnay had hastily reached for his *robe de chambre* and thrust his feet into his slippers. He beckoned Madame Belfroy to his dressing-room.

"What is the meaning of this do you suppose?" he asked, glaring at his mother-in-law as though she had been the cause of it; while she, in turn, regarded him with a similar expression.

"She went to bed feeling unhappy. That is the meaning of it," was the reply. "I am glad, for her sake, that this seems to be the first time you have been aware of it."

"Aware of what, Madame?"

"That Louise was subject to these nightmares. She was frightened when a child. They are not dangerous, only disagreeable. Anything that saddens or annoys her is apt to increase their frequency. To-night—you see what you have done."

"Madame, the hour is late. Will you do me the favor to retire?"

"I should like to stay with Louise. You can sleep here."

"I will take care of her. Kindly go to your room."

"You will not be cross with her if she should cry out again?"

"I have heard that the best thing to do in such cases is to be severe. However, I shall do nothing rash. You are trembling with cold. Take a drop of brandy: I have some here in a flask."

"It is not cold but grief that makes me tremble," rejoined Madame Belfroy. "It is the thought that you have been selfish and cruel. My delicate Louise has not been accustomed to anything but kindness. If I had known!"

"And if *I* had known!" repeated Daulnay in a fierce whisper. "Do you want my honest opinion? You are a mischief-maker, — a veritable, typical mother-in-law!"

Madame Belfroy began to sob.

"Go, Madame,—go to your room! This is no time for quarrelling. And one thing I am going to say to you: if you wish to keep us here under your roof, make no more scenes, either in the presence of Louise or out of it. I warn you that I shall not endure them any longer than will be necessary to find another lodging."

"Alas, alas, my poor little girl! Why did I ever allow her to marry?" sobbed Madame Belfroy, as she hurried from

the dressing-room through the corridor.

The next morning, though somewhat pale, Louise did not seem to have any recollection of what had occurred. Her husband did not allude to it, nor to the unpleasantness of the previous evening. He was, on the contrary, rather more kind than usual; and very polite to her mother, who reciprocated by little attentions which gladdened the heart of her daughter. Perhaps, after all, she reasoned, Jean had reflected and seen that he had not been thoughtful enough; perhaps her mother had decided to make concessions; perhaps happiness was really beginning for them.

The truth was that, while Daulnay knew himself to be capable, in a fit of anger, of carrying out his threat of the night before, calmer moments, which had ensued when his mother-in-law left him, had shown him it would be a very foolish thing to do. Louise's fortune was entirely at the disposal of her mother. If he should antagonize her irrevocably, she could so place it that he would not be able to touch a penny of it. While he had not a doubt that his wife would be as clay in his hands, he feared that his mother-in-law might so arrange affairs that Louise herself would not have the fortune under her control. It behooved him, therefore, while standing within his rights, to look to future emoluments, and so play his cards that the dispenser thereof should not become his enemy.

As to Madame Belfroy, the dreadful possibility suggested by Louise and reiterated by her husband had caused her to resolve to overlook defects and deficiencies in Jean for the sake of her own and her daughter's happiness. On her knees that morning she had asked for counsel and help; on her knees she had committed her household to the care and protection of the Almighty; acknowledging, perhaps for the first time in her reign as queen of that household, shortcomings and failings

which she had formerly considered as belonging only to common humanity, outside the pale of which she had always imagined herself to stand.

Daulnay left them with a pleasant word. After he had gone, without any allusion to what had happened, Louise threw her arms around her mother and kissed her passionately on both cheeks. Her eyes were bright, a smile hovered on her lips, her whole being seemed to radiate the hope and expectation of happiness. For once her mother had the tact to indicate her appreciation of the change by a silent pressure of the soft little hand, and they sat down to their embroidery.

At eleven o'clock Madame Belfroy went to the kitchen to order something special for luncheon. When she returned Louise was leaning back in her rocking-chair, pale as death, while her husband, with face livid and angry, stood with his back against the mantel.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the widow. "Has anything happened?"

"Everything is the matter," answered Daulnay,—"everything has happened that could happen. They have been speculating,—the bank has failed. You are ruined, Madame; and so am I."

"My son, you must be dreaming!" said Madame Belfroy in a dazed voice. If she had uttered her real thoughts, she would have said, "You must have been drinking!"—for she did not doubt that he had been.

"Dreaming!" he sneered. "Go and see for yourself if you do not believe me. However, you could not get within a block of the place for the crowds. The principals are in secret session, the subordinates hanging around the outside offices. I came out by the basement door leading through to the bond building, which, though usually double locked and barred on one side, I found wide open. I suppose they have taken all the money out of the safe, so it did not make any difference. There will not

be a cent left for anybody, it appears."

Madame Belfroy clasped and unclasped her hands nervously, as she looked helplessly up at her son-in-law.

"But, Jean, how can that be?" she asked. "How can they have speculated with money that was invested in good securities?"

"By hypothecating the securities," was the reply. "Oh, it is easy enough to do it, if you want to!" he continued. "But one thing is certain, Madame: you are ruined and so am I."

"I may be," observed his mother-in-law, rising to the occasion,—“that is, in so far as money is concerned. But I fail to see how the same can be said of you. You are young, clever, and have some influence through your connection with this unfortunate bank. You will be able to procure another situation very soon."

"My connection with this unfortunate bank will be very likely to work in my favor, won't it?" he replied. "On the contrary, it will be a stone in my path. But we shall not remain here— Louise and I."

"Oh, not remain here!" cried Madame Belfroy. "Where will you go? What do you mean?"

"I have thought it all out, since the beginning of this miserable day," replied Daulnay. "I will go to my cousin Frederic in Bayeux, where I came from. He is well known on the Bourse there,— a prosperous broker. I am disgusted with America. We shall not stay here any longer than we can help. I mean to write to Frederic this very night. With my knowledge of American methods and of the English language, I can make it worth his while to put me in a good way of making a living."

"But, my dear Jean," said Madame Belfroy, "it will be ever so much harder for us there. Do not take us from our old home and friends."

"I—I do not propose to take *you* anywhere, Madame Belfroy," responded Daulnay, with a cold smile. "At your

age I would not ask you to leave this place, where you have lived all your life. But, as you said a few moments ago, I am young, and so is Louise. We shall have to begin the world anew under more favorable conditions than exist in this place."

Louise was quietly weeping behind her handkerchief. Alas! circumstances had precipitated an event which she had foreseen was inevitable. But she had not dreamed of being separated from her mother save by the distance, perhaps, of a few blocks. For such a development as this she had not been prepared.

Madame Belfroy was like one paralyzed. It was at least a minute before she could speak. At length she said, in a voice from which all self-assertion had departed:

"Jean my son, what do you mean to do with me?"

"You will have enough left from the wreck—a little income—to support yourself here among your friends while you live."

"It will not be long," said the widow, in a tone that seemed to herself to be that of a stranger. She leaned back against the cushions of the sofa. Louise moved nearer to her and took her cold hands in her own.

Jean Daulnay turned abruptly about and left the room. In a moment they saw him passing the window, his hat drawn low on his forehead.

(To be continued.)

Yet so as by Fire.

BY M. E. M.

THERE is one hope that holds me fast,
 One prayer above the rest:
 That I may lay, some heavenly day,
 My head on Jesus' breast.
 Joyful to dwell with Him at last,
 Among the angel choir;
 No more to sin, God's peace to win,
 "Even yet so as by fire."

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain.

FIRST WEEK.

THURSDAY.—Said Mass this morning. During the Holy Sacrifice it is usual to pray for those who have died in the hospital on the previous day or through the night. Scarcely a morning but there is one to be prayed for; sometimes two, three, and even four. This entire week there have been no more than two or three deaths, which shows an exceptionally healthy season, and also accounts for the fewness of the sick calls. I go through the hospital: "Any work for me to-day, Sister?"—"None whatever, Father, thank God!"—"God keep you so, Sister!" And I move on to another ward.

One call to the men's hospital. It was to visit a poor old man afflicted with dropsy. (I am getting up in medical terms. I know "pneumonia," "double pneumonia," "phthisis," "peritonitis," and many another Greek term; and I often think of poor Dalton Williams and the way he humorously wove those unpoetic epithets into his themes.) The man lay on his bed. A nightcap partly hid his silver hair. There was a quiet expression on his features, such as is seen from time to time on the faces of those who in their younger days have moved in good society. His face was full and rich; his hands looked fleshy too; but his feet and legs, which were bare from the knees, were swollen and had a glazed and livid appearance. Halfway down, beside the shinbone, was an ugly sore, plainly showing where the eruption had taken place. The color of the whole foot was unnatural and forbidding. You would wish to slip past it, just as a child at night would slip past a churchyard.

Over this sore the nun was bending. She had it bound round with liniment, and she was busy with scissors in hand

shaping out some more bandages for it. The contrast between the nun's thin, tapering fingers and the patient's swollen foot was perhaps less striking than the contrast between the circle in which the nun moved when in the world and her present surroundings; or, it may be, between the poor patient's younger days and his present unenviable lot. Religion, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

A call to the women's hospital. An old woman with a quiet, gentle face was anxious to see the priest. The Sister in charge did not think there was any immediate danger of death; but as the poor creature was constantly proclaiming her dread of the night and her wish to have the priest, she thought it as well that the priest should be called. I spoke with her for a while before hearing her confession, and her language and conversation were most edifying. There was something far beyond the common in her selection of words, while the run of her thoughts would recall the meditations of a saint.

As I rose to leave, the nurse directed my attention to a girl in the second next bed. She had just come from the Cabra Institute.* Consumption was already beginning its fell work. Deaf and dumb, she was sitting up in bed, with the peculiar look of the defective on her face. Her countenance, whitened and wasted by disease, seemed like that of a waxen figure, it was so regular and so wan. She had her confession written on a sheet of paper, which she handed to me as I sat on the chair beside her bed. When her confession was finished, she conversed rapidly and intelligently on her tablet. She is a most interesting child, but is not destined to spend a long life in this world. Poor girl, she does not seem to realize it, however! I wonder what sort of a future she pictures to herself?

In the afternoon I went through the

* For the deaf and dumb.

women's incurable ward. I found the Sister talking to a patient whom I had been attending in the morning. Then I had thought her an old woman, she was so wrapped up and her face was such an ashy yellow; but, now that she was sitting up, it was plain she was quite young. Her hands were plump and the slender fingers seemed to be more accustomed to gloves than to hard work. She was suffering from a fearful sore in the leg. It was incurable,—nay, it was draining away her very lifeblood. The young woman herself was well aware of this, so the Sister told me; and the white fingers tapped the counterpane meditatively, as if confirming the statement. The nun spoke of the woman's intense sufferings, of the nearness of her end, of her beautiful patience and resignation. I could hardly bear it. She begged a blessing. I gave it from my heart, and then shook hands with her. She raised her eyes to mine, and there was a world of pathos in that look. The sun was shining sweetly outside, but it seemed like Cullen Bryant's convict ship; and I murmured, with a sigh:

"Oh, there be hearts that are breaking below!"

We went farther on. A strong woman, long past the meridian of life, was sitting upright on her bed, waiting to have an ugly cancer on her lip dressed. It came from a wart, so the Sister said, and had now become a cancer. But this the old woman stoutly denied. "It is not a cancer, Sister: it is merely a sore that will soon be healed, please God; and the good Father maybe would make the Sign of the Cross on it with his blessed hands? The priest can cure it, Sister, if he likes."—"To be sure, dear, the priest has power to heal as well as to forgive us poor sinners," replied the nun. I listened, wishing that the conversation had taken a turn less personal.

The old woman then appealed to me directly, and I did make the Sign of the Cross, but not without a feeling of

revulsion. Fearing that my features had betrayed me, and not wishing to pain or disedify the poor creature, I overcame myself and laid my fingers on the sore. She seemed satisfied, and gave vent to most trustful acts of faith in the power and goodness of God. The Sister then carefully syringed the sore, wiping off here and there with a sponge the clammy matter and "proud flesh" that were clinging to it. I watched the operation with feelings not to be envied, yet not venturing to stir, lest it might bespeak a want of sympathy. It was with a sigh of relief that, after some medicated cotton had been laid onto the wound, I saw the bandages drawn over the patient's head and fastened with pins.

Friday.—Said Mass and gave Benediction. After breakfast a sick call to the ward for idiotic men. Neither these nor the idiotic women are under the care of the nuns. The patients are not dangerous or violent; if they were they would be sent to the lunatic asylum. The principal cases in the men's ward are imbeciles or epileptics. I was never in this department before, and was rather anxious to see it. I turned my key in a red door and found myself in a yard; but I must confess to a feeling of uneasiness when I saw a number of men "dawdling" listlessly about and staring at me vacantly, like cows in a field. I knew that if those in authority were present they would come toward me as I passed on. At the same time I feared that some of the poor men might hang on to me and detain me from the patient, so I moved somewhat quickly through the yard and entered one of the wards.

The first thing that arrested my attention was an old man with a razor engaged in shaving another man. I was not a little surprised, and was pushing on when an officer with keys in his hand (the emblem of authority) called me and bade me come another way.

We turned into a low-roofed wing, where the beds were thickly crowded, allowing merely a space for a person to pass between. The patient was an old man. Before hearing his confession I sounded him to ascertain the condition of his mind. He seemed perfectly sane. His prayers before and after Holy Viaticum were thoroughly collected.

Just as I was going to prepare to give him Holy Communion a young man—a patient—rushed in, seized the candle which was not yet lighting, and hurried away with it. I did not know what to think. Immediately he returned with it alight, cast himself on his knees, bending with an air of the deepest devotion toward the Blessed Sacrament, and to my amazement answered the Latin prayers distinctly and devoutly. I learned afterward he had been a member of a religious Order and was subject to violent attacks of epilepsy.

As remarked before, these wards are not under the care of the nuns. When the clothes were lifted so that I might anoint the patient's feet . . . it makes me shiver still to think of it! It was the same way a short time ago with a part of the hospital which was not then under the care of the nuns,—one could not sit down to hear a confession without bringing away a lively remembrance of his last resting-place.

In the evening a man came up to me in the men's ward. He was tall and feeble-looking, though not elderly. "The nun sent me to your reverence," he began. "I haven't been to confession—oh, these years and years!" (with a sigh); "and there is a weight on my heart. Would your reverence appoint a time for me to-morrow, and I will come down to the chapel?"—"To be sure, my man," I said; and we settled on the hour. God is patient and has His own times.

On a bed at the end of one of the women's wards a poor old creature was lying, where the rays of the evening sun

were falling upon her. She had been anointed and was to receive Holy Viaticum. "I am afraid she may not live till morning," said the Sister; "and perhaps it is better not to take the risk." I agreed. It seemed so very appropriate: the blessed rays of the evening sun, the last rays of the poor woman's life, and the thrice holy Sun from the celestial heavens! Oh, 'tis well to be poor! The poor nearly always die happy.

Returning through the women's ward, I saw another Sister holding the blessed candle in the hand of a dying woman. She asked me to give a final absolution, and then she continued the prayers for the departing soul.

Saturday.—Mass was hardly over when a nurse came into the sacristy and announced an urgent sick call. I responded immediately. It was an old man who had been suddenly stricken with paralysis. He was perfectly conscious, however, and was able to receive all the sacraments, thank God!

After breakfast, while waiting for the hour to attend the hospital, I began to reflect on the workhouse children and their prospects for the future. "What shall happen to them?" I asked myself. "How will they grow up, what shall they become outside?" I dwelt especially upon the moment when, friendless and penniless, they would step out into the world. Could nothing be done? Could not some little savings-bank system be introduced which would stimulate their energies while within the workhouse walls, and train them up in habits of thrift, industry, and cleanliness, as well as provide some help for their future? Could not a system of payment by results be instituted, giving little rewards for good behavior, for cleanliness, for application, for fancywork, for washing, for nursing smaller children or teaching them, for knitting or sewing? Oh, for an able head and a kindly heart!

In the women's hospital two sick calls; five or six in the men's. One of these was a former acquaintance. It is not many weeks since he was brought into the hospital in a dying state—drink! He was pulled through. He went out, and here he is again—once more drink! (It would be interesting to note how many cases in the hospital are the result, direct or indirect, of intemperance. Henceforward I shall pay special attention to this point.) He was a short, stout man, an artisan out in town. He has a wife, and perhaps children.

Let us suppose he was a sober man, and that all his earnings were saved and brought home to his wife and family. Let us picture to ourselves what sort of a home his should be. Peace (the loveliest angel that ever set foot within the human threshold) would dwell there, also virtue, religion and happiness. There would be comfort, economy, good meals, health, education, books, perhaps music. What might be the effect of all these on the young family growing up? Who can tell? How happy it is to see in an artisan's home clean rooms, clean furniture, neat adornments, natty work of feminine fingers, intermingled with those the many articles that tender hands may love to hold—perhaps an instrument of music hanging up, a fiddle hid in its case, a chessboard, etc.!

On the other hand, what in reality is the drunkard's home? Brother, if you must be told, go and see for yourself; and when you have seen, raise your hand to heaven and think of the many good and noble souls who have spent their lives in endeavoring to elevate the poor. Go thou and do in like manner. What matters it to you should the scoffer ask: "Has the lot of the poor been elevated,—have we not as many poor now as ever?" Answer: "Very true. But many a poor person has been redeemed, evil and starvation removed from his door, over whose grave a triumphal arch has not been raised."

Indeed if all the good deeds that have been wrought were written, I think "the whole world should not contain" the record of them.

Quite likely it has not been told by Kathleen O'Meara in her life of Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, that when he was a simple priest he was called to attend an unfortunate man of letters, who lay on his bed of sickness, slowly starving to death,—a man out of whose soul religion was crushed, as trust in humankind had been forced out of his heart by his utter abandonment. Father Thomas visited him, conversed with him, sympathized with him, cheered and encouraged him, and at his parting left a piece of money on the poor man's pillow. That piece of money brought him nourishment, nourishment brought him strength, strength brought him trust—trust in his kind,—trust brought him hope, hope brought him health, health brought him back his lost powers. He once more took up his position as a journalist, and few men have written more forcibly in favor of religion and of the poor. He passed from country to country searching into the lot of the lowly, meeting the hopeless and despairing with arguments drawn from his own bitter experience; crossing swords with the sneerer, and preaching the power and sympathy and tenderness of religion. The story of his sick bed and of Dr. Grant's kindness I had from his own lips one night, as we trod the lanes of the East End of London.

In the evening I was called to see the patients in the fever hospital. The Sister in charge thought that the woman and the girl had got out into the tide of the sickness, and had better be anointed, for fear they might never return to shore.

(To be continued.)

English Priests in Penal Times.

BY MARY CROSS.

I.

GENERATIONS have grown up and passed away in the belief that, so far as England and Scotland were concerned, the Reformation was hailed with delight, and its teachings promptly accepted by a grateful people. When an Anglican bishop and a writer admittedly intelligent, whose words carry weight with many, tell us that the Reformation was a national movement, "a change to express the feelings of the English people," we are entitled to ask: "Why, then, the penal laws, prolonged through successive reigns with increasing severity? Why all the agony of oppression, bloodshed, and confiscation? Why the interdiction, under dire pains and penalties, of Catholic education?"

The assertions of the late Bishop of London and of Mr. Douglas Sladen are contradicted by the English Statute Book and by the admissions of non-Catholic historians. Dr. Brewster states that it would not have been safe for Elizabeth to take a religious census of the nation until late in her reign; conformity was obtained only by merciless penal laws; yet after forty years thereof, Elizabeth's own historians confess that not two-thirds of her subjects had outwardly conformed. Froude records the national opposition to the new doctrines, and informs us that the rope was introduced to give force to the arguments against the old Faith, and far and wide the bodies of rectors dangled from their church towers. Green, in his "Short History," tells us that the English nation revolted against the Reformation; the Midland counties were known to be disaffected; Lincolnshire's rebellion was hardly suppressed when Yorkshire rose; then Durham, demanding union with Rome.

The Commons of Devonshire and Corn-

He only judges right who weighs, compares;
And in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, e'er remembers charity.

—Wordsworth.

wall demanded the restoration of the old Faith, and utterly refused the new. The answer was a massacre, and the new liturgy was set up in the blood of four thousand peasants. Burnet makes the humiliating admission that Protestantism was imposed on our ancestors by a foreign army. Gairdner, assistant-keeper of the Public Records, states that the spirit of resistance in the nation was "subdued by a series of appalling executions." In 1569 the Northern counties rose in rebellion, and the new Prayer Book was publicly burned. Protestantism was amply avenged; for the royal troops laid waste three hundred villages; eight hundred persons were hanged, and pardon was offered to the survivors on condition of their taking the oath of supremacy. Death or apostasy was the alternative offered to Catholics.

An interesting witness to the tenacity with which the English people clung to the old Faith, and to the fact that the change of doctrine did not "express their feelings," is found in the "Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles," by Gilbert, Bishop of Sarum.* Therein we read: "In the edition of these articles in Edward VI.'s reign there was another long paragraph against Transubstantiation added. When these articles were first prepared by the Convocation in Elizabeth's reign, this paragraph was a part of them; for the original subscription by both Houses of Convocation shows this. But the design of the Government was at that time much turned to the drawing over of the Body of the Nation to the Reformation, in whom the old leaven had gone deep, and no part of it deeper than belief in the Corporeal Presence of Christ in the Sacrament; therefore it was thought not expedient to offend them by so particular a definition in this matter, in which the very word Real Presence

was rejected. Therefore it was thought fit to suppress this paragraph."

Under Elizabeth's penal laws it was death for a priest to come into England; death to harbor him, to confess to him, to be reconciled to the Church; death for him to exercise any priestly function. Non-attendance at Protestant service was punished by a heavy fine, and those who could not pay it were sent to prison. To possess a rosary, a cross, or any other Catholic emblem was to commit treason. Professional priest-catchers were authorized to break into the houses of Catholics at any hour of the day or night to search for evidence against them. These pursuivants, says Lingard, tore down tapestry and wainscoting, forced open closets, coffers, and drawers, in search of priest or chalices or vestments or Catholic books; and to resist or to remonstrate only produced additional outrage. All the inmates were searched for "superstitious articles," and there are on record instances of ladies of rank losing life and reason through the brutality of the officials. A High-Commission Court was set up, with power to search out and reform all "heresies," and punish them at discretion. The depositions before the royal judges are interesting and pathetic. An old woman, Elizabeth Watson, confessed that 'she used her beades'; and Alice Wilkinson made a similar statement, adding that "many thousand dyd the like." From Wales came the complaint that "the people do carry their beades openly, and make such clappings with them in church that a man can hardly hear the minister for the noise thereof." Outlaws and criminals were offered pardon and reward if they betrayed a Catholic, till, as Camden admits, "innocence was no security to a Papist."

It was death to help or harbor a priest. Thomas Bosgrave was hanged for lending a hat to a priest; Marmaduke Bowes met a similar fate for giving a drink of water to a priest on his way

* Fourth edition, 1720.

to execution. Margaret Clitheroe was crushed to death between two boards, with a sharp stone under her back, for "harbouring" priests. Priests themselves were subject to torture and the revolting death for high treason sanctioned by law. But, in spite of gibbet and rack, bands of noble-hearted men came to England to live a hunted life with the prospect of a hideous death before them, more than content with their lot if only they might assist their afflicted countrymen, and keep alive the embers of the Faith. These were the missionary priests, a band of heroes whose memory we salute with wondering reverence and love.

To prevent the extermination of the English priesthood and consequent decay of the Faith in England, Dr. William Allen, a native of Lancashire, driven from Oxford by religious tests, had founded at Douai a seminary for the students exiled from England for conscience' sake. There they studied theology and were ordained, and in five years Dr. Allen sent nearly a hundred priests as missionaries to England. Other English colleges were founded in Spain, Portugal, and Rome; at the gates of the latter seminary St. Philip Neri used to salute the young students with the words: "Hail, flowers of the martyrs!"

We read of the Provincial of the Jesuits addressing thus the priests who volunteered for the English mission: "Can you undergo a hard persecution? Can you suffer the hardships of a jail, and sleep on straw in chains and fetters? Can you endure the rack? Can you hear yourself falsely sworn against, and patiently receive the sentence of an unjust judge condemning you to a painful and ignominious death?" History records no sublimer answer than that which came from the lips of those martyrs to Christian charity: "We can, thanks be to God!"

Strange lives were theirs, those priests of the penal times! Now "ruffling it

as gallants," now sedate serving-men, now captains, now merchants; but in each and every disguise on the brink of betrayal; living and dying a living death in every day, yet encouraging, sustaining, and comforting others,—where is the pen that may fittingly portray the romance, the heroism, the thrilling glory of it all!

When captured, the priests were tortured to make them reveal where they had said Mass, who were present at the Mass, whose confessions they had heard, and where other priests could be found. There were various forms of torture; there was "Limbo"—a cell filled with rats; the "little rase" in which a man could neither sit nor stand nor lie; the "scavenger's daughter"—a hoop of iron into which the whole body was crushed; and the rack, by which fearful instrument the rackmaster of the Tower, London, boasted that he had made Father Briant "a foot longer."

Father John Gerard, a member of that glorious Order, that noble "Society of Jesus," which has faced all trials and braved all dangers, has left a thrilling account of the perils and sufferings of priest and people in those "sorrowful, splendid days, with their glory and their woe." He was free to decide whether he would remain at the Jesuit College in France or go on the English mission; and, like a true soldier of the Cross, he chose to go where the interests of his Master were in greatest danger. He arrived in England when the most rigid search was being made for priests; when every village, road, and street was watched; when the Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favorite, had sworn that he would not leave a single Catholic alive at the end of a year. Father Gerard was "harboured" by a family named Wiseman. On Easter Sunday he was preparing to say Mass before sunrise, when the house was suddenly surrounded by soldiers and pursuivants, or priest-catchers, who broke down the door and

forced their way within. Father Gerard was hidden in a hole under the fireplace, where he remained for four days, without meat or drink; determined to die of starvation rather than come out and thus betray into the hands of the enemy the friends who had sheltered him.

During those four days the house was searched, even under the tiles of the roof. The mistress, her daughters and servants were taken to prison. Guards were set in every room to watch all night, lest the priest should escape under cover of the darkness. The men lighted a fire in the very grate above Father Gerard's head; and the rafters catching fire a large hole was burned in his hiding-place. Now and again embers dropped through, and would have set fire to his clothing had he not crushed out the sparks with his hands, whilst he earnestly besought God not to let him be captured in a Catholic house, where others must share his doom. His prayer was heard: the fire died out; next day the searchers departed, and he came forth, as he says, like another Lazarus.

Eventually he was captured and taken to the Tower. Threatened with torture if he did not conform to the Queen's wishes, he answered: "By the help of God, I will not do anything against the Catholic Faith. You have me in your power. Do to me what God permits; more you can not." He was then told that he should be tortured as long as life lasted. He answered: "The utmost you can do is take my life, and I have ever desired to give that for my Master."

He was placed on the rack, with four strong men to superintend the torture. Having endured for an hour, he fainted; his teeth were forced open with an iron instrument and warm water poured down his throat until he revived; then the torture was renewed. This was repeated eight or nine times for five hours. At the end of that time he was

asked: "Will you now do what the Queen wishes?" He answered: "I will not lose my soul to save my body." Next day the torture was renewed, and he was asked: "Is it not better to obey the Queen than to suffer thus?" He answered: "No, certainly. I would die a thousand deaths rather than betray my Master."—"If you will not obey the Queen," he was told, "you must be tortured all day again."—"Then go on," said he; "I have but one life, and I gladly give it up." And he rose in order to go to the rack himself, but being too weak was carried to it. After a few hours the governor of the Tower ordered him to be taken down, and resigned his office, saying he would no longer be an instrument in torturing an innocent man. Father Gerard escaped from the Tower, his life spared that the little flock might not be without a shepherd.

Pre-eminent even in that saintly throng of heroes and martyrs stands forth the "Jewel of Oxford," the "flower of the Universities," Blessed Edmund Campion, of whom the *Literary World* writes: "Only sectarian blindness could fail to see in him the virtues that alone entitle to a place among good men." On being reconciled to the Church, he had joined the Jesuits at Douai; and, returning to England, was betrayed by a man named Eliot, who professed to be a Catholic and had received Catholic hospitality and help. Whilst Father Campion was offering the Holy Sacrifice in the house of a Berkshire gentleman, Eliot informed the nearest magistrate, and asked him to take the priest in the very act of idolatry. The house was surrounded by armed men; but a hasty alarm was given by a servant, and all traces of the Mass were cleared away.

Father Campion was concealed in a hole in the wall, but Eliot discovered the hiding-place, and the priest was seized. He was taken to the Tower, and there tortured so savagely that he thought

they meant to kill him. He was brought before dignitaries of the Anglican Church, who engaged him in controversy,—he standing without a book to aid him or a chair to lean against. One who was present has recorded that he was weak and weary, his memory and force of mind almost extinguished by bodily suffering; yet his meekness, his clear arguments so impressed at least one listener, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, that, from being a Protestant and a voluptuous courtier, he became a confessor and martyr of the Catholic Faith.

Twelve other priests were arraigned with Campion; liberty being offered to each if he would conform to the established religion. When Father Campion was called upon to plead at his trial, he could not raise his hand; and one of his brother priests in the dock beside him knelt and kissed the helpless member, and held it up. Then Campion spoke: "We have never feared death. If our religion makes us traitors, we deserve to be condemned. But in condemning us you condemn all your own ancestors, all the ancient bishops and priests and saints of your country; for what have we taught that they did not teach too? To be condemned with those ancient and venerable lights is our glory, but your shame." When sentence of death was passed he and his companions broke into a triumphant *Te Deum*.

Eliot the traitor visited Father Campion in prison, and begged his forgiveness. The martyr not only forgave him, but recommended him to the protection of a Catholic nobleman in Germany, on whose territory he could live in peace,—a sublime act of charity which converted the jailer.

On the scaffold Father Campion begged those of the household of the Faith to pray with him in his agony. A drop of his blood fell on a young Protestant, Henry Walpole, who stood watching the execution; and he became a Catholic, then a priest in the Order to which

Father Campion had belonged, and finally a martyr. He was racked fourteen times before being executed at York. Before his death he wrote a meditation on Our Lord's Passion, and some fine lines on Father Campion, declaring that he had received the warmth of life and faith from that holy martyr's blood.

Yet another martyr was the poet, Robert Southwell,—“the boy-priest,” as Sir Edward Coke mockingly called him, but whom a later martyr described as “the unconquered soldier and faithful disciple of Christ; once my dear comrade, now my patron.” For eight years he ministered to the scattered faithful, then was apprehended and sent to a filthy dungeon in the Tower. During an imprisonment of three years he underwent ten inflictions of the rack. Found guilty on his own confession of being a Catholic priest, he was condemned and executed. “Throughout these scenes,” says a Protestant authority, “he behaved with a mild fortitude which nothing but a highly-regulated mind and satisfied conscience could have prompted.... It is remarkable that, though composed while suffering under persecution, no trace of angry feeling against any human being or any human institution occurs in his poems.”*

(Conclusion next week.)

* The writer acknowledges special indebtedness to Lingard's History, and to articles on “The Gunpowder Plot,” by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J.

It is impossible that morality can be taught, among children certainly, and even among the community at large, without the appeal to religion. Religious teaching must be the basis of moral teaching. Take away the religious teaching, and the moral teaching will either disappear or become exceedingly attenuated and end by shrivelling away. This is the reason why we advocate so strongly and so decidedly the maintenance of religious teaching in schools.

—Bishop Creighton (Anglican).

A Freak of Fortune.

II.

THE Hupsmans lived on the sixth floor in two small rooms, poorly furnished but very clean. The wife and mother sat mending stockings, while two children—a boy and girl—were studying their lessons by the dim light of a single oil-lamp which stood in the middle of the table, spread for a meal to which victuals were lacking.

"Well, Joris!" said his wife anxiously as her husband entered. "I was beginning to feel alarmed about you."

"And no wonder, Marie," he answered. "I have had an adventure, and it has put everything else out of my head. Here are two francs, Steven. Run down, my boy, and get some sausage, bread and tea, while I tell mamma what detained me."

The boy, pleased at the prospect of a good meal, beckoned to his sister. They soon left the room on their errand; and Hupsmans, throwing the remainder of the money on the table, smilingly regarded his wife.

"I did not think you would have received so much on the ring, Joris," she remarked, looking at the ten-florin gold piece which lay beside the smaller change.

"I am going to tell you about it," he replied; and forthwith related the story of the afternoon.

The wife listened in silence.

"Now, what shall we do?" he asked, when the recital was finished. "Don't you think I ought to put this packet in the hands of the commissary of police?"

"Certainly I do," was the rejoinder. "But it is very late for that this evening. Wait till morning, Joris."

"Very well. But it is so strange, Marie, that Providence should have put such a thing into my hands! Perhaps I ought to open it? I may find the name or address of the owner inside,

and could return it without exposing him or ourselves to publicity."

"Yes, perhaps you had better open it, Joris. It can hardly contain anything dangerous."

"That is what Mr. Bartens remarked," said Hupsmans. "It is too flat to hold any complicated death-dealing machinery. The man had an attractive, kindly face. I'm not afraid to open it, Marie."

"Wait till the children are asleep, then; and in God's name, we shall see."

After a very good supper—the best they had eaten in several days—the children retired; and Hupsmans, taking out his penknife, cut the string which confined the package. When he had unwrapped several folds of paper a large leather pocketbook was revealed. On opening this, which bulged considerably, he found it to be full of bank-notes, amounting to sixty thousand francs, or twelve thousand dollars.

The surprise of the worthy couple was equalled by their solicitude lest so much money should be stolen before morning. At first Joris was for taking it back to Mr. Bartens at once; but his wife dissuaded him, fearing that he might be robbed on the way.

"Wait, till morning," she remarked. "We will put it in the old stove in the children's room, and you can return it to him to-morrow."

"So be it," replied Hupsmans. "I fancy Mr. Bartens will not refuse the package the second time when he learns what are its contents."

At nine o'clock the next morning the banker was seated in his private office, reading for the second time a letter received about half an hour previous. Its contents were as follows:

MONSIEUR:—Fifteen years have passed since the day when you discovered that one of your trusted employees had deceived you—was a thief. This man, having forged your signature, had stolen a considerable sum. You decided to have him arrested. I was that man.

However, I succeeded in eluding the police and escaped to America. There the expiation of my crime began. In the first place I lost all the money of which I had robbed you. Pen can not describe all I endured. Prison or death would have not been so terrible. For ten years poverty, hunger and cold were my close bedfellows. Then the wheel of fortune turned, and, in answer to my remorseful prayers, Providence smiled on my efforts. For five years everything I have touched has turned to gold. At last I have realized a fortune; and I am glad to be able to return to you, with interest, the sum which I took from you years ago.

I would restore it in person were it not that shame holds me back. Do not imagine that fear of arrest has anything to do with it: I have the greatest confidence in your merciful forgiveness. I know an honest man when I see him, and this evening I gave the package containing sixty thousand francs into the hands of a man whom I saw near the bank, to be deposited in your own hands. I saw him give it to you, and then hurried off. When you read this I shall be on my way to America.

May God bless you, sir, and continue to increase your store! Once more I humbly beg your pardon!

MARCEAU.

The banker suddenly raised his eyes: Hupsmans was standing before him. He started in surprise.

"How did you come here, of all men in the world?" he asked. "I thought never to see you again."

"I knocked twice," answered Hupsmans. "Receiving no reply, I ventured to open the door, though I know it was a liberty. But I have something here which I wish to get rid of as soon as possible. That is my excuse."

"The package again?" queried the banker, with a peculiar smile.

"Yes, Mr. Bartens, the package; and this time I hope you will not refuse it.

When I reached home last night and told my wife about it, we resolved to take it to the commissary of police this morning. But first we thought it better to open it, as perhaps it might contain the address of the man who gave it to me. What was our surprise to find no clue to the owner, but a pocketbook containing sixty thousand francs! Here it is, sir. I beg you to count it and see if all is correct."

Mr. Bartens took the pocketbook, counted the money, and then said curtly: "It is all right. The money is all there. This letter explains everything."

Hupsmans waited a moment—not in hope of reward, for such an idea never entered his honest head. But he had thought a word of thanks might be forthcoming. Seeing that it was not, he turned and walked slowly away, a little disappointed that the great man had not shown more politeness.

But Mr. Bartens had methods of his own. No sooner had Hupsmans left the office than he rang the bell for a clerk, whom he told to follow the man who had just gone out to his residence. His quick intelligence had divined that the poor fellow was out of employment, and also that he would go at once to tell his wife what had occurred.

The man returned in half an hour with the address. Taking his hat, the banker went at once to the residence of the Hupsmans, where he found husband and wife engaged in earnest conversation.

"Talking about me, no doubt!" he said abruptly, to their great confusion. "I am not quite so ungrateful as I seem, however," he continued.

Accepting a proffered chair, he looked quickly around the room, taking in at one comprehensive glance its dire poverty and extreme neatness.

"I have come," he said, "to learn from you some further particulars concerning the man who gave you the package. Tell me all you know."

The tale was soon told.

"And you had no temptation to keep the money?" the banker inquired when Hupsmans had finished.

"But, sir, it was not ours!" exclaimed husband and wife in one breath.

The banker smiled.

"And now about yourself?" he resumed, turning to Hupsmans. "You are young, intelligent, you seem in good health: how is it you are without a situation?"

"Until a year ago I was employed in the banking-house of Scarreau and Company, Amsterdam. Then they went to the wall."

"Yes, I remember."

"All my savings were there and lost. Nothing was left to me."

"Too bad, too bad!"

"We came to Haarlem, where I hoped to find a position. I have been unsuccessful."

"And yesterday you went to the pawn-shop?"

"For the first time, sir."

"I hope it may be for the last, my good Hupsmans! Now, what do you know about the banking business?"

Hupsmans produced several letters of recommendation.

"These should have secured you a situation before this. But we are very conservative here in Haarlem. We cling to the old employees."

"And a very good thing it is," rejoined Hupsmans.

"However, it happens that they die sometimes," said Bartens. "Two months ago my cashier sent in his long account. He was a first-class man. I have been slow in replacing him, though I have had many applicants for the position. Will you accept it? Your salary will be ten thousand francs, beginning from the date of old Boudreau's death."

Speechless with joy and astonishment, Joris Hupsmans and his wife looked at each other with tearful eyes. At length Hupsmans answered:

"To say that I willingly accept would be to say very little. I am a man of few words. I hope my attention to business and fidelity in your service will show how deeply I appreciate your kindness. But the two months' back salary—how can I consent to take that? I have not earned it."

"You have fairly well earned it," replied the banker with a smile. "Come to-morrow morning."

"God be thanked!" said Marie as the great man took his hat.

"Amen!" he answered, and hurried out of the room.

Two years later the old gilt sign on the house of Bartens was changed to that of Bartens & Hupsmans, where it remains to this day. The families have intermarried; the men are marvels of industry, the women of virtue. There are no better people in Holland in the sight of God and man. A. E. J.

(The End.)

The Bone of Contention.

UNDER a kitchen window lay Barbos and Polkan, basking in the sunshine. It would have been more fitting in them to have been guarding the house at the gate in front of the courtyard. But they had eaten till they were satiated; and, besides, overfed dogs do not bark at any one in the daytime. So they indulged in a discussion about all sorts of things—about their doggish service, about good and evil, and finally about friendship.

"What," said Polkan, "can be pleasanter than to live heart to heart with a friend,—in everything to offer mutual service; not to sleep or eat without one's friend, and to defend his body with all one's force; finally, for friends to look into one another's eyes, and each to think that only a fortunate hour in which he could please or amuse his

friend, and to place all his own happiness in his friend's good fortune? Suppose, for instance, you and I were to contract such a friendship? I venture to say we should not be able to tell how quickly time was flying."

"That is true. So be it," answered Barbos. "Long has it been grievous to me, my dear Polkan, that we, who are dogs of the same yard, can not spend a single day without quarrelling. And why is it? Thanks to our master, we are neither closely pent nor scantily fed. Besides, it really is scandalous. From the earliest times the dog has been the type of friendship, yet you scarcely ever see any more friendship among dogs than among men."

"Let us make manifest an instance of it to our own times," said Polkan.

"Your paw!"

"There it is!"

Straightway the new friends began to caress and fondle each other. They knew not, in their raptures, to what to liken themselves.

"My Orestes!"

"My Pylades!"

"Away with all quarrels, all envy, all malice!"

Unluckily, at this moment the cook tossed a bone out of the kitchen. Our new friends flung themselves upon it furiously. Alas! what had become of their harmonious alliance? Orestes and Pylades seized each other by the throat, so that their hair went flying to the winds, and even torrents of water would scarcely separate them.

"The world is full of such friendships," observes Krilof, the author of this fable. "One would not be far wrong if one said of friends, as they are nowadays, that they are almost all alike in respect to their friendship. To listen to them, you would imagine they were perfectly unanimous. But just throw them a bone: they will behave exactly like our dogs."

Notes and Remarks.

A case recently tried in Sir Francis Jeune's court in London has brought the lax divorce laws of South Dakota into sorry prominence in England. In 1898 a wealthy Greek merchant procured a bill of separation from his wife, and the decree prohibited the remarriage of the woman for reasons good and sufficient. She had heard of South Dakota, however, and joyously hied herself thither. After a few months' residence she procured from the complaisant courts of that State an absolute divorce, returned to London and immediately went through the form of marriage with her partner in guilt. Now the English courts have not only decided that the South Dakota divorce has no validity in his Majesty's dominion, but have pronounced it "a fraud upon civilized jurisprudence." No good American, observes the *Philadelphia Ledger*, resents the imputation put upon the wretched performance. "It is barbarous; and as much almost may be said of the general treatment of divorce, in the United States." One wonders why the American Bar Association does not take up the infamous traffic in divorce and speedily end it. It is well known that the essential immorality in this matter rests with the Bar, unprincipled members of which have hitherto nullified all efforts at reform in nearly all the States.

Every additional move of M. Combes and his colleagues in the anti-clerical, or rather anti-religious, campaign that is going on in France elicits a renewed expression of the outside world's wonder that a country so overwhelmingly Catholic as is the French Republic can allow itself to be tyrannized by a few thousand Freemasons and infidels. Possibly the average American may approach a partial comprehension of the enigma by considering the history of municipal government in several of

the largest cities in this country. It is a matter of public record that in half a dozen or more of our typical American cities dishonest mayors, boards of aldermen, and city councils have for years together been engaged in robbing the municipality by multiform methods of fraud, peculation, bribery, and all the varied species of corruption known to the criminal world as "graft." And the hundreds of thousands who were being robbed looked quietly on, with no more than a perfunctory protest from time to time. Conditions in France are a good deal like those in one of our Eastern cities where, according to a New York paper, "bossism and the spoils system derive strength, besides that afforded by partisanship, from the easy tolerance of business men, the quiet submission of those who fear that opposition would cost them good city contracts, and the hopeless apathy of those who have fought the dictator and been beaten."

The alarming frequency of lynchings in this country, and the spread of the nefarious practice, during late years, to the Northern and Western States, calls for many a vigorous denunciation such as the following from an address of Chief Justice Love to the Grand Jury at Wilmington, Del.:

Lynching is a crime against the law both of God and man. We can conceive no more dangerous social or civic condition than mob rule. The mob in its madness makes no distinction in the subject of its wrath. Its excuse may be a brutal crime, or it may be a difference in religion or political sentiment, or any other fancy or whim that the caprice, humor or passion of the moment may suggest. Recklessly human life is taken, property is destroyed, and law and order overthrown. In such scenes the innocent suffer alike with the guilty; ruin and devastation mark the track of the mob....

There is no room for both mob law and tribunals of justice in self-governing communities. The domination of one involves the extinction of the other. Either the mob must submit to the law or the law must submit to the will of the mob. Under the law, we know what our rights are,

and in the main we find that they are fairly attained and enforced. No human laws or institutions are perfect. This no reasonable man will expect. Lynching and mob law, their promoters and encouragers, whether they be of high or low degree, should receive no favor at the hands of thoughtful and patriotic men.

Perhaps the most serious aspect of this matter is that, of late, professional men of repute have been found to take the platform and justify mob law and lynchings with even the most revolting incidental atrocities. Examples should assuredly be made of even "the best citizens" who assume the prerogative of the supreme law of the land.

One of the most earnest opponents of the public school system among non-Catholics is the Rev. Dr. W. Montague Geer, an Episcopalian clergyman of New York city. He contends that it is a peril to our society and our institutions, and that the only true and safe basis for education, either for the State or for the individual, is religion. We quote the following paragraphs from a letter addressed to the New York *Sun* by Dr. Geer:

The introduction of religion into State schools in any form commensurate with the needs of the children is out of the question. Herein lies the hopelessness of the present situation; and the sooner this point is understood and conceded by all parties interested, the sooner this most important of all subjects before Church and State to-day can be argued to a finish. No Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jew, agnostic or atheist is willing to be taxed to help some one else choose the religion which shall be taught his child. According to our theory of government, and we might say in the sight of God and men, this would not be fair; and, therefore, it can not and will not be done.

Here is the opportunity for Protestants of all kinds to cry aloud, "This would be playing into the hands of the Roman Catholics. It is what they have been demanding and working for for many years past." Granted, but it would not be playing into their hands nearly as much as we are now doing by allowing them a substantial monopoly of the whole field of Christian education, and of all the blessings which are sure to flow from the noble self-sacrifice they are making rather than wantonly expose their children to the

inroads of unbelief. If the writer is not greatly mistaken, unless our affairs take a turn for the better in the sight of Him whose parting commission to His Church was "Feed My lambs!"... for the rehabilitation of our institutions, we will be flying, as frightened doves to the windows, to the Roman Catholic Church as the greatest power which, in troublous days, will stand for law and order and for the highest morality.

More than any other portion of Dr. Geer's presentation of the question, this second paragraph, we think, will appeal to the average American Protestant. By all means let the alarm be sounded throughout the land.

Some time ago we noted that the Consistory Court of London had ordered the removal from a church in Brighton of a statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Divine Infant in her arms, and other "illegal ornaments." The execution of this order caused great excitement among pious Ritualists, whose indignation is still at white heat. Says the *Church Times*: "Quite apart from questions of legality, to break down images of Our Lord, the Blessed Mother, and crucifixes is an outrage upon Christianity." That certainly is what Catholics would call it.

The German Catholic Central Verein, the forty-eighth annual convention of which was lately held at Dayton, Ohio, is one of the most flourishing and influential religious organizations in the United States. It has a membership of 55,000 men belonging to 596 societies, nearly 400 of which sent delegates to the convention. A prominent priest who was present speaks of them as "a splendid body of sturdy Catholics"; and tells us that their debates, in scope and elevation, surpassed anything of the kind he has ever witnessed.

Dr. Briggs' recent essay on "Catholic—the Name and the Thing" is naturally attracting considerable attention in non-Catholic circles, and more particularly

among Episcopalians. He has certainly epitomized the whole controversy as to the word Catholic in one brief sentence, which our separated brethren would do well to commit to memory and take to heart: "Unless the name corresponds with the thing, it is a sham and a shame." So long as a religious body protests against the infallible authority of the Sovereign Pontiff, it may call itself what it will, but it is, and can not but be, essentially and distinctively Protestant.

The old house in North Square, Boston, which for thirty years was the home of Paul Revere is in a fair state of preservation, and has recently passed into the hands of a gentleman who will preserve it as an historical landmark. From the door of this house Paul Revere went forth to his famous ride on April 19, 1775. North Square is now in the heart of the Italian quarter, and here on holidays the bright costumes of the people almost make one think that one is across the ocean instead of in staid old Boston. Here, too, is the principal Italian church, where the altars bear witness to the love of "Little Italy" for our Blessed Mother.

It is a singular fact that, although the difficulties attending the very notion of a revealed religion were never greater than now, the Church appeals more than ever to enlightened minds among all classes of non-Catholics. It is beginning to be generally realized that the Church is endowed with a vital principle which other religious institutions do not possess. Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October of Pius X. and the problems that await him, Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., says:

During the last fifty years knowledge has increased more than in any half century of recorded time. Astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, psychology have developed beyond all hope; and in consequence of these discoveries

many educated men in every country in Europe, as well as here, became materialists and atheists. The Roman Catholic Church during those fifty years has declared the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary a dogma of faith; she has asserted the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals; she has reaffirmed the doctrines of the Council of Trent, and repeated the theories of Thomas Aquinas; and to-day she stands higher in the estimation of mankind, of the educated as well as of the ignorant, than she did before the great illumination of science. Her dogmas have not hindered her,—perhaps they have helped her.

This steadfastness is the great distinction of the Catholic Church. Protestant churches become rationalistic, following in their own halting fashion, and at a very respectful distance, what they deem the conclusions of science; but the Roman Catholic Church, endowed with a vital principle of her own, develops in her own theology, unswerving under alien influence, embodying in fresh form some truth which she believes was revealed to the Apostles.

Similar thoughts are expressed by an anonymous writer in the current number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

...The throne of St. Peter has seen a longer dynasty than any other, and the spiritual subjects of the Pope are more numerous now than they ever were before. This is the throne that survives temporal changes; and, as most men regard it, it has ever grown stronger with the loss of its own temporal power. It survives even changes in thought—survives religious revolutions. Its largest and richest diocese is in our republic—a land that was Protestant from the beginning. Under every political system, in every grade of society, in countries given to every form of religious faith or worship, whatever church thrives or dies, it remains. An American naval officer recently told this story. Whatever port his ship had ever approached, and however forbidding or bleak the country, in war or in peace, a priest had soon made his way aboard, offering the ministrations and consolations of the Church alike to believer and to unbeliever. This simple story hints of the force that makes the Roman Church stronger in an era of many religious changes than it ever was before.

The waning of prejudice against the Church during the last quarter of a century is to our mind the most extraordinary phenomenon of modern times. Leo XIII. was the first Pope after the Reformation to become known to the world, and he commanded the reverence

of men of all nations and of all creeds. "By his blameless life, by his endeavor after the blessedness of the peacemakers, and by the serene dignity of his old age," writes Mr. Sedgwick, "Leo XIII. persuaded the Protestant world that if his life were the fruit of Popery, then Popery could not be altogether bad."

Yet again it becomes necessary to warn the Catholic public against impostors in the clothing of clerics, who represent themselves as impecunious ecclesiastical students and go about the country soliciting subscriptions for Catholic publications. They are wont to declare that they are authorized to offer special rates, and thus impose upon many who might otherwise reject their overtures. And they generally give receipts—it is the least they can do and all that they ever do—for the amounts paid them. One of these impostors has lately been victimizing the Catholics of Rochester, N. Y. He represented himself as a canvasser for THE AVE MARIA, and signed himself Ryan and Dougherty. But doubtless he has other names, for he is a man of resources. Under any name, however, he is a thief and an impostor. Our authorized agents always bear letters of introduction; and they do not, as a rule, receive money until the subscriber has begun to receive the magazine.

Doubt having arisen as to the obligation of continuing the prayers prescribed by Pope Leo XIII. to be said after every Low Mass, the Apostolic Delegate submitted the question to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. The Cardinal Prefect replied that, "inasmuch as a universal law is binding not only during the life of a legislator but as long as said law is not revoked," the prayers after Mass are to be continued. The same decision obviously applies to the Rosary devotion during the month of October.



A Recipe.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

IF we at heart would happy be,
We must remember and forget,—
Forget each wrong and injury,
Remember all the good we've met.

And none who use this recipe
Will it in youth or age regret:
If we at heart would happy be,
We must remember and forget.

The hearts from bitter memories free
O'er daily ills fail not nor fret;
Remembering and forgetting, we
The best of former days have yet.

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.—BEFORE THE THIRD TEST.

THE time was drawing near for the boys to leave the forest, when one evening Sedgwick and Julian were caught, at some distance from the camp, in a wild storm of wind and rain, with hailstones big as pebbles falling upon the paths and rattling against the boughs. The wind raged with such fury as to shake to their roots even the tallest trees.

The boys, who were in a remote part of the forest, struggled along manfully for some time, accepting the buffets of the storm with cheerful indifference. But just as they began to grow exhausted, being thoroughly drenched besides, they caught sight of a singular-looking structure formed of the boughs of trees, which were piled one upon the other in a most fantastic manner; but, cunningly enough, were set over against a rock

which had been carried thither by some strange convulsion of Nature. This served as a bulwark to protect the frail dwelling against the fury of the elements. By a common impulse, the boys made for this shelter, which they supposed to be deserted.

Scarcely had they crossed the threshold when they saw their mistake. The hut gave every sign of being inhabited, though all in the interior was in wild confusion. The disordered fancy of a madman was clear in the incongruous mingling of all sorts of oddities. Bits of colored cotton, torn prints, strips of cloth, grasses, snake skins,—all sorts of trivialities which had caught the wandering fancy of the Mad Hermit were displayed upon the walls or hanging from the roof, and interlaced with festoons of cobwebs, the growth apparently of many years.

Upon a couch of leaves and straw in one corner lay the weird figure of the Mad Hermit, and it was evident even to the inexperienced eyes of the two observers that Death had claimed him. He lay in solemn majesty, his cloak gathered about him, his snow-white beard gleaming out of the stillness, his restless feet and wandering mind stilled forever.

The boys, awestricken, bent their heads reverently.

"Let us say a prayer," whispered Julian; and together they knelt in that strangely impressive scene.

The storm grew momentarily wilder and wilder, so that it seemed to threaten the hut with destruction,—though it, like its late occupant, had weathered many a storm. The lightning flashed through the loosely placed boughs which formed the walls and across the calm face of the dead. As the boys recited the

De Profundis Julian suddenly caught sight of a small picture of the Mother of Sorrows stuck upon the wall. In the wild disorder of the place, it was as a beacon upon some stormy sea, the symbol of peace and mercy, the sign of at least a long-past faith. For the Mortimers had always been Catholics, and even the most degenerate among them had preserved the name and some outward practice of that religion which was synonymous with what was most honorable in their race.

"Let us say the Beads for him," observed Julian.

And so, amidst the howlings of the tempest, the two boys in some sort performed a *Requiem* over the mortal remains of that singular being who had so long inhabited these desert places, and who, by his strange antics and weird appearance, had no doubt contributed to the wild tales which were in constant circulation through the country concerning the forest of Pine Bluff. Their only further care in the matter was to acquaint Nicholas with the death of the Hermit; and in due course his remains, very quietly, but with honor, were laid to rest in the vault sacred to the Mortimers.

When the pleasant two weeks in the forest had come to an end, the boys returned to the mansion at Pine Bluff. There was the sun shining on the roof of the dwelling; there were the blue pigeons sunning themselves in its rays and walking majestically to and fro; there was the lawn, with its tall trees sheltering colonies of rooks that settled there in the springtime; and there was the cliff overhanging the sea and bordered with thick pines. It seemed to Julian as if all these things had grown very familiar and he had always known them, and yet that it was long since he had seen them; and Sedgwick was vaguely impressed with the same feeling.

"It is a jolly old place!" he said, looking about with an air of satisfaction.

"And if it's ever yours, curly pate, I am coming here to stay with you."

"Just as likely it will be your own," answered Julian, turning a somersault out of pure joyousness.

He instantly straightened himself to attention, however, as his grandfather appeared at the library window. Forgetting the last interview, which had been decidedly unpleasant, Julian ran forward to meet him with perfect freedom and cordiality. This was the very best course he could have taken, had he planned it deliberately; for it relieved Mr. Mortimer from the awkwardness of making a first overture after his late displeasure.

"Good-morning, grandfather!" Julian cried out. "I'm glad to see you again."

"And to have got out of the enchanted forest, I suppose?" said the old gentleman; but there was a faint glow of pleasure on his pale cheek and a sparkle in his eye at the hearty and spontaneous greeting.

"Oh, I liked being in the forest well enough!" Julian answered; "though we got lots of frights while we were there. But it's nice being back, and we're all dying to know about the third test."

"You won't have very long to wait for that," said Mr. Mortimer. "Immediately after luncheon I shall make the announcement, and in about half an hour you will hear the gong sound."

He then withdrew to the library, glad as he always was, to return to his books; and the boys, left to themselves, ran and jumped and wrestled, climbing tall trees and startling the rooks into angry clamor. Julian set out to run a race with a chipmunk that was skipping along the hedge on the garden side of the lawn. But he soon gave it up, joining in the shouts of laughter with which Sedgwick and Wat greeted his endeavor.

After luncheon came the summons which was to lead them for the last time into the presence of Anselm Benedict.

So far Mr. Mortimer had given no sign as to whether or no he had heard of Jake's latest misdemeanor with regard to the book. He had not referred in any way to the loss or recovery of the precious volume. Jake thought he had regained his confidence, and felt assured that Mr. Mortimer had accepted the excuse he himself had invented—that his abstraction of the book was merely a joke. He was oppressed by no special uneasiness, therefore, when the grandfather turned the key and ushered the four into the presence of Anselm Benedict. Julian felt a keener admiration than ever for their remarkable ancestor, and was more eager than ever to study every detail of the face and figure of that splendid soldier, who had left so strong an impress on the annals of his time.

Mr. Mortimer surveyed the four boys for a moment or two in silence; then he touched the spring, revealing once more the now familiar portrait. He turned toward the pictured figure on the wall, no longer in mockery, but with a subtle deference and a more sympathetic understanding than ever before; and for this change Julian, though he knew it not, was responsible.

"Anselm Benedict," he said, "for the last time your four descendants are assembled in your presence; and it is my painful duty to declare the absolute unworthiness of one amongst them either to appear here or to take any further part in a contest which is primarily governed, at least, by the rules of gentlemanly conduct."

Jake's face grew livid during this address, for his conscience told him that to him alone it could apply.

"Whatever may have been the faults and follies of the Mortimers," the old man went on, his voice growing colder and colder as he proceeded—"their lack of ambition, their supineness, or their want of energy,—they were at least gentlemen. One here present has failed

most conspicuously in those qualities which even the poorest amongst them have retained. Therefore, I think I am only voicing your sentiments, Anselm Benedict, and following the rules you have laid down for this contest, when I request John Jacob to withdraw from this room and from this house, as well as from any further part in the search for the lost jewel of the Mortimers—"

"Grandfather!" cried Julian, eagerly interrupting, "if you mean that affair about the book, Jake explained! It is all right,—it was a mistake,—he did it for a joke."

Mr. Mortimer turned a rebuking eye—in which there was yet a moisture—upon the eager pleader.

"Please, grandfather," persisted Julian, "let us all go on together to the end! I'd hate to have Jake leave now,—we've gone so far!"

"What you ask is impossible," declared the grandfather. "He has violated every rule laid down for the contest. He has shown neither courage nor fortitude nor resolution. He has proved himself sadly deficient in truth, in honor, in fine feeling; and has put a climax to his inglorious career by an act not only of dishonesty but of malice. For with the recovered volume was found a calculation of the amount which the book would probably bring, and of the injury which its loss would be to you."

If ever there was the picture of a beaten hound, it was Jake being hurried from the room and from the arena of possible success by the inexorable Nicholas. Julian felt a certain pity for him and a regret for the late occurrence.

"If I hadn't taken the book to the forest," he whispered to Sedgwick, "this would never have happened."

"The book be blown!" answered Sedgwick. "It wasn't that alone: it was everything. He's the meanest hound—that Jake,—the most cowardly beggar I ever came across."

Here Mr. Mortimer imposed silence

upon them by beginning to consider the case of Wat.

"Walter Worthington," he said, "has not discovered the cavern as yet, it is true; nor has he shown conspicuously those qualities which tend toward success. But, if he so desires, and by consent of the other competitors, he may undertake the third test, even though the chance of success is diminished, as we are informed, by his failure to discover the cavern in the forest."

Walter was beginning to protest that it was no use, that he had not strength enough for any more ordeals; but Julian nudged him to be silent and wait events; and Mr. Mortimer likewise advised him to hear what the third test might be before finally deciding.

The old gentleman then began to read from that formidable document, yellow with age, the final test, which was to decide whether or no any of the competitors should discover the hidden room and the lost jewel of the Mortimers.

"But one fortune-seeker has ever got so far in the quest," declared the old man, "as to discover the whereabouts of the cavern. He belonged to a generation far removed from ours, and his after-fate is not recorded, save that he failed in the third test. It is one of great difficulty, requiring courage, endurance, and ingenuity."

The boys waited breathlessly for an explanation of this third trial which was finally to try their mettle. They were awed and subdued by the expulsion of Jake from amongst them,—though Sedgwick, at least, was convinced of its justice; and Julian's mind began to wander off to the succession of brilliant episodes with which the soldierly figure on the wall was now associated. He was recalled by the voice of Mr. Mortimer explaining the nature of the test, and detailing in a very precise manner what was expected of the competitors.

Each boy was to be imprisoned for a night in a species of dark hole or

underground passage in the earth. Thence he was free to make his way out, if he could; and a tradition had always existed that that way led to the finding of the room and the treasure. But no one had ever found them. Those even who had persevered in remaining the night—for to this an alternative was given by Nicholas appearing before midnight and asking if they wished to be free—had been found at sunrise eager to be free, and willing to relinquish all prospect of success rather than remain longer in those gruesome quarters.

"If," said Mr. Mortimer, when he had finished the details of the last ordeal, "no one has ever succeeded in this final test, only one ever got so far as to enter upon it. Therefore you should feel encouraged, my boys, and resolutely push on to what may be a glorious ending,—that is, if the whole idea of hidden room and lost jewel be not fables woven in the active brain of Anselm Benedict; some splendid mirage which he shows to the voyagers upon the ocean of life to encourage them to proceed with energy, constancy, and endurance. And yet," he went on after a pause, suddenly addressing the portrait, "why should I thus discredit your utterances, since one at least of your descendants has shown that simple truth and goodness may carry their possessor far on the road to success?"

His eyes took on a far-reaching, dreamy expression, as though he were revolving some problem in his mind. It seemed as if the antagonism which had existed between him and the brilliant if somewhat visionary ancestor were removed, and that this old and disillusioned man began to feel the same bond of union which linked Julian's glowing youth with the past.

"Now, my boys," concluded Mr. Mortimer, "I will not pretend to advise you as to whether or no you should relinquish all hope of further success or enter upon an ordeal in which few

have cared to embark. It is full, no doubt, of difficulties, hardships, terrors real or imaginary."

Julian, as the war horse at the sound of battle, pricked up his ears, figuratively; and, throwing back his head, declared that he would like to make this final trial.

"If we fail, you see, grandfather, we shall have tried everything; and don't you think that's better?"

The grandfather bowed his head as in a sort of deference; and Sedgwick, in his blunt way, declared that he would stand by Julian. But Wat most emphatically decided to give up any chance of success rather than go down into a dark hole.

"If I were strong, it would be different," he said; "but I might ruin my health, and my father and mother told me that I mustn't do anything of that kind."

This being settled, Walter Worthington was ruled out of the competition; and he accepted that result quite cheerfully, glad to be relieved of the necessity for any further effort. He was almost certain that he could not have succeeded in any case, and had persuaded himself that there was in reality neither room nor jewel but only some kind of fable to try the mettle of the boys; and with him his health and personal comfort had always been of first importance.

So Sedgwick and Julian, being the only ones left in the arena, grew more and more excited, as they paced the lawn together in eager talk. Julian was full of bright hopefulness, which infected Sedgwick, who was in the main a sturdy and courageous lad.

Suddenly they came upon Jake lying full-length amongst the brushwood on the cliff, in very much the same spot where he had poked amongst the leaves on the morning following the arrival of the young adventurers at the mansion of Pine Bluff. Then he had been boastful, arrogant, confident of success; now he was fairly gnashing his teeth and clutch-

ing at the weeds growing about him, in a very agony of impotent rage and despair. Julian pulled Sedgwick by the sleeve and endeavored, out of respect for the miserable boy's feelings, to steal away unnoticed; but Jake, chancing to catch sight of them, burst into a torrent of abuse against all concerned and especially against Julian. The language was such that Julian clapped his hands to his ears and ran away; while only contemptuous pity for his cousin's wretched plight deterred Sedgwick from administering personal chastisement.

Jake's disappointment, which his natural avarice and greed of gain would have rendered sufficiently keen, was intensified by the knowledge of what awaited him at home. His mother had long been dead. His father was a needy adventurer, who had failed in the first effort to discover the Mortimer jewel, had been embittered deeply by the failure, and had endeavored to eke out a scanty income by the exercise of his wits. While building on the chance of his son's success, he had failed to implant in him one of those sterling principles which alone could aid him in the great competition. Yet none the less bitter would be his disappointment and none the less envenomed his fury against his unfortunate son.

Sedgwick and Julian had only one more glimpse of Jake's hatchet face, sullen and morose, with wildly staring eyes; and this was from out the carriage window as he was being driven to the station, in company with Wat.

The latter was in high good humor, delighted at the prospect of getting home. He knew that he would be well received, and that his indulgent parents would prefer the loss of a problematic fortune to the chance of their only child endangering health and strength in a contest which he knew to be beyond him. In fact, they had permitted him to enter into the competition only because he had been pleased with the

novelty of the idea, and had set his heart upon seeking the hidden room and the lost jewel. The parents were in easy circumstances, the mother having brought a substantial inheritance to her husband; and they were not ambitious. Walter had, therefore, said a warm and cordial "Good-bye" to his comrades, particularly Julian, to whom he had become much attached.

"We must see each other often when all this is over," he had declared. "If there is a fortune, I hope you'll win it, Julian; though Sedgwick is almost as near, and deserves it next best. I'm afraid, though, that grandfather is right and that there isn't any fortune at all."

So Wat's last greeting was an effusive waving of his hand from the carriage window to the two upon the lawn, and the renewed hope that he would see them soon again, when the test was over.

"Oh, I wish it were well over!" said Sedgwick, staring after the carriage. "But I'm like you, Julian: I want to stick fast to the end. If you can do it, so can I; and I know my people would rather I held out to the end, even if I failed at last. My father said he always regretted not having gone in for the third test. Anyway, I wouldn't want to leave you, curly pate, lose or win."

"I hope we'll both win!" cried Julian, heartily. "And then I suppose they'll let us divide the fortune; and perhaps we can give some to poor old Wat, and unlucky Jake too."

"I wouldn't give that Jake a brass farthing," responded Sedgwick, full of honest indignation.

"Well, we may not get anything to keep or give away," said Julian; "so we needn't bother yet. Come on,—I'll race you to the woods over there."

Off they went as if neither of them had a care on his mind, or a thought of that trying ordeal which awaited him. Fresh air, sunshine, high spirits, a clean conscience were all with them, and they were richer than any prince. But

when the chill of the early autumn evening came into the air, and mists stole into the glowing sunset of the western sky, their spirits became subdued and they began to consider more gravely the curious experience before them. Sedgwick, by right of age, was to precede his cousin, as on former occasions. Should he succeed, Julian was to undergo a similar ordeal, without having communicated with the other, and so run an equal chance of securing the great prize.

"Suppose we say the Beads together?" suggested Julian. "We always said them at college, and I read in the book that Anselm Benedict carried his rosary with him all the time, and said it on the eve of battle or whenever he was exposed to any danger."

Sedgwick readily agreed to join in the prayers. For he had plenty of faith, though in his upbringing it had been kept in the background; and until he met Julian he had fancied that it was something of which a boy was more or less ashamed. Sedgwick had remarked this to Wat one day:

"Of all the fellows I have ever met, Julian's about the only one who doesn't seem ashamed of being good—of saying prayers or anything like that."

And this being repeated to Julian, he had set his head on one side, as was his habit when thinking, and wondered why any fellow should be ashamed of saying his prayers or trying to be good.

So the two boys paced the lawn, in the shadow of the tall trees which for generations had shaded the mansion at Pine Bluff, and mingled their young voices with the sigh of the wind in the pines and the vesper song of the birds; repeating that old-time prayer which prelate and prince, the sage and illiterate, the rich and the poor, the great and the lowly, have said through the ages in the Church of God.

Mr. Mortimer, pausing at the window, heard the sound of their voices, and

listened an instant to what they were saying. For the tide was low that night, under the pine cliff, and the noise of the waves was silent, so that the words of the Rosary came distinct to his ears. The man who had grown world-hardened saw, as in a picture, his boyhood's home, and heard once more the prayer falling from lips long silent. Softly he withdrew, and with bowed head passed into his library, where the scientific thought of many generations had occupied his mind to the exclusion of that higher love which was all contained in the words the boys were saying,—the mysteries of faith with their bearing on this life and the life to come.

(To be continued.)

Lagniappe.

It is the common practice among the retail merchants of New Orleans to add a small gratuity to the purchases of customers. It may be only a stick of candy or a little cake, but it is always something. The gift is called *lagniappe*, and any child making a purchase for its mother would feel slighted and disappointed if the *lagniappe* was forgotten or intentionally omitted. The custom has given rise to some strange and often amusing incidents, one of which, true in every particular, is worth recording here.

A Scotch merchant, living at some distance from New Orleans and unfamiliar with its peculiarities, sent to that city for a carload of brick, which he was desirous of using in building a house. The dealer in bricks having on hand some very fine ones of a new kind, thought this a good chance to introduce them to possible buyers; so he added five hundred of them to the carload ordered.

The Scotchman finding the fine bricks among the carload of ordinary ones for which he had sent, promptly wrote to the dealers for an explanation. The

reply was: "The five hundred bricks were for Lagniappe."

"Lagniappe? Who's he?" asked the Scotchman of himself, and then he sat down and wrote the brick merchant the following note:

"DEAR SIR:—I don't know any one by the name of Lagniappe; and if there is such a person, I can't understand why you should send his bricks to me. Please tell Mr. Lagniappe that I wish he would call and get them. If he doesn't do it, they await your orders. I won't pay the freight on them."

Explanations followed, and the dealer in brick had so much amusement out of his customer's error that he thought his *lagniappe* well invested.

Coins and Medals.

Coins differ from medals in being intended as a medium of exchange, while medals are usually meant to commemorate some important event or to honor some distinguished person. There are two parts to a coin or medal: first, the obverse side, which contains the portrait of him in whose honor it was made, or the head of the government using it as currency; this portrait may consist of the full figure, bust or simply the head. The reverse usually is ornamented with an allegorical or historical figure. The words around the border are called the inscription, and those in the middle the legend. At the bottom is what is termed the basis, where we find the date. The science which treats of coins and medals is called numismatics. The ancients had no knowledge of it, but for several hundred years it has not been thought beneath the attention of very eminent scholars.

A LITTLE girl sent out to look for eggs, returned without success, complaining that all the hens were standing about doing nothing.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A life of the late Father Bridgett, C. SS. R., we are glad to hear, is in preparation by one of the English Redemptorists.

—Messrs. Duckworth & Co.'s autumn announcements include: "Essays on the Renaissance," by H. Belloc; and "The Children of the Old Masters: Italian School," by Mrs. Meynell.

—An important work on the persecution of the Jews in Russia, by Mr. Michael Davitt, is in press by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. It is entitled "Within the Pale; The True Story of Anti-Semitic Persecution in Russia."

—An autograph letter of St. Francis of Assisi addressed to Brother Leo is among the treasures of the town of Spoleto. It was formerly preserved in a Franciscan convent in that place, but on the dispersion of the friars in 1860 it disappeared in some way, and there was no trace of it until 1895, when it was discovered to be in the possession of a priest, who placed it in the hands of Leo XIII. At the request of Archbishop Seraphini his Holiness returned it to Spoleto.

—The Jones Readers, five in number, published by Ginn & Co., besides being well printed and bound and creditably illustrated, are skilfully graded and contain a great variety of excellent selections from many of the most celebrated English and American authors. The complete word list at the end of all but the fifth book is a feature which teachers will appreciate. But these readers are intended for public schools. We have often explained why parochial schools should be supplied with text-books of their own.

—Mr. E. Wyatt-Davies has prepared a useful "History of England for Catholic Schools." There is, of course, no such thing as Catholic history distinctively, any more than there is Catholic mathematics; but in selecting a text-book for Catholic schools there is a natural and wholly justifiable desire to choose one which emphasizes matters of special interest and importance to Catholics. That is what Mr. Wyatt-Davies has done in this volume, which teachers in Catholic high-schools and colleges would do well to examine. Longmans, Green & Co.

—"Homophonic Conversations," by C. B. and C. V. Waite, is an attempt to teach German, French and Italian through homophonic association. It is somewhat surprising to find that so much can be done with so little effort through this system; though of course it could hardly impart a thorough and idiomatic knowledge of any foreign tongue. Doubtless the thousands of people who annually set out to "do" Europe with a meagre equipment of languages would be glad to pos-

sess this little manual if it were known to them. In a future edition *note* at the bottom of page 78 should be changed to *list*. Published by the authors, 479 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

—"Prince Silverwings," by Edith Ogden Harrison, was one of the most popular juveniles published last year. "The Star Fairies, and Other Tales," by the same author, is now announced by McClurg & Co. Mrs. Harrison, who is the wife of the mayor of Chicago, represents the best traditions of American Catholic womanhood.

—Messrs. Burns & Oates have just published "The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century: Apparitions, Revelations, Graces," by Bernard St. John, with an introduction by the Rev. E. Thiriet, O. M. I. Also a new edition of Cardinal Wiseman's "Memories of Four Popes (Pius VII.—Leo XII.—Pius VIII.—Gregory XVI.), and of Rome in their Times."

—The Rt. Rev. John J. Hogan, Bishop of Kansas City, has published an interesting little volume embodying a simple method of determining distances between two points on the earth's surface, given their latitude and longitude. The method is this: "The square root of the sum of the squares of the differences in latitude and longitude between two places given in miles is the distance between these places in miles." Like all mathematical rules, this one is best understood by examples. Bishop Hogan not only gives the data for a long list of seaports and cities, but has himself worked out a table of distances which will be found extremely useful. Published by the author.

—Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale, has been writing recently of the vexed question, "What is the standard of pronunciation in English?" and he arrives at several conclusions calculated to rejoice the hearts of injudicious manipulators of our noble, if somewhat eccentric language. Very many wielders of English will be delighted to quote the professor to the effect that "in the matter of pronunciation there is no standard of authority at all," that "there is nothing permanent even about the general agreement of orthoepists," and that "one thoroughly educated man is as good an authority as another, and nobody is any authority at all." These conclusions, however, are more striking than absolutely correct. Good usage—that is, the practice of educated English-speaking people the world over—is, and must be, the recognized standard of what are the proper sounds of English words just as it is the standard of pure diction, deciding the question what words are good English and what

are not. While this usage undoubtedly varies considerably as to many words, it is constant as to the great bulk of our vocabulary; and if Prof. Lounsbury or any other individual habitually contravenes it, he will simply be making himself ridiculous. Moreover, thoroughly educated men are a small minority of those who speak English, so the standard dictionaries may still be consulted by most of us with good effect. The one practical lesson that the Yale scholar's papers should enforce is the advisability of being slow to condemn in others a pronunciation that differs from our own. Orthoepy is a matter in which the dogmatic are apt often to come to grief.

—The growing interest taken in the Spanish language in this country has created a demand for cheap handy text-books of the masterpieces of Castilian literature. Calderón, who brought the Spanish drama to perfection, stands next to Shakspeare in the opinion of the best critics. We are glad, therefore, to see the handy-volume edition of his most popular drama, *La Vida es Sueño*, just published by A. Flanagan & Co., Chicago. The introduction and notes enable the student to appreciate this beautiful drama, but difficulties of grammar and construction should have been more fully explained. Some errors have also crept into the text which we hope to see corrected in the next edition.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Back to Rome! \$1, net.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. *Richard H. Clarke, LL. D.* \$2.50.

Essays Historical and Literary. 2 vols. *John Fiske.* \$4, net.

Historic Highways. Vols. IV. and V. *Arthur Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net, each.

Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish; or, Priest and People in Doon. 45 cts.

Salvage from the Wreck. *Father Gallwey, S. J.* \$1.60, net.

The Life of St. Philip Neri. *Bacci-Antrobus.* Two Vols. \$3.75, net.

The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.

The Truth of Papal Claims. *Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D.* \$1, net.

All on the Irish Shore. *E. Somerville-M. Ross.* \$1.50.

England's Cardinals. *Dudley Baxter.* \$1, net.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Rev. Nicholas Gihir, D. D.* \$4.

The Government: What It Is; What It Does. *Salter Storrs Clark.* 75 cts.

Teaching Truth. *Dr. Mary Wood-Allen.* 50 cts.

The Voice of the River. *Olive Katharine Parr.* \$1.75.

Ne Obliviscaris. *Florence Ratcliff.* 75 cts., net.

Studies Concerning Adrian IV. *Prof. O. A. Thatcher.* \$1.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. *Emily Mary Shapcote.* \$1.25.

The City of Peace. *By Those who Have Entered It.* 90 cts., net.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). *Frances E. Herring.* \$2.

History of Philosophy. *William Turner, S. T. D.* \$2.50.

Introibo. *Rev. Cornelius Clifford.* \$1.50.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. *Archer Butler Hulbert.* \$2, net.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. *Johannes Janssen.* Vols. V. & VI. \$6.25.

Father Marquette. *Rev. Samuel Hedges, A. M.* \$1.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. *Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe.* \$1.25, net.

Earth to Heaven. *Monsignor John S. Vaughan.* \$1, net.

In the Shadow of the Manse. *Austin Rock.* \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. August Schlegel, of the diocese of Alton; Rev. Henry Willmes, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. James McCormick, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Henry Best, diocese of Cleveland.

Mr. Andrew Mattson, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Joseph Mitchell, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Michael Connery and Mrs. Catherine Early, Worcester, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Flood, S. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Rose Marr and Mr. Charles Neville, Denver, Colo.; Miss Mary Hollywood, Portland, Me.; Mrs. Anna Loesch, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Sarah Dowling, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. E. T. Ryan, Stuart, Iowa, Mr. J. A. Hoffman and Mr. Daniel Barr, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Alice McFarland, Emmet, Wis.; and Mrs. Eliza Steer, Hartford, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 16.

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My Chaplet.

BY S. R. C.

MY hands are busy, Mother,
With the many cares that be:
The restful round of the chaplet
Is not, alas! for me.
But I bring a chaplet, Mother,
That is woven of the years;
Its chain is life's sad burden,
Its beads are unshed tears.
The cross begins and ends it,
And the *Credo* that I say
Is the whispered prayer each morning,
"God's will be done this day!"

An Evil and Its Remedy.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.



HERE is a certain aspect of the question relating to the entrance of a religious element in the modern educational process that is of special import to the Catholic parent. It has to do with the student's attitude toward life not as he finds it from day to day but as it is portrayed for him in the art of narrative. If the higher, spiritual convictions are not prominent in the parent's heart, prudence at least should cause him to spy broadly upon the future with a certain sense of fear, lest the child or youth be left without fortress against the evil that is hidden with such consummate craft in many works of fiction.

Before the eye of the Catholic parent should be forever poised that day when a young, sympathetic, and easily impressed life will cut the links of home restraint to make free and personal adventure toward conditions quite alien to its former knowledge; a day when some judgment shall be formed that will make or mar the future, leaving the youth master or victim of those larger and more vital affairs of existence. Foreseeing this hour, with its trial of freedom, were it not the better part, of even worldly wisdom, to secure for the child some grace or gift whose active wearing would make for a clear perception of what is really valuable, and an influence of courage to acknowledge and attain it? This can be accomplished best and logically, not by that privative method which educes the powers of the mind alone, but by a process that moves toward the conjugate development of the moral and the mental faculties.

Among the grave dangers in a non-religious education is the ease with which a false appetite may be created, or, what is still more censurable, none at all. In either case a clear fact has been overlooked. One of the very important factors to be regarded in the development of the young character is the attraction of art. This, beyond doubt, makes huge invasion into the realm of human conduct. To it is chargeable many permanent aspirations of spirit and fruitful adventures of mind and heart. It has power to induce into the human compound those convictions

that forward the ethical condition. At times, by the imperious stress of its calling, it strikes boldly into action those changeless and important truths so often lost sight of by the impress of ordinary and finite interests. If genuine, it serves to make large deposits to the sum of virtues.

To the Catholic parent, therefore, it should be very clear that it is one of the aims of a true education to educe a taste for native treasures and develop an aptitude to enjoy them; to clarify and arrange those persistent thoughts that lift countenance at all corners of the day; to lead the student toward a correct course among much that is flagrantly wrong, much that is purposely false; to leave him susceptible to the power of those emotions which make for earnest effort and livable faith: convinced that these in the end will prevail, will expose, even in the wreck of princely attempts, some surviving and immortal good. The moral *oubliance* of the secular system makes impossible even an approach to these results, committed as it is to silence on questions of right and wrong—I had almost said to a propaganda of individual license of thought.

That system of education which refuses to consider the student an animate being endowed with other gifts than a mental organism, which reduces to its own narrow and censurable contentment all that goes to make the real substance of life,—that system can never bring to the pupil a realizing sense of the beauty and meaning of existence. It in nowise determines or discloses the higher and definite uses to which a student should turn the faculties and resources of his mind. It is training him to exercise the powers of a reason that shall have no referable principle to guide it. There is cause for wonder, not that so many youths abuse these faculties and turn to crownless courses, but that any of them pass safely through the business of life with even a semblance of victory.

Taught by his superiors that such and so are the ends of knowledge, and hearing no other view of the matter, the young man, entering into the jealous and relentless press of life, is confronted with problems where mental craft is useless, where physical courage counts for very little, where he at once feels the lack of some sustaining power by virtue of which the conditions facing him would become at least tolerable. If he turn to art for refreshment, his choice will inevitably lie on the level of his scholastic training; he will slip to the line of least resistance, which is nerve of spirit. For the young men and women, therefore, arrayed with the inapplicable honors of a non-religious education, believing their armament invulnerable against the level arrows of active existence, unconscious of their native powers, unaware that convictions of true honor are founded in morality and not in intelligence,—what wonder if, in the course of their practical contest with life, they form an illogical creed of their own, set up incongruous standards of value, and, in the end make alliance with what is not only bad art, but with what is not art at all?

On the gray levels of existence youth comes face to face with all the artifices with which man has sought to make tolerable his span of time. At countless turns of the day, refreshment and diversion in the form of art will call loudly in his ears. And here is the point where looms darkly an unpleasant truth. Where one is able to choose correctly among the innumerable invitations to entertainment, and strong enough to preserve his loyalty therein to the end, ten are swift in the baser service that is without guide or reason, pursuing what they neither need nor understand. It is at such a pass that one test of education is accomplished. Here is where the youth trained solely in mental crafts is so often lured into those blind alleys that lead nowhither

but to regret and disappointment. Here is where one may miss by a whole breadth of years the real business that lies before him on the open road. It is safe to say that without definite moral training, not one in fifty can distinguish, *in time*, between substance and shadow, reality and mist; not one in twenty, because of natural weakness, finds courage to choose always for the final good.

Especially is this true in the affair of literature where those sharp experiences, called life, are set forth in all manner of meaning and array. More than one notion of human conduct can be traced back to an action portrayed, perhaps in the space of a single page, in some forgotten book. In the city of New York alone, thousands of young men and young women secrete themselves for at least two hours daily behind the pages of fiction. It is a common species of diversion, not without merit, but with what possibilities of danger! For on that flood of narration how many may pass safely beyond the shore-lights and signals! And of these, how many have a star to point them, or have fixed on a definite port! Before this multitude of readers, are passing in review all the passions of humanity, their holiness and evil, the sentiment that weakens, the meanness that degrades, the rivalry that hardens, and the bitterness that slays.

How can the individual, with no bulwark of religious convictions, think to preserve an outlook that will disclose the false conceptions, the sophistries and the futility of the life arrayed before him? It might be no difficult affair to show that he accepts each portrayal without condition, altering his appraisal of conduct with each new review, until he is a stranger to his own condition, wearing the prerogatives of life but never experiencing its right meaning. He will hardly be impelled to mount the rim of daily concerns to scan the limits and the possibilities of his estate. If

he does so, he will be content with a skilful entertainment, when his regard should be for the inspiration and the light which well from a clear vision of human hearts,—hearts heroically protesting the inroads of failure or verging with higher faith some memorable defeat. He will not be persuaded to an active faith: enough for him that his indifference be provoked. There is small cause for wonder if he parley with his conscience. He has not been taught to turn faceward to overwhelming odds, to stand resolute and calm in the gloom of dissolving hopes, to look with calculating eye and steady lip at the untoward circumstance or hastening defeat,—to suffer and be strong. These qualities he was never shown, nor taught to acquire; for they were just beyond his scholastic environment.

Mere secular training can never make a man see that art means something more than external observation: that it would have us make invasion into our own state,—push forward as far as light is vouchsafed; where if, God permitting, we do slip, our fall will not have been in vain. He will scarcely understand this necessary pioneering on the frontiers of experience, which is at best a very altruistic and heroic business. He will seldom learn the real lessons of true art—the urging of a bold frontage of hope; the rout of fears that because our success is not instant we are denied of the gods; the retrieval of the fact that final attainment is not to be taken on the run, but that we must creep to it, even in the spiritual order, through long reaches of rebuff and disappointment. He will, time and again, forget the fact that life is a test not to be trifled with, but to be accepted bravely, with reverent faith in the final and perfect adjustment of all human endeavor. His chances for understanding that any mite of success wrenched from the hugeness of failure should be incentive to further toil, that whatever triumph is stolen from the

conflict is a pale shadow of our true estate in heritage,—are lamentably small and improbable.

And yet these are vital truths and necessary admissions for a true life; elements that are spread through all the best art of narrative; qualities that the religious feeling alone can form or understand. To be up and doing, with fibres tense for any spring of descending fate; to stand intrepid when the footfalls of adversity startle you in the blind alleys of life; to keep ever in the mind's eye the profound truth of a Sanctioning Intelligence,—these are qualities and possessions not to be gathered from, nor acquired by, any system except that wherein faith and morals have played their part. No young man or woman is secure without them, nor is he or she fit to engage with the inequalities of their respective lots with any degree of courage. They are subject to every sudden shift and change of fortune; nor will there be a *deus ex machina* in the chill passes of practical life, as there so often is in those approaches to life called fiction.

To launch a youth upon the tides of some career with no hint of the port beyond, nor the means to insure a safe course, is to bid largely for discontent and a recklessness that is probable ruin. The struggle idealward is no boyish affair. It is one thing to withstand a shock in the blinding surf, it is quite another to sustain oneself in the depth beyond. The goblin disenchantment is not to be frightened away by any sudden furor. It will make lamentable reprisals in the shape of discord and confusion. And once on the rout, there is nothing of a farthing's worth to look for; cowardice will leave one poorer in the rags and tatters of lassitude. There can be no honest neutrality in the young man's effort. Partisanship is one of the laws of life, whose mendicant cares cry him from all corners of the day.

We are everywhere pressed about

with penalties of the clay—the care and wastes of mortality, the toil and sweat of oftentimes crownless effort. The heightened effect of, and the method of escape from, these are the motives of countless narratives; but—and here is where the mischief creeps in—in too much fiction there is present a certain license which, be it said in shame, quibbles at nothing to reach an effect or an end. Duty is too often a gossamer thread seen dimly at intervals among the welter of full-spun passions, which move with unrestrained power and pleading. Characters, too often, stand a law unto themselves: assume the moral and physical swagger of a Cellini crying to the crowds that *their* deeds are at once necessary and laudable.

Now, all this, entering into the heart of a youth who, looking about him, sees life ordered on different lines, tends to weaken his idea of just authority, to loosen his belief in the virtues, to lend him a spirit of opposition not only to the social but to the moral laws that restrain him. Even with religious training, it were no small chance to set youth free among such narrations, which are not alone works of bad art, but so many boulevards leading to a swift and moral disintegration. No parent of Catholic convictions can pass them, in honesty, without a protest or an attempt to neutralize their danger. We do not prefer homespun to cloth of gold. And of this there is sufficient stock in the province of literature to make questionable any incursion into those realms from which we can hardly escape without a smirch, and never without a reflection.

Without some religious education, the young man will hardly, if at all, realize that a certain class of work is, in every case, a voice calling him back to the clay and its penalties, from which men have sought release. He will fail to see the indulgence of matter that will keep a cloud before his vision of Goodness. On

the other hand, to a youth endowed with a sincere moral training; with his will open to the best that is within him; with purity and integrity standing sponsors to his choice; with that rich and saving sense that there is in art, as in life, something more than material excellence, some higher sanction than the changing favors of society,—to such a one will appear the quick conviction that these narratives are a perversion of the capabilities of human expression; antagonistic to the higher and permanent aims of human effort.


The youth of to-day is surrounded with fiction whose intent, however cleverly gilded, is toward earth and its indelible anointments. There is no natural gift so strong within him that he may hope to keep clear from the taint of the soil. That is a censurable system of education which leaves youth liable to a false and fruitless attitude toward life, whose burden is upon us all, whose sacredness and merit we attain with so much toil and vigil, whose dear-won triumphs are memorable beyond time and art.

The quality of art, as of life, is a presence without shape: a character with no sensible foreground, no substance that we can meet with a perceptible touch. It is, therefore, evident that there is no process, short of a spiritual development, that can hope to give the child a means to apperceive and enjoy the royalties of the true, and to feel and shun the baseness of the false production. He must possess something more than mental agility: must be fortified with a well-developed sense of right and wrong, and with a courage that will stand loyal to the end. For beyond the natural and temporal delights which cling to a subject still within cry of his affections and memory, are the charms of quality and truth. These he will feel rather than see,—truth that bends the mind toward unconditional acceptance; quality that leads the heart from pleasure to desire.

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

V.

 S a stockholder of the wrecked bank, Madame Belfroy had been assessed to an extent which engulfed the remainder of the moderate fortune left to her after the failure. The furniture had belonged to her parents, her jewels were her own; and when all were sold she found herself in possession of about five thousand dollars. To her daughter had belonged two very valuable paintings, which brought only a thousand at a forced sale; and with this modest sum, joined to some inconsiderable savings of Daulnay, the young couple were about to launch on their new life, which the poor mother contemplated with a dull sort of acquiescence,—the result of the terrible shock the events of the past few weeks had given her. Her misfortunes had affected her both physically and mentally.

It was with a heart filled with regret that Louise, who had looked after everything, awaited the coming separation from her mother. The affairs of the two women had been so thoroughly taken out of their hands that it never occurred to either of them to make a protest against a parting which would leave one of them at least without a relative or near friend, if we except Doctor Vau, upon whom Louise knew her mother could rely in time of need or further trial. Part of a small house had been taken in the suburbs, the upper portion of which was occupied by two old maiden sisters, impoverished gentlewomen like Madame Belfroy herself, with whom she was well acquainted, and who were glad to receive her. Madame Belfroy had always been a careful housekeeper, and was perfectly capable of managing for herself. Occu-

pation would serve to divert her mind.

Old Melanie, who had been urgent in asking to be allowed to remain with her mistress, was obliged to acknowledge it would be useless and impossible when she saw the size of the tiny apartment Madame Belfroy was now to call her home. She compromised by renting a room in the neighborhood, where she could be near her former mistress, and where she proposed taking in fine washing. Louise Daulnay felt that her mother would not be altogether forsaken so long as she had Melanie near her.

The days were so busy that the two women had no time for complaint or repining. Daulnay was now at the head of affairs, where he had taken his place on the day of the failure. He was not unkind—for him. Since he had subdued his mother-in-law, he did not seem inclined either to drive the nail in or to gloat over his conquest. But on one or two occasions he had given Doctor Vau to understand that he wanted neither his advice nor his assistance; and the old man had discreetly retired to the background, at least for the present.

Madame Belfroy had already been installed in her new abode, which the deft hands of her daughter had made very tasteful. Louise and her husband were expecting to leave for Bayeux in two or three days, and were temporarily lodging a few doors away. One evening the mother and daughter sat together,—Daulnay having gone out for an hour. They had seldom or never spoken of the future: it was too sad a prospect for either to contemplate, much less to mention, without displaying the depth of an emotion each strove to hide.

"Louise," said the widow suddenly, "you will write often,—every day?"

"Very often, mamma; perhaps not every day, but you will have no reason to complain of me."

"Put your letters in the form of a diary, my child, and send me one at least once a week."

"I will, mamma."

"I shall live only to receive them. And, Louise, I wish you would take half of that money."

"What money, mamma?"

"The five thousand."

"I could not think of it, mamma. As it is, the income will be little enough to support you. If it were not that you are so well provided with clothes, it would be much worse. What is three hundred dollars a year?"

"I could live on half of it, I eat so little, as you know. I shall enjoy being economical."

Louise smiled sadly.

"But I shall not enjoy thinking of it, mamma," she answered.

"Do take a thousand at least, my child! You can return it to me as you are able, if you will accept it on that condition."

Louise shook her head.

"Five hundred, then, my darling, as a little resource to fall back upon if you should need it?"

"No, no,—not a dollar, mamma! Do not ask it."

"You are so brave, my child!" said the mother. "We seem to have changed places. Later," she continued timidly, "if you are prosperous there, I might go to you."

Louise looked at her mother. Tears filled her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "if you could come independently, so that you might live quite near us but not with us. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand," replied Madame, mournfully. "You would not wish your mother to be a burden on any one."

"That is it, mamma."

"And yet, Louise, he would have been welcome in my house as long as I lived, if he had not been so difficult; and would have shared all that I owned when I was gone."

"Yes, I know. But life is different in reality from what we imagine it."

"It seems so—within the past three months. So much has happened since then. If I had only foreseen!"

"Everything would have been—not as it is—in that case. We were very happy, though, mamma."

"But I was not content to let things be as they were. Because other girls married, I thought my girl must do the same. Why was I so eager to get rid of my only child?"

"Oh, do not speak like that, mamma! You know you were not thinking of being rid of me."

"No, in the true sense I was not. I merely wanted you to be married. I thought we should simply have added another to the household,—that we should all live together, a united family. How grievously disappointed I have been—in everything!"

"Let us look forward, not backward," answered Louise cheerfully, stroking her mother's hand which lay on her knee.

"Perhaps it was for the best, after all," said Madame Belfroy, musingly. "When I am gone you will have some one to take care of you. If you had not been married, Louise, you would never have had an offer—after our losses."

"O mamma," exclaimed Louise, "it is all right, now that I *am* married! But marriage is not everything; and it seems dreadful to regard it merely as one would a sale or a bargain: though that is what it amounts to—among us."

"That is an American way of looking at it, my child," said her mother.

"I know it."

"And yet I doubt if their marriages are as happy as ours, on the whole."

"That may be. Perhaps they have more illusions than we," said Louise.

"I do not know. But I do prefer the French way. Yes, I will try to think that things are better as they are."

Louise looked wistfully at her mother. For once she let herself go.

"I could have worked for you."

"Worked for me, my child? You?"

"Yes, mamma. I could have made a living with these two hands."

"With those two white little hands? And how would you have made a living for your mother, my child?"

"By embroidery and crocheting. You know how well I do it, and I like it."

"My precious one! It is far better as it is. Sometimes, though, I reproach myself; and I shall doubtless do so more than ever as time passes—when you are gone."

"Never do it, mamma, I beg! Never reproach yourself. You are going to try to be happy here in this cosy little home. Your old friends will not desert you, and we will write to each other all the time. And Jean and I are going to be happy also. We shall be starting out in life together, our interests will be mutual, we shall help each other. O mamma, yes, we shall all be happy!"

In her efforts to console and encourage her mother under the inevitable, Louise Daulnay herself almost believed in her own assurances. She had the optimism of youth; experience had not yet taught her that her life, unless it should change, lacked every equipment for success.

Her husband's step was heard ascending the narrow stairway. She hastened to open the door. He held a package in his hands.

"It is hot, Louise,—very hot. Take it!" he said, in his usual commanding tone,—which, however, on this occasion did not seem unkind.

"What is it?" inquired his wife, taking it from him.

"Hot corn," he replied. "I remember hearing your mother say she thought it the best thing in the world. I believe she and your father used to buy it sometimes when they went out to take a walk in the evening—when they were young."

"Oh, that was kind!" exclaimed Madame Belfroy, coming forward to take the package from Louise. "Yes, indeed," she went on, "it was such a treat! An old colored woman used to

sell it on the corners. Where did you buy it? I have not seen any for such a long time."

"Because you have not been walking near the quay in the evening for such a long time," answered the young man, still preserving his amiable mood. "I bought it from a dinky—an old fellow with snowy locks. He has a stand near the water."

Madame Belfroy brought plates and pepper and salt. The trio sat around the little table and enjoyed their feast. They had not been so united since the wedding. But it caused Louise a pang to see how even that slight happiness made her mother's pale cheek grow pink and her eyes brighten, while the swiftly increasing wrinkles seemed to be smoothed away for the time being. One day, two, three, and the mother would be sitting alone in this tiny room, thinking of them, already far out at sea. But Madame Belfroy's pleasant mood lasted till the clock struck eleven.

"How late it is!" she exclaimed. "You must go home, children, or the people of the house may lock the door; and in this bandbox where could I put you?"

Louise threw her woollen shawl about her shoulders and took her husband's extended arm.

"Good-night, mamma dear!" she said, kissing her mother two or three times. "Be sure to go to bed and to sleep at once," she added tenderly.

"To bed, yes," said Madame Belfroy, "but perhaps not to sleep—at once. There is still the Rosary to say. I am not at all pious, Jean," she remarked, turning to her son-in-law with the first natural, familiar information she had ever accorded him; "but for forty years I have never omitted my Rosary. Sometimes it is said for one thing, sometimes for another. Lately it has been that you and I might be resigned to the will of God. And it has not been said in vain. Only a supernatural power could have sustained us under such a

shock. Many a strong man has lost his reason or his life for less cause. To-night my Rosary will be especially for both of you."

Jean extended his hand. She pressed it warmly.

Louise was delighted.

"Perhaps—perhaps," she thought, "some day we may all be together again,—if only mamma and Jean were like that always! It is better indeed that at present she should be left behind than face, at her age, an uncertain future. But later—in a year or so—"

"Your mother is a good woman, Louise," said her husband's voice, recalling her thoughts. "I have been a little gruff with her at times, but I meant nothing by it. Poor woman, it is a pity that such misfortune should have come upon her in her old age!"

Such unusual tenderness was a joyful surprise to the young wife. She pressed closer to her husband's side, clasping both hands about the arm she held.

"Yes, mamma is good," she answered. "Do you know, Jean, she wanted to give us some of her money—that little bit of money? But of course I would not hear of it."

"Certainly not," he replied. "But it was a kindness, nevertheless. Mothers are good. I do not remember mine."

"Poor Jean!" thought Louise. "That explains much of his peculiar conduct. He does not remember his mother."

When, the next morning, one of the little old maids ran breathless and tearful into their lodging to tell them that her sister had found Madame Belfroy lying dead in her bed as though quietly asleep, with her rosary in her hand, Louise's first thought, despite her bitter anguish, was of gratitude that that last night was one she must always pleasantly remember, be her future what it might. Indeed, she put all consideration of self in the background when she reflected that her mother had been spared many hours of loneliness and anxiety.

"God had been very good to dear mamma," she said to Doctor Vau, who refrained from idle words of consolation, perfectly understanding the spirit of the gentle, unselfish girl.

As for Jean Daulnay, it can not be denied that he looked upon Madame Belfroy's demise as a happy circumstance for all of them. He did not doubt that she was enjoying the reward of an almost blameless life, which, if it had not compassed much for humanity at large, had fulfilled the main purpose of an ordinary destiny. Louise would now be without conflicting ties; all his interests would be hers; he could mould her to his every wish without contradiction or opposition, either by word or suggestion. And when three weeks later—instead of three days, as had at first been intended—they sailed for Bayeux, Jean Daulnay was richer by twenty-five thousand francs than he had expected to be for several years to come.

(To be continued.)

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain.

SECOND WEEK.

SUNDAY.—This morning was very wet. There were no sick calls after Mass, but in the middle of the day there were two: one to the fever hospital, men's ward; the other to the women's hospital.

In the fever hospital lay a large, stout man. He is very old and grey, but in his youth he must have been remarkably robust. All the strength, however, that once was his is now gone. The powerful hands and the giant limbs were numb and apparently dead. A bluish cast tinged the fleshy cheeks, and the eyes, while retaining consciousness, rolled strangely. In the lusty pride of health, how invincible we deem ourselves—Samsons unshorn! Yet let but a cold seize upon our limbs, and, like the

icebound rivers of the North, we forget the rush and hurry of our summer heyday, and lie weak and helpless, with life, like the undercurrent of the river, stealing it may be to the outspreading, boundless ocean of eternity. Alas, how puny and little are we then—Samsons indeed shorn, and shorn perhaps by some cherished pleasure which we foolishly followed, and which in the end betrayed us! It was not of fever that this man was complaining; the doctors could hardly say what was the matter, and he was sent here for a day or two to see what turn things would take. At present there was no immediate danger.

In the women's hospital an old woman was lying on her bed. Plainly she has seen her day: she is very old and is now in her dotage. The nurse bent her head down close to the patient's ear and shouted that the priest was come. It was no use talking to her; shouting and screaming were alike useless. There was nothing for it but to give her conditional absolution and then "prepare" her.

In the evening another sick call to the fever hospital. A young man has come in; he is not considered dangerously ill, but the nun in charge would feel more at ease if his confession were heard. He is a brave-looking fellow of about twenty-two or twenty-three; but he seems very heavy in sickness. A day or two will tell how he will come out. He is young, and youth is a great element on his side. Youth and strength and fresh air and temperance,—these would almost bring anybody through fever.

The fever wards are filling somewhat. There is now a whole family of five in; and there are about half a dozen more cases,—two or three in the women's hospital, and three or four in the men's.

In the general hospital there were one or two for Holy Viaticum, and one or two for final absolution. I was particularly struck by the appearance of one poor man. He was on his bed; a vessel

stood on a little table beside him, and it was spotted with blood. The poor man was spitting up blood. Death was near, but it was dangerous to give him Holy Viaticum. Over and over during the day he had spat up blood. His face wore that look which the experienced eye detects as the all but certain forerunner of death. I sat beside his bed with the stole on, giving him what aid and consolation religion provides for such. I was leaving him to go to another call. He put his hand on his heart and an expression of suffering came over his face. "Oh, the pain of my heart!" he said. He grasped at the vessel—there was a gush of blood—the color came and went on his face—it was but a moment and all was over. May he rest in peace!

After reciting prayers for the departed soul, I went to the women's hospital. A middle-aged woman was propped up in the bed with pillows. The Sister in charge wished to have her confession heard. I remarked to the patient that I had come to hear her confession if she so wished. "Whatever you think well yourself, Father," was her answer. I said: "I am ready to hear your confession now; or if you should prefer to make it to-morrow, of course I'll wait."—"There is no time like the present, Father," she replied; and so I sat down to hear her confession. It is always very consoling when a body finds one anxious like that to clear up accounts with Almighty God. Such a person has little to fear.

Opposite me on the other side of the ward was the poor girl who could not make her confession, as she intimated, because she could not speak. I was determined to see whether she understood us when we were talking of her as being near her end. So when I was done I sat down on a stool near her. Her face lit up pleasantly and her eyes beamed when I said: "Oh, you are all right now!" Then I asked if she remembered anything that occurred

when she was bad. "No, Father."—"Do you remember when the nun bent down and said a 'Hail Mary' with you?"—"No, Father." She does not appear to have been conscious of those things; so my theories were but bubbles—unless—but I will not make another and a bigger fool of myself.

Monday.—Said Mass. After breakfast an unusually large number of sick calls. The first was to the fever hospital. The young man I attended last night did not show such favorable symptoms to-day, and it was thought better to anoint him at once. The poor fellow lifted up his head and looked at me. I explained to him the necessity of being anointed as well as the advantage of it. While I spoke he said nothing, but all the time I could not help thinking that an *argumentatio*, as the logicians call it, was going on in that poor fellow's mind. And thus, if I would interpret his inner thoughts, was he speaking:

"And has it come to this? My robust health and strength, has it all failed me? Am I going down with my young days into the dark and lonely grave? The boys that I knew, the friends that I joked and laughed with, shall they live on, and I—a nothing? The pleasant Sundays and the quiet country fields that I loved, shall I know them no more? The chapel bell on Sunday morning, the blossomed orchards, the woods, the hills, the glens, the crossroads, the fairs, the gatherings, the merry music and the merrier laughter,—shall I leave them all?"

Oh, what a hold the young heart has of life! It is hard to drag the mother from her children, it is hard to drag the father from his family, but hardest of all is it to drag the young heart from its hopes. When reading the Old Testament who has not wept for the young Isaac as he goes up the hill bearing the wood on his back, and puts that heart-touching question to his aged

father: "Behold, my father, the fire and the wood: where is the victim for the sacrifice?" The father, recognizing the hold of the young heart on life, forbears to tell him, even though he knew all the time that God had demanded his son's life. Perhaps we should be thus taught to act tenderly toward the young when they are stricken.

The stout old man is greatly improved. He sits up in the bed and chats away quite naturally.

I returned to the general hospital. There was one sick call from the women's side—an old woman dying simply from exhaustion; no sickness, no disease, but the simple wear and tear of nature. I next looked up the poor woman of the previous evening that had said, "There is no time like the present, Father." She was slightly improved, but the pillows were there propping her up still. She had been anointed, and I administered Holy Viaticum.

Then I passed on to the men's hospital. In one ward was John D. for Holy Viaticum. In another ward was Thomas D. Grouped together in a third ward were William C., Alexander R., Peter H., all for Holy Viaticum. In the next ward was Patrick M. to be anointed. He was to receive all the last sacraments (that is what is meant, in workhouse parlance, by the simple word "anointing"); and lastly was a poor old man, Thomas B., for Holy Viaticum.

When I had finished, I returned to the chapel, where a baptism was awaiting me. The paper bore the name of the child—"Patrick." It also bore the name of the mother, and described her—"single." Such is the way of the world! It was a fine little child, though. What shall be its fate,—who will divine? As I baptized it I was thinking of something I lately read in Catherine Emmerich's "Life of the Blessed Virgin."

'One day, while the Sister was rapt in ecstasy, her Guardian Angel led her to the brink of a marshy pond, far

remote from the highway. Under the shelter of a bush near that pond was a poor girl who had just given birth to an illegitimate baby. Seized with shame and forgetful of a mother's affection, she took the baby and was hastening to the pond to drown it, when the Sister cast herself on her knees in prayer and implored of God to take away the awful temptation of murder and despair from the girl's heart. That moment the poor mother turned from the pond and sat down again beside the bush. She bent her face to her infant's lips and kissed it, and, uncovering her breast, gave it to drink. The Sister then asked leave of her Guardian Angel to suggest to the girl to go to her confessor and tell him. The girl went to the priest. That very morning a sum of money had miraculously come into his possession. This money he gave her to support herself and her child for some time; after that she labored with her hands, brought up her child religiously, and evermore lived a most becoming life.'

This is what happened to myself. I was one day reading my office in a country chapel when I was quite a young priest. I saw a woman stand near one of the doors with a parcel folded in her arms. She seemed timid to interrupt me. I went over to her. "Do you want me?" I said.—"Yes, your reverence."—"What have you in that parcel?"—"A little baby."—"Are you its mother?"—"I am."—"Are you married?"—"No, Father."—"How old is it?"—"Only three days." She began to remove the shawl she had wrapped about it. "She is dying, Father. I had no one to bring her. O God help me! I was sinner enough, but I could not bear to see her die without baptism." And tears rolled down the woman's face. I saw at a glance that the child had convulsions. I called one of the women kneeling in the chapel, and begged of her in charity to act as sponsor to the child. I baptized the child

as quickly as I could, and the mother had hardly left the chapel on her way home when the little thing expired.

That poor creature's act was heroic. I felt that the woman who could get up out of her confinement bed after three short days and thus risk her life for the sake of her child, had something noble in her. She seemed truly penitent. I spoke kindly to her and encouraged her to go to confession as soon as she was well. She did so, and ever after led a most exemplary life.

In the evening I was called to another patient in the fever hospital—a young girl, brave and strong. She had only a light attack; however, the symptoms were rather unfavorable. For fear of a sudden change, it was thought that she had better go to confession.

I went through the wards and found all the patients getting on pretty well. I could not say much of the young boy I anointed: he was about the same; and if there was no change for the better, there was none for the worse.

Oh, but it was a fine evening! The trees outside, and the country away beyond, looked so lovely. I heard the noise of merry laughter. It was the little tots running about and enjoying themselves in their own playground. I could have stood for hours at the window watching the beautiful country and listening to the prattle of those innocent children.

Tuesday.—Said Mass this morning. After Mass there were no calls; after breakfast, however, there were plenty. The list included this entry: "St. John Baptist's Ward: George F., for confession." Little George was a hunchback, a child in years but remarkably bright and precocious. He was, moreover, an orphan, and had to live by his own ways and means. He was plain in features, but there was a marvellous charm in his manner and discourse.

I had to go to the hospital also and

give Holy Communion to the bedridden patients. At that early hour the hospital is a most uninviting place. The windows have not long been opened and the tainted atmosphere of the night is almost unendurable.

Immediately after Mass I went from bed to bed to twenty-nine patients, scattered through all the wards of the women's hospital as well as the men's. I presume three minutes would be rather a short allowance to each; and three times twenty-nine (almost an hour and a half) will give the length of time a priest is there. It would have been a tedious task were it not that the Sisters and the nurses had everything neat and well prepared. And, then, several patients were in the same ward.

During the day I visited the fever hospital. The boy whom I had anointed was in bed, and his mother was sitting beside him. I had been speaking to the doctor about him and I gave her what little encouragement I had received. She seemed pleased, but not satisfied.

I went to the women's hospital and saw the patients that had been anointed; also my friend of long acquaintance who had declared that she could not make her confession because she was unable to speak. She was improving rapidly. Beside her, in the next bed, was a child of about four or five with a head swollen to an enormous size. From the eyes downward the features were ordinary enough, but the forehead and the skull seemed like the head of a giant. A painful sight indeed.

(To be continued.)

THE well-defined spiritual life is not only the highest life but it is also the most easily lived. The whole cross is more easily carried than the half. It is the man who tries to make the best of both worlds who makes nothing of either. And he who seeks to serve two masters misses the benediction of both.

—Henry Drummond.

A Modern Mother.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

ON a pleasant morning in May the Curé sat in the little garden of the presbytery, smoking his after-dinner pipe. His thoughts were on his parish and his people. He had been absent for nearly a year owing to ill-health; and now, quite recovered, was eager to take up his duties where he had left them off.

Ding-ding-ding, went the bell at the wicket gate of the garden. From the dining-room came the clatter of dishes.

"Catherine, there is some one ringing!" called the Curé to his housekeeper, who, in spite of a somewhat harsh visage and sharp tongue, was kindness itself to the good priest, whom she looked upon as a saint.

"Yes, yes, Monsieur le Curé! I'll be there in a minute," answered Catherine, without stirring.

Ding-ding-ding, went the bell again.

"Catherine, shall I go myself?" asked the Curé, half rising from his chair.

"No: I am going—now. I thought it no harm to keep them waiting a little. I saw them coming down the road—those silly Neys—mother and daughter," replied the old woman, hurrying down the walk.

The Curé wondered. A year ago Madame Ney and Catherine had been very good friends; and Virginie, the daughter, a special pet of hers. What had happened?

A moment later, with a stern countenance and ceremonious voice, Catherine announced:

"Madame and Mademoiselle Ney!"

The mother, very voluble, began to express her pleasure at seeing the priest restored to health; the daughter, as became a French girl, remained silent.

"And how are your affairs coming on, Virginie?" asked the priest, with a

pleasant smile. "How is Jean Bechart? Am I to be asked to officiate at a wedding soon? I am glad you waited for my return."

"It is for that we came, Monsieur le Curé," said the mother. "Jean Bechart is no longer paying attention to Virginie."

"I am sorry to hear that, Madame. What has occurred?"

"He was very good and industrious, and all that; but his position—"

"Oh, did he lose his position?"

"No, Monsieur le Curé; but it was not a very lucrative one, and so we concluded that the affair had better terminate. Jean Bechart is not exactly the husband for my daughter. You know his father was nothing but a master-baker, and my husband was in the Civil Service for many years. Also my own family—the Baudins—are of quite different stock from the Becharts."

"Ah, I see! There is some one else, then?" remarked the astute pastor.

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé. As I said, that is what we have come to see you about. Virginie has found a *fiancé* in her own proper circle. It is not every day that one can find a good-looking young man, pleasant, fashionably dressed, besides being a clerk in the great banking house of Berger & Tessier. It would be folly to overlook a chance like that."

"I was thinking of Jean Bechart," said the Curé. "I hope he has not suffered much through having been thrown over."

"Oh, no, Monsieur le Curé! Indeed he was not thrown over. He came several times after we had made the acquaintance of M. Lorillard; and, finding the young bank clerk always there, he became huffy and remained away of his own accord. Don't worry about him. He has already consoled himself. For nearly three months he has been going constantly with Mademoiselle Peroux, the little organist."

The Curé's face brightened. That would have been the very match he would choose for his good friend, Jean

Bechart; though he had had no fault to find with Virginie, whom the young man had seemed to prefer.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I am glad to hear there are to be no broken hearts! And the marriage is already arranged?"

"Yes. M. Lorillard gets six thousand francs a year and is in a fair way of promotion. My Virginie has a few thousand of her own, as you know, Monsieur le Curé—"

"Yes, yes, I know. And he is a good Christian, of course?"

Madame Ney began to fan herself, stirring uneasily in her chair.

"Ah, *ma foi!*" answered the widow, "one can not be too exacting about religion in these times. It is better not; it will come of itself afterward, if there is a good, sensible wife in the house. M. Lorillard is not what any one could call a pious man."

"But at least he goes to his religious duties once a year?"

"His religious duties! Where will you find a young man outside the lower classes who does that, Monsieur le Curé? And if boys will be boys, is that any reason why the most attractive girls should be old maids? For that is the kind of wife the *beau garçon* wants when he comes to settle down. And rest assured no son-in-law of mine shall ever dare to interfere with Virginie's religion. M. Lorillard would not wish to, Monsieur le Curé. He is too much of a gentleman. He wants a pious wife: he has said so."

"Very wise of him,—very wise!" answered the Curé. "I hope he goes to Mass on Sundays, at least?"

"No, Monsieur le Curé. I will be candid with you: it is always best. He does not go to Mass. His people and friends are all like that. It is the fashion of the day. There are very good men who do not go to Mass."

"You have made great progress since I went away, Madame," said the Curé. "Do you still go to Mass yourself?"

"I, Monsieur le Curé,—I! When did we miss a Sunday? What a surprise!"

"I am sorry for you, Virginie," said the priest, turning to the girl. "Try, however, to remember the teachings of your youth, and do not give up your religion either through coercion or carelessness. I doubt not that very soon it will be the only thing you will have to console you."

"Thank you, *mon père!*" answered the young girl, meekly. "I shall always do what you advise."

"Very well, then," said the priest. "I advise that you send this young man about his business. There is unhappiness in store for you if you do not."

"Well! well! what is this?" exclaimed the mother. "The wedding arranged and all! Such a good marriage—and to break it off! No, indeed!"

The Curé had now risen.

"I wish you happiness, then!" he said, making a sign of dismissal.

"But—but, Monsieur le Curé," cried Madame Ney, "we came to arrange as to the time!"

"With that I have nothing to do," answered the priest. "You have lived in my parish long enough to have learned that I never perform such marriages."

"There are others who do—"

"I am the priest of *this* parish!"

"A civil marriage is all that is required. It is enough."

"Yes, for such Catholics. I have married Catholic and Protestant before this, and I may be called upon to do it again; but to unite two Catholics, one of whom refuses to approach the Table of the Lord on his marriage-day,—I never have done that and never will."

"As you please, Monsieur," replied Madame Ney, shaking out her skirts. "A marriage without religious ceremonies it shall be, and good enough. I wish you good-day, Monsieur."

"Good-day, Madame! Good-day, Mademoiselle!" said the Curé, as mother and daughter took their departure.

II.

The Curé sat in his little parlor, by the side of a cheerful fire, one afternoon in December. His thoughts were pleasant. Only that morning he had married, with a nuptial Mass, Jean Bechart to the little organist, and they had gone for the honeymoon to Jean's home in Nantes, where his parents lived. Seldom had he united a couple who seemed to fulfil every requirement as did these two. Young, handsome, full of health, hope and energy; the love of each other and the fear of God in their hearts,—no one could wish them a brighter future than that which the Curé augured for them.

As the good priest sat smiling and reflecting, Catherine's sabots came clattering along the corridor.

"Madame Ney and her daughter!" she growled in her harshest tones, throwing the door wide open, and leaving it open as she hurried back to her kitchen.

The Curé placed two chairs near the fire. Virginie was dressed in black. Her eyes were sunken as though from weeping, her cheeks pale and thin. The mother's face loomed, red and forbidding, above a huge fur boa,—a fit setting for her angry countenance.

"You see her face, Monsieur le Curé?" she began, pointing to her daughter. "You see how pale she is, how her youth has departed? Villain! monster! I have come to tell you all about it. Is it just, is it possible, I ask you, that such things can be?"

"Calm yourself, Madame," said the priest. "I do not know what you are talking about."

"I am talking about that beast, that robber, who has reduced my daughter to this strait, after abusing and beating and treating her like the stones in the street. How is it that God permits the innocent to suffer at the hands of such infamous knaves? How is it, I ask? You, who are a priest of God, ought to be able to explain, if any one can."

"But, Madame Ney, I thought your son-in-law was—"

"Yes, a thief, an impostor, a brute! That is what he is. An ocean of lies, a mountain of debts!"

"But his position—he was too much of a gentleman—"

"Ah! He soon lost his position, with his drinking and carousing. And as for gentleman,—he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. How can it be that God—"

"Mamma, mamma," interposed a weak, trembling voice, "we should not blame God for what we have brought on ourselves. If we had taken the Curé's advice, we should not be as we are to-day. I did not wish to come to you, *mon père*; but mamma would have it."

"And where should we go but to our friends when we are in trouble?" cried Madame. "Where, my poor Virginie?—I want to request, Monsieur le Curé, that you will recommend me to your friends, or others who are looking for lodgings. I shall have to rent my two best rooms; and Virginie will be glad to take a few music pupils, now that we have got rid of that beast, that brute, that bandit!"

"Has he left you?"

"Yes: he has gone to America with what was left of my money and Virginie's dowry. I gave it to him to invest at a large interest, as he said; and what do you suppose he did with nearly all of it? Gambled it away at cards, Monsieur le Curé,—at cards! And now we must work for our living. Ah, why did we not stick to Jean Bechart, whom you married this morning to that white-faced Valerie Peroux! *He* would have been a good man; *he* would never have run away with our little fortune. Ah, me!" continued the angry mother, shaking her head. "Why—why are the good and innocent thus afflicted, I ask?"

"Well, I will do what I can for you, Madame," observed the priest, without a word of reproach to the unreasonable woman.

At the mention of the name of Jean Bechart, Virginie's cheeks had flushed crimson; and they were still pink as she said, gently laying her hand upon her mother's arm:

"Jean Bechart has got only what he deserved. They will be faithful to God and each other. Come now, mamma. Monsieur le Curé will do all he can for us, as he has promised."

When the Curé returned to the fire after closing the door behind the unfortunate mother and daughter, he opened his Breviary to say his Office. His eyes fell on the words: *Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum!*

"How vain," he murmured, — "how vain and worthless are the habitations of those who have not the Lord for their foundation!"

English Priests in Penal Times.

BY MARY CROSS.

II.

ELIZABETH'S reign had ended, and Catholics welcomed her successor, the son of Mary Stuart; from him they hoped for freedom to practise that religion which had consoled his mother throughout her long imprisonment and strengthened her in her dying hour. But, so far from these hopes being realized, the persecution was renewed with greater severity, and new expedients resorted to for punishing "Romish recusants." King James was heavily in debt, and he found it difficult to satisfy the claims of his needy countrymen, many of whom had followed him to the English court, until he discovered an ingenious new way of paying old debts. He arranged that the fines extorted from his Catholic subjects for not attending Protestant worship, for keeping Catholic servants or using Catholic books, should flow into the pockets of his Calvinistic creditors and courtiers.

Amongst the state papers of the time is a list of those Popish recusants "whom his Majesty has granted liberty to his servants to make profit of." In one year as many as six thousand one hundred and twenty-six Catholics were presented as recusants; and at one time, in the single county of Hereford, four hundred and nine Catholic families were reduced to absolute beggary. According to the King's own statement, he derived a net income of thirty-six thousand pounds per annum from fines inflicted on his Catholic subjects simply for practising their religion. For not attending Protestant service a Catholic was fined twenty pounds a month, ten pounds for his wife, ten pounds for each child, and ten pounds for their servants. Those unable to pay were stripped of their goods and sent to prison. That a large number of the sufferers were poor is shown by the fact that out of two thousand recusants named, only fifty are of the rank of gentlemen.

Catholic homes were still liable to the invasion of men empowered to search for priests, prayer-books, and rosaries; men who did not respect either the sick or the dying, and appropriated plate or money or clothing as they thought fit. The prisons to which Catholics were committed were dens of fever and famine; so that out of fifty-eight imprisoned in York jail, twenty died. The Catholic prisoners, though supported solely by the alms of the faithful, were charged with the maintenance of the Protestant chaplain. A letter written to the viceroy of Valencia by a Spanish lady* provides us with a graphic picture of penal days. She writes:

"There is no relief from the constant suffering and witnessing suffering; things are every day worse for the Catholics. Misfortune on misfortune assails them. Horrors which elsewhere would make

* Quoted in Lady Georgiana Fullerton's interesting "Life of Louisa de Carvajal."

people shudder, and over which they would weep for a year, are here our daily bread; and are looked on with dry eyes, simply because the multitude and excess of woe of body and soul has exhausted the power of grief. We have never a moment of peace or security, and exist in continual fear and trembling. We can not go out to walk without seeing the heads and limbs of our dear and holy ones on the gates of the city, and the birds of the air perched on them. How well the words of our Divine Redeemer may be here applied, 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee!'"

The Spanish Ambassador besought King James to relax his severity, and the Catholics voluntarily offered to pay a yearly sum to his Majesty for freedom to practise their religion. But the King was inexorable: so far from any concession being made, fresh orders were given to judges and magistrates to enforce the penal laws, and a new commission was appointed to search out priests and recusants. The jails were crowded; several priests and laymen were executed; for presenting a petition in favor of Catholics a man was sentenced to have an ear cut off, to pay a fine of one thousand pounds, and to be perpetually imprisoned. Lord Monteagle, a Catholic nobleman, was sent to prison for protesting in the House of Commons against the ill-treatment of Catholics.

So, in the eloquent words of Lady Fullerton, "the sight of continual outrages, perpetrated under the name of the law, worked like madness in the minds of a few desperate men, and they deemed it justifiable to use any means to deliver their brethren from a King who publicly drank 'Damnation to the Papists!' and from a Parliament which tortured and slew their priests, invaded their homes, imprisoned their wives, robbed them of their children, confiscated

their means, and trod their every right under foot, for no other offence than that of worshiping God as He had been worshiped fifteen hundred years." "If one green leaf for Catholics had been visible, Catesby and Fawkes would not have entered into their combination," was the remarkable admission of the Crown apologist, Lord Northampton; all the more significant as he made it in summing up against the conspirators concerned in the Gunpowder Plot,—that scheme for blowing up the Houses of Parliament, King, Lords, and Commons, in which Catesby and Fawkes were foremost.

If we try to imagine how we should feel if we beheld our priests dragged by brutal hands to shocking torture and horrible death; saw our nearest and dearest—our friends, our kin, our very flesh and blood—subjected to insult and violence from unscrupulous wretches, we shall marvel, not that a desperate few should be drawn into a lawless combination against the authors and promoters of those outrages, but that so many could endure without revolt so ferocious and shameless an oppression.

The words, "drawn into a lawless combination" are used advisedly. A number of non-Catholic authorities agree in stating that Cecil, Secretary of State, instigated the conspiracy and that the government connived at it for its own purposes. Francis Osborne, an agent of Cromwell, set the plot down as "a neat device of the Treasurer, he being very plentiful in such plots." Dr. Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester, bluntly stated that Cecil first contrived and then discovered the treason. Bishop Usher remarked that if Papists knew what he knew, the blame of the Gunpowder Plot would not rest on them. It was openly said that the Council had spun a web to entangle Catholics; and Lord Castlemaine emphatically declared the same, appealing to witnesses living when he wrote. Mr. Gairdner admits that Cecil's

contemporaries accused him of inventing the plot.

Lord Monteagle received a letter warning him of danger, and he gave it to Cecil. On October 31, 1606, it was shown to the King, who declared that the sentence, "The danger is past as soon as you have burned this letter," indicated an explosion of gunpowder, to take place as quickly as the paper could be burned,—a wonderful interpretation indeed!

It is curious to find Cecil writing that the plot was miraculously discovered only twelve hours before the explosion was to take place, when he had had possession of the warning letter for ten days. Mr. Jardine, the historian, believes that the letter itself was contrived by the government. As Father Gerard says, it is certainly remarkable that the plots of the period proved advantageous to those against whom they were directed. This one served as a pretext for the further persecution of Catholics; and before any evidence was forthcoming, King James, in a speech from the Throne, declared that the religion of the conspirators was responsible for the conspiracy, because Catholics believed that it was lawful to murder others for their religion. In the indictment of the conspirators it was stated that they had undertaken the plot because the Jesuits had persuaded them that it was right and meritorious to murder heretics.

Troubled in conscience, Catesby had unfolded his design under the seal of confession to Father Greenway, S. J., with permission to communicate it to the Provincial, Father Henry Garnet, S. J. Both severely condemned the plot, and used every effort to prevent its execution; but, of course, they could not violate the seal of confession. Father Garnet wrote to Rome, asking that the Pope would forbid Catholics under pain of excommunication to resort to force, as, although there was no reason to fear a rebellion, there were grave sources

of anxiety. But the conspirators went their way, despite the Papal prohibition of plots and unlawful attempts; and Fawkes was captured on November 5 in the cellars of the Houses of Parliament; the remaining conspirators fled to Staffordshire; four were killed whilst offering a desperate resistance, the others taken prisoner.

With the pious prayer "God speed your good work!" King James gave orders that Fawkes was to be tortured to the uttermost. All the conspirators were tortured to make them name their confessors, and were pronounced wilfully perjured when they swore the priests were not accomplices. Catesby's servant was tortured for four weeks, and then confessed that he had carried a letter from his master to Father Garnet, and had seen Fathers Garnet and Greenway together. A government proclamation was issued, declaring that the priests had been proved guilty by the confessions of many of the conspirators; who these conspirators were, what they confessed, the government did not reveal!

Father Garnet and Father Oldcorne were discovered at Hendlip, and the former was taken before the Privy Council and asked to confess his guilt. His protest of innocence was met with a threat of torture. His lay companion, Owen, was racked until he expired; and Father Oldcorne was tortured for five hours on five successive days, but no incriminating evidence could be procured. Cecil, however, was a man of resource. He bade the jailer permit the prisoners speak together, and spies were carefully concealed in the wall to overhear what passed. The priests seized the opportunity to make their confessions to each other; and Father Garnet being asked if he knew aught of the plot, replied that he had been consulted in confession about it. This information the spies carried to the Council, and Father Garnet accordingly was brought to trial.

The attorney-general spoke for several

hours on the virtues of the King and the infamies of the Jesuits, and reminded the court that gunpowder itself had been invented by a Popish friar. The confession of the conspirators was produced, but the passage exonerating the priests was marked in the attorney-general's handwriting to be omitted, and remains so marked to this day. Father Garnet's declaration was read, but, in obedience to Sir Edward Coke's instructions—still to be read in the original,—every passage in his favor was omitted. The spies were produced as witnesses, and their sworn evidence in court varied utterly with their original depositions, in which occurred such phrases as "We could not hear well," "We fancy his words were to this purpose," "We could not hear because of noises under the window." During the trial King James admitted that the prisoner had not had justice. All that was proved against him was that he had not violated the seal of confession; nevertheless, the grim sentence of death for high treason was passed. Father Garnet had based his defence on his having received knowledge of the plot from Father Greenway in confession. With a view to shattering that defence and forcing him to plead guilty, he was informed that Father Greenway had been captured and altogether denied his statement. Father Garnet simply said, "I am sorrier for his taking than for my own," and adhered to his declaration. As a matter of fact, Father Greenway had escaped from England and had not been taken at all.

A letter written in prison by Father Garnet (in which he declared that he held the Gunpowder Plot and any other treason unlawful and horrible), which he desired should be published after his death, was suppressed by the government; and instead it was stated that he had confessed his guilt, information to that effect being sent to the foreign ambassadors in England and the English ambassadors abroad. Several Anglican

dignitaries waited upon the condemned priest, and told him that his trial had given such scandal that five hundred Catholics had turned Protestant. The falsehoods that his brother-priest had betrayed him and that five hundred of his flock had apostatized failed to shake his fortitude; and it was then alleged that a lay-brother had been captured, and that upon him had been found a cipher written by Father Garnet, containing the names of Catholics who had helped and harbored him.

"My crosses are daily multiplied," wrote the martyr, in the midst of these atrocious moral tortures; "but merciful and kind is the Lord, blessed be His name!" He was dragged through the streets by two horses from the Tower to St. Paul's where the scaffold had been erected. There he spoke for the last time to a crowd touched to sympathy by his fortitude and piety, reminding them that it was the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross; and with the words, "I adore Thee and I bless Thee, because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world!" he passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

The total number of those engaged in the plot does not appear to have exceeded sixteen; but, in spite of the innocence of the Catholics as a body, and of the brief published by the Sovereign Pontiff condemning the plot and all conspiracies, a new penal code containing seventy fresh articles was enacted, and enforced with relentless severity. Under it Catholics were forbidden to live within ten miles of London, or to go five miles from their houses without a special license signed by four magistrates. They were not allowed to practise as doctors or lawyers, to act as judges or clerks, or officers in any court or corporation. For each child not baptized by a Protestant minister a fine of one hundred pounds was inflicted, and ten pounds for burial out of a Protestant

cemetery. During the remainder of James' reign, eighteen priests and seven laymen were executed solely for their Faith.

But the lamp of faith, "fed with the substance and the blood of martyrs," shines on. May they in heaven be mindful of the land their blood has sanctified, and may the Queen of Martyrs intercede that England may regain her noblest title and be once more "the Dowry of Mary"!

(The End.)

The Dies Irae.

BY ALBERT BARRY, C.S.S.R.

THE beautiful sequences of the Church, which so charm the ear by their melodious rhythm, had their birth in Alexandria, where, according to St. Clement, Bishop of that See, they were sung, in the Doric metre, at the assemblies of the faithful. They were spread abroad by St. Augustine and St. Ambrose; they were cultivated in the Christian schools of the early Church, and reached their highest development during the Middle Ages, when St. Thomas of Aquin wrote his splendid "Hymn to the Blessed Sacrament," and Jacopone of Todi composed the wondrous *Stabat Mater*.

But the sublime liturgy of the Church has nothing grander or more awful than the *Dies Irae*, the accents of which seem like voices of the Prophets or echoes of the trumpet-call of the Angel of the Judgment. It is, as a well-known English writer states, the greatest of all poems, unequalled in its sweet-sounding cadences, save by the immortal verses of Dante and Shakespeare; and the grace, the grandeur, and the subdued passion of this wonderful composition are surpassed only by its marvellous art. The name of the author is still unknown, although it has been ascribed by many learned writers to Thomas de Celano.

The following translation of the *Dies Irae*—one of the many that have

been made, so unworthy indeed of the original,—has nothing to recommend it except the literalness with which the Latin has been turned into English:

The day of wrath, that awful day,
Shall melt with fire this earth away,
As David and the Sibyl say.

Then men shall wither up with fear,
Beholding their great Judge appear
To give a judgment most severe.

The trumpet by the Angel blown,
Resounding 'neath each graveyard stone,
Shall drive mankind before the throne.

The Earth and Death shall stand aghast
At sight of mankind rising fast,
To tell their sins from first to last.

The book shall be brought forward then,
Wherein are writ the sins of men,
From whence to judge the world again.

The Judge shall sit upon His throne:
Then hidden things shall all be known,
And each shall reap what he has sown.

What shall a wretch like me then plead?
And who for me shall intercede,
When e'en the just shall scarce be freed?

O Thou most dread majestic King,
Who freely dost to heaven bring,
Save me, of love Thou flowing spring!

Remember, loving Lord, I pray,
That I have caused Thy weary way;
Destroy me not on that dread day.

Thou sought'st me once on Juda's plain,
Thou savedst me on the cross with pain:
Let not such labor be in vain.

Avenging Judge, whom no bribe wins,
Forgive me now my many sins,
Before the reck'ning day begins.

Now guilty blushes o'er me fleet,
A sinful wretch, my breast I beat;
Spare, Lord, the suppliant at Thy feet!

Thou who from sin hast Mary freed,
And to the robber's prayer given heed,
Me, too, wilt offer hope indeed.

My worthless prayers, oh, do not spurn;
But, God of goodness, kindly turn,
That I may not forever burn!

Appoint my place among the sheep;
And with the goats let me not weep,
But at Thy right my station keep.

When Thou dost sinners lost proclaim,
And give them o'er to bitter flame,
Then with the blessed write my name.

Now, bending low, I humbly pray
With contrite heart, which is as clay,
Defend me on my dying day.

Oh, what a flood of tears shall fall
When guilty man, bereft of all,
Shall rise unto this judgment call!

Have pity now, O God most high,
On those who to Thy mercy cry!
O Lord of mercy, Jesu blest,
Give unto them eternal rest!

Something to be Realized.

ONE who recently had the happiness of being received into the Church was for a long time deterred from calling on a priest on account of the disedifying lives of Catholic acquaintances. "Can theirs be the true religion? How can they act as they do if they believe as I have heard?" Perfectly natural questions, after all; and, though seldom expressed, they are constantly being asked mentally by outsiders, so many of whom are drawn to the Church by the sublimity of its doctrines but repelled by the unworthiness of its members. This form of scandal should be fully realized, and can not be too much dreaded.

The great obstacle to the spread of Christianity has ever been in Christians themselves, who contradict their creed by their conduct. The duty of defending the Faith is recognized by everyone, but not all apprehend the obligation of illustrating it by a blameless life. The highest service to our holy religion is fidelity to its teachings. There was never a time of such responsibility as now upon each individual Christian for right living. Scandal from any quarter is most deplorable. For the spread of the Gospel there is less need than ever of miracles, and greater need than ever of good example, which it is in everyone's power to afford.

As an illustration of how people are always impressed by a genuine act of religion, we may relate a little incident

which lately came to our knowledge. One day during the past summer a prosperous-looking gentleman of middle age was standing at the main entrance of a large building where a number of persons were congregated, others passing by. It was the noon hour and the bells of a church in the vicinity rang out the Angelus. Without a moment's hesitation, and evidently with no thought of how his action might be viewed, he turned aside and recited the usual prayers. The act was so spontaneous and was performed with so much devotion and reverence that no one who noticed it could have failed to be impressed; and some of the observers may have felt rebuked when they learned afterward that the gentleman was not a Catholic but an Anglican.

Two Prevalent Perils.

GENERAL BOOTH, in an interview with one of his staff given in the *War Cry*, says: "It seems to me whichever way you turn you are confronted with one of two evils. One is a widespread, unspoken skepticism with regard to the fundamental truths of religion, such as the evil of sin, the Blood of Christ, the truth of the Bible, the coming of Judgment, and the great destinies of heaven and hell. Education is so controlled and guided that it throws the mantle of Death over these all-important truths. The other evil is indifference: I mean the absence of heart-concern for the salvation of the soul, the leading of a holy life, the blessedness and consciousness of salvation—or, put in another form, the realized favor and presence of God."

Remarkable words to quote from a non-Catholic layman. The Salvation Army, of which General Booth is the leader, is a movement which no right-minded person will ever discourage, much less deride.

Notes and Remarks.

The desire for the reunion of Christendom has reached the Orient. The Patriarch Joachim, of Constantinople, head of one of the two independent branches of the Greek Church, recently addressed to the Holy Synod—the controlling board of the other, or Russian branch—an appeal for the drawing together of the two bodies and for an understanding with the “two other great Christian churches, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant.” The Holy Synod does not take kindly to the plan. It has replied to the Greek Patriarch that, while it is desirable that the various branches of the Church should unite, the conditions do not seem favorable. Of the Western Churches it has this to say: “Roman Catholics have for centuries declared it to be their fixed purpose to bring the Orthodox Church into subjection to the Pope; and Protestants, thoroughly misunderstanding the spiritual life of Christianity, have charged the Orthodox Church with being spiritually dead and unproductive of vital Christianity, and have in addition been engaged in proselyting enterprises among its adherents. Their spiritual pride has been unendurable, and offers but little hope for reunion.” The Old Catholics are dominated, says the Synod, by Protestant theological thought; and even in the Ritualistic branch of Anglicanism, “the influence of Calvinism is still too strong.” For the present, therefore, Joachim’s project must be considered a failure.

The submission to the Church of the Rev. R. H. Benson, a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, reminds a writer in the London *Tablet* of some other converts closely related to prelates of the Church of England. The number includes a son of Bishop Thorold; the daughter of another incumbent of the

see of Winchester; a grandson and nephew of Bishop Wilberforce; a brother-in-law of Archbishop Tait; a brother of Bishop Harper; a son, daughter and grandson of Bishop Ryder; a daughter of Bishop Stanley, whose son was the famous Dean of Westminster; a nephew of Archbishop Whately; a daughter of Bishop Bagot; a brother-in-law of Bishop Mackarness of Oxford; and Dr. Pusey, who should have been the metropolitan of the Church of England, gave a great-nephew and two great nieces to religious Orders of the Church of All Lands. There are several other priests and nuns in this list of “interesting converts.” No unprejudiced person needs to be told of a difference between those who come into the Church and those who abandon it.

What is spoken of as “the most beautiful church in America,” the Leland Stanford Memorial, at Palo Alto, California, has been constructed, it appears, in four years, and at a cost of “at least six hundred thousand dollars.” Both the time and the cost will impress the average European as inconsiderable rather than noteworthy; and, with the memory of Old-World cathedrals vividly before him, even the globe-trotting American will smile at the statement that “there is not a more artistically beautiful church building in the world” than this new edifice at Palo Alto. We are admittedly a great people, but we haven’t “beat all creation” as yet in the building of churches.

The fact that one-fourth of the record-breaking immigration of last year was made up of Italian immigrants has stirred up a deal of foolish talk in the newspapers about the “Italian peril.” As the *Literary Digest* judiciously remarks, “When the Italian works for low wages, he is ‘the pauper labor of Europe’; when he strikes for more, he is a ‘rioter’ and an ‘anarchist.’” On their side, profes-

sional men among the Italians have been aroused to a spirited defence of their people, pointing out that the lurid novel, the yellow newspaper and the melodrama have created and fostered a wholly unwarranted prejudice against the sons of Sunny Italy, by ascribing to them strong criminal tendencies which they do not possess. This has been the history of each new tide of immigration as it swept into the United States: the same lurid stories were told of the "wild Irish" and the "savage Poles." The Italians doubtless have their faults, but it is worth noting that our young American priests—of Roman education mostly—who labor exclusively among them pronounce them a "fine people," though some of them do betray a tendency to regard First Communion and Confirmation as the "last sacraments." We observe that Professor Marchisio, of Brooklyn, in a letter to the *New York Sun*, includes this among the hardships which the Italian immigrant has to meet in America:

The ubiquitous missionary, good though his intention may be, tries to proselytize the Italian with offers of food and clothes. How futile is such missionary work! As if religion could be bought or exchanged for a bushel of coal or a new hat! Easier would it be to tame an uncaged lion than to change the faith of an Italian!

We hope Professor Marchisio is right, but it is just as well to remember that no people who are not solidly instructed in essential doctrines and who shun the purifying and strengthening sacraments have any special guarantee of perseverance.

The celebrated Humbert case wore several features that have not been insisted upon in such American accounts of the trial as have come under our notice. One of them was the plain-speaking of M. Labori to the Minister of Justice,—or rather the significant threats openly made by the distinguished advocate, that in certain contingencies he would expose criminality in high

places. "I will cite no names," he said, "unless the prosecution tells me that M. and Mme. Humbert were not powers in Paris, and that they did not receive in their home the most eminent men of the State. *Unless I am told that*, the seals will remain unbroken." M. Labori is scarcely open to the suspicion of clericalism, so his opinion of France under its present ministry is rather interesting. "Have we not seen," he asked, "the decline in public morals becoming more and more serious from day to day? Do we not daily look upon the worst moral anarchy that the country has witnessed for a century?" Moral anarchy is a felicitous designation for the "scientific morality" which, M. Combes predicts, is to be the future religion of France. Better things await the land wherein Our Lady of Lourdes still resides to save and bless her countless clients.

As an instance of the self-sacrificing devotion to duty, even in the face of grave danger, which animates every true priest, the *Southern Messenger* mentions that the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Chase, of Laredo, Texas, who was sojourning in San Antonio for needed rest and recuperation, on hearing that the yellow fever had broken out at Laredo hastened back to his parish by the first train. "While hundreds were fleeing to escape the dreaded scourge, the faithful priest's only thought was how quickly he could return to the plague-stricken city, to minister to the wants of the sick and suffering." Says a recent non-Catholic writer: "One may well regard with admiration the general faithfulness to their trust displayed by a multitude of priests, and feel sure that a Father Damien is no rare exception."

But heroic devotion to suffering humanity is often displayed by the laity as well as the clergy and sisterhoods of the Church. A correspondent has directed our attention to the example of Miss Manuela Gomez, daughter of the

mayor of Linares, Mexico, who, when yellow fever became epidemic in that city last August, and her father, whom she served as secretary, had been stricken, not only directed relief measures, but, on receiving authority from the governor of the province, ruled the city for several weeks. As a result of death and the panic due to the epidemic, the population was reduced from 15,000 to 3,000. All the city officials as well as the mayor were among the victims of the scourge, and Miss Gomez was called upon to fulfil as best she could the duties of each office. The Mexican Congress will vote her a medal, and it is announced that President Diaz himself will present it. Honor to whom honor is due.

Captain Shawe-Taylor writes to the English press that he is about to summon representatives of the Orange societies, of the Catholic clergy and laity, of the various Protestant churches, and of the Irish colleges, to meet in Dublin to deliberate on the question of a Catholic university for Ireland. If any other man were to conceive this extraordinary project he would be greeted with mocking laughter, but Captain Shawe-Taylor has already done a work almost as difficult as that which he now plans. It was he, chiefly, who brought landlord and tenant together on the Land Bill, for instance,—a feat which is rightly considered one of the most remarkable in our generation. Whatever our misgivings may be, let us hope that the energetic and broad-minded Captain may again accomplish the impossible and give Irish Catholics equal educational advantages with their neighbors.

In 1889 when Pius X. was Bishop of Mantua he urged the compilation of "a popular catechism, historical, dogmatic, moral, composed of short questions and very short answers, to be taught in all schools of Christian doctrine, translated

into all the languages; . . . which should be the foundation of the more detailed instruction which priests and catechists should impart according to the respective intelligence and condition of their hearers." Mgr. Sarto declared that many of the existing catechisms are "defective not only in form but in dogmatic accuracy"; and that unlettered persons passing from place to place are often confused, to their great spiritual hurt, by differences of catechetical text. Now that he himself has become Supreme Pontiff, it will be interesting to await the action of Pius X., who urged Leo XIII. to make such a catechism as he described "obligatory for the whole Church." The admirable catechism prepared by Bishop Bellord seems to us just such a text as the Holy Father desiderated in 1889; certainly it would require only slight modification to make it so. The interest aroused by this publication in all the English-speaking countries, in spite of the vastly different conditions prevailing among them, is proof of its fitness to serve as a universal catechism.

A hundred years ago one Hannah Adams, preparing "a directory of religions," wrote to Bishop Carroll asking how many Catholics there were in the United States, and received the reply that there were only 80,000 Catholics in the whole republic. The Mayor of Boston, referring to this fact, recently said: "It takes about eight strong parishes in the city, out of the fifty odd, to reckon that number of Catholics to-day." The occasion of Mayor Collins' remark was the celebration of the centenary of the first Catholic church in Boston; and the presence of a Catholic mayor in a city where a citizen of our Faith was barely tolerated a century ago tells the story of that wonderful development almost as effectively as to say that two hundred priests in fifty large parishes are now teaching the same truths that two priests taught in

Holy Cross Church one hundred years ago. The venerable and beloved Archbishop of Boston, Mgr. Williams, is happily still present to his devoted flock, to be the living link between the old Boston and the new; for he was born in the day of Cheverus, ordained in the day of Fenwick, and he succeeded Fitzpatrick as chief pastor.

Twenty years ago Father Riordan founded the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, familiarly known as the Irish Emigrants' Home; and the other day Father Henry, the present director of the Mission, was able to make this announcement: "We have taken to the Home and kept free of charge a grand total of 75,000 Irish girls. There they remained until called for by their friends, sent to their respective destinations or placed at service." The need of such a home was greater twenty years ago than it is to-day, because the law did not then afford such adequate protection against the land-sharks who infested Castle Garden for the purpose of robbing or misleading young women; but the need has by no means passed, and the sphere of the activities of the Mission has even been broadened. Now it not only receives the immigrants when they land in New York, but protects them in transit,—a work in which the agents of the steamship companies are glad to co-operate.

King Leopold of Belgium has made Mgr. Augouard, Vicar-Apostolic of French Congo, an officer of the Order of the Crown. In an autograph letter to the prelate, the monarch wrote: "Monseigneur, I desire to give you a public mark of my high esteem and of my admiration of your long and brilliant work in Africa." This is not the first honor of a similar nature awarded to Bishop Augouard. In 1895 he received the Civic Crown, in 1896 was elected to the Legion of Honor, and in 1902

was presented with the Colonial Medal. This medal is oftenest awarded to military men, but was given to the Bishop in recognition of his many services to successive expeditions in his part of Africa.

Renan's statue has been raised at Treguier in Brittany; and its site, opposite the old Church of St. Yves, gives to the whole project an air of open defiance to the Faith, an essentially anti-religious manifestation. The statue will remain, temporarily at least; but its erection has evoked a counter-scheme. A committee of Bretons has secured an excellent site for the erection of a Calvary, which will emphasize in the minds of all visitors to Treguier the fact that the Cross still dominates every other work of nature or art in that most Catholic quarter of France. The monument will be inaugurated on May 19 next, the festival of St. Yves. On its pedestal will be engraved a couplet from Brizeux to this effect: "We have a loyal heart and detest traitors: we adore Jesus, the God of our ancestors." As a protest against honors to Renan, this must be considered fairly adequate.

Amid the general advance to intelligence and right feeling, which is leading to the preservation of historic buildings and places, Mr. Charles F. Lummis is pained at finding a shocking lapse toward the old philistinism in California. Writing in his magazine, *Out West*, he says: "The beautiful mission of La Purisima Concepcion, near Lompoc, Santa Barbara County, one of the earliest and most interesting missions (founded in 1787), is being razed to the ground by its private owners. While people have a legal right to do such things, it is a disgrace to civilization that they are permitted to rob their children and ours irremediably; and a poor testimonial to their public spirit that they care to."



The Seasons.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

○ SPRING is a gladsome season,
When the green bursts through the sod,
When the winds and the birds are singing
A song of praise to God!

And Summer is rich with pleasures,
With its sweet-voiced choir outdoors;
Then in varied and bountiful largess
The Master His mercy pours.

And Autumn we welcome fondly,
For the earth is scattered with gold;
We can fill our hearts with its glory,
For 'tis strewn over hill and wold.

And when Winter's snows enwrap us,
Whose heart will not fill with joy?
For years ago, at this season,
There was born to the world—a Boy!

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XV.—THE FINAL TEST.

IT must be owned that as night drew near Julian felt a creepiness in all his nerves; though it was Sedgwick, and not he, who had first to face the dread ordeal. The shadow of evening deepened suddenly, as in autumn is apt to be the case; purple clouds enshrouded the departing sun, as a pall of that royal hue envelops the bier of a conqueror; and a grayness stole over the landscape, bringing with it a deep hush. The birds were still in the boughs of the trees, the insect clamor subsided, and a star or two appeared in the heavens, as the boys came out from their substantial evening meal.

Nicholas, grim and fantastic as the

shadows of the trees on the lawn, stood somewhat suddenly beside the boys. He had come to lead Sedgwick into durance vile. The cousins wrung each other's hand, as if they were never more to meet upon the green earth's surface. Then Sedgwick passed through a portentous-looking trapdoor, which Nicholas had opened in the very heart of the brushwood upon the cliff. Neither of the boys had discovered this entrance before, despite their constant researches.

Julian, left alone, cast a swift glance upward at a star which shone, glowing and bright, in the gathering darkness; and it seemed to him like a beacon of hope. He went to bed early that night, and lay awake wondering how it fared with Sedgwick in those fearful subterranean depths to which, imagination suggested, he must have gone. He recalled, as he tossed about, restless and sleepless, that first night when he had awaited the summons to appear in presence of their formidable ancestor and to begin the quest which was now so nearly ended.

He was up betimes in the morning; in fact, it was scarcely daylight when he appeared upon the lawn, and there was only a faint streak of dawn in the eastern sky. He wandered about aimlessly, listening with curious impatience to the cheerful chirping of the birds in their nests far overhead. And presently there was Nicholas and there was Sedgwick beside him. Julian looked for a moment into his cousin's face. Its ruddy color was gone: Sedgwick was deadly pale, and there were traces of exhaustion in his whole appearance. Julian did not like to ask a question, but Sedgwick cried out:

"Oh, it was awful, Julian! And I have—failed!"

"Failed!" said Julian, aghast.

But Nicholas hurried Sedgwick away, nor did he allow any communication between the boys during the whole of that day.

It was one of the longest and most depressing Julian had ever known. He took his luncheon alone with his grandfather, who seemed in a silent mood, buried in thought, and scarcely heeding the presence of his grandson. Julian actually welcomed the coming of the dusk, though it brought him face to face with that dreaded ordeal, which he feared so much the more since his momentary glimpse of Sedgwick. Whatever it might be, it was better to have it over. He should at least go back to his mother, whom he was longing to see; and Sedgwick and he would meet and have some pleasant times together. Even if both cousins were unsuccessful in finding the fortune, Julian argued that they would have many experiences to talk over and would be friends for life.

Just as Nicholas thrust the young adventurer through that dismal trap-door, he caught a glimpse of the same bright star which he had beheld on the evening previous, and which reminded him of the "Star of the Sea," to whom he had, in his boyish fashion, so tender a devotion. He felt in his pocket to be sure that his beads were there; and he held them close, as Nicholas shut the door with a bang, bolting it upon the outside; and Julian found himself in complete darkness.

The old servitor, however, had provided him with a winding circular taper of wax and a box of matches, so that he would have some means of guiding himself on his way. But in that first moment of dense, overpowering, palpable darkness, the boy felt as if he were wrestling with some giant, and he stood still, not even remembering to light his taper. He stumbled along blindly, mechanically, with an instinct that he should move at all costs from the

spot on which Nicholas had left him. Occasionally he encountered the projection of a stone wall, damp and mouldy, from which he recoiled, feeling as if he had touched some living thing.

For the time being his senses seemed benumbed, as it were; and a curious fancy came over him that he had died and that this was the dark passage from Life to Death. Oddly enough, this whimsical idea made him remember to light his taper, which seemed symbolical of the light of faith, which alone can illumine that last dreary pathway. He struck match after match, but it was some time before one remained lit, so damp and mouldy was the atmosphere. At last, however, he succeeded in securing a clear light, which, though small, seemed to pierce the surrounding gloom, giving him courage to go on.

Sometimes he was discouraged to find himself up against a blind wall, with no apparent means of outlet, until at last he discovered a crevice and finally a narrow passage, through which he crept on all fours, startling toads and lizards from their accustomed quietude. Occasionally the noise of the sea sounded so loud and so close to him that he was filled with sudden terror and stood still, trembling and clinging to the rock. What if an incautious movement should throw him headlong into the fathomless depths, the waves swallowing him up in an abyss of blackness! Again, imaginary terrors crowded into his mind, strange spectres flitted before his eyes, fantastic images crowded his overtaxed brain, lurid lights seemed to gleam out of the darkness. A fear of the unseen filled him with horror. But perhaps the most terrifying thought of all was that he might have to remain there forever: that there might be no other exit save that by which he had entered, and that he might never be able to find his way thither again.

An intensity of longing came over him for a glimpse of the sky studded with

stars, of the green grass or the waving trees, or of the sunlight on the surface of the sea. He felt that if only this might be, he would sacrifice cheerfully all the fortunes of the world; for "the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind" then appeared to him small and pitiful. But his resolute spirit at last asserted itself, and he reminded himself that he must take heart and press on, either to that goal of success which now seemed to him so shadowy and unreal, or at least to regain that outside world, with its life and warmth and brightness.

He began to recite his Rosary, at first mechanically, then with fervor, until his fears gradually were allayed and something of his natural buoyancy began to return. He fancied himself leading forlorn hopes or facing fearful odds, as Anselm Benedict had done; or, again, as being immured in some fearful dungeon for the one holy Catholic and apostolic Faith, and making a dash for freedom. Thus passed the time; though he had, in reality, nothing wherewith to contend except silence and darkness. He began to remember how Sedgwick and he had got lost, apparently, in a labyrinth of passages, which finally led to the cavern; and he shrewdly conjectured that these windings led there, or somewhere else more advantageous. But even to reach the light and warmth and rest of the cavern seemed now most desirable.

Besides, he began to ask himself if there could be any truth in the supposition which Sedgwick had once set forth—that the cavern in some way held the secret and was closely connected with the discovery of the lost jewel and the hidden room. In any case, he was determined to try to reach the cave; and, if he could not get any farther, there at least to await Nicholas in peace and comfort. With this in view, he continued upon his difficult way, not without sundry cuts and bruises and plenty of sharp blows from the projections of the rocks and the sudden

turnings. At last he found himself going down, down, down, with considerable speed, as though he were upon an incline. It seemed to him that the toilsome way would never end. His strength began to fail and he knew that he would soon become altogether exhausted.

Just as he felt a giddiness and faintness coming over him, he was conscious of a glimmer of light, and made a great effort to reach the brightness. In another moment he stumbled and almost fell into the familiar room of the cavern, where the mysterious fire still glowed upon the hearth. By a last effort he threw himself into an easy-chair, blowing out his taper and laying it beside him upon the table. He remained for a time in a perfectly lethargic state.

After a while, however, his dormant faculties awoke to life and he began to look about him, his eager gaze discovering nothing new whatever. There was the hearth with great logs leaping in a cheerful blaze, and dry sticks piled beside it, ready to be burned; there were the skins upon the walls and the rug upon the floor, and the table and the candlesticks and the easy-chairs. But was this cavern the end? Were the lost jewel and the hidden room only phantoms of the brain, as the grandfather had suggested; and the trials which the four adventurers had come through but tests of manhood which should bear their own reward? Somehow, he could not believe this. He felt that Anselm Benedict would never have deceived them and so graphically described what had no real existence. Yet here he, and he alone, had come thus far in the third ordeal and had discovered nothing new.

He sprang from his chair with a sudden strong impulse of hope and courage. The cavern was not the end, but only the means to the end,—he felt assured of that. He would explore every nook and cranny of it. And just as he had come to this determination he heard the grating sound in the wall, and there

was the shell with sandwiches, plum-cake, and a hot posset of milk. Surely he was the favorite of Nicholas, or whoever provided this mysterious refreshment. He partook of it eagerly; and, as though it had been the fabled nectar of the gods, it seemed to fill him with new strength and energy.

It occurred to him still more forcibly that, since the dark labyrinths of winding passages all seemed to lead to this habitable portion of the cavern, the clue must be therein, and that some other passage might lead to that goal so long desired and so eagerly sought by generations of the Mortimers. He remembered the opening which he had seen on the morning when he had heard Sedgwick's voice above his head, and he could have sworn that it was under that particular leopard skin, from which green eyes now glared at him malevolently. And yet it was behind that precise covering that a rocky wall had appeared, hopeless and impenetrable.

Nevertheless, he approached it once more, undeterred by the gleam, baleful in the firelight, which shone in the eyes of the beast. They were only eyes of glass, which had replaced the natural orbs of the once fierce beast of the jungle; but they caught the flame and held it as if with suppressed fury. Julian raised the skin and peered at the gray rock, which seemed to stare him in the face. As he was about to drop the skin in discouragement, he suddenly perceived a curiously carved knob placed within a deep indentation in the stone. He seized this and it yielded: a door flew open, and there were the stairs going upward, two or three at a time, as he had seen them on that other morning. Instantly he began to mount; but, turning backward by a happy instinct, took his waxen taper and the matches from the table. Then he went on, with something of the feeling that the famous youth must have had who heard above him the magic word "Excelsior!"

When he had mounted to a considerable distance, the stairs made a sudden turn, and there was a passageway similar, as he could not doubt, to those in which he had twice before stumbled blindly, only that this seemed smoother and that the hand of man had clearly removed obstructions and fashioned a species of tunnel. The light from below still aided the glow of his taper, and he could see his way clearly; but after a time he had to depend entirely upon the glimmer of the wax light, and to pursue his way without the remotest idea as to whither he was going.

When he had gone on thus for some time he began to hear occasional sounds, such as the sougling of the wind in the forest trees or the call of a bird. It flashed upon him that this tunnel led under the forest, and that here was the explanation of one mystery at least. Nicholas walking in that passage could hear voices from above and make his own voice heard. No doubt the tunnel reached down to the rocky shore where the mysterious echo had first been heard, and under those forest paths where stood the camp of the fortune-seekers. But if it led under the forest, what was its final destination? Did it extend as far as the mansion at Pine Bluff? And if so, with what portion of that edifice did it connect? Would it finally lead to the glorious end of all these adventures?

Julian's heart began to beat high, his pulses throbbed, and his feet fairly flew over the damp earth. The twitter of birds coming faintly from above warned him that the dawn was near, and a horrible fear smote on him that perhaps Nicholas would come to snatch him back from the very threshold of success. He had so often seen the old servitor appear at the most unexpected moment that he would not have been surprised to encounter him coming through the solid rock or upward from the ground at his feet. But all remained silent, save those whisperings of nature from above; and

the boy, sanguine and glowing with renewed hope, urged on by the keenest curiosity, saw before him only the gray rocky sides of the passageway and the cold brown earth at his feet. At last he was brought to a full stop and nearly stumbled over the first of a flight of steps.

"More steps!" he muttered to himself, in discouragement; for they always seemed to bring him into more winding passages. However, he had no alternative but to mount the stairs or go back the way he had come. He looked all about him carefully. This was obviously the way out; and if that way led into the mansion at Pine Bluff, as he believed, he would naturally have to go upward from beneath the earth. He set his foot upon the lowest step. It was made of wood, mouldy and almost rotten: it creaked when he walked, and sent numberless strange insects in motion. There was a rude sort of banister, and he seized upon this—though it did not feel secure in his grasp—and resolutely began the ascent. Presently a step broke with his weight, and he was very nearly thrown down into strange depths.

But the boy was not to be deterred now by any obstacles. Pride, ambition, hope, courage,—were all strong within him; the adventurous spirit of his ancestor was alive, and success lured him on, as the syrens of old lured the fabled mariners. He felt that nothing could have made him turn back till he reached the top of those stairs. Yet the stairs seemed very long, and it occurred to him, in his mad excitement, that surely they were taking him to the very roof of his grandfather's dwelling.

He paused every once and a while to take breath, trembling and panting with the thought of what might lie hidden at the top of that damp and mildewed stairway. He had left rocky passages and caverns behind him,—of that he was certain; and the boom of the sea sounded mellowed and softened to his ears.

♣All at once he stood still and listened.

What sound was that, strangely familiar, but weirdly unreal in this stillness, and altogether unexpected in this scene,—metallic and vibrant, grating at first, then softened into melody? He knew at last what it was, and held his breath. What did it portend, and were all his wanderings to have the commonplace outlet of the principal stairway in the mansion at Pine Bluff? Should he see the servants there, going noiselessly about their work; or his grandfather going down for his morning walk; or Nicholas, who never seemed to have any settled place of abode?

A passionate impatience seized upon the boy. If he suddenly found himself upon that well-known stairway, Nicholas would be there and would lead him away and end his dream forever, and tell him, perhaps, that the treasure he had sought did not exist and that his adventures had been in vain. By an odd freak of memory, he recalled all the abusive names which Jake used to bestow upon the old servitor, and for a moment he felt tempted to pour them all out upon that unoffending head. Then he told himself that if, after all, the treasure that he sought proved mythical, it would be a good thing to get back to ordinary life and to be done with all these wild and strange adventures.

He stood thus and reasoned with himself long after the vibrant, metallic sound had ceased; for the ancient clock upon the stairs had finished striking the hour of five.

(To be continued.)

An Emblem of Our Lord.

The sculptured figure of a fish appears frequently in the Roman Catacombs as an emblem of our Blessed Saviour. The letters that spell the name in Greek are the same as the initials of the Greek words for "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Among the publishers' announcements we find "Reminiscences of Seventy Years," by Senator Hoar. Few Americans of our generation have reminiscences so well worth publishing.

—Collectors of Americana will doubtless be eager to possess themselves of Father Hennepin's famous work, "The New Discovery," a new edition of which has just been edited by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites. It is an exact reprint of the second edition, published in 1698, and is the only one of Hennepin's books now in print.

—Miss Alice Zimmern's "Greek History for Young Readers" differs from most text-books of the same subject in that it is designed as a link between the tales of mythology and the serious narratives of more advanced histories. It is a meritorious performance, well suited for first year classes in high schools. Longmans, Green & Co.

—We welcome a new edition of "A Marvellous History; or the Life of Jeanne de la Noue," by the author of "Eastern Hospitals," "Tyborne," etc. This interesting sketch of the foundress of the Sisters of St. Anne of the Providence at Saumur was first published in these pages and had many appreciative readers. The publishers (Burns & Oates) have improved the appearance of the book, and it is now sold at a lower price.

—The Knights of Columbus should feel complimented by the spirited march which has been dedicated to them by the Rev. Joseph Tonello, of Joliet, Ill. Those looking for a march for the piano which combines originality and effectiveness need hunt no further. The "Knights of Columbus March" will fulfil all requirements. In connection with this may be mentioned the same reverend composer's setting of the *Ave Verum*, which he has arranged for four voices. This composition is not for musical triflers; it will require study and practice, both of which it will repay.

—The Society of American Authors is bringing pressure to bear on Congress to reform the postal law regarding manuscripts. At present the postal rates for manuscripts between points within the United States is two cents for every ounce, while the rate set by the Universal Postal Union is one cent for every two ounces. That is to say, an author may send a manuscript from Boston to Hong Kong by way of Chicago, for one-fourth of the cost of sending it to Chicago merely. Similarly an author living just across the Canadian line can send his "copy" to an editor in New York for one-fourth the cost of sending it from Boston to New York. This is

obviously unfair to American writers, and Congress would do well to hearken to their appeal. In this respect the United States is the most backward country in the world—behind even Zanzibar, Nubia and Korea.

—William Penn's "Home Fruits of Solitude," once an extremely popular book, is now so completely forgotten that all the bookstores of London were ransacked before a copy could be procured, from which to republish it. The introduction to the new edition is by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

—The Rev. Robert Benson, who has just been received into the Church, wrote a prize poem while at Eton on the subject of Father Damien and his work among the lepers. It is said that on this account his father, the late Anglican primate of England, took a special interest in him. The new convert's brother is also a prolific and picturesque writer, though his work is not always such as Archbishop Benson would have approved of.

—Father Heinrich Denifle, O. P., whose work on the medieval universities gave him a first place among the scholars of Europe, is now engaged on a Life of Luther in two volumes, in which he will utilize certain unpublished documents unearthed by him in the Vatican archives. "They will show," says the *Ecclesiastical Review*, "the peculiar bias of the so-called reformer long before he declared his rupture with Rome by the publication of his famous 'propositions' at Wittenberg."

—In his younger days the late Lord Salisbury wielded considerable power as a journalist, but he never betrayed any inclination to seek laurels in authorship, as nearly all modern English statesmen, from Disraeli down, have done. When he was once asked whether it was true that he was engaged upon a novel he replied: "Certainly not. I want my old age to be as honorable as possible." Perhaps his Lordship was conscious of having exhausted the capabilities of fiction in his speeches on the Irish question.

—A good many pseudo-critics who have recorded their admiration of the artistic value of Emile Zola's literary work, will be displeased with a recent piece of authoritative criticism of that pornographic writer. Emile Faguet, of the French Academy, has published a study of Zola, and his conclusions are thought to represent the deliberate, well-considered verdict of the majority of the Academicians. The author of the Rougon-Macquart series, according to M. Faguet, "wrote badly when he was not writing descriptions; he knew nothing of humanity which he had the pretension to paint, the pretension to know, and

which in reality he only despised." "It is quite possible," says this cool dissector of a bepudded reputation, "that posterity will say nothing at all about him." If so, posterity will be acting a far saner rôle than did altogether too many of Zola's contemporaries.

—If the storm of criticism raised about "The One Woman," by Thomas Dixon, Jr., has the effect of promoting its circulation, we shall be rejoiced. This remarkable novel is already in its 70th thousand. It is by no means a work of great literary merit; however, it is calculated to do a great amount of good. In spite of its defects it has unusual power, and will show to a host of readers who never hear sermons the evils of Socialism and divorce. "The One Woman" is certainly not a desirable book for young people, but we wonder at its being characterized as vicious. There are two other novels with the same plea for which some of our readers may have good use—"Let Not Man Put Asunder," by Basil King; and "Dr. Bryson," by Frank H. Spearman. The last named is incomparably the best of the three—a great book. Besides having a noble purpose, it is artistic, and the tone throughout is delightfully elevated. The interest is absorbing. There are characters in this novel so strong and beautiful that one remembers them as living persons. It is a book that Catholics should know about, though they do not need its lesson.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Back to Rome! \$1, net.

- The Life of Pope Leo XIII. Richard H. Clarke, LL. D. \$2.50.

Essays Historical and Literary. 2 vols. John Fiske. \$4, net.

Historic Highways. Vols. IV. and V. Arthur Butler Hulbert. \$2, net, each.

Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish; or, Priest and People in Doon. 45 cts.

Salvage from the Wreck. Father Gallwey, S. J. \$1.60, net.

The Life of St. Philip Neri. Bacci-Antrobus. Two Vols. \$3.75, net.

The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.

The Truth of Papal Claims. Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D. \$1, net.

All on the Irish Shore. E. Somerville-M. Ross. \$1.50.

England's Cardinals. Dudley Baxter. \$1, net.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Rev. Nicholas Gihl, D. D. \$4.

The Government: What It Is; What It Does. Salter Storrs Clark. 75 cts.

Teaching Truth. Dr. Mary Wood-Allen. 50 cts.

The Voice of the River. Olive Katharine Parr. \$1.75.

Ne Obliviscaris. Florence Ratcliff. 75 cts., net.

Studies Concerning Adrian IV. Prof. O. A. Thatcher. \$1.

Mary: the Perfect Woman. Emily Mary Shapcote. \$1.25.

The City of Peace. By Those who Have Entered It. 90 cts., net.

Among the People of British Columbia (Red, Yellow and Brown). Frances E. Herring. \$2.

History of Philosophy. William Turner, S. T. D. \$2.50.

The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse. Rt. Rev. Bishop Bagshawe. \$1.25, net.

Historic Highways. Vol. III. Archer Butler Hulbert. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. William Loughran and Rev. Joseph O'Neill, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Francis McGowan, O. S. A.

Sister Bernardine, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Andrew, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Mr. John Oesterle, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Teresa Back, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mr. John Loughran, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Reardon, Roxbury, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Campbell, Downs, Ill.; Mr. Warren Russell, Grandledge, Mich.; Mrs. D. McCann, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Elizabeth Donnelly, Danville, Ill.; Mr. D. F. Reynolds and Miss Josephine Wells, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Margaret Doran, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Ellen Egan, Miss Mary Taggart and Miss Mary Neilan, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. Charles Ironmonger, Oil City, Pa.; Mrs. J. J. Dwyer, St. Paul, Minn.; Margaret Cavanaugh, New York; Miss Anna Bradley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. William Shine and Mr. E. F. Gaughen, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. W. H. Cornishe, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. William Flood and Mrs. Michael Flood, Cincinnati, Ohio; and Mrs. Margaret King, Hartford, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Unless as Little Children.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHO loves Our Lady as a little child
 Its mother loves, with fond, undoubting trust
 In her affection, and with faith robust
 That deems her power as boundless as 'tis mild
 To shield from harm, to calm all tempests wild,
 And turn aside each foeman's fatal thrust,—
 He, only he, hath formed conception just
 Of what is due God's Mother undefiled.

Unless as little children we become
 In simple, reverent humility,
 This life full weary grows and burthensome,
 Nor Heaven's glories may we hope to see:
 And they alone act well a childlike part
 Who love Our Mother blest with all their heart.

Feasts in Rome.

THE JOY OF ALL, AND THE ESPECIAL COMFORT
 OF THE POOR.

BY DANIEL PAUL.

ROME is the embodiment of Christianity. The genius of Christianity—the perfection of estheticism according to accepted criteria—is Roman as to its birthplace and development. It emerged from the Catacombs in the first quarter of the fourth century, and began to develop and spread, step by step, with Christianity itself. And this was most natural. Wherever that genius developed and spread, like a counter-subject in a

grand fugue, it reflected the character of its first tonal theme—Rome. And thus the genius of Christianity, with the exception of peculiarities incidental to time, place and customs, is the same the world over. I have said that the genius of Christianity was the perfection of the beautiful. This is a general proposition, and I refer the reader to Chateaubriand's monumental work, "The Genius of Christianity," for the proof of it. The reading is beautiful, the subject-matter both interesting and instructive, and the whole production a manly contrast against the esthetic drivel of the modern faddist.

In the celebration of her feasts, Rome handles esthetics with majestic power. A sublime ritual has she, with all the accessories of beautiful temples, gorgeous robes, inspired music rendered by intelligent *artistes*, paintings of the best masters, presentments in marble, mute, yet eloquent with that eloquence that speaks to the soul. I have in mind now feasts as they were celebrated years ago, when I was a tyro in the Eternal City, when its Pontiff was its king. Even the stranger and the alien in Rome became quickly imbued with the spirit of ecclesiastical Rome. How much more they that were born of Catholic Rome and nurtured by her!

Of an Easter morning all roads led to St. Peters, as erst all roads led to Rome. Beneath that vast dome sixty thousand people congregated to see an old man, habited in white, say Mass. The religious spirit of the day, the

solemnity of the ritual, the imposing array of cardinals and prelates; the ravishing harmonies of choristers who sang unaccompanied by organ or orchestra; above all, the heavenly strains of the silver trumpets in the lantern of the cupola, as the aged Pontiff raised the Host aloft, made Catholic and Protestant alike bend the knee. I have knelt there side by side with the believer in the Thirty-Nine Articles. Then the illuminations when twilight melts into darkness! I have stood on the Pincian Hill three long hours, wishing, with the simplicity of a child, that it were always Easter.

But my object in this paper is not to describe the feasts of Rome, but to intimate the happy enthusiasm and simplicity with which they are celebrated by priests and people, and especially by the students. I can not pass over Epiphany, however. No need to ask where the attraction was on that day. You had but to follow the crowd, in the morning, to the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, where you might see Mass celebrated according to the different rites of the Oriental and the Occidental Church, and the realistic representation of the Stable of Bethlehem; in the afternoon, to the Church of Ara Cœli, on the summit of the Capitoline, where the miraculous image of the Blessed Infant, known the world over as the Santo Bambino, is exposed to veneration.

I must add a word about the family celebration we used to have—a custom still observed—in the American College. After supper we assembled, for the only time in the whole year, in the large *salon*. Ah, but it was pleasant to be there! The logs crackled delightfully in the fireplace, and the chandelier lights twinkled, it seemed, never so brightly. Bright, too, were the faces of superiors and students as they met there on a common footing. How heartily and honestly applauded the overture, rendered by violin, flute

and piano! Then the songs of the dear land across the sea were sung, and the choruses helped by all. Who of the old American boys present that Twelfth Night of 1870 can forget how we were all affected when one of us sang "My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night"? How the tears of happy, innocent emotion rolled unheeded down the cheeks of a venerable prelate, since gone to God! For he was born in Kentucky, and his name was Martin John Spalding. How we enjoyed the Twelfth-Night cake, and the generous wine—*quod lætificat cor hominis!* And when the bell rang us to the chapel, didn't we wish again, with childish simplicity, that it were always Epiphany?

Another feast dear to the hearts of the Romans is that of the sweet St. Agnes. To see the happy, careless crowds driving and trudging along the Via Nomentana, on which her Basilica is located, where of old was the villa described in "Fabiola," one would imagine that keeping holidays was their constant occupation, and that they had gotten to like it. Before you arrive at the gate that once opened into the villa, and now admits you to the cloister attached to the Basilica, you are accosted by a particular beggar-woman, who is one of the institutions of Rome. Her usual place of business is at the door of the Gesù, in the city. But her enterprising nature makes her move about—and nimbly, too,—according to the importance of the feasts in the ecclesiastical cycle. She is as well posted on the saints as the great Moroni. Not a day of the year that she did not address us in the name of the saint commemorated on that day. She would startle you one day by appealing to you in the name, perhaps, of St. Telesphorus; on another day, of St. Deusdedit. We called her the "Nimble Martyrology."

The "Martyrology" hails you with, "Signore, to-day is St. Agnes." Useless

to fly: she remains at your side, and you must perforce buy her off, if you would stop in the courtyard to observe the large fresco representing the miraculous escape of Pius IX. and his court, when the floor of an upper hall gave way some years ago, precipitating all to the floor beneath. The odor of the boxwood leaves, scattered around the entrance and on the pavement of the church below, is gratifying, and beautifully suggestive of how tenderly Mother Church keeps the memory of her saints green.

Agnes is to the Romans not a beautiful patrician virgin who suffered martyrdom sixteen hundred years ago; no, but the same beautiful patrician virgin who died for her faith *on this day*, and is now apotheosized in her own church and catacombs. Yes, and over there against the high altar are the tomb and altar of St. Agnes' dear little friend, the darling St. Emerentiana. There, in silent prayer, kneel maidens, matrons, students and priests. They all know her history,—the former, thanks to the beautiful and efficient commemoration made of her by Mother Church; the latter through the Breviary and the outward celebration combined. No wonder they are good, and good with intelligence. They are filled with the spirit of the day. They know whom and what they commemorate—a beautiful young life cheerfully and heroically given up for a divine cause.

We all love novels, for they generally treat of the romantic. Yet I think there never was a more beautiful romance written than the Breviary. The lessons of each day's office set forth the life and deeds and sufferings of God's heroes and heroines; and the psalms between the lessons are inspired interludes, sung by angels above and rechanting by the Church below, so appositely that, were we not educated in the knowledge of the contrary, we should say they were composed after the lessons had been

written. I do not wonder that most all priests and religious are good. They read the Breviary daily, keep the memory of the saints green, live their lives over again. I do not wonder that, in the olden times, there were saintly kings and queens and courtiers. They read the Breviary—yea, got up nights to chant Matins and Lauds. I do not wonder that most of the Romans are good; for the Eternal City, with its hundreds of churches, its Colosseum, its catacombs, and its historic convents, is an open Breviary the day and night long, and they can not but look upon its pages.

But things have changed greatly since the occupation of Rome by the present government. The spiritual desolation of the City of the Popes is as great as was its moral and physical desolation after the incursions of the northern barbarians, when, as Cardinal Manning once said, "not a sound was to be heard save the cry of the hungry foxes on the Aventine." The churches have been despoiled of their revenues, and as a consequence the magnificent celebrations of yore have become—matters for the historian to write down. There is, consequently, a perceptible waning of the religious spirit in Rome. The celebration of the feasts has ceased to be a family affair with the people. The old spirit lives only with the clergy and ecclesiastical students,—I forgot the religious: it still lives with them. But as they are forbidden to recruit, the spirit will pass away with them. "The ways of Sion mourn, because there are none that come to the solemn feasts; all her gates are broken down; her priests sigh, her virgins are in affliction, and she is oppressed with bitterness."

I have intimated that the poor—the worthy poor—were permitted, by municipal license, to beg at the church doors. Some of these poor had particular churches assigned to them, and this was

done on the strength of a particular application in the form of a petition to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome. Some of the church doors were as eagerly sought after as a rich benefice. (N.B., an archaeological item at present.) The beggars, in former days, were an organization governed by police laws, so far as the public were concerned, and by apposite by-laws among themselves.

The "King" did, and still does, business on the steps of the Church of St. Augustine. He sat on one chair, and pointed a wooden stump at you across another. He always wore a beaver hat. He was courteous and bland; always gave you the right change of a franc or a five-franc piece, careful to ask whether you liked copper or silver. His fee—for such, by a fiction explainable to and by himself alone, he considered the alms—was one sou. No other beggar dared approach St. Augustine's on business save on a feast or on the occasion of the Forty Hours' Devotion. On this last occasion, according to the old Papal regulations, *forty* beggars could ply their avocation before the church door. Before the time of St. Pius V. they used to beg within the church, thus disturbing the faithful. He relegated them to the outside. A century later Pope Innocent XI. gave instructions as to the number who could beg during the Forty Hours',—this number to be made up of equal proportions of the blind, the lame, the halt and the indigent generally. The number of church beggars has been greatly reduced in late years, and I may say truly that the few remaining poor rejoice when the Church rejoices.

But since 1870, owing to the suppression and confiscation by the government of many benefices and chaplaincies, another class of unfortunates has appeared, and these in very deed live on the Forty Hours' Adoration. They are poor priests. I know many of them by sight. Be it said without irreverence, they follow the Lord whithersoever He

goeth in the Eternal City, to say Mass before Him. With the alms and the ten cents *per diem* allowed them by the powers that robbed them, they eke out a bare existence. They do not live. The poorest of them say Mass long before dawn; for their cassocks are green with age and wear, and they slip quietly away to pass the next twenty-four hours, God and a few only know where.

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

VI.

ROUGH weather and high winds made the voyage across the Atlantic rather unpleasant. After a few days in Paris, in cheap lodgings, Jean Daulnay and his wife proceeded to Bayeux, where they learned that the cousin from whom Jean had expected so much, and to whom he was to be so valuable an acquisition, had recently died, leaving a widow who had immediately disposed of his business and retired to the country, to spend the remainder of her days in the cultivation of flowers and cabbages.

Disappointed, discouraged and ill-tempered, Daulnay made his wife the victim of his complaints, as though she had been the sole cause of their ill luck. She proposed returning to Canada, where she felt confident he would soon obtain a good position; but her husband would not consider this suggestion even for a moment. After some weeks he succeeded in finding a situation. When the matter had been settled, he said:

"Louise, it is now a question as to whether we shall live in cheap lodgings or more comfortable ones. My salary will not allow of anything but the most meagre respectability. It would be folly for us, at our age, to settle down in a fifth-rate flat. I do not propose

to forgo all ambition for the future because we have had a backset early in our married life. It is a choice, almost, between living in squalor and decency; and the decision rests with you."

"I do not understand you, Jean," she answered. At first she thought he was about to propose that they use their reserve fund in establishing themselves comfortably; but she could not see how the decision rested with her, as he had exclusive control of her money, and had already given evidence that he meant to use it without consulting her, and in any manner he pleased.

Jean appeared to be lost in thought.

"Do you think it would be better to use some of our little capital in getting settled?" asked Louise.

"Nothing of the kind," replied her husband. "I propose to hold that sum intact, as a reserve fund; for we don't know when we shall need it. I intend to invest it safely. Louise, you need not fear: that shall not go the way of the rest."

"What is it, then?" she inquired, much relieved to find that his views coincided with her own.

"Well, I will tell you," he said. "You have wonderful skill for embroidery; haven't you, Louise?"

"I believe it is my one talent,—indeed, I fear my one extravagance. I can not bear to be without a needle in my fingers when I have nothing else to do. I love to set the stitches, to watch the beautiful colors growing into flowers and arabesques under my hand. Perhaps you have observed this, Jean, and are about to chide me for it."

"Oh, no, no! On the contrary," he hastened to say, "I have thought you might turn this one talent—as you call it—to great advantage. Passing along the streets, I have occasionally looked in at the shop windows. I have seen nothing there to surpass, little to equal, your work. Louise, I have even gone inside two or three of those places and

priced articles. For instance, yesterday morning I noticed a beautiful parasol cover—white satin, embroidered in violets. The work was well enough, but neither the execution nor the shading of the flowers equalled yours. For curiosity, I entered and priced it. What do you suppose they told me the thing was worth?"

"I really could not conjecture, not having seen it."

"Nothing less than two hundred francs. I asked if there was great demand for such work, and they told me that since the fashion of embroidery on silk had set in again they could scarcely supply the demand. You see, Louise, you could turn a pretty penny in that way."

"Yes, and I should like to do it. I shall have time, and the work is so congenial. Perhaps I should have thought of it myself, Jean; but I should have feared you might not permit me to do it."

"At home, where you were known, I should not have permitted it, Louise; but here it is different. We are strangers; the excellence of your work will soon establish a clientele. We shall be able to live in better apartments; to keep a servant, which perhaps we could not do otherwise. One can easily find a good, middle-aged woman who will take all responsibility of the house off your hands, leaving you free to pursue a more congenial avocation."

"Do not be too sanguine, though, Jean," said Louise. "It may not be so easy to find constant employment as you think."

"Did I not tell you that they said at Deroux & Co. the supply was not equal to the demand? And it must be the same in other first-class places also."

"Did they give you any idea of their terms?" Louise asked. "Perhaps they do not pay in proportion to the prices at which they sell."

"They gave me no idea, because I did not ask them. You could not expect me to play the part of an *ouvrière*, Louise,

or of a man seeking employment for his womankind. They regarded me in the light of a possible purchaser. It would have been very unbecoming on my part to ask such a question. I wonder you could have thought of it."

"I did not think of it, Jean," his wife replied meekly. "It was natural—wasn't it?—for me to imagine you might have asked. I did not know."

Involuntarily she had been looking at his rather shabby clothes. He was quick to interpret her glance.

"You think, no doubt, that I did not look like a purchaser. Let me enlighten you. The wealthiest men and women in the world often go about in garments much shabbier than mine, simply to pick up bargains. Do you know that?"

"No, Jean, I did not know it. If they do, I think it is a very small business for them to be in."

"Not at all. In that way they grow richer,—not by throwing money right and left, as some people do who have not one millionth part of their resources."

Louise saw that the discussion was about to become acrimonious, on one side at least. Their conversations almost invariably ended thus, no matter what the subject, no matter how pleasantly begun. She sometimes blamed herself for being the offender, although she never had a consciousness of any such intention. Her husband's manner toward her hardly wounded her any longer, his bitter remarks and unreasonable demands were taken as a matter of course. All she thought of now was to steer as clear of these shoals as possible. But the waters seemed to be full of them, and she found herself under a perpetual strain in watching out for them.

"If you will advise me what steps to take, Jean, I will set about getting the work at once," she said. "I shall have to go there—to Deroux's, I suppose?"

"What a silly remark!" replied Daulnay. "You can't expect them to ferret *you* out, Louise. I am going down

to the office now. Put on your hat and walk down as far as the corner. You might go to several places. There is Vintemp's and Matot's. Suppose you take them both in?"

"Very well," answered Louise, afraid to refuse, yet longing for a little time in which to nerve herself for the ordeal. For it was an ordeal. Gently nurtured, carefully sheltered, utterly inexperienced in the ways of the world as she had been until now, she shrank from what was before her. It was not from a feeling of false pride, but inborn timidity.

However, there was nothing to be done but to accompany her husband. She was soon ready, following meekly behind him down the narrow stairway, buttoning her gloves as she went. Outside the door Daulnay turned, pointing up to the grimy building from which they had issued as he remarked:

"It will be a relief to get away from this, Louise. Twenty-five francs a week from your exertions will make it possible. You certainly ought to be able to earn as much as that. I wish you good luck. Put on a brave front and drive a good bargain. *Au revoir!*"

Before she had time to say a word he was gone. In a few moments she was standing in front of the beautifully bedecked shop window of Deroux & Co., contemplating with critical eye the piece of embroidery of which her husband had told her. The material was exquisite; the workmanship very good, but not as good as she was capable of doing. As she looked at the bunches of violets scattered over the glistening satin surface, in her mind she was forming a picture of a similar piece of embroidery, with pansies of varied hue dropped brilliantly from her skilful needle at careless intervals along the snowy panels of silken texture. Summoning all her courage, she entered the shop and asked for the proprietor.

"He is not in at present," answered a tall, well-groomed man with flowing

whiskers, whose manner, though suave, repelled Louise: his smile was so broad, his teeth so white, his outspread hands so urbane in gesture, his bow so profound and obsequious. "How can I serve Madame?" he continued, seeing that she hesitated.

"I wished to inquire about that white satin parasol in the window," said Louise.

"Ah, yes!" he replied, as he once more stood erect, save for a slight bending forward of the neck, hidden between the flowing whiskers, as it assumed an air of polite attention. "The parasol is for sale, and it is a bargain. The lady for whom it was specially ordered has suddenly gone into mourning, and we have it on our hands. Madame can have it for two hundred francs. The original price was two hundred and fifty."

While the man was speaking his eyes rested on the sweet, refined countenance and simple, correct attire of Louise; and he inwardly wondered whether she was merely a "shopper" or had really an idea of purchasing. People who pay forty dollars for parasols do not generally come on foot, though the circumstance is not unknown. Countesses in shabby attire were sometimes in the habit of leaving their carriages in a by-street for the purpose of getting bargains when sales were on; but these countesses were usually middle-aged or old women, not girlish, fresh-looking creatures like the present customer. At any rate, she was young, pretty, and refined, and it was his business to be polite to all intending customers. Blandly awaiting her reply, he leaned forward in an attitude of expectancy.

"I did not wish to—buy," she faltered; and the droop of the Adonis' head became at once a shade less deferential. "I am desirous of obtaining some embroidery to do, and thought perhaps I might find it here. I have been told that the demand exceeds the supply."

"Oh, well—that depends, Madame!"

replied the head of the notion department,—for he was no less exalted a personage that now addressed her. "You will perceive that the embroidery on that parasol is exquisite,—simply exquisite. The workmanship, the hues of the flowers, the gracefulness of the design,—all testify to that."

"It is very pretty," answered Louise, simply; "but I can do as well, if not better. I should like to be given a trial."

"That might be arranged," responded Monsieur. "But first we should have to see some work of Madame's—some trifle that would show of what she is capable; something, perhaps, that she may have with her."

"I had not thought of bringing anything," she said. "That had not occurred to me. I will go home and be back presently with some samples of my work. Are you—are you—the person with whom I shall have to make the arrangements?"

"I am the—person," he replied, with a slightly resentful accent on the last word. She felt the reproach and blushed.

"I beg pardon!" she said. "I did not mean to be rude."

"Oh, it is nothing,—it is nothing, Madame! But it is as well to know that I am M. Declasse, head of the notion and embroidery department of Deroux & Co. Everything that is bought or manufactured for this department is subject to my order."

"I am glad to know it," said Louise. "I prefer always to deal with the principal. It is better. And now I will go back and fetch some of my work,—that is, if you think you can give me something to do, provided I satisfy you, Monsieur."

"Do you live in the neighborhood, Madame?"

One more experienced than Louise would have recognized this question as an impertinence. To her simple, innocent mind it appeared only that the questioner wished to know whether it would

inconvenience her to go for the specimens of her work. She even thought it kind. With a bright smile she replied:

"No, Monsieur, I do not. However, I shall not be long. I will go at once."

"Yes, she is a coquette," thought the creature to whom she addressed herself. "She is a coquette, with those innocent deep blue eyes, that ever-changing color, and that childlike manner. Very well; we shall have to follow her lead." Then he spoke:

"Ah, as you please, Madame! But I had thought that if you lived far I might call, after business hours, and perhaps be able to examine more of your work than that you would be likely to bring yourself. What do you say?"

Louise thought the suggestion very peculiar, but attributed it to the fact that the man was not a gentleman in any respect,—a conviction which was growing on her steadily every moment that the interview was prolonged. Still, in perfect unconsciousness that this presumption held any more sinister meaning than his words implied, she said a little coldly—yet not as much so as she felt, not wishing to offend him:

"Thank you, but it will put me to no inconvenience, Monsieur; and I can show you enough of my work to enable you to form an opinion. Have I your permission to go and fetch one or two samples?"

"This is a consummate little actress," said M. Declasse to himself. "It is quite interesting." Aloud he responded:

"Certainly, Madame,—certainly. It is Madame, I presume?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

She did not enlighten him further, thinking it would be time enough to tell him her name if terms should be agreed upon and she obtained the work; otherwise there would be no need that he should know it.

At this moment his attention was claimed by a clerk, and Louise felt free to depart. She did not return till afternoon,

having selected some of her prettiest work—a handkerchief case, a small table-cover, and a partly finished *serviette* in linen embroidery.

Monsieur was fortunately not busy, he said, when she reappeared. He conducted her into a very small office with glass doors, and bade her be seated.

"This is exquisite, Madame,—really exquisite!" he said, taking the work from her hands to examine it carefully. "You are indeed a master craftswoman. This work should command a high price, if sold."

"You think you can trust me, then?" she asked.

"I shall be glad to employ you," he rejoined.

"And your rates, Monsieur? What would you pay, for instance, for a handkerchief case like this?"

"I will be frank with you, Madame. I fear you will be disappointed. For such a piece of work we should be able to offer you only five francs."

"Five francs! It would take me two days to complete it."

"You have no other means of subsistence? Or perhaps you are merely doing this to employ your time—because you like the occupation?"

"I have other means of subsistence. Perhaps I value my work too highly, but it seems very little."

"It is the best I can do for you, Madame."

She made a mental calculation. At such rates, by working the greater part of her time, she could not earn more than fifteen francs a week; and Jean had counted on twenty-five at least. Perhaps it might be better to try elsewhere before committing herself here. And yet it was possible—nay, likely—that in this place, reputed to be the most fashionable shop in the town, they would pay better than at any other. She hesitated, not knowing what to do.

"I will consider it," she said at length, rising and replacing the embroidery in

her shopping-bag. "The compensation seems very small."

The man made a step forward.

"Madame," he said, "it could be made easier, more agreeable, perhaps. We like to retain our employees exclusively for *our* work. We have the best patterns and styles, and do not wish them to be duplicated. If you could assure me that you would give all your time to the house of Deroux & Co. alone, we *might* do a little better. If your embroidery gave satisfaction and brought us good sales, I might be able to raise the price paid by perhaps a third. And I, individually, would be glad to make it pleasant for Madame. A drive in the Bois on Sunday, an occasional evening at the opera, with a *petit souper* afterward, would perhaps—"

She did not allow him to finish. Those blazing eyes, that haughty attitude as she receded from him, saying in tones full of scorn, "Sir, open that door!"—he had never seen anything like them.

He obeyed her command at once. She passed him without a glance.

"That time I was mistaken," he soliloquized, ruefully, not even the ghost of a smile upon his usually beaming countenance. "And we have lost, besides, an excellent workwoman."

(To be continued.)

Judge Not.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

WE can not judge: we do not know
How deep the rivers run;
We only see their surface clear
Glow in the noonday sun.

We do not know the hearts of men:
We see their sunny side;
We can not tell how deep a grief
The smiling face may hide.

We can not know the hidden care
That eats the heart away:
To One, the inmost heart of all
Lies open to the day.

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain.

SECOND WEEK.

WEDNESDAY.—After breakfast a sick call to the men's hospital. An aged man lay on his pallet; he seemed a tall man and his hair was grey. He had been a carpenter; his children had all emigrated to America, only his wife and himself remaining at home; finally his wife also left him, for she sickened and died. Then the poor man was indeed alone. His heart sank and life seemed to have lost all its charms for him. He worked among the neighbors, however—a little job here and there,—and managed to get on.

Everything about his little house was neat. I myself knew where it stood in a green lane in the country. Many a time I walked that way, and opened the half-door and sat down by his quiet fire, and admired the little altar his own hands had made. A day came—a lonely day for the poor old man—when he was unable to pay the rent of fifty-two shillings, and he was "sheriffed out." They dragged his little furniture onto the roadside; even the altar was broken, and the crucifix was found in two parts flung near the fence. Then they locked the hasp on the door of his empty cabin and left him homeless.

The old man's heart was in that house. Every night when the twilight was falling he lay down on the step and cried till his heart almost broke. The neighbors, pitying him, made up the rent and the law costs, and offered them to the landlord. The fellow would have no mercy. He would knock down the house, and "let the old scoundrel go to the poorhouse and be d—!" The cabin was knocked down, and then the old man's reason gave way. He is now an idiot pauper, talking of his wife and children, his little home, his broken cross. A day may come—a day *must* come—

Thursday.—This morning I entered the women's hospital. Passing through Ward No. 5, I looked for the poor woman who thought "no time like the present, Father." Her bed was empty. "Gone out, Sister?" I said to the nun.—"*Gone out*, Father, never to return. May God give us all a death like unto hers!"

As I turned round, with serious thoughts in my mind, I could not help smiling. A nurse was washing the head of the poor girl that could not make her confession. I smiled to see how well she looked (such a resurrection!), and because her face wore a smile when she looked at me.

In another ward was a poor little girl with a bandage folded over her head and under her chin. She was a fair child, and the freshness of the country air had not yet faded from her cheek. The nun told me she had been struck on the chin with a stone, but she hoped it would be nothing.

Bad news from the fever hospital. The young boy is very low to-day,—very low indeed. It is pitiable to see his shaved head. There were other calls, but nothing serious, thank God!

Friday.—After Mass this morning there was Benediction, this being the first Friday of the month. After breakfast there was a sick call to the fever hospital. A young man was lying on the bed. He was a fine, healthy-looking fellow, of about twenty-five years of age. Fever, however, had laid hold on him; he was somewhat prostrate; his symptoms were most unfavorable, and it was thought advisable to anoint him.

On leaving him, I passed through the ward where the boy was lying whose mother I met by his bedside the other day. There she was again, but, alas! she had a different story. Now his case was considered all but hopeless. He lay unconscious on his bed; a moan of pain and an uneasy tumble showed that he was suffering. I spoke a few words of

sympathy to the poor mother, for I did indeed pity her. The boy was at once a father and a son. The father of the family had deserted his wife and children, and this poor boy was earning in his stead, and endeavoring to keep them together. The nun in charge asked for a blessing for him. As I stood over his bed his eyes opened with a ray of consciousness and he recognized me. I whispered into his ear some suitable prayers, which he repeated; then I gave him conditional absolution. Later on I spoke to the doctor about the case. His opinion is that if the poor fellow can be pulled through to-day and to-morrow he may recover,—that just now he is passing through the crisis. God give him strength!

A sick call was awaiting me to the women's hospital. It was only a child, a mere little tot. The baby hands were resting upon the bedclothes. They reminded me of a day long ago when I was a boy. A young sparrow was on the top of a fence. I stole after it to catch it. It hopped along the fence, not yet being able to fly; it was about an arm's length from me. Soon, instead of drawing near it, I was better pleased to watch it at that distance. The color of the feathers and the tidy "make-up" of the little creature engaged my attention; but what most of all attracted me was the astonishingly tiny legs. They were of a raw red color; the skin seemed too pursy for the limb it was intended to cover; and the limb itself was so slender that, in country phraseology, "it would clear the stem of a pipe." I thought I never saw anything so tiny and so frail as the legs of that bird. There was a light gale of wind. The little body swayed to and fro, but the firm stand of the leg, and the unflinching grasp of the claws as they caught hold of a limb or stick or idle spray, seemed to me something singular and irresistibly attractive.

The hands of the poor little girl lying

in the ward of the women's hospital reminded me of those tiny legs. The handle of the pen with which I write is almost as stout as the wrist bone of one of her little hands. To lift or stir her was to cause her inconceivable pain, and she answered the least attempt to remove her with a heart-rending plaint. She lay placid and exhausted, like the skeleton of some lean bird rather than a child; her thin hair sparsely covered her head, and altogether she was as pitiable a sight as one's eye could see.

In the evening as I was going to pay my twilight rounds a messenger met me. "Father, a woman is dying in the women's hospital, Ward No. 4. I was bid to tell your reverence hurry on." On my arrival I found the woman in the hands of the nun and one of the assistants. She had been in a swoon, and they had just revived her by the help of some cordials. She now looked about and recognized her attendants. When they asked if she wished to see the priest, she answered in Irish: "I wish to God he was to the fore!" She was able to receive the last sacraments; and then, with the air of a person who has been rescued from drowning, she lay back tranquilly on her pillow.

I continued my rounds. In the consumptive ward of the men's hospital the patients had just lain down to rest; and, with the falling of evening and the changing of position, the coughing was most distressful to hear. How I pitied them! In bed No. 13, for instance, a poor fellow kept coughing, coughing, coughing—a hard, rasping cough,—and it was re-echoed from bed No. 20. A pause for a moment might take place; and in the interval, as you may hear the voice of the priest, in Longfellow's beautiful simile, when the chaunt of the choir or the music at Mass ceases, so were the little bird notes from without and the distant ringing of bells in the city heard in the wards of the hospital.

Later on in the night I was called

to attend a woman who was taken suddenly ill. It was after ten o'clock; the lamps were lighted, the patients were in bed, and the night nurses were on duty. All along the line of wards were the beds on either side. The patients were asleep, or seemed to be so. The occasional lamp hung from the ceiling, giving sufficient light to go along but not so much as to inconvenience the patients. It was a singular sight. I was thinking of Dante and Purgatory. I reached the ward, and found that the patient was a poor old blind woman. She was unconscious, or rather silly; she could speak, but rambled and raved, and could not recognize any one. I anointed her.

As I was leaving the hospital, the nurse in charge of the men's consumptive ward met me. "Father, so long as you are here, there is a poor man I wish you would just look at, and see if anything can be done for him." I went with her. He was propped up with pillows on the bed. There was a blister on his chest; he was coughing, coughing, coughing! "Oh—oh!" he would groan in a prolonged, painful way. In this ward were all the patients suffering from affections of the chest. They were in a short, painful slumber. You could hear the intermittent cough through the sleep, the sharp gasp denoting twinges of pain, the long, low moan, and the uneasy toss of the limbs.

Just one or two beds from me was a poor little boy about ten years of age. He was sitting almost upright on his pallet. There was no cessation to his racking cough, except when he uttered a short, pitiful groan of pain or when he tried to expectorate. It would pierce a heart of stone to hear his sharp little "Oh—oh!" While I was waiting for the nurse to get things ready I went over and spoke to him. "Have you great pain, my child?" I asked. — "I have a lump on my side, Father, and there is a poultice to it," and he put down his hand as if to tear it off. "Oh—oh!" and the

poor little creature's coughing and moaning went on as before. God help us, what a mysterious world it is when an innocent child suffers such pain!

I proceeded to anoint the man; and all the time I was so engaged a poor patient on the other side was calling out, "Mike—Mike—Mike—Mike!" At first I thought he was "rambling" in his sleep. After a while I requested the nurse to go to him. Oh, if you had heard the eager, hungry way he asked for a drink! I at once thought of Dives. Only the drop off the tip of the finger on his burning tongue! I did not couple the poor patient's name with hell—God forbid!—but I said to myself: 'If a person wished to have an idea of the pains of Purgatory, their continuousness, their intensity, and the utter inability of the suffering souls to assist themselves, let him visit one of these wards,—not in the garish day, when there is life about the hospital: but let him come at night, and linger and listen.'

Saturday.—After Mass I asked the doctor how the young man in the fever hospital was getting on. He said he was holding his own, and that if he kept on for another day or so all would yet be well. He told me, moreover, that the poor fellow's mother would be satisfied to dispense with the nurses and to care for him herself, and that last night she alone had remained to watch with him. No doubt nursing is one of the vital factors at present. The case might not have been so serious if it had been taken in time. Earlier in the sickness the patient refused to apply blisters, and thus the disease made fierce headway. So he himself is responsible to a great degree—though unwittingly, of course,—for the virulence of the attack. I do hope the poor fellow may pull through.

I went to see the woman whom I attended yesterday. Physically she was much improved, but very little mentally.

Time, however, may work a change; and as there is no immediate hurry, we must only wait and see what turn events will take.

In the same ward were two women prepared to receive Holy Viaticum. One seemed to be extremely old: her skin was almost a saffron yellow, her lips were hollowed in over her toothless gums, and her bony hands and skeleton fingers would almost have served the turn of the spectral witches in Macbeth. The other was barely past the meridian of life. Her hair was coal black, but her bare cheeks and peevish lips and face showed that the fell disease consumption was undermining her frame.

In the men's ward I went to see my patient of last night. He was propped up with pillows, and a sheet covered him round about—drawn up over his head and shoulders as the simple women in country parts "draw the tail of their gown over their heads." The short, gasping breath was still there, but he declared he was somewhat better.

Beside him was the poor little boy with the abscess on his side. He was no longer coughing: he was quiet and peaceful. I asked him how he was, and he answered with a smile that he was better. I "went through" the worst cases there. The daylight always brings ease from the barking cough,—God bless the daylight! They were all greatly improved. At the same time the labored breathing and the exhausted look showed that they had been ploughing through a stormy sea.

All the day was spent in the confessional, except a short walk through the town to look after a patient. Going the rounds in the evening, I was making toward my patient of last night in the consumptive ward, when I was informed: "He is stone dead, Father!" The Lord have mercy on his soul! How uncertain a world it is!

The nun in charge of the ophthalmic ward asked me to see a patient that had

come in this evening. The doctor had no immediate fear of him, but she would feel more at peace if his confession were heard. I complied with her wishes. I then went to see the little sparrow-child in the women's hospital. I asked her to repeat some prayers, which she did petulantly; and then I gave her conditional absolution. We shall be praying for her too, likely, before many days. What a sad little world I live in!

(To be continued.)

Two Fugitives.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

I.

AMOS BROWN'S sign—Loans and Real Estate—had been fastened to his door for two weeks and no customer had appeared. One day in April, however, a gentleman put his head in the room and, in the mildest of tones and with the most gentle manner, announced that he wished to inquire regarding any small piece of land with house attached that the agent might have to sell. At those words Amos awoke from a discouraged reverie into wild dreams of affluence, and assured his visitor that he was ready to furnish any sort of real estate required.

The gentleman, who gave his name as Hildreth, prepared to listen.

"I have, for instance," began Amos, volubly, "as pretty a bit of land as you can often find; and the house is a corker. Built by a summer visitor who died ten days after moving in. There's ten rooms besides the kitchen, grill-work in the parlor, a dandy little furnace—"

Mr. Hildreth made a gesture which in a less amiable man would have betokened impatience.

"That never will do. I wish a small house and an old one," he remarked, falling grievously in the agent's opinion as he did so.

"Well, I guess I can fit you out," said that individual, undismayed by one failure. "I've got a nice little cottage down by the depot. It's one of a row, built about fifteen years ago—"

"I don't want a house in a row. Have you one that has been lived in for seventy-five or a hundred years by clean people?"

Amos considered.

"There's old Miss Bascomb's. She died last winter. She was neat as wax, and the house is in first-rate repair. It's on the edge of the village, near the mountain, and has three acres of ground attached to it. But it hasn't any conveniences."

"I don't want any," answered the caller. "Let's go and look at it."

With some misgivings lest he had in tow an amiable lunatic, the agent escorted his customer to the ancient dwelling, which seemed to fill all requirements.

"Cellar dry?" asked Mr. Hildreth.

"Dry as a bone."

"Well water good?"

"Best in town."

"What's the price?"

Amos named it.

"I'll take it."

Amos stared. This was not, in his opinion, a proper way of doing business; but it was not for him, he thought, to complain of the other's readiness to bind the bargain.

That night, in a gathering at the store which sheltered the general merchandise of Hilltop, it was decided to keep all eyes open when Mr. Hildreth came to take possession of his newly-acquired domain.

He and his wife—a sweet-faced woman of the age at which one is called elderly—arrived early in May. Miss Bascomb's furniture had gone with the house, so there was little to do but to move in.

"I'm in something of a hurry," Mr. Hildreth had said, "on account of making a garden."

The newcomers brought two trunks, and the next week some boxes arrived, which baffled all efforts of would-be examiners. In fact, they were filled with books, for which a place was readily found in the spacious fore-room of the old house.

According to Hilltop etiquette, the feminine inhabitants called within a few days. They found little to criticise in the appearance or behavior of the new arrivals. The utmost that could be said in dispraise was that they were "awful close-mouthed." Aunt Lois Warner was obliged to admit that for once her curiosity had been unsatisfied.

"I asked them where they lived before they came to Hilltop," she said, "and they didn't let on they heard."

Even the postmaster was puzzled. A great many letters came to the Hildreths with varying and distant postmarks; but all were forwarded from the city, and the original address carefully erased. Finally, as might have been expected, this reticence began to breed unpleasant gossip; and there being nothing to which to object, something was invented.

"It's my sartin and sure opinion," concluded Aunt Lois, "that he's an umbezzler."

With this opinion some concurred; others advised caution.

Meanwhile the objects of the widespread interest, which rapidly became epidemic, pursued the quiet tenor of their way. Mr. Hildreth seemed absorbed in his cabbage plants, and his wife in the quality of her yeast cakes. She did her own simple housework in true village fashion, and seemed to be happy. It was a pleasant sight to see her and her husband busy among the flowers, of which he, too, was fond.

Baffled curiosity is a fierce instinct; and these kindly people, devoted in illness, sharing all things with one another, worshiping God in their own narrow way, were secretly glad when there were solid grounds of complaint

against the Hildreths. They did not go to meeting! It was only after they had failed to appear for several successive Sundays that decisive measures were urged upon the parson, an excellent though timid man, who in his secret heart found the strenuous methods of the villagers somewhat irksome. To the committee who waited upon him he urged delay, suggesting that absence from meeting did not necessarily indicate ungodliness. It might betoken rheumatism.

"Cat's foot!" exclaimed Aunt Lois, the only person in Hilltop who did not stand in awe of the minister. "He's tough as a pine-knot, and so's she. Her clothes are on the line every Monday morning by a quarter-past nine, and last Saturday they both went up the mountain after Mayflowers."

"I will call," said Mr. Goodman, compromising with his judgment, "and make some tentative inquiries."

The word "tentative" being a new one to his listeners, they left the case in his hands with confidence and departed.

Mr. Goodman, desirous of having his unpleasant duty over and done with, lifted the knocker of the old Bascomb house at three o'clock that afternoon. Its present owners were unmistakably glad to welcome him, and there was something in the atmosphere of the parlor, its walls now well lined with books, that both soothed and exhilarated the parson. At the end of a delightful hour he found that he had not approached the subject uppermost in the Hilltop mind; although he had had a most entertaining conversation with his host concerning first folios and illuminated manuscripts. As he took leave he twirled his tall hat, now sadly out of vogue, and said:

"May I hope for the pleasure of seeing you at meeting soon?"

"I think not," answered Mr. Hildreth, smiling. "No doubt we worship the same God, but you surely will accord us the freedom which you take for yourself.

We are Catholics and go to the Beach to Mass each Sunday morning."

"Oh, I beg, your pardon!" replied the good parson, and, regardless of the fact that he was an active champion of the article of his faith which asserted that the Pope was Antichrist, he shook hands with the worthy couple in the most cordial way and assured them of the breadth of his convictions.

"Am I Daniel Goodman, or who am I?" he asked, as he walked to the gate between the rows of tulips. He did not know himself. That congenial hour had wrought a change in him. He found himself wondering how he could pacify his conscience and yet have an indefinite number of similar visits to brighten the arid desert of his life.

What may be called the Committee on Credentials met informally that evening to hear his report, which was distinctly favorable. The Hildreths were, he said, unassuming and worthy people, of refinement and good breeding. As he had taken his leave he had ventured to express the hope that he might see them at divine service, and their reply indicated their regard for religion; although he had reason to believe that they were not of the true household of faith, which was, of course, Orthodox Congregationalism.

Then Aunt Lois Warner, who had been wellnigh bursting with the wonderful news she had brought, burst forth. What she took many words to tell I can set forth in few. Her granddaughter, going that morning to help Mrs. Hildreth do up window curtains, had overheard her husband say to her: "It does me good, Sarah, to hear you singing about the house. Now, own up, aren't you glad we ran away?"

"Those were the very words," said Aunt Lois, triumphantly. "Now, who is there dares to say he isn't an umbezzler?"

"If you speak of me," said a pleasant voice, "I think I can decide the ques-

tion. Your good pastor left his walking stick at my house; and, as I was out for a stroll, I thought I would return it, and at the same time invite him to inspect a lot of rare engravings which arrived after he left. The young lady who opened the door showed me in here, and I was forced to hear the conjecture of Mrs. Warner, although I fancy it was not intended for my ears."

If a stick of dynamite had exploded in the vicinity there would not have been greater consternation. Aunt Lois was the only one who could speak.

"I s'pose you've heard," she began, "that listeners never hear any good of themselves. So long as you did hear, this is as good a time as any to have matters cleared up. If you ran away, as you said, it's due to us to tell us what you ran away from."

"My dear Madam," returned Mr. Hildreth, "if all who are here assembled will do me the honor to call upon me and my wife to-morrow evening, I shall be pleased to explain what I admit was rather an unfortunate remark. In the meantime I beg you to believe that I am not a criminal, but a person who has tried to keep the laws of God and man, in his poor way, from his youth up. Good-evening!"

When Parson Goodman returned from showing his chance visitor the door, his face was beaming; but Aunt Lois refused to be convinced, and, taking her lantern, she set out over the otherwise unlighted road that led to her domicile.

The arch-gossip gone, the tension was relieved. The modest yet manly way in which Mr. Hildreth had addressed them had done its work; and as the informal meeting broke up, it was with promises to meet at his house according to his invitation that they bade one another good-night. Soon the lights of their respective lanterns were twinkling in the distance, and the good parson went to bed to dream of Elzevir editions and Arundel prints.

II.

The sweet evening air gently stirred the freshly ironed curtains at the windows as the Hildreths received their guests. Aunt Lois was the first one to arrive. Her fondness for gossip was only the natural result of a love of excitement which had been starved and warped. She wore her sprigged silk and her cameo breastpin. If the Hildreths were to be vindicated, she would not jeopardize her position as social umpire by failing to be on the popular side. Apart from the Committee, several neutral villagers had been bidden to come, and the pleasant parlor was well filled.

"My friends and neighbors," began their host, "in order to make my story clear I shall have to take you back about thirty years. My wife and I were just married then, and living in a town as near like Hilltop as one pea is like another. And we were happy, though we were poor. I farmed my little piece of land, and she tended her chickens and her flowers, just as she does now,—didn't you, mother?"

Mrs. Hildreth smiled, and he went on: "God sent us two children—twin boys,—and our first real sorrow came when they left home. But they were so good and true, and remembered us so faithfully, and came home so often, that we called ourselves fortunate,—as indeed we were. By and by they began to prosper in the world, and almost before we knew it they were begging us to go and live with them in the city, where, they said, we should have comfort and luxury all our days. They had married and their visits to us were less frequent. We did not long for the luxuries, but we wanted to be near our boys. So we made the mistake of our lives and wrote that we would go.

"The money that we got for the farm was not much, but the boys knew how to make it grow. And after I found that we never, never could be happy, even with our boys, away from the hills and

the woods and the fresh air, I said to mother: 'As soon as we save enough to set up housekeeping again, we are going to run away from the automobiles.' Then she owned how afraid she was of the servants and how homesick she was. 'But, father,' she said, 'we can't get our farm back.'—'There are others,' I said; and I waited and waited.

"One day a gentleman came to dinner and told me about Hilltop; and I asked him how to get there, and I put the directions down. In April our boys started for a trip around the world. 'Now, mother,' I said, 'now is our time!' And I went to look for a place to start a new home. When I saw this house I knew it was the one I wanted. 'A dry cellar, good well water, and a church not too far away,' mother said as I left; and here they were. I brought all my books. You see, I was always a crank about books; and I wouldn't have stayed in New York so long as I did if it had not been for the chances I had to pick up fine editions. Down Canal Street—"

Here Mrs. Hildreth interposed. If her husband once got started on his favorite hobby there would be no stopping him.

"Father," she said, "I think our friends would like some of our ginger beer."

As he went to carry out her hospitable suggestion she remarked:

"Men are not good at gathering up the tangled threads. They drop stitches. There are several things my husband has not explained. Our sons closed their houses and left us in a hotel, or we never should have had the courage to go. Then as to our reason for not telling where we had come from—why, you see, I was afraid I had grown a little bit fashionable, and I knew that I was getting lazy habits, and I was ashamed. So I said: 'Father, let us pretend we are just the plain people we used to be, and I'll do my own work, and you take care of the garden and the cow, and nobody will find us out.' And we have grown

very fond of you, and don't wonder a bit that you were puzzled about us; and I ask you all to let us live among you as long as we live anywhere, and to be our friends."

Who could withstand those modest words? Aunt Lois reached her gentle hostess first and put her arms about her.

"Let bygones be bygones," she said. "I've got to do an awful sight to pay for them suspicions of mine, but I guess I'm equal to it."

"One question, please!" observed the parson. "I am curious to know how a New-England hill farmer acquired such a knowledge of books."

"He inherited it, my dear sir, from the grandfather, who also bequeathed to him his religion. He was a Highland Scotchman who lost his fortune in the service of Bonnie Prince Charlie—but here comes the ginger beer!"

Let Us Not Force the School Question.

ALTHOUGH we have the increasing sympathy of Protestants of all denominations with our principle that religion should be the basis of education, it does not follow, as some seem to suppose, that the much-vexed school question is near to settlement. The feeling of a minority has been mistaken for general sentiment. It is only now that the question is beginning to be discussed on its own merits, in a non-partisan spirit. The vast majority of non-Catholics are not as yet convinced of the impossibility of teaching morality without the appeal to religion, or of the inadequacy of a school system which gives the child no instruction of a definite kind in conduct as well as in knowledge; nor do they realize the extent of our educational work, or recognize the justice of our claim that we should be allowed State aid for its continuance and improvement. It will require a great many more letters like

that of Dr. Geer from influential ministers of all the sects—such arguments as he advanced will have to be echoed on all sides—before there will be anything like general consent that Catholics should receive a share of the school fund. Even so broad and unprejudiced a journal as the *New York Sun* seems to regard an amendment of the Constitution on this point as something hardly to be thought of,—as though its framers were infallible and had legislated for all time.

But the *Sun* is right, we feel sure, in suggesting that it would not be advisable for us to force this question before the people. We must bide our time, and, plainly, it has not come. The sympathy of non-Catholics is by no means general, and they outnumber us, let us say, six to one. A political campaign at present to amend the Constitution in accordance with what Dr. Geer calls "good, American fair play" would not only prove unsuccessful but revive animosity and distrust, and thus delay, perhaps for many years, the settlement of a question which is likely to settle itself in due course.

Not until the deplorable indifference to religion is greatly lessened and the necessity of religious education is more generally realized, and not until other denominations have established a system of parochial schools, can we hope for such legislation as will grant us what we believe to be our just right. "Of all the different religious bodies," says the *Sun*, "the only one which has an extended system of religious parochial schools is the Roman Catholic. Protestants, therefore, would argue against the amendment that practically only the Roman Catholics would profit by it, and probably the question would be fought over with Protestants squarely on one side and Catholics on the other." It would indeed be a lamentable conflict, and victory would be more disastrous to us than defeat. We do not wish to contend with our non-Catholic

fellow-citizens or to triumph over them: we want justice and right to prevail.

Let us bear the burden which we have voluntarily assumed until we can convince our separated brethren that we are the victims of injustice in being taxed to support a system of education which we can not in conscience patronize. At the same time let there be no compromises of any kind.

Our principle is that religion should influence all the teaching of the school. The proposal to have religious instruction given by itself at certain hours is not to be entertained. We desire that our children should be bound to their religion as much by the heart as by the head, so that it may be a living force in after life. The concession granted by the Board of Education of New York that schools may be opened with "the reading of a portion of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment," and the Douay version of the Bible used, is altogether unsatisfactory to us. It is not the smallest step toward the settlement of the school question. The advocacy of "unsectarian Christian teaching" is absurd to the mind of a Catholic. Christianity is not alone a code of ethics: it is an inspired revelation to man. There is a general consensus among Catholics as to dogma and as to the necessity of it. The only kind of religious teaching that we can allow our children to receive in schools is the kind of religious teaching that we give in our churches.

"All systems of education," says the Anglican Bishop Creighton, "must be judged according as they tend to form character or leave it out of account." Our parochial school system aims at the formation of character, not merely at cultivating certain aptitudes for reading, writing, and doing sums. It is worth all the sacrifices that have been made to establish it, and it can still be maintained and vastly improved without aid from the State.

One Safe Topic.

THE truth of this instructive incident is vouched for. Two ministers exchanged pulpits one Sunday; and one of them, upon his arrival at the place of his visitation, was waited upon by the "leading man" of the congregation,—for convenience we will call him Mr. Smith.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Smith, "there are several things about which I wish to caution you. For instance, I hope that in your sermon you will not say anything about the liquor question. You see, we have a very wealthy contributor who owns a liquor store."

"I had no intention," replied the minister, "of speaking of the liquor traffic. Pray what else do you desire me to avoid mentioning?"

"Well, there's gambling. Several of our congregation are in the habit of speculating on the board of trade, and our ladies are all much interested in progressive euchre. Please don't say anything about gambling."

"Certainly not," answered the parson. "I had not the remotest idea of referring to the subject. Is there anything else concerning which you wish to give me a hint?"

"Why, yes," responded Mr. Smith. "Above all I beg you not to allude to divorces. We have a great many who have been divorced, and most of them have married again. In fact, I've been divorced myself. It wouldn't do to mention the subject."

"The subject of divorce was utterly foreign to anything I had in mind," replied the minister. "But I should like to know if there is any topic to which it would be safe to refer."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Smith, after a moment's reflection. "You might pitch into the Mormons!"

It was consecutive polygamy only, it appears, which the bewildered minister was forbidden to mention.

Notes and Remarks.

Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, who startled the world some months ago by lending the great weight of his authority to the statement that man's place in the universe is central, and that the material creation was only preparatory to the evolution of man, makes this reference to his forthcoming work in which he reaffirms his contention: "The careful study of the whole subject during the preparation of this work has greatly strengthened the position I took in my first article. In the portion devoted to the biology and physics of the earth and solar system especially, I have found that such delicate adjustments and such numerous combinations of physical and chemical conditions are required for the development and maintenance of life as to render it in the highest degree improbable that they shall all be again found combined in any planet; while within the solar system this improbability approaches very near indeed to a certainty."

The theory of Dr. Wallace, of course, is a matter that touches science and not theology—at least so far as Catholics are concerned. If it wins the day, however, it will be of some importance to the heterodox who sneer at the notion that God has any special concern for a race of insects appearing for a moment on "this paltry pilule" (the earth); or that there is any spiritual significance in human life, which Tennyson once described as "a labor of ants in the blaze of a million millions of suns."

When the Consolidated Lake Superior Company went into liquidation recently, the usual number of morals was drawn by not only the financial journals but the newspapers generally. Perhaps the point that most impressed the ordinary reader, unacquainted with the rationale of trusts, the specific laws that sanction

them, and the intricacies of their manipulation, was the legal irresponsibility of any one concerned. A company beginning business two years ago with a capital of \$100,000,000 utterly collapses. Yet no one of the promoters or directors is in consequence either criminally or pecuniarily liable for the representations made to investors. As the *Press* of Philadelphia puts it: "The sidewalk vender is more responsible for the razors and the remedies that he sells in the flare of his gasoline lamp than the promoters or directors of an American trust into which millions of dollars flow." It looks as if a remodelling of corporation acts would be a timely piece of legislation.

The historian of our times will find few more puzzling themes for his pen than what may be called the Dowie movement. The Salvation Army is explicable: it makes no extraordinary claims on human credulity, and it does a Christlike work among the poor and the outcast. The appearance of Schlatter and the faith-healers of the last decade is explained by the existence of nerves; and the same may be said of "Christian Science," and the sporadic "Messias" who struts his little hour upon the stage. But Dowie affords the enigmatic spectacle of a transparent fakir claiming to be the reincarnation of the prophet Elijah, and having the claim allowed by multitudes of sane men; an unknown adventurer who bids—and not in vain—practical Chicago folk "pony up" a tithe of their possessions and their salary; who controls church money to the extent of millions of dollars invested in his name; whose fiat is heard with awe, and whose person is revered by many thousands of business men and artisans as well as women,—and who has been doing all this for ten years with increasing popularity. And, not content with capturing Chicago, Dowie has turned his prophetic eye upon New York, frankly

avowing his double purpose of reclaiming Gothamites from their sins and of spiriting money from their purses. "Your money and your life," is the motto emblazoned on the banner borne by the hosts of Zion, three thousand strong, who went to New York last week in eight special trains—the prophet himself in a luxurious private car,—and who will begin at once a house-to-house visitation. Most wonderful of all, these hosts of Zion are not hired and paid, but themselves defray all the expenses of their missionary journey. Unquestionably, Dowie is the Cagliostro of our day.

Although an attempt was made by Austria to exercise the alleged right of Veto during the recent Conclave, there can be no question that the members of the Sacred College felt perfectly free in electing a new Pontiff. A decree issued during the pontificate of Pius IX. excludes "all and every intervention of the secular power" in the election of the Sovereign Pontiff; and it is stated on reliable authority that his Holiness Pius X. will publish an Apostolic Constitution explicitly condemning such intervention. It may, therefore, be safely asserted that the exercise of the alleged right of Veto has been attempted for the last time.

Many readers who are "looking toward sunset" will remember the "Mortara Boy" (the Very Rev. Dr. Mortara), the story of whose secret baptism by a servant-maid and subsequent rescue from Jewish surroundings excited the whole world in the days of Pius IX. This interesting convert, who became a zealous missionary, is still living. He is a personal friend of the Holy Father, of whom he has communicated to the editor of the *Child of Mary* some charming reminiscences. We quote:

I first made the acquaintance of his Eminence Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto in the year 1897, when I was preaching a mission at St. Mark's, Venice.

In this city there are many Jews, among them several relatives of my own. With a view to the conversion of those so dear to me, I invited them to attend the sermons. Thank God, many accepted the invitation! Cardinal Sarto was greatly interested in my work, and several times he was present at the lectures and concluded them with his blessing.

I had then many opportunities of studying the character and virtues of the Cardinal. Physically, Pius X. is a stout, well-proportioned and robust man, not above the middle height. His countenance is expressive of great dignity and self-control, while it conveys an impression also of exceeding sweetness and benevolence. He is a truly humble man and thoroughly dislikes all outward signs of respect. I was often embarrassed in my intercourse with him, so averse did he show himself to all expressions of esteem and gratitude. But, above all, he is wonderfully kind. His excessive benevolence to me personally filled me with confusion, and I can account for it in no other way than by presuming that in his enthusiastic admiration of Pius IX. he felt drawn toward one who is his unworthy godchild.

But to recount something of more recent date. Within the last month or two I paid a visit to the Cardinal. His first greeting was a rebuke that I had not immediately taken up my abode in his palace; he now insisted on my doing so at once, and he would admit of no objection or excuse. I had a most interesting conversation with his Eminence. Speaking of the possibility of a Conclave in the near future, I reminded him that he also was considered *Papabile*. "What name would your Eminence choose?"—"Sarto Primo," he replied with a smile....

Pius X. will be a wise, prudent and kind-hearted Pope. He will resemble his predecessors, Pius IX. and Leo XIII.,—kind and condescending toward men of good will, who seek and love the truth; but at the same time as unrelenting and terrible as the Lion of Juda against the foes and adversaries of the Church of God. With such Pius X. will stand immovable as a rock, and before his solemn and final *Non possumus* the powers of hell will exert all their energy and ingenuity in vain.

Baptist missionaries in Canada report that it is "exceedingly difficult" to win converts among the French Canadians. At the annual meeting of the Grand Ligne Mission, held a week or two ago in Montreal, the Rev. Mr. Gilmour announced that contributions were falling off, and that the Mission had been obliged to abandon three of its fields.

The Rev. Mr. Bullox, of Roxton Pond, stated that about a year ago three nuns went to take charge of the elementary school of the village, and since then young people who used to attend his services had practically ceased doing so, "the nuns having biased their minds." The Rev. Mr. Browne spoke of the great increase of the French population as compared with the English-speaking, and said that the time was not distant when the French element would rule "the whole of this Dominion." He quoted from the last census returns to show the extremely small proportion of Protestants in some places. One paragraph of the report submitted at the meeting is also of interest. It reads:

The present religious crisis in France, and the resistance to the new Education Law on the part of many of the religious Orders, are causing hundreds of monks and nuns to come to this country. We deeply regret the influx of these representatives of the Romish Church, because, on the whole, they are the worst element of that Church, and it will make our work still more difficult.

The work ought to be abandoned. Trying to make Baptists out of the French Canadians is pretty much like attempting to establish the Reformation in Ireland. One fact will show the progress of the Church in Canada in contradistinction to the failure of the sects: eleven new parishes have been created by Archbishop Bruchési during his administration of a few years.

The Puritans of old colony days have always been commended as worthy of admiration on account of the discomforts they endured while holding their religious services in the bleak meeting-houses; but it turns out now that the reason they refrained from having those buildings heated was their fear of setting fire to them, and not a desire to be uncomfortable, as has been commonly supposed. Fire protection was unknown, and so the little footstove came into use

and was the entering wedge of the luxury which prevails in the meeting-houses of to-day.

Cardinal Manning paid the Salvation Army the tribute of recognizing its ability to reach certain classes which apparently resisted appeals from any other source. In most of our large cities it has frequently been shown that the tribute was not undeserved. A crusade somewhat different in character from the ordinary routine of Salvation Army strenuousness has been begun in that most turbulent and notorious of Kentucky counties, Breathitt. The one great moral reform essential in the case of Kentucky's mountaineers is their conversion to the belief that human life may not, by any law of God or man, be sacrificed for the purpose of satisfying a grudge, prosecuting a family feud, or furthering a political cause. Whether the emotional methods of the Army will be as effective in weaning the rugged residents of "bloody Breathitt" from the too ready rifle as in rescuing desperate cases from the city brothel and the dive is a question of considerable interest. All may at least wish the organization a fervent God-speed in a reformation which the Church can not effect, for the good and sufficient reason that the blood-thirsty feudists are not Catholics.

Typhoons are very common in the extreme East. Catholic missionaries in Tongking have come to expect them as annual occurrences, and have learned to regard them, anxiously of course, but without any real terror. After the violence of the hurricane has subsided, priests and people repair as best they can the damage that has been done, and nothing more is said about it. From time to time, however—say once in a man's lifetime,—the typhoon takes on such enormous proportions that it leaves behind it the memory of a monster vomited forth from hell. Of this nature

was the terrific tempest that devastated the missions of central Tongking in June last. It killed 1481 native Christians, destroyed more than 31,000 houses, utterly ruined 258 churches and partially demolished 268 others, razed to the ground 60 houses of instruction for recent converts, and very seriously damaged the 19 convents of the native Sisters. Mgr. Fernandez, Vicar-Apostolic of the district, appeals through *Les Missions Catholiques* for funds with which to begin the colossal work of reconstruction.

Our East India exchanges announce the death of Father Wehinger, the "Lepers' Apostle" of Burma. He was the founder of the famous asylum at Mandalay, and for many years had devoted himself exclusively to the care of lepers. The institution which he directed is said to be the best of its kind in the world. It is in charge of a community of Sisters, who will continue the work under another director. Sir Hugh Barnes, Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, lately visited this asylum, and in reply to an address by one of the lepers paid a feeling tribute to Father Wehinger and his devoted colaborers. "It is impossible," he said, "to come here without a feeling of pity and sadness. It is equally impossible to go away without a profound admiration for the unselfish lives and the heroic character of those by whom this institution is conducted."

Father Wehinger was a native of Austria and was under forty years of age. In recognition of his great services, the government conferred upon him the decoration of the Kaiser-i-Hind medal. He passed to his eternal reward on the 6th of September, at Mandalay. *R. I. P.*

The general public knew little of the late Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, save that in the judgment of his brother Archbishops and of the Holy See he was a fit successor to the learned and holy

Kenrick. He was not a national figure, his energies being habitually expended on the particular acre of God's vineyard entrusted to his care. But his own clergy, and especially those who knew him in the intimacies of daily life, bear witness to the lofty motives that guided him in the administration of his diocese, his manly, unaffected piety, and his superior mental endowment. His career as Archbishop of St. Louis was no doubt cut short by the strain put upon even his stalwart physique by twenty years of labor as bishop of the missionary diocese of Wheeling, which was financially embarrassed when he was called to preside over it, and which he finally established on a secure basis. Mgr. Kain's death followed upon a long illness; but the archdiocese of St. Louis was fortunate in having as administrator the Coadjutor-Archbishop, Mgr. Glennon, an ideal prelate, by nature and grace well fitted for the large responsibilities to which he now succeeds.

We are glad to find in the *Catholic News* a full report of the stirring address delivered by the Rev. Father Ganss at the recent convention of the German Catholic Central Verein. It was a plea for the Indian missions and schools, which we like to believe will be heeded wherever it is heard. Pending the publication of this eloquent address as a pamphlet, we quote the following passages:

You may ask, "Do we not take up an annual collection in all our churches for the Indian and Negro missions?" Yes; and it is only with shame and mortification that we dare confess the result. The twelve million members of the Catholic Church in the United States contribute annually about \$80,000 for the Indian and Negro missions! Part goes to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which until 1870 practically supported our Indian missions; part goes to the Negro work, and the balance—about \$22,000—goes to the Indians. And with this the Archbishops are expected to support schools to which the Government twelve years ago appropriated \$359,000! Gentlemen, this not only brings into a clear light

our own unpardonable apathy, but likewise the royal generosity of Mother Katharine. Our hearts will hardly be consoled when we know that the Methodist society contributes about \$175,000 each year for the conversion of the Latin races,—in other words, for the perversion of our fellow-Catholics:

The time has come to lift this Atlas-like burden from the shoulders of Mother Katharine; the moment has arrived when every Catholic should esteem it a privilege and a duty to espouse the cause of the oppressed Red Man; the time is ripe when you and I and everyone laying claim to the name of Catholic should stand side by side with this holy woman to offer reparation to the offended majesty of God for the wrongs inflicted upon the original owners of our soil, our brothers in Jesus Christ—the poor Indians.

How is this to be done? Redressing the Indians' wrongs by national legislation is both impracticable and inopportune under existing conditions; the annual church collections have proven hopelessly inadequate; private subscriptions and bequests during all these years were despairingly insignificant. The salvation of the Catholic Indian, the maintenance of the Catholic Indian schools, must be the result of a methodical, self-perpetuating, national, truly Catholic movement. It must be a crusade which will reach every State, every diocese, every parish, every Catholic home and heart in the Republic. No Catholic should shirk his responsibility. A solution, and the only one, will be found in the widest extension of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children. Here we have a movement which, if carried out—and this involves little or no difficulty,—will not only save our Indian schools, but strengthen and expand our missionary work among the one hundred thousand native Indians who are still buried in paganism. One hundred and six thousand out of two hundred and seventy thousand of them are already Catholics....

We have about twelve millions of Catholics in this country. If out of these, eight hundred thousand would join this Society, contribute their twenty-five cents each year, we should raise \$200,000. This would place our schools on a basis of assured stability, increased efficiency; allow us to enlarge our missionary work; save our missionaries from hardships, privation, and at times actual starvation, and achieve one of the greatest triumphs of the twentieth century.

It is gratifying to state that Father Ganss' address was received with enthusiastic applause, and needless to say that the Central Verein pledged its support to the Society for the Preservation of Faith among Indian Children.

Notable New Books.

Christian Apologetics. By the Rev. W. Devrier, S. J. Edited by the Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer, Benziger Brothers.

The Same. In Two Volumes. Edited by the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. Published by the Editor.

As Father Devrier's work has passed through twelve editions in as many years in the original French, we may now expect it to prove equally popular in English-speaking countries where the need of apologetic literature is so great. It is clear, modern, forcible, and withal tactful. Originally prepared as a class-manual, it leaves the teacher ample room for enlarging on the topics it treats; yet it is full enough to satisfy the reader who lacks a professor's assistance.

Bishop Messmer has rendered the work vastly more acceptable by supplying references to the very respectable apologetic literature that exists in English; and indeed every page bears evidence of his wide reading in this fascinating field of study—even among the "O. P." books to which he refers humorously in his learned preface. The translation is from the practised hand of Miss Ella McMahon; the price is exceedingly reasonable.

The edition of this same work prepared by Father Sasia is not so rich in bibliographical suggestion, and one gets the impression that the editor's own reading has been too narrowly confined to books written by members of his own Order; he certainly evinces a fine brotherly enthusiasm in recommending them. On the other hand, this edition has the advantage of a valuable introduction of two hundred pages by the Rev. L. Peeters, S. J., on the Existence and Nature of God, and the Nature and Qualities of the Human Soul.

Either of these editions may be recommended without hesitation to the clergy as a store of excellent sermon material, to the laity as a treasure-house of religious information, and to colleges as a fit text-book for the most advanced classes in Christian Doctrine.

Instinct and Intelligence. Translated from the German of the Rev. E. Wasmann, S. J. B. Herder.

In the translator's preface we find that "the object of this translation is to make English-speaking scientists acquainted with Wasmann's publications, which are considered in Germany as standard biological literature." Apart from this object, there was no crying need that the work should be done; for there already existed in English a number of excellent studies in this borderland region of psychology. Notable among these may be mentioned several treatises by Mivart—"Lessons from Nature," "Man and Ape,"

"Origin of Human Reason"; and yet Mivart's name does not occur even once in the book under consideration, whereas his old opponents, Lubbock, Romanes, and Darwin, are referred to over and over again. Is it possible that German scientists themselves have need to become acquainted with certain portions of "standard biological literature"?

Father Wasmann, following traditional methods, accumulates arguments to prove that the highest brute knowledge differs from the highest human knowledge not only in degree but also in kind. He characterizes as instinctive all actions in which the agent is not conscious of the purpose of the act; and asserts that brutes never have this sort of consciousness, and therefore never display intelligence in the strict sense. He does not, of course, wish to minimize the psychic endowments of brutes; he grants them sensory memory, sensory imagination, sensory affections; but he deplors the practice of reading into instinctive actions a significance that is not there (anthropomorphism).

The treatment of these familiar points is saved from being commonplace by the fact that occasionally the author employs his thorough knowledge of ant life to establish a position. In controversy—to which a good deal of the essay is naturally given over—Father Wasmann is always substantially fair. We wish, however, that we had been spared the identification of "modern psychology" with "pseudo-psychology" which occurs on page 73 and in many other places. Psychology that is looked upon as correct is repeatedly styled "scientific"; but surely some modern psychology (Father Wasmann's, for instance) is not unscientific.

A Year's Sermons. By Preachers of Our Own Day. Joseph F. Wagner.

Short Sermons on Christian Doctrine. By P. Hehel, S. J. Joseph F. Wagner.

Sermons from the Latins. Adapted by the Rev. James J. Baxter, D.D. Benziger Bros.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. Second Series. By Joseph Rickaby, S. J. B. Herder.

So many books of sermons are published nowadays that he who can not find something to his taste must be hard to please. Such a volume as "A Year's Sermons" has an obvious advantage over most others in the extraordinary variety of matter and style it affords. Many of the priests whose discourses are here reproduced are preachers of well-deserved reputation. The "Short Sermons" by Father Hehel, on the other hand, have the advantage of having been planned so as to cover practically all points of Christian teaching. They are substantial in quality and old-fashioned in tone. "Sermons from the Latins" is of quite another flavor. Father Baxter seems to have strained

off the essence of Bellarmine's "Conciones," and to have adapted it so thoroughly to the needs and spirit of our time that only the richness and persuasiveness of the original remain. The sermons read smoothly, are suggestive, reasonable and practical. Father Rickaby's Conferences naturally derive a special character from the fact that they are the words of a university man addressed to university men. They are intellectual and somewhat scholastic in tone, touching many points not commonly treated in the pulpit. They are admirable specimens of the conference, considered as a distinct type of discourse; and they would be enjoyed even by those who have no craving for the usual sermon literature.

Memoirs of a Child. By Annie Steger Winston. Longmans, Green & Co.

Whether it is possible for an adult to look at things from his standpoint as a child is a question; hence, attempts at picturing one's inner life in the early and formative years can not be appraised at a fixed valuation. All children have experiences in common, but each child lives in a little world of his own, from which he studies everything and everybody objectively. Impressions may be recorded and remembered, but the subjective part of a child's life is not so easily charted and diagramed.

Miss Winston's "Memoirs" are interesting and are told with a certain simple charm. One sympathizes with the little unfolding mind and soul, and one realizes that the world of imagination is the real world to the young. Of course, it is when one has a sort of fellow-feeling with "the child" that the "Memoirs" seem most true to life.

When this little girl was spelling her way through such sentences as these,

Be gen-tle to all.

Al-ways speak the truth.

Do not slam the door and make a loud noise a-bout the house.

Do not at the ta-ble eat in a greed-y man-ner like a pig,

she suddenly shut her book with a bang and said: "This old thind reader shan't boss *me*!" And we wonder if some grown readers of that will not recall their own inward irritation at the preachments they found everywhere in childhood days, from girls' samplers to copybook sentences.

Ridingdale Stories. By the Rev. David Bearne, S. J. Art and Book Co.; Benziger Brothers.

Father Bearne is known to many readers as a popular magazinist, but we believe this is the first time his name appears on the title-page of a story-book. It is tolerably certain not to be the last, however; for the "Ridingdale Stories" form one of the best juveniles we have read for years. Father Bearne has the gift. He knows boys—real flesh-and-

blood boys, neither preposterous little saints nor preposterous little sinners. He has not only seen boys but he has noticed them; and in this volume he has some enjoyable stories to tell of some very manly and lovable young fellows,—among these latter we suppose Colonel Ruggerson ought to be counted, in spite of rigorous notions about drill. Father Bearne does not preach at his readers: his book will affect normal boys in the same way that keeping good company does. And, with its endless succession of tricks, jokes, frights, surprises, catastrophes and successes, it will prove very interesting company, too.

Monasteries and Religious Houses of Great Britain and Ireland. By Francesca M. Steele. R. & T. Washbourne.

In his admirable preface to this book the Bishop of Clifton says, and truly, that too little is known, even among Catholics, of the various religious Orders and Congregations in the Church. In these our days something has been done to acquaint the public with an outline of the life and duties of religious, both men and women, mainly with object to show what they are not. Witness the articles in a recent issue of a popular magazine by the Rev. John Talbot Smith.

Francesca Steele has continued her work, begun in "Anchoresses of the West," and she now presents a good account—necessarily brief, however,—of the monasteries in Great Britain and Ireland. Their origin, special object, the spirit of the rule, and their progress, are among the points whereon the compiler gives valuable information. We hope that the data regarding the various Orders are more accurate than the points on the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The founder was the illustrious Abbé Moreau (as a contemporary calls him), and there are several misstatements in the historical account of the community.

Christianity and Modern Civilization. By W. S. Lilly. Chapman & Hall; B. Herder.

We confess that it is hard for us to make up our mind about Mr. Lilly's latest book (it is so largely rewritten as to be practically new); we fancy that it would be hard for even the most expansive of the Roman Congregations to look on it wholly with favor,—and, to be frank, it is no small wonder to us that the work has not been forwarded to Rome for judgment. Mr. Lilly is a man of very wide reading and keen insight, but in portions of this book he seems to be skating over very thin ice. Certainly he raises enough delicate and difficult questions to furnish occupation for a body of experts in history and theology for a considerable time. Take, for example, his brief discussion (p. 101) of the attitude of the early Church to the divinity of Our Lord. He appears to think that the idea of Christ as coequal and

coeternal with the Father did not enter into the Christian consciousness until the fourth century. There are equally curious matters to be found in other chapters, and the whole work has an ultra-liberal complexion which we can not like. A magazine of general reading is hardly the place to discuss Mr. Lilly's work further than to say that in the hands of any but well-trained and carefully disciplined experts it would almost certainly do harm.

Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion. By the Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. B. Herder.

This book is the outgrowth of a series of instructions given by the author to a class of college boys, and it is designed primarily to assist other teachers having similar courses to give. It progresses in an orderly and natural way from the more general notions—religion, revelation, faith, the Church—to detailed instruction on the sacraments, the Commandments, etc. The use of bold-face type for purposes of emphasis and distinction is an excellent device. Toleration and wisdom are shown in the treatment of mooted and delicate matters; and the author's historical summary of the chief Protestant sects, given in an appendix, is to us a novel and commendable feature.

Ways of the Six-Footed. By Anna Botsford Comstock.

Insect Folk. By Margaret W. Morley. Ginn & Co.

Nature study is fascinating in itself; and when interesting facts are told in an interesting way, and fine illustrations add their charm, there is a double fascination. Mrs. Comstock tells us of mosquitoes and bees, katydids and grasshoppers, ants and wasps; and one learns with keen pleasure how they live and some of the clever things they can do.

Miss Morley writes for a younger set of readers, and she tells all about cockroaches, dragonflies, water-bugs, walking-stick bugs, and lots of other interesting members of the bug family. The illustrations in both these nature books are very attractive, and are as scientific as they are artistic.

The Ecclesiastical Year. Translated from the German of the Rev. Andreas Petz, by a Member of the Dominican Order. The M. A. Wiltzius Co.

This convenient little manual, translated from the sixth edition of the *Katholische Kirchenjahr* by the Rev. Andreas Petz, should be in every Catholic school and home library. It gives in brief just the information that Catholic families need in order to follow with intelligence the ceremonies and practices of the ecclesiastical year. A good index adds to the general usefulness of the volume.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Helps and Hindrances.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE POET OF THE COALPITS.



ON St. Patrick's Day in the year 1832 a little child was born to a worthy couple in the north-country mining district of England. His father was, like so many about him, a working collier; his mother, like all the other mothers, a patient household drudge. The wife of a miner of that period knew nothing but toil and worry and pain. The husband was absent during all the long days, and the boys entered the mines at an age when American children begin to go to school. And so frequent were accidents in the awful regions below ground that fathers and sons were liable any moment to be victims of the dreaded gas or damp or fire that was always adding to the already large list of widows and orphans.

But the father of our little boy met with a different fate. When his baby was four months old there was a long strike of the Tyneside pitmen, and in one of the riots that resulted a stray bullet made the baby fatherless. Then came a long struggle for the poor mother, who had eight children to feed and clothe. As soon as each was able he was set to work. Little Joseph's turn came when he was seven years old. Think of it! At seven years old, about the time you were thinking it a hardship to learn your first lessons, he was sent down into the earth to work; never, except on Sundays, to see the sun or breathe the fresh air; never to play, or watch the clouds, or see a flower, or feel the sweet summer wind on his face.

So far his history is like that of hundreds—nay, thousands—of others. It was the usual custom in that section to send the children to the mines, but this little fellow spent forty years there! Even this, you might say, was not an uncommon instance. Many men have spent as many years in the underground darkness. But our boy, in spite of circumstances that would have made most men dull and kept them ignorant, not only educated himself, but became a poet whose works the best critics have been glad to praise.

Every little bit of chalk he found was laid away; then when a certain ventilating door was put in his charge he used it for a blackboard, and upon it scrawled his first attempts at making letters. Every candle end that became his property was treasured and used to lighten the gloom, so that he might see to pore over the bits of newspapers or old playbills that came his way. He actually taught himself to read and write in that manner, with those imperfect aids. After that task was accomplished, a new world was revealed to him; and, most wonderful of all, he found that he had a message to give that world, and that he himself could add to its store of helpful wisdom.

When he was twenty-seven his first poems were printed, and people read them. Better than that, they understood them, and praised them, and knew what a wonderful thing it was for a self-taught miner to be able not only to think beautiful thoughts, but to put them into fitting words. Three years after that he published his first book—a thin little blue volume, no larger than your hand. Other books followed, each one more warmly received than those which had gone before it; and people

began to say that Joseph Skipsey, the poet of the coalpits, had a great future before him. After his first book was published he made an attempt to leave the mine, but the meagre pay for other toil drove him back.

The later years of his life contained much compensation for the sorrows and hardships of his earlier days; and now that he is dead (for he died a short time ago, at the age of seventy-one) people say many appreciative things concerning his gifts and his remarkable courage.

His poems are simple, without pretension, and many of them are easily understood even by children. Your grandmothers doubtless sang his pretty verses "Jemmy Stops Long at the Fair"; only, if they were like a little girl I know, they made the mistake of saying, "Johnny's so long at the fair."

Surely the name of Joseph Skipsey deserves a place among those who succeeded in spite of hindrances.

The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVI.—SUCCESS AT LAST.

Yes, Julian was surely very close to the great clock on the stairs which always tolled out the hour in the mansion at Pine Bluff with great, solemn strokes, and which had summoned him to that first memorable interview with Anselm Benedict. But *where* was the clock? The steps, damp and creaking and festooned with cobwebs, upon which he stood were not the luxuriously carpeted and immaculately clean pair of stairs down which his grandfather came in the early morning and which he mounted again at night. And yet that clock had tolled, and was even now ticking away in his ear. It dawned upon him at last that he must be at the back of the timepiece, and that there was probably a door which gave

entrance to the Mortimer dwelling. And as he stood uncertain, he grew tired of the darkness and silence and longed for the light, which he knew was even then breaking over the surface of the sea; and for the voice of Nicholas or any other human creature to disturb this monotonous stillness.

The boy felt utterly discouraged as well as disappointed; for most likely he had chanced upon a secret passage from the cavern to the house, which had once been used and was now out of date. He stretched out his hand and it grasped the handle of a door; and, bringing his taper nearer, there was a rusty key. This jargled harshly as he attempted to turn it in the lock; but finally it yielded. He was indeed at the back of the clock in a kind of niche; and, giving way at once to weariness and despondency, he leaned heavily against the wall. As he did so he felt a gradual yielding, and the next moment found himself falling inward.

He was terribly frightened at first, believing that he was falling into some abyss; and then, as he stared and blinked, it occurred to him that he was upon a soft rug, and that the air about him was curiously stale and close, as of a room long shut from the light. He lay still a few moments, pondering, dazed and uncertain; then he sat up and looked about him, and finally rose to his feet. He wandered about aimlessly until interest and curiosity began to be excited by what he saw. It was an oddly shaped room, and so curiously contrived that it was evident no trace of it appeared from the outside. It was not dark, but the light seemed to be the reflection of other lights, and came glowing—now fiery red, now opalescent green, now royal purple—from stained windows which gave not upon the landscape without but upon a kind of circular corridor illumined by some outside windows.

A faint aromatic perfume pervaded the

atmosphere, recalling to Julian's mind some of those quaint Indian legends he had heard; and the stillness was so great that he could almost hear his heart beat. The furniture was antique, of a style which he had never seen before, except in so far as it resembled that apartment below, where the pictured figure of the gallant cavalier held its solitary sway. Julian felt oppressed by a sense of strangeness and of mystery, which seemed to transport him back into the past, from which he could never come forth again and be just an ordinary twentieth-century boy, going to school and being buffeted about by his classmates.

He scarce dared touch the beautiful and costly objects which lay strewn around, and he did not know the names of any of them. They might have been the work of some strange enchanter, who would lay a spell upon him were he so much as to fix his eyes too intently upon the rare collection. A curious terror stole over him and seemed to benumb his senses, till all at once his wandering eyes encountered a picture of the Virgin Mother and Child, quaint with the shadows of antiquity, but fair and soft in its tints, mild and benignant in its expression. Before it was a costly vessel of silver, in which burned some perfumed oil. Julian afterward learned that the light had never been extinguished while two centuries and more had run their course, and the old world had seen its innumerable vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, and war and famine and pestilence. It was one of those lights which Anselm Benedict, like many pious Catholics of the generations gone, had ordained by his will should burn in perpetuity before a representation of "St. Mary."

Close by the picture, upon a spindle-legged table of satinwood, stood a curiously wrought cabinet composed of various woods, incrustated with ornaments of solid gold, which were marvels

of the artificer's art. With a species of awe Julian touched one of these, gently, delicately as he might have touched a rose leaf. Instantly a door sprang open, and there, upon a cushion of finest satin yellowed by age, lay a gorgeous jewel: a drop of living fire, a vivid crimson stain like the blood of a heart,—Julian knew not what to call it. He felt fascinated, bewildered by its beauty, as it gleamed and glowed in the light from "St. Mary's" lamp. In his inexperience the boy knew nothing of its value, but vaguely thought of the Sacred Heart of Jesus burning and glowing, the source of true wealth and power.

Perhaps it was this analogy which caused him to fall upon his knees, with a prayer of thanksgiving upon his lips for his preservation from many dangers. And as he knelt, bewildered, he remembered the legend of the Holy Grail, which his mother had read to him, and of the finding of the blessed cup by him who was pure of heart and steadfast. He fancied that the pictured face of the Virgin Mother smiled upon him; and as he knelt thus a hand was laid upon his shoulder and there was Nicholas. He rose and confronted the old servitor, who seemed borne out of himself by some overpowering emotion: the grim eyes sparkled, the wooden face fairly beamed with joy and excitement, and, raising his hand, he made a military salute to the young hero of the hour.

Then for the first time Julian realized the meaning of all these marvels. The ordeal was ended. He had come through all his trials triumphantly, and here were the hidden room and the lost jewel of the Mortimers. The knowledge came to him by a sudden flash of intuition. Nicholas had said nothing, and for the moment it seemed to the boy as if his heart would break with the wonder and the joy of it. The thought of his mother rushed into his heart. Like a torrent released by the springtime sun, he could go back to her now with the

glad tidings; and she would be rich and never know the pressure of straitened circumstances any more.

"He will be glad!" cried Nicholas, in trumpet-like tones that were startling in the stillness.

"Who? Grandfather?" asked Julian.

"Grandfather! No!" replied Nicholas.

"He, the master, down below!"

Then Julian knew that he meant Anselm Benedict, of whom the servant spoke as though he still lived and moved and were capable of human feelings. And the boy experienced a sudden glow at the thought that he—he at least—had proved himself worthy and had finally conquered in the great race. This brought him to the remembrance of Sedgwick, and Julian's generous heart was filled with something like remorse. Sedgwick had striven bravely and had failed. He had come so far on the journey and had been compelled to turn backward unrewarded. Julian felt truly sorry, and dreaded the meeting when he should have to say to the cousin to whom he was now deeply attached, "I have won where you have failed."

Nicholas, however, was troubled by no such regrets. He stood gazing at the ruby, lost, as it seemed, in a kind of reverential awe. Then he raised it from its satin bed and laid it in Julian's hand.

"Think of it!" he cried, in the same clarion-like tone. "After hundreds of years it is yours!"

A thrill passed through the boy, as though the ruby had been some sentient thing which, suddenly resurrected, had responded to his touch. Still, he was glad when Nicholas relieved him of it and restored it to the cushion, whence it sent forth its wonderful flashes of fire in the flicker of "St. Mary's" flame. For human hearts are so constituted that triumph, success, the sudden realization of good fortune, or of great happiness, leaves them in a measure unresponsive.

Nicholas closed the door of the cabinet, and, taking Julian by the hand in a

strong, warm clasp which told of sympathy and of gladness, led the boy out of the room. But, instead of going down the dusty and worm-eaten steps by which Julian had ascended, they went out from behind the case of the great clock and down the principal stairs of the mansion at Pine Bluff, of which Julian was henceforth practically the master. The staircase and the hall looked different to him, as though they were touched with the quiet and peace of Sabbath sunshine; and so the boy, attended by the grim old servitor, passed down into the library, where sat Mr. Mortimer among his books. He, too, had a different aspect about him, as if he belonged to another world. He was buried in a ponderous volume dealing with scientific research. Julian ran straight to the old man's side.

"Grandfather," he exclaimed, "Anselm Benedict was right: there is a hidden room and a lost jewel!"

Mr. Mortimer turned ashen-white and his hands shook as if he were suddenly stricken with palsy.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, in a tremulous, broken voice, "that—that you have found them?"

"Yes, grandfather," Julian answered, subdued, abashed at his own success, ashamed of having proved this old man's theories wrong.

Mr. Mortimer looked at him with an odd, puzzled, long stare, as though the boy were one who had come out of some long-past dream. But he said never a word more, turning his eyes at last away from the boy and out over the landscape, sunlit now with the fair morning beams. From the very depths of his heart he sighed as men sigh for whom youth is vanished, with its hopes, its aspirations and its possibilities.

By a sudden impulse Julian laid his hand upon his grandfather's arm.

"I am only a boy," he said, "and what does it matter whether I found the things or not?"

Then tears, the slow tears of age, began to steal down the old man's wrinkled cheeks, and through the mist which the moisture made he saw himself and the long ago; but saw, too, the simplicity, honesty, truth and generosity which shone in the face of the boy before him, and he acknowledged that for this time at least good fortune was deserved. He bowed his head upon his hands; and Julian, obeying an imperative sign from Nicholas, went softly out.

When he reached the lawn the birds were singing a very pæan; they seemed to greet him with acclamation. It was their morning chorus of praise and joy. And the living green of the grass seemed fairer than ever to his eyes, and the trees were all burnished gold by the early sun, while the voice of the sea in a gentle murmur spoke of gladness.

Sedgwick came running in great haste to meet his comrade.

"I know you have found it!" he cried. "You *must* have found it, curly pate! It wouldn't be right if you didn't. The story would end all wrong."

Julian hesitated. The sight of Sedgwick's honest, ruddy face filled him with regret and something like confusion. His cousin had been so kind and so faithful in all their adventures, and had done him so many good turns! It seemed almost cruel to tell him of the success which had befallen himself, and of that wondrous room hidden away behind the clock-case, at the top of those creaking and worm-eaten stairs.

But Nicholas, who had set his heart upon Julian's ultimate triumph and had early seen the promise of success in the boy, was troubled with no regrets whatever. He straightened himself to attention—a grotesque figure, an anachronism in that joyous sunlight,—he waved his hand as if inviting all the landscape to share in his joy, and to proclaim, as he was about to proclaim, Julian's triumph. He took off his hat and bowed ceremoniously to his young

hero, who now shared in his heart the place long occupied by the traditional Anselm Benedict alone. Then he spoke out in tones clear and vibrating, which caught every echo and mingled with the hoarse voice of the waves:

"Know ye all and be it known to you that the victor stands before you, the worthy descendant of the great and famous Anselm Benedict; and that he has found and shall forever hold in his possession that which was concealed in the hidden room—namely, the lost jewel of the Mortimers."

Then Sedgwick's cap went up into the air, and for very joy he turned a somersault or two, which was in marked contrast to the old servitor's pompous proclamation, but which was fully as sincere and honest; after which he also straightened himself to his full height and sent all the echoes ringing into the forest with a great shout of—

"Hip, hip hurrah for Julian, for Anselm Benedict, the hidden room and the lost jewel found!"

Nicholas joined him with right good will in three times three. And the grandfather came to the window and saw Julian's small figure and shining hair glistening in the sun, his pale face aglow with happiness; while again and yet again went up that cry of "Hip, hip hurrah for Julian, for Anselm Benedict, the hidden room and the lost jewel found!"

(Conclusion next week.)

A Good Reason.

It is commonly supposed that the word "news" means simply information concerning new happenings; but there is equally good reason to believe that it originated from the fact that it was formerly the custom to place the letters N. (north), E. (east), W. (west), and S. (south) at the top of a newspaper, to indicate that the information it contained came from all these directions alike.

With Authors and Publishers.

—M. F. McConnell, Assistant Supervisor of Music in the Buffalo Public Schools, has compiled a handy little book entitled "Musical Definitions." The information is given clearly and concisely, and much of it is not to be found except in works of large scope. The tablet of Famous Musicians should be especially valuable to music students.

—The new Life of Daniel O'Connell, by M. MacDonagh, soon to be published by Cassel & Co., promises to be a work of high value. The biographer has been engaged for years in collecting materials; and, in addition to obtaining fresh letters, papers, and anecdotes from various quarters, he has had the advantage of perusing the Irish State Papers in relation to O'Connell's agitation for Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Union.

—A host of readers in Italy will welcome Bishop Spalding's "Means and Ends of Education," translated by Sig. Alfonso Maria Galea, of Malta. Quite as many Catholics elsewhere will rejoice to know that the memorable discourse, "Education and the Future of Religion," delivered some years ago in Rome but not hitherto translated into Italian, is given entire in an appendix. Sig. Galea is to be congratulated on having rendered a highly important service. The work is brought out by the Society of St. Bernardine in Siena, and has the usual approbation.

—We have received a beautifully printed volume entitled "Cogitations of a Crank," by the late Septimus Winner, author of "Listen to the Mocking-Bird." Let us say at once that Sep Winner, as he is styled in the preface, was a reverent and pure-minded old gentleman, and nobody had any business publishing his poems after he was gone. One doesn't mind them so much when they are set to tunes, but to publish them in their nakedness is not an act of true friendship. This much, however, even an unfriendly critic would have to admit: there is not a line in Sep Winner's poems that would bring a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious. Published by A. Drexel Biddle.

—Among new and forthcoming books by Catholic authors we note: "The Close of the Day," by Frank H. Spearman; "My Candles, and Other Poems," by Eliza Boyle O'Reilly, daughter of the ever-lamented John Boyle O'Reilly; "At Aunt Anna's," by Marion Ames Taggart; "Ireland under the English Rule: A Plea for the Plaintiff," by Dr. T. A. Emmet; and "The Heart of Rome," by Marion Crawford. Other new books of interest to Catholic scholars are Julian Klaczko's "The Pontificate of Julius II.," translated by John

Dennie; "Champlain, the Founder of New France," by Edwin Asa Dix; Mr. J. L. Garner's translation of "Lucretia Borgia," by Ferdinand Gregorovius; "The Art of the Pitti Palace," by Julie Addison; and "The Cathedrals of Northern France," by Francis Miltoun.

—The Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet* reports that in a little more than a year the Society of St. Jerome (for the diffusion of the New Testament) has introduced as many as 200,000 copies of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles into Italian homes. One of the first acts of Pius X. has been to encourage this admirable Society.

—With the autumn leaves come the calendars and annuals, and first on our table is Benziger's *Catholic Home Annual*. To appreciate its place in homes, one would have to think how it would be if its friendly face did not appear at the usual time. The year-book for 1904 contains the regular calendar data, and the reading matter includes specially interesting articles on "Pope Leo XIII.," "The Louisiana Purchase," "Wireless Telegraphy," and "The Indian Missions." Short stories have their usual place.

—Catholics who are called on to explain the doctrine of Confession and to justify it before unbelievers would do well to fortify themselves with a pamphlet by the Rev. Patrick Danehy, entitled "Who Can Forgive Sins?" It is a tract of more than usual merit. Holy Scripture and secular and profane history are invoked as witnesses to the divine origin of the Sacrament of Penance; and the work evinces scholarship, power of exposition, and the logical faculty throughout. A quality of common-sense makes it "catchy" and effective for the unscholarly reader also. The International Truth Society.

—Mr. William H. Rideing, gossiping in the *Critic* over Gladstone's closing years, tells this amusing story of how Cardinal Manning came to write his famous essay on "The Church Its Own Witness":

It was through Mr. Gladstone that I was introduced to Cardinal Manning, whom I sought as a contributor to a discussion of Christianity, which the former and Robert G. Ingersoll were already carrying on in the pages of the *North American Review*. The Cardinal was to review both of them, and sum up and adjudicate in the controversy. I was invited to the gloomy palace at Westminster to meet him; and, as much to my surprise as to my satisfaction, he appeared to like the idea as I explained it to him, and to be even eager to add his word to what had already been said. I particularly wondered how he would deal with the violent heresies of "the Colonel," and what he would have to say of his lifelong friend as defender of the faith. His view of them was what I desired.

A few days later I was again bidden to the palace, and

the Cardinal glided—was wafted one might say—into the bare, high-ceiled room, lined with the dusty portraits of dead hierarchs, looking less like a man than a spirit in his emaciation. . . . He had with him a large folio manuscript, written from beginning to end in his own legible and beautiful hand, with scarcely an erasure or an interlineation in it.

"There—there it is," he said, beaming as he handed the manuscript to the expectant editor. "I have given you something better than what you asked for. I have not said a word about Mr. Gladstone!"

I am afraid the editor's countenance fell; for what he had been after was to some extent the *argumentum ad hominem*—something personal as well as controversial.

"And not a word about Mr. Ingersoll!" the Cardinal continued with a triumphant air, looking for signs of gratification, which may have been dissembled in the editor's face if they did not exist. "I have not referred to them, nor to what they have said. On the contrary, I have let the Church speak for itself. Here it is."

And he handed to the editor a learned and eloquent but dogmatic essay under the head of "The Church Its Own Witness," which so far as he was concerned left him entirely uninvolved in the controversy. Great as was the disappointment, in one way his prudence compelled recognition smiling though sad.

Nothing could better illustrate the difference between the editor's point of view and that of the earnest churchman. The editor wanted such an essay as would help to sell his magazine; the Cardinal wrote such an essay as would help to spread the Truth. And, we may add, the document actually submitted by the Cardinal will live longer and operate more effectually than would his personal estimate of Mr. Gladstone and Col. Ingersoll.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Some Essentials in Musical Definitions. *M. F. McConnell.* \$1.

La Vida es Sueño. *Calderón.* \$1.

English History for Catholic Schools. *E. Wyatt-Davies.* \$1.10.

Instinct and Intelligence. *Rev. E. Wasmann, S. J.* \$1.

Monasteries and Religious Houses of Great Britain and Ireland. *Francesca M. Steele.* \$1.75, net.

Christian Apologetics. *Rev. W. Devrier, S. J. - Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer.* \$1.75, net.

The Same. In Two Volumes. *Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

A Year's Sermons. \$1.50, net.

Short Sermons on Christian Doctrine. *P. Hehel, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

Sermons from the Latins. *Rev. James J. Baxter, D. D.* \$2.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. Second Series. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35, net.

The Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Andreas Petz.* 40 cts., net.

Memoirs of a Child. *Annie Steger Winston.* \$1.

Ridingdale Stories. *Rev. David Bearne, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion. *Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.

The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.

The Truth of Papal Claims. *Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D.* \$1, net.

All on the Irish Shore. *E. Somerville-M. Ross.* \$1.50.

England's Cardinals. *Dudley Baxter.* \$1, net.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Rev. Nicholas Gihl, D. D.* \$4.

The Government: What It Is; What It Does. *Salter Storrs Clark.* 75 cts.

Teaching Truth. *Dr. Mary Wood-Allen.* 50 cts.

The Voice of the River. *Olive Katharine Parr.* \$1.75.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. *Richard H. Clarke, LL. D.* \$2.50.

Essays Historical and Literary. 2 vols. *John Fiske.* \$4, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Lloyd, D. D., of the diocese of Birmingham; and Rev. Nicholas Schlechter, S. J.

Sister M. Simeon, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. F. D. Orme, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. Charles Martin, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. M. F. Farrell, E. Boston, Mass.; Mrs. M. J. Mulgrew, Dubuque, Iowa; Mr. Thomas Russell and Mrs. Henry Laughren, Hancock, Mich.; Miss Annie McKeon, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Balilas Courtemanche, Montreal, Canada; Mrs. Bridget Foley, Boston, Mass.; Mr. George Cox, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. W. J. Sweeney, Helena, Mont.; Mr. M. H. Mahon and Mrs. Elizabeth Ruddy, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. J. A. Vogel, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. John Coyle, Mrs. Hanora McCarthy, and Mrs. Agnes Austin, Fall River, Mass.; Miss Rose Reilly, New York; Mrs. Agnes Schneider, Erie, Pa.; Mr. Thomas Donnelly, Mrs. Mary Thompson, and Mrs. William Schaeffer, Philadelphia, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 49.

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A Thought for All Saints'.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

After this I saw a great multitude... standing before the throne... clothed with white robes and palms in their hands.—APOC., vii, 9.

ALL ye who doubt of your still persevering
E'en to the end in obeying God's law,
Gather the lesson, so hopeful and cheering,
Taught by the throngs the Evangelist saw.
Oft as misgivings your courage encumber,
Lift up your eyes to those bright shining bands;
Gaze on that multitude man can not number,
Clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands.

Many a saint in those cohorts of glory
Once was ensnared in the meshes of sin,
Lived through long years a more pitiful story
Than at its worst yours can ever have been;
Yet, from the depths of iniquity rising,
Soared he till now full resplendent he stands,—
As may we, too, through God's grace all-sufficing,
Clothed with white robes and with palms in our hands.

The First Encyclical of Pius X.

EVER since the Cardinal Archbishop of Venice was raised to the august dignity of the Vicar of Christ the press has sought eagerly, and with a not unjustifiable curiosity, for some adumbration of his future policy. As the ordinary of an ancient Italian diocese, Cardinal Sarto had bent his energies on pastoral duties alone. It was known that he was progressive, resourceful, charitable and amiable, and that he was not wholly

outside the current of modern tendency; but his interests were shepherdly: his utterances and activities all bore directly on the cure of souls. And so, when he became a world-figure, when he was called to the headship of Christ's mystical body and to fill the most influential international position in Christendom, great was the curiosity and many the forecasts as to what his world-policy would be. The press has not had long to wait for the knowledge it craved; for Pius X. makes it perfectly plain in his first letter to the Church Universal that his instincts and activities are still exclusively pastoral,—that he has no desire to figure in the world save as its teacher and shepherd. "We do not wish to be," says his Holiness, "and with the divine assistance never shall be, aught before human society but the minister of God, of whose authority We are the depositary."

The Encyclical opens with an avowal of the grief and dismay with which the Holy Father found himself called to take up the formidable burden of the Pontificate; and no one who recalls his pathetic appeal to his eminent confrères on the eve of the election can doubt the absolute sincerity of his protestation. But, besides the sense of his own unworthiness, two other considerations made him recoil in terror from the task set him. The first of these was the greatness of his predecessor; for "who would not have been disturbed at seeing himself designated to succeed him who, ruling the Church with supreme wisdom

for nearly twenty-six years, showed himself adorned with such sublimity of mind, such lustre of every virtue, as to attract to himself the admiration even of adversaries?" The other consideration was "the disastrous state of human society to-day," which is suffering from a terrible and deep-rooted malady. "You understand, Venerable Brethren, what this disease is — apostasy from God." He then makes this deeply edifying and impressive declaration:

"Since, however, it has been pleasing to the divine will to raise Our lowliness to such sublimity of power, We take courage in Him who strengthens Us; and setting Ourselves to work, relying on the power of God, We proclaim that We have no other programme in the Supreme Pontificate but that 'of restoring all things in Christ,'* so that 'Christ may be all and in all.'† Some will certainly be found who, measuring divine things by human standards, will seek to discover secret aims of Ours, distorting them to an earthly scope and to partisan designs. To eliminate all vain delusions for such, We say to them with emphasis that We do not wish to be, and with the divine assistance never shall be, aught before human society but the minister of God, of whose authority We are the depository. The interests of God shall be Our interests, and for these We are resolved to spend all Our strength and Our very life. Hence, should any one ask Us for a symbol as the expression of Our will, We will give this and no other: 'To renew all things in Christ.'"

"To renew all things in Christ." Sublime programme! but hardly such a one as the press expected,—the press which manifested such a reverent enthusiasm for the lamented Leo and gave such kindly welcome to his successor. Nor would it be fair, perhaps, to expect the world to recognize as a faithful portrait the picture which the Holy Father paints

of it: "That sacrilegious war which is now, almost everywhere, stirred up and fomented against God." "We find extinguished among the majority of men all respect for the Eternal God, and no regard paid in the manifestations of public and private life to the Supreme Will,—nay, every effort and every artifice is used to destroy utterly the memory and the knowledge of God." "Such, in truth, is the audacity and the wrath employed everywhere in persecuting religion, in combating the dogmas of the faith, in brazen effrontery to uproot and destroy all relations between man and the Divinity."

These are grave words from such a source, and doubtless will seem to many excessive. They certainly do not apply literally to the English-speaking countries, where there is indeed much indifference but no malignant anti-Christian feeling, and where there are not lacking evidences of the most earnest religious sentiment and action both in public and private life. But it must be remembered that the Holy Father is writing of and for the whole wide world; and, strong as his words are, it can not be denied that the condition of more than one country in Europe just now measures well up to his description. He is not discouraged, however: "No one of sound mind can doubt the issue of this contest between man and the Most High"; and the Church is the divine instrumentality appointed to compass the victory. Pope Pius then restates his programme more concretely:

"But if our desire to obtain this is to be fulfilled, we must use every means and exert all our energy to bring about the utter disappearance of that enormous and detestable wickedness, so characteristic of our time—the substitution of man for God. This done, it remains to restore to their ancient place of honor the most holy laws and counsels of the Gospel; to proclaim aloud the truths taught by the Church, and

* Ephes., i, 10.

† Coloss., iii, 2.

her teachings on the sanctity of marriage, on the education and discipline of youth, on the possession and use of property, the duties that men owe to those who rule the State; and, lastly, to restore equilibrium between the different classes of society according to Christian precept and custom. This is what We, in submitting Ourselves to the manifestations of the divine will, purpose to aim at during Our Pontificate, and We will use all Our energy to attain it.*

The chief auxiliary on which the Holy Father relies for success in this great work is naturally the priesthood; and his words concerning the training and preparation of priests are so earnest, so beautiful and so full of faith, that we must quote them in their entirety:

"Let your first care be to form Christ in those who are destined from the duty of their vocation to form Him in others. We speak of the priests, Venerable Brethren. For all who bear the seal of the priesthood must know that they have the same mission to the people in the midst of whom they live as that which St. Paul proclaimed that he received in these tender words: 'My little children, of whom I am in labor again until Christ be formed in you.'* But how will they be able to perform this duty if they be not first clothed with Christ themselves; and so clothed with Christ as to be able to say with the Apostle, 'I live; now not I, but Christ liveth in me'?† 'For me to live is Christ.'‡ Hence, although all are included in the exhortation 'to advance toward the perfect man, in the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ,'§ it is addressed before all others to those who exercise the sacerdotal ministry. Thus these are called another Christ, not merely by the communication of power but by reason of the imitation of His works; and they should therefore

bear stamped upon themselves the image of Christ.

"This being so, Venerable Brethren, of what nature and magnitude is the care that must be taken by you in forming the clergy to holiness! All other tasks must yield to this one. Wherefore the chief part of your diligence will be directed to governing and ordering your seminaries aright, so that they may flourish equally in the soundness of their teaching and in the spotlessness of their morals. Regard your seminary as the delight of your hearts, and neglect on its behalf none of those provisions which the Council of Trent has with admirable forethought prescribed. And when the time comes for promoting the youthful candidates to holy orders, ah! do not forget what St. Paul wrote to Timothy, 'Impose not hands lightly upon any man';* bearing carefully in mind that, as a general rule, the faithful will be such as are those whom you call to the priesthood. Do not, then, pay heed to private interests of any kind, but have at heart only God and the Church and the eternal welfare of souls; so that, as the Apostle admonishes, 'you may not be partakers of the sins of others.'† Then, again, be not lacking in solicitude for young priests who have just left the seminary. From the bottom of Our heart We urge you to bring them often close to your breast, which should burn with celestial fire: kindle them, inflame them, so that they may aspire solely after God and the salvation of souls.

"Rest assured, Venerable Brethren, that We, on Our side, will use the greatest diligence to prevent the members of the clergy from being drawn to the snares of a certain new and fallacious science, which savoreth not of Christ, but with masked and cunning arguments strives to open the door to the errors of rationalism and semi-rationalism; against which the Apostle warned Timothy to

* Gal., iv, 19.

† Ibid., ii, 20.

‡ Philipp., i, 21.

§ Ephes., iv, 3.

* I. Tim., v, 22.

† Ibid.

be on his guard when he wrote: 'Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding the profane novelties of words, and oppositions of knowledge falsely so called; which some promising, have erred concerning the faith.* This does not prevent Us from esteeming worthy of praise those young priests who dedicate themselves to useful studies in every branch of learning, the better to prepare themselves to defend the truth and to refute the calumnies of the enemies of the faith. Yet, We can not conceal—nay, We proclaim in the most open manner possible—that Our preference is, and ever will be, for those who, while cultivating ecclesiastical and literary erudition, dedicate themselves more closely to the welfare of souls through the exercise of those ministries proper to a priest zealous for the divine glory. 'It is a great grief and a continual sorrow to our heart'† to find Jeremiah's lamentation applicable to our times: 'The little ones asked for bread, and there was none to break it to them.'‡ For there are not lacking among the clergy those who adapt themselves according to their bent to works of more apparent than real solidity; but not so numerous, perhaps, are those who, after the example of Christ, take to themselves the words of the Prophet: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; wherefore He hath anointed me, to preach the Gospel to the poor He hath sent me, to heal the contrite of heart, to preach deliverance to the captives and sight to the blind.'”§

As the bishops, the directors of seminaries, and contributors to ecclesiastical reviews will do full justice to this important passage, we deem it unnecessary to comment upon it, but pass at once to the next topic of the Encyclical—religious instruction. Again it is necessary to remind the English-

speaking reader that there is no lack of warrant in the countries which the Holy Father knows best, for the seeming severity of his words:

“Yet who can fail to see, Venerable Brethren, that while men are led by reason and liberty, the principal way to restore the empire of God in their souls is religious instruction? How many there are who mimic Christ and abhor the Church and the Gospel more through ignorance than through badness of mind, of whom it may well be said, 'They blaspheme whatever things they know not'!* This is found to be the case not only among the people at large and among the lowest classes, who are thus easily led astray, but even among the more cultivated, and among those endowed, moreover, with uncommon education. The result is for a great many the loss of the faith. For it is not true that the progress of knowledge extinguishes the faith: rather is it ignorance; and the more ignorance prevails, the greater is the havoc wrought by incredulity. And this is why Christ commanded the Apostles: 'Going forth, teach all nations.'†

“But in order that the desired fruit may be derived from this apostolate and this zeal for teaching, and that Christ may be formed in all, be it remembered, Venerable Brethren, that no means is more efficacious than charity. 'For the Lord is not in the earthquake.'‡ It is vain to hope to attract souls to God by a bitter zeal. On the contrary, harm is done more often than good by taunting men harshly with their faults, and reproving their vices with asperity. True, the Apostle exhorted Timothy, 'Accuse, beseech, rebuke'; but he took care to add, 'with all patience.'§ Jesus has certainly left us examples of this. 'Come to Me,' we find Him saying,—‘come to Me all you

* I. Tim., vi, 20, 21.

‡ Lam., iv, 4.

† Rom., ix, 2.

§ St. Luke, iv, 18.

* St. Jude, ii, 10.

‡ III. Kings, xix, 11.

† St. Matt., xxviii, 19.

§ II. Tim., iv, 2.

that labor and are burthened, and I will refresh you.* And by those that labor and are burthened He meant only those who are slaves of sin and error. What gentleness was that shown by the Divine Master! What tenderness, what compassion toward all kinds of misery! Isaias has marvellously described His heart in the words: "I have set my spirit upon him.... He shall not contend,... neither shall his voice be heard abroad. The bruised reed he shall not break, and the smoking flax he shall not quench."†

"This charity, 'patient and kind,'‡ will extend itself also to those who are hostile to us and persecute us. 'We are reviled,' thus did St. Paul protest, 'and we bless; we are persecuted and we suffer it: we are blasphemed and we entreat.'§ They, perhaps, seem to be worse than they really are. Their associations with others, prejudice, the counsel, advice and example of others, and finally an ill-advised shame, have dragged them to the side of the impious; but their wills are not so depraved as they themselves would seek to make people believe. Who shall prevent us from hoping that the flame of Christian charity may dispel the darkness from their minds and bring to them light and the peace of God? It may be that the fruit of our labors may be slow in coming, but charity wearies not with waiting, knowing that God prepares His rewards not for the results of toil but for the good will shown in it."

Finally, the laity are exhorted to rise up and embrace the apostolate of example:

"It is true, Venerable Brethren, that in this arduous task of the restoration of the human race in Christ, neither you nor your clergy should exclude all assistance. We know that God recommended everyone to have a care for his

neighbor.* For it is not priests alone, but all the faithful without exception, who must concern themselves with the interests of God and souls,—not, of course, according to their own views, but always under the direction and orders of the bishops; for to no one in the Church except you is it given to preside over, to teach, to 'govern the Church of God which the Holy Ghost has placed you to rule.'† Our predecessors have long since approved and blessed those Catholics who have banded together in societies of various kinds, but always religious in their aim. We, too, have no hesitation in awarding Our praise to this great idea, and We earnestly desire to see it propagated and flourish in town and country. But We wish that all such associations aim first and chiefly at the constant maintenance of Christian life among those who belong to them. For truly it is of little avail to discuss questions with nice subtlety, or to discourse eloquently of rights and duties, when all this is unconnected with practice. The times we live in demand action,—but action which consists entirely in observing with fidelity and zeal the divine laws and the precepts of the Church in the frank and open profession of religion, in the exercise of every kind of charitable works, without regard to self-interest or worldly advantage. Such luminous examples given by the great army of soldiers of Christ will be of much greater avail in moving and drawing men than words and sublime dissertations; and it will easily come about that when human respect has been driven out, and prejudices and doubting laid aside, large numbers will be won to Christ; becoming in their turn promoters of His knowledge and love, which are the road to true and solid happiness.

"Oh, when in every city and village the law of God is faithfully observed,

* St. Matt., xi, 28.

† Is., xlii, 1-3.

‡ I. Cor., xiii, 4.

§ Ibid., iv, 12, 13.

* Ecclus., xvii, 12.

† Acts, xx, 28.

when respect is shown for sacred things, when the sacraments are frequented and the ordinances of the Christian life fulfilled, there will certainly be no more need for us to labor further to see all things restored in Christ! Nor is it for the attainment of eternal welfare alone that this will be of service: it will also contribute largely to temporal welfare and the advantage of human society. For when these conditions have been secured, the upper and wealthy classes will learn to be just and charitable to the lowly, and these will be able to bear with tranquillity and patience the trials of a very hard lot; the citizens will obey not lust but law; reverence and love will be deemed a duty toward those that govern, 'whose power comes only from God.'* And then? Then, at last, it will be clear to all that the Church, such as it was instituted by Christ, must enjoy full and entire liberty and independence from all foreign dominion; and We, in demanding that same liberty, are defending not only the sacred rights of religion, but are also consulting the common weal and the safety of nations. For it continues to be true that 'piety is useful for all things';† when this is strong and flourishing 'the people will' truly 'sit in the fulness of peace.'‡

Such, then, is the first official pronouncement of the new Vicar of Christ. It proves the Holy Father to be a man of initiative and vigor, absolutely spiritual-minded and aloof from world-politics, whose one concern is to upbuild the spiritual kingdom on earth—or, in the words quoted by himself, "to renew all things in Christ." It proves him an apostolic spirit very like St. Paul's, and dispels all doubt as to the propriety of the *Ignis Ardens* of the pseudo-prophecy. We feel confident that the bishops, the priests and the laity of Christendom will rally to his side, and send up their prayers to Heaven in accordance with

the concluding words of the Encyclical: "May God, 'who is rich in mercy,'* benignly speed this restoration of the human race in Jesus Christ! For 'it is not of him that willeth or of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.† And let us, Venerable Brethren, 'in the spirit of humility,'‡ with continuous and urgent prayer ask this of Him through the merits of Jesus Christ."

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

VII.

LOUISE did not know how she reached her lodgings. It seemed to her that she flew along, looking neither to right nor left. When she had attained the shelter of her own room she threw herself upon the bed, weeping, uncontrollably. But the tears were a relief; and after a while she arose, bathed her eyes till she had removed all traces of weeping, and took up a piece of work to banish the odious thoughts which crowded upon her.

Her principal care now was that her husband should suspect nothing. She was not very fertile in resources, never having been called upon to employ them; consequently, she did not know what excuse to make for not having concluded an agreement with Deroux & Co. When she had become somewhat calmed, she resolved to tell Jean simply that they had not offered her enough, and that she had decided to go elsewhere for employment.

By the time Daulnay reached home she was quite herself again; and, in order to carry out her rôle more effectually, she had assumed a pretty black barège gown which she had never worn before.

When Daulnay arrived he glanced at

* Rom., xiii, 1. † I. Tim., iv, 8. ‡ Is., xxxii, 18.

* Ephes., ii, 4. † Rom., ix, 16. ‡ Dan., iii, 39.

her hastily, noticed the change in her attire, and, after kissing her lightly on the cheek, said:

"Well, Louise, I see you are *en fête*, from which I infer that you have had a successful interview with Deroux & Co. Let us dine at Martin's to-night. As we walk along you can tell me about it. I shall be ready in seven or eight minutes."

"Yes, that will be nice," rejoined Louise. "I like Martin's, it is such an attractive place. But first, Jean, I want to tell you—I don't wish you to be disappointed—I was not successful at Deroux & Co."

"You were not!" he exclaimed, pausing on his way to the bedroom. "And why not, pray?"

His tone had changed; the smile had vanished from his lips; his voice was hard and, she thought, reproachful. He sat down in the faded blue plush arm-chair by the table and began twirling his thumbs.

"Now what have you further to say?" he continued. "You must have made a mess of it somehow."

"No, Jean," she answered. "I went there, examined the work in the window, and at the request of the salesman came back and brought some of my embroidery for examination. He was pleased with it, but his terms are low—ridiculously low. I would not accept them."

"What did he offer?"

"By working nearly all day and every day, I could earn perhaps fifteen francs a week."

"That is absurd. You should have driven a better bargain."

"Those were the terms, and he would do no better."

"Utterly absurd! You should have gone to the head."

"I went to the head of the fancy-work department."

Jean reflected, still twirling his thumbs. Suddenly his mood changed.

"Very well," he said indulgently. "I presume it was not your fault—at least, not altogether. I have an idea. Go to one or two of the other shops—the best, of course,—take your finest pieces of embroidery; let them know, in the course of the interview, that you have declined an offer from Deroux & Co., and tell them why. That will bring them to terms."

"I will do, my best, Jean," replied Louise, a little wearily.

"Very well; see that you do," he said brusquely, resenting her tone, which seemed, he thought, to convey a reproach. "If you were less timid you would do better, I think. It will be mere play to you—this work; and you can derive a great deal of profit from it, if you are stiff in your demands. Come, let us go."

The dinner was not a very lively one. On their return, after a hasty glance at the evening paper—bought for a centime at the kiosk on the corner,—Daulnay retired to rest. Louise sat by the open window for a long time, dreading the morrow, and feeling that, however timid she had been before, she had not acquired any new access of courage from what the day had brought forth.

That night Louise had a visit from her old enemy, the nightmare. Rudely awakened by her angry husband from the frightful dream which possessed her, she cried out instinctively, as had always been her wont at such times, "Mamma, mamma!" and awoke with a sob, to find once more how lonely the death of her fond mother had left her.

"Mamma, mamma!" echoed Daulnay. "What a baby you are, Louise! And how frightfully you scream! Go on in this way, and they will not allow us to remain in any decent apartments. If your mother had shaken you well when you first began this business you would not now be making the night a perfect terror to everybody within reach of your voice."

Louise did not reply. Trembling from terror and wounded feeling, she began to walk about the room, finally standing at the open window until she felt calmed and restored. Her husband made no further remark, and the dawn was breaking when she again sought her bed.

The next morning she was pale and tired, Daulnay silent and morose. He made no allusion to what had occurred, neither did he speak to her about the quest which she had intended to resume that day. His quick eye had seen that she was dressed for the street, and he did not choose, in his present mood, to waste words on any subject whatever. After he had gone, she hastily arranged the rooms and once more started out.

When she arrived at her destination, she was greeted by a woman instead of an Adonis, and her heart felt relieved. She had taken the precaution to fetch some specimens of her work, which were received with expressions of admiration. The terms were better than those of Deroux & Co.; but she was required to deposit ten francs to pay for the material—white satin and embroidery silks. This sum, the woman explained, would be returned to her on the completion of her work. This was satisfactory; she returned home elated, and immediately began to trace her design. Daulnay found her busily embroidering when he came from the office, and was correspondingly kind.

The work gave satisfaction. She also found employment in two other fashionable shops, and was soon earning thirty francs a week, and not working too hard. They changed their lodgings; a competent middle-aged woman was found who, for a moderate sum, was willing to serve a small family. Jean's affairs also ran swimmingly; his salary was increased two hundred francs after the first six months had expired.

In order not to precipitate her husband's uncertain moods, Louise had

cultivated the quality of silence, while her usual amiability did not suffer in the least. Her clientele had increased rapidly. All her time was spent at her beloved embroidery. Marianne, the maid, was devoted to her mistress, taking all the care of the household from her hands, and going to and fro with the work. Every cent Louise earned was placed in the hands of her husband, who, allowing her a very modest sum for her toilette, gave the funds for the *ménage* into the keeping of the old servant on the 1st of every month.

To this rather melancholy household there came, one by one, four children: the eldest a son, called Albert; then Aliette, a lovely girl; followed by two others, Elise and Lucie. Albert and Elise were like their father; Aliette inherited all the fine qualities of her mother, with more self-assertion; and Lucie, a gentle little creature, was the pet of the household. The oldest girl had early come to know and understand the difficulties which beset the life of the mother whom she worshiped. When she was only ten years of age she had constituted herself her mother's protector and shield; all her happiness consisted in smoothing every difficulty and responding to her slightest desire.

"I shall never marry," soliloquized Aliette when she had reached the mature age of fifteen. "Mamma could never get on without me. She would have no one to take care of her, if I should leave her. I will be an old maid—yes, an old maid,—and I shall enjoy it very much. What would life be with *any* man compared to what it shall be beside mamma—until she dies! And I hope she *will* die before I do; for it would be terrible to leave her without a protector. Poor little mamma! And now that Albert needs so much money for his education, and the others are growing up, how lovely it is that I have dear mamma's talent for embroidery and can help her to earn money!"

It was true: this sweet young girl was already of great assistance to her mother in her work. She had attended a convent school for two years; the rest of her education such as it was, had been obtained at home, at her mother's knee, under her mother's eye, while the embroidery needle flashed in and out of the brilliant stuffs on which she was continually weaving garlands of beautiful flowers.

When she was eighteen, Aliette had grown to be a beautiful girl. She had, beside her mother, but one intimate friend—the daughter of a professor of music at the Conservatoire; a man celebrated not only for his talents but for his probity of life; a living contradiction of the reproach so often flung against those whom God has thus gifted, that art and immorality always go hand in hand. This man, a devoted husband and most proud and affectionate father, lived, with his wife and daughter, in an apartment on the same *étage* with the Daulnays. Their home was as beautiful and artistic in its surroundings as the music which was the breath of their nostrils, and the food of their souls.

Cécile, the daughter—named, as the daughter of a musician should be, after the patron saint of musicians,—had made the acquaintance of the Daulnay family through an ardent desire she had always had of learning to embroider,—an art of which her mother was entirely ignorant.

The Mornauds had not been long in their apartment, the windows of which commanded a view of those of the Daulnays, when Cécile announced that she would give anything to become acquainted with their neighbors.

"But, Cécile," observed her mother, "we do not know anything about these people. They may be very nice, and it is probable they are. Still, we have no mutual friends, and I do not see how we can approach them."

"The father is clerk in the Bank of Commerce," said M. Mornaud. "He has been there for years. Since we came here I have a bowing acquaintance with him."

"And last Sunday when we were going to Mass, mamma," put in Cécile, "they came down just behind us. I looked around and saw that they had prayer-books."

"The whole family?"

"No: the two who embroider at the window all day long—the mother and eldest daughter."

"Oh, they are very nice! I have no doubt of it," said M. Mornaud. "We shall have to make their acquaintance for the sake of Cécile, who has no young companions."

"But, Frederic, do you think it desirable that she should select—a companion who does embroidery for a living?"

"The mother is certainly a lady," was the rejoinder. "Of the father I am not so sure. After all, what are we ourselves but working people?"

"They embroider like fairies—those two," said Cécile. "The other day the girl held up a piece of tapestry in front of the window. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw. Oh, I do wish you would let me ask them to teach me, mamma! And—who knows?—perhaps some day I may be able to help you and papa by earning my living that way."

Madame Mornaud smiled at the idea of her pretty Cécile embroidering for a living. But she could not help acknowledging that Aliette and her mother had a very ladylike appearance, and finally was induced to give her consent to the opening of negotiations. Cécile was delighted.

That afternoon they crossed the corridor and knocked at the Daulnays' door. It was opened by Aliette, who, without embarrassment, ushered the visitors into the long, narrow salon, which was also the workroom of her mother and herself.

Madame Daulnay rose, extended her hand to Madame Mornaud, who pressed it warmly as she said:

"My daughter has given me no peace until I would come and make your acquaintance."

"We are glad to see you both," said Louise, beginning to remove a heavy piece of embroidery from a chair.

"Oh, how lovely that is!" cried Cécile, her hand still in that of Aliette. "Will you let us examine it, Madame?"

Louise held it up. It was a large panel of rose-colored silk heavily embroidered in purple and gold *fleurs-de-lis*.

"You are the one who made that, Mademoiselle," said Cécile, turning to her new acquaintance. "I have seen you working at it."

"Mamma drew the design and I have helped her with it," answered Aliette. "But I did not do it all."

"She works quite as well as I do," said her mother, with a look of pride and fondness, which brought the blushes to Aliette's delicate cheeks.

"O Mademoiselle, if you would only give me lessons I should be the most grateful and industrious pupil in the whole world!" cried the impulsive Cécile, drawing Aliette to a seat beside her on a sofa, while the two mothers engaged in conversation.

The elder women chatted freely and pleasantly. They both had that mysterious feeling of having met before that sometimes occurs on meeting a new and congenial acquaintance.

When the visitors rose to go it had been arranged that Cécile should receive embroidery lessons from the Daulnays, which were to begin on the morrow.

"We are going to be great friends, all of us," said Cécile as she took her leave. "I am impatient for to-morrow morning."

After they had gone Aliette said:

"Don't you like them, mamma,—you are so still?"

"Yes, my child; they are both very sweet. I was just thinking that it is only an occurrence like this, so trifling in itself, so natural, which ought to be almost an everyday happening, that makes me realize how quietly we live."

Her face was anxious.

"Mamma," said Aliette timidly, "do you fear that papa will not be pleased?"

"He may not be,—I can not say. But you need some young associates, my child. I am glad it has happened—this visit."

"Must you tell him?"

"Yes. He will know sometime, and would not like it if he had not been told at first."

"He will not forbid it?"

"He shall not forbid it," said Louise, with more self-assertion than her daughter had ever seen her assume. "You have some rights and I have some; it is time, perhaps, that we asserted them. Alas!" she continued, leaning back in her low sewing-chair and closing her weary eyes, the long, black lashes sweeping her still beautiful cheeks, "how my heart bleeds for the emptiness of your young life, my darling Aliette!"

"Mother, mother!" cried the girl, throwing herself on her knees as she clasped the frail form to her bosom. "My life is full so long as I have you. It is *full*, I say. What do I want more? What could I have more? Mamma, I will never, never leave you. Only do not be sad, do not be unhappy. I am here,—I shall *always* be here to take care of you and protect you."

They had not heard a step in the corridor. Suddenly a hand turned the knob—Daulnay stood before them, a frown between his eyes, a sneer upon his lips.

"A pair of fools!" he exclaimed, as their arms unclasped. "I knew we had one fool in the house, but now I see that there are two."

All Souls'.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THE night is as the darkness of the blind,
Cold falls the rain and sadly moans the wind,
As in the weird and wailing monotone,
Mournfully through the dripping branches blown,
Now like an echo, now distinct and clear,
Only one ceaseless pleading meets the ear—
“*Orate pro nobis!*”

Wild the sea clamors from its serried caves,
But other voices rise above the waves:
“As ye are now, O friends, so once were we;
As now we are, so one day ye shall be!”
And thus they meet and blend, and hurry by,
Sobbing and breaking in that long, sad cry—
“*Orate pro nobis!*”

Some of them rest in mossy churchyards old,
Some on the battlefield grew stark and cold;
Some to the winds were scattered, and the sea
Doth some enfold; but whereso'er they be—
Close to our ken or moldering far away,—
They call to us, who still have time to pray—
“*Orate pro nobis!*”

Father of all, be merciful to all!
Hold not these faithful servants long in thrall:
Open to them Thy blessed dwelling-place,
Show them the wondrous beauty of Thy Face!
Mother of pity, hearken to that cry,
Cleaving the earth and reaching to the sky—
“*Ora pro nobis!*”

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain.

THIRD WEEK.

SUNDAY.—This morning said two Masses and gave a short exhortation. The day is very fine, and looks all the more beautiful that of late our eyes have been accustomed to “broken weather.” Last evening we had high dry wind: to-day the roads are quite clean, and one can hardly resist the temptation to have a walk. The contrast typifies what is in my mind.

Yesterday I went through the town. It was a half holiday; but, alas! your half holidays are dismal—I was going

to say horrible—things. Father Faber, in one of his charming books, speaks of “bank holidays”: Easter Monday, Whit Monday, and such like. He glances at the excursions that take place on these occasions, hints at what goes on, and remarks that, if it were not ill-natured, one could heartily pray that it might rain on those days. Well—but whether were it better to have the people tempted out into the country, with its green fields and fresh air, or to have them stuck in public houses or straggling through filthy streets and lanes?

I was passing through an old part of the town. The street was not narrow: it was so broad that carriages might drive along it. A showery sun occasionally looked down on the mud and slush of that thoroughfare. It was a winding sort of street, with elbows and corresponding arm-bays in it. There were cellars gaping up from under the shops,—square, forbidding-looking holes, with flights of muddy, greasy steps leading into dens where ragged children, old iron, and rags were congregated.

Sitting on the upper step of the range I saw in one place a girl of fourteen or fifteen, unkempt and unwashed, holding on her lap a baby. In the country I know the old women would shake their heads and wisely whisper into your ear that such a *thing* was no baby: that it was (“between us and harm!”) a “craythur that the good people left when they took the little darling itself; and if it were put behind the fire, you’d see the fairy fly away and the real child return.” Indeed, to look at the withered limbs and wizened, elderly-looking face of the infant of twelve or fourteen months old, one would be inclined to believe that something preternatural had taken place. Holding this excuse of a baby, the girl sang, oftentimes with a remarkable voice, some fashionable air or popular ballad, or perhaps snatches of a hymn either she herself had learned at the convent school or had picked up

from those who had been there. And all the time she kept watch by a basket of apples or other vendibles.

Next door was a public house. A clean-shaven man with becoming side-whiskers stood behind the counter. His coat was off, and a long apron preserved his clothes from soil against the furniture of the shop. "Sermons in stones!" good Shakespeare,—a sermon in that apron, I tell thee, bard! That man would not permit the lees of the drink to touch his clothes. It was vile—it was detestable—it stained! And, for all that, it was good enough to pour down these poor wretches' throats! "Oh, that men should put into their mouths an enemy to steal away their brains!"

I saw one of those shops. It was quite crowded, and as I was passing I noticed a tall woman standing within about two feet from the door. She was just in the act of "tossing off" a glass: her head was thrown back and her hand was raised. I only saw it and passed on; but my heart sighed and I was sad. She was, I afterward learned, the mother of the wizened child.

Two or three doors farther on, at the other side, was a shop with golden knobs over the entrance,—the inseparable companion of the public house, the pawn shop. It was dark and dingy-looking. Clothes seemed hanging on all sides of the walls as well as from the roof; and moving about were women's figures, their heads hidden by the hanging clothes.

A laneway ran off the street. At the two corners two women were standing selling cabbage. Down the laneway I saw a young mother coming. She was clean and neat—and, oh, how I pitied her to be living in such a place! Farther on was a vacant square. It appeared as if a block of old houses had been pulled down: all around was the débris. Sometimes an even spot could be seen; sometimes a slippery short cut led across the old bricks and stones. About a dozen

young urchins monopolized this square. Their little coats' were off, and their "suspenders"—the innumerable ways they were strapped on, or overlapped the shoulders, as well as the various qualities of the suspenders—would have made a subject for a painter's study. They played as boys do play, with plenty of noise and a superabundance of animal spirits. But these children—do they go to school, I wonder? I saw a group of larger boys sitting on some stones, and by the frequent spitting it was evident they were chewing tobacco. One seemed to be relating something which greatly amused the rest. On a heap of stones in a corner by himself, propped up against a tottering old wall, his hat drawn down over his eyes and his hands in his pockets, was a miserable figure hopelessly drunk.

A few paces on, in a clearance, stood a new brick police barrack. Half a dozen idle policemen were hanging about. Among the adornments wrought on the façade was a shamrock. Oh, the change! Where now is Napper Tandy? I was sick of it all. When I saw the shamrock chiselled above the barrack door, and beheld the squalor, my teeth clinched, and I all but wished to God that it were lawful to put dynamite under the whole thing and shoot it into the clouds, with all its dirt, villainy, infamy, and detestation, as Sarsfield shot the Brandenburgers. My route would have led me straight on through a continuation of this street; but, another and a cleaner way offering, I turned from it.

Is there a future life? Is there an eternity? Do those people ever think of it? Are they endeavoring to prepare for it? What is the life in those back lanes? What are the hearts of those mothers like? Is there peace there? Is there happiness? What will those children grow up to be? Will those tobacco-chewing boys, when they get older, be married to those giddy, sickly-looking girls I met along the streets? I could

have cried for utter inability to help or even to understand.

Oh, that some one would tempt those poor people to the innocent country, and give them the means of living happily, if moderately, there! Or, failing this, oh, that some one would devise a scheme to sweep away those fetid lanes and courts and alleys, and build decent, unpretentious cottages, where God's image may lie and rise, may have food and peace, may rest and pray! With envy, in scenes like this, one recalls the sacred words: "Juda and Israel were innumerable, as the sands of the sea in multitude; eating and drinking and rejoicing.... And they dwelt without any fear, everyone under his vine and under his own fig-tree...."*

We are here with our feet at the threshold of the poorhouse. Goldsmith tells of a prisoner that had been the greater part of his life in jail—from the time when he was a young man till he had grown old and weary; and when in his eightieth year he was liberated, he begged to be sent back to prison again. His cell had become his home. Perhaps it is so with those who would exchange the workhouse for the back lanes. And, after all, it is quite intelligible. Old cronies, old firesides, sometimes old thirst, but above and beyond all the old, old desire of freedom ingrafted in us all. Cleanliness is to be commended and desired, pure air is sweet and invigorating, the conversation of the nuns something sacred; but there is one thing dearer to the heart than all this. Charles Lamb tells us what it is—"the old familiar faces,"—ah, yes, the old familiar faces!

I went through the hospital. "Grace in the kitchen and grace in the hall,"—death in the ward and death in the garret. The poor fever boy is dead; the poor sparrow-child is dead! Eternal light and rest to both! Amen.

Monday.—It was raining again this morning after Mass. Breakfast over, three old women for Holy Viaticum and five men in the consumptive ward. Do you wish to see miserable humanity? If so, go into the consumptive ward of a hospital. Custom makes one callous to many things, but custom seems only to sink the details of this fell disease deeper and deeper, as if cut with a knife, into one's heart. Your ears are assailed not so much by a chorus of coughing as by a chorus sadly out of tune. Musical instruments playing in harmony are heavenly; out of tune, they are something horrible. And if things which in themselves are really delightful jar on the ear when intermixed and crossing, what must be the effect of a Babel of sounds each of which is of its own essence grating and discordant? You wish they would stop and have done with it, but there is no stop; no cessation; and if a stop be here, then there is a sudden outburst beyond.

Your eyes look at the way the patients lie: there is weariness, exhaustion in the posture. You bring your eyes to the face: pallid features, hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, damp hair, wasted lips, slender neck; or brilliant eyes, hectic cheeks, and all but blooming features; teeth gone or decaying, bloodless gums, bony fingers. Your imagination will picture to you—if it does not revolt from the task—the use and necessity of these cups resting on the bed. You will hear the attempts, the pitiable striving and straining to expectorate; and when that has been accomplished, the sigh of relief as the poor patient lies back, or the hopeless courage by which he meets another storm of coughing, bitter and trying as the last. But come away. Alas! alas!

Two baptisms are awaiting me in the chapel. They turn out to be a little boy and a little girl; both fine children, and both, thank God! the issue of legitimate marriages. I am not expected to moralize

* III. Kings, iv, 20, 25.

or preach any sermon, or cry "Woe to the world!" when the children are legitimate or illegitimate; and so I merely do the work and pass on.

I was just about to leave when the official in charge of the women's lunatic ward came to me. One of her patients was very ill. I had heard those poor things babbling away their complaints idly to the air: now I must go among them.

A spacious yard called "the women's lunatic." A number of women are walking about or sitting down. Some are silent, some are talking. They do not see us, and, as we do not wish to be detained unnecessarily, we push on. We enter a large apartment on the ground-floor. There are seats by the wall, and, with the exception of the pillars supporting the apartments overhead, there is no furniture whatever. We move on toward the staircase. Some of the patients rise to "reverence the clergy," for all here are by no means confirmed lunatics. We ascend the staircase and enter the dormitory. Some are in bed and unable to leave it, and some are sitting by their bedside. The windows are strongly barred, and everything is removed that could afford an opportunity of self-destruction. In one of these beds lies the patient. She is sane but deaf. The others peep up from the bedclothes to see the intruders; but the wards-woman approaches them and they duck down again. You will be disappointed: there is nothing extraordinary here. All is quite as like an ordinary hospital ward as could be, except the constant and unmeaning "gibberish."

But, poor patients, when they see an outsider coming among them, I wonder what they think? Do they recall the pleasures and the friends of other days? Or is all a blank in their memory? The full possession of our senses is a valuable gift, but not always an unalloyed one. I am tempted to question at times

whether it were not happier to have the memory all a blank than to have sad recollections whispering to one, "I was not always so! There was a time when I was not shut up in a lunatic ward!" And in this place there are some who have seen better days.

In the evening a sick call to the fever hospital. "The shades of night were falling fast" as I put the key in the door that let me in. It was a woman who had been admitted yesterday. She was a fat, heavy person, about forty years of age. Her breathing seemed very much labored; this was the worst symptom of the case,—it is by no means a favorable one. The nurse was preparing linseed meal poultices to apply to the chest. That, of course, was to ease the lungs and give them all the fair play possible. I anointed her.

There was something weird in all the shaved heads of the fever patients appearing above the clothes and gleaming unnatural in the light of the night-lamps. I confess I felt as if I should like to sit down and read some book that spoke of harrowing scenes—war or solitude or danger. Instinctively, my mind seemed to feel that there would be a fitness in such a thing,—the silent ward with its half dozen feverish beds, the increasing darkness outside, the shadows and darkneses of the corners where the low light of the lamp—the intentionally low light—failed to penetrate.

I did not sit, however, to read of hairbreadth escapes, lonely wildernesses, tigers, precipices or gunpowder. Instead I went through the convalescent wards, and found some of my former patients enjoying themselves around the fire. As I passed outward I heard the schoolgirls singing delightfully one of the chants the good nuns had taught them.

Tuesday.—Another wet morning,—pouring as it had never poured before. Said Mass; went through the general hospital. For a wonder, there was but

one call: a poor old woman who seemed almost to have arrived at the end of her tether! On different occasions I have given her Holy Viaticum, but I suspect she has now received It for the last time. There was a sweet expression on her face; if not handsome, she must have seemed gentle and mild-looking when young. Her back was propped up with pillows. She was unable to support her head steadily, and it fell powerless to one side. She was hardly able to speak: you had to guess from the movement of her lips whether she understood you or not.

As you sat by her side you found that heavy, unpleasant odor which, despite every precaution, always attends the sick—foul breath, diseased perspiration. Long since you were familiar with that villainous scent, but to-day it was all but intolerable. The nurse gave the poor woman a drink of water, to see if she could swallow. The twinges on the face showed the pain it caused her to do so. However, I decided to give her Holy Viaticum, and she succeeded in swallowing the Sacred Host.

I always like to see a person receiving Holy Viaticum. In the whole course of a man's relations with God nothing seems to me so consoling as Holy Viaticum at the hour of death. I can not bring myself to think that a person devoutly receiving Holy Viaticum can be lost. In that event the Lord Jesus would seem to me—if I may say so reverently—to act as a one who inspires false hope. He comes here meekly to a soul, and by and by will He receive that soul sternly and fling it from Him forever? I can not think it. On the contrary, I reason thus, and it gives me unspeakable peace and happiness:

He deigns to come to me now, although in a short while I am to stand before His throne. But why does He come? He is my Father, He has a father's love. He is the Lord Jesus that died for me. He has, then, a Saviour's compassion. Mingling the two

together—the Father's love and the Saviour's compassion,—He comes to give me courage and peace, to tell me not to be afraid. Has He, so to speak, travelled from heaven? And for what? Simply to lead me to heaven. No doubt if I have forgotten Him all my life in His Sacramental Presence, if my Communion have been a mere matter of form, it is possible He may permit this last to be added to the rest; but if, on the contrary, I have tried to love Him in the Blessed Sacrament, and if when I received Him in Holy Communion I endeavored to do so with a trusting heart,—oh, then, how could it be otherwise than that, desirous to bless me for a lifelong faith and love, He comes in this last hour of my life as a Friend from the heavens to a poor friend on the earth? "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life in him, and I will raise him up on the last day."

May I not be bold to say to Him, "Lord, do to me as I have done to Thee? When Thou camest to me in Thy weakness, remember I did not cast Thee away, I did not spurn Thee from me, though I could have done it. Oh, I beseech Thee in return cast me not away from before Thy throne forever! I tried to receive Thee with all the love of which I was capable; and I wished that my heart were bigger, holier, purer, that so I might more worthily receive Thee. Were it as big as the universe, as holy as the blessed, as grand as the angels, as rich as the heavens, that is what I should have liked. Nothing would have been too good for Thee! So let Thy Sacred Heart now receive me, not as the rigid judge, but as the bountiful, the lavishly bountiful, Saviour. 'Sweet Jesus, be not to me a judge, but a Saviour!'"* It is a blessed thing to receive Holy Viaticum in our dying hour, and may the Lord Jesus in His

* St. Jerome Emilianus. 100 days' indulgence.

goodness favor us with that blessing!

In the evening I heard some confessions both in the men's and the women's hospital. To-morrow morning I shall go there again to administer Holy Communion. What a blessing it must be to the wards to have the Blessed Sacrament brought into them so frequently! And what a blessing to him who carries It!

"In those days Ezechias was sick even to death; and Isaías, the son of Amos the prophet, came to him and said: Thus saith the Lord: Take order with Thy house; for thou shalt die, and not live. And Ezechias turned his face toward the wall and prayed to the Lord, saying: I beseech Thee, O Lord! remember how I have walked before Thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in Thy sight! And Ezechias wept with great weeping. And the word of the Lord came to Isaías, saying: Go and say to Ezechias: Thus saith the Lord the God of David thy father: I have heard thy prayer and I have seen thy tears: behold, I will add to thy days fifteen years."*

"Ezechias turned his face toward the wall," observes St. Jerome, writing on the prophecies of Isaías,—“that is, to the wall of the Temple; for beside it Solomon had built his palace. And, hearing that he was going to die, he did not ask for life and many years, but left all in the hands of God. For thus, he knew, did Solomon please God, because he did not ask for length of days. Going to the Lord, therefore, he narrated what he had done, and how he had walked before Him in simplicity, sincerity, and with a perfect heart. O happy conscience which in time of affliction is encouraged by the remembrance of good works! Blessed, truly, are the pure of heart; for they shall see God!”

When I was done with the confessions I went to the fever hospital to look after

the cases there. The woman I anointed last night was no worse, though not yet out of danger. Her breathing was still heavy and muffled. I found the whole family that was so ill last week sitting by the fire, chatting.

As I was returning I heard voices in the little girls' playground. I opened the door and looked in. The children were divided in five or six groups, each group walking two deep, in a promenade, and reciting the Rosary. The evening had become fine,—and, oh, those innocent children reciting the Rosary in the moonlight under the shade of the tall trees!

(To be continued.)

Called of God.

IT was a beautiful, calm autumnal day. The frost of the previous night had vanished under the genial rays of the sun; no cloud dimmed the blue expanse of heaven; no wintry blast disturbed the tranquil repose of Nature in her “calm decay”; only a few sere and yellow leaves floated gently down, “each to its rest beneath its parent shade.” Did Earth desire once more to appear in her festal robes before winter began its dreary reign? Or was the face of Nature lighted up for one brief moment, on this All Souls' Day, by a reflection of the supernal radiance of those happy souls above, who, having sown in tears, now reap in joy?

From the cemetery in the vicinity of a small town in Germany came, borne on the still air, the strains of a sweet and pathetic melody, sung by children's voices: “How they so softly rest, all, all the holy dead!” They fell on the ear of a young man who stood, leaning on the gate of the cemetery, lost in thought. Why they touched him so deeply he could not tell: he had often heard much better singing; yet the simple strains went to his heart, attuned

* Isa., xxxviii, 1-5.

as they were to his own melancholy mood, and awakened within him emotions to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

"Who," he asked himself, "has now been laid to rest? An old man weary of life, or one whose career was but just begun? One to whom life was a painful burden, or one who went on his way rejoicing? Some mortal who has lived and suffered, and who now enjoys rest from his labors? But they speak also of meeting again,—of meeting how and where?"

Just at that moment the last words of the chant reached his listening ear: "Until the Angel calls them, they slumber."

The Resurrection! How little he knew or thought about this, or indeed about any of the truths of Christianity! He had grown up to man's estate as one spiritually dead, a mere machine; one who allowed himself no independent thought or action, in whom all religious aspirations had been stifled at their birth; one whose motto was work, hard work, to make money.

Early deprived of both parents, he and his little sister Margaret had found a shelter in the house of relatives. It was neither compassion nor a sense of kinship that induced them to offer a home to the desolate, penniless orphans: it was merely pride, which could not tolerate the idea of their being recipients of public charity.

The young man's childhood and youth were sad and sunless. His relatives were destitute of all good-feeling and compelled him, greatly against his will, to take part in their business at a very early age. Under most unfavorable circumstances, both for his physical and still more for his moral welfare, he served his time, earning his bread in bitterness of spirit.

But that was not the worst. Even more than on his own account he felt his dependent position for the sake of his

sister—a pale, delicate child. She was the apple of his eye, the one thing on earth that he loved; she had remained good and pure, in spite of her undesirable surroundings. He could not help seeing that she was tolerated only because of him: that she was regarded as a mere encumbrance, of whom her relatives would gladly be rid, since she was unable to earn. Oh, how he longed to be a man, to earn his own living, if only for Margaret's sake! He would have gone away to shift for himself long ago, had he been able to take her with him; but, alas! his hands were bound as by iron fetters.

At last, however, the hour of deliverance struck: he was of age, he was free. How thankful he was, if only for his little sister's sake! He sought, and sought successfully, a situation in a much larger house of business, where he should receive a good salary. As soon as, by extreme thrift and denying himself all that was not absolutely necessary, he had got together a sufficient sum, he told Margaret of his intentions and took her to a convent school.

"I entrust to you my dearest earthly treasure," he said to the superior. "Give her the care, the instruction of which I have been deprived. Teach her all that she ought to know; make her forget all that she has had to suffer in her childhood. All I wish is that she may be happy here."

The nun looked at him kindly, though somewhat in surprise.

"Happy?" she said. "I trust so, with the help of God. And I hope you will enjoy happiness too."

"No, no!" he rejoined, in a slightly embarrassed manner. "I am thinking only of Margaret. In spite of adverse circumstances, she has a thoroughly contented mind, a bright, cheerful disposition; an amount of patience, too, which to me is perfectly incomprehensible. And she has remained good and innocent, although God knows there

was little good to be seen around her. But as for me, you do not know—you can not realize—what it is, while still a child, to be obliged to wade through all manner of moral depravity, to hear things that could have been devised only by an evil spirit; then to grow up without any definite belief,—nay, with only the most superficial knowledge of religion; to be kept by godless foster-parents in a state of spiritual starvation! I entreat you let my sister fare better in every way than I have done. I want her to be happy—to be kept from all mental suffering—”

“But, my dear sir,” the nun broke in, “is it too late for you? Can you not, ought you not, now that you are your own master, try to attain that of which you were deprived in your early years by no fault of your own?”

The young man was silent for a brief moment.

“I can not,—I am too old,” he said in a low voice. “I have seen too much evil, suffered too many hardships to believe in a just and merciful God.”

Then, stopping abruptly, he took his leave, not wanting to be drawn into making further confidences to a woman; from this his masculine pride shrank.

The parting from his little sister was almost like a physical pain; and only the conviction that she would be well cared for—far better than if she were with him—softened the poignancy of his grief. Then once more he plunged into the whirl of business, with its thousand worries, struggles and vicissitudes. But the pleasure he formerly took in his work seemed to be gone since he had seen the tranquil convent, with its atmosphere of peace and of repose, that was like an oasis in the desert of life. How worthless, how contemptible a thing life appeared to him now! When his work met with approval, and popular applause greeted him, he felt as if he would gladly have withdrawn to some remote corner of the

world where he should be hidden, where no one should see or hear him. The indescribable yearning of his heart that had troubled him ever since he was of an age to think now made itself felt more forcibly, with a painful insistence. Although his thoughts always turned to Margaret and the quiet convent, he was fully aware that it was something else for which he longed,—something higher, far beyond the things of time and sense.

Was it that the Lord and ruler of all hearts, seeing his good will, was drawing this soul toward Himself? The great and bountiful God never allows Himself to be outdone in generosity by His creatures, and this young man had worked faithfully with the little that had been given to him. Fear, reverence and love for the great unknown Being, who was to him only the Creator and Preserver of the universe, together with a natural refinement and nobility of character, had induced him to do many a good action, and always kept him from falling into any grievous sin, in spite of his impetuous nature, and all the evil that from his earliest years he had seen around him.

One fact, of which hitherto he had had only a dim foreboding, now took definite form within his mind. It was this: his present work was not his vocation,—he had been forced into it in violence to his own wishes; and now that he had overcome all the initial difficulties, now that he was master of his own future and could turn to good account the power he had acquired,—now his heart felt empty and void; he experienced a disgust for his calling, as if it were something reprehensible; he was heart-sick and weary.

“I shall come to see you at Christmas, Maggie,” he had said, to cheer his little sister at parting. And now, although it was only All Souls’ Day, he had already made his way back to the little town where his one treasure was to be found,

and was standing, his heart beating high with anticipation, at the gate of the cemetery. He eagerly looked forward to seeing his sister again; and—he could not conceal it from himself—as much, even more perhaps, to visiting the quiet convent, the almost supernatural peace and repose of which had made so deep an impression upon him. He had never felt anything of the kind before. He was acquainted only with the turmoil of the busy, noisy world, with its wickedness, its egotism, its self-seeking, where the weaker is crushed under foot, and Might too often takes the place of Right; where all are engrossed in the pursuit of material interests, and the existence of the soul is a mere shadowy idea. How different everything was here!

The cemetery was situated on an eminence not far from the entrance to the little town. Nearer heaven; elevated, as it seemed, above what was mean and degrading in human life; remote from the sin and misery of mankind; God's acre, recalling the paradise our first parents lost,—it was a true resting-place for the soul. As the young man stood there at the gate of that quiet spot, and listened to the children singing, it seemed to him that he was standing at the parting of the ways, and no power on earth could force him to return to his former course of life.

He sauntered slowly along the well-trodden path of the cemetery toward the spot whence the sounds came. The singing had just ceased, and a venerable priest was pronouncing the last prayers beside the freshly-made grave. At their close he delivered a brief address, which was indeed no funeral oration, but rather a hymn of praise to God, who is glorious in His saints.

"Being made perfect in a short space, she fulfilled a long time,"—these words were his theme, as he depicted in glowing terms the innocent soul of the pure young girl,—the wise virgin who, with her lamp alight, had gone forth to meet

her Lord, and who had been held in such high esteem by those who stood around her grave. In conclusion he exhorted those present to bear in remembrance the beloved departed one, and follow her bright example.

Now for the first time the solitary stranger, who hitherto had stood apart, looked more closely at the group of mourners. Did his eyes deceive him or did he really see among the crowd of bystanders the superiress of the convent, the teacher, Sister Celestine, the pupils amongst whom he had left his darling sister? With almost feverish anxiety he scanned the faces of the girls. Where they were Margaret must be too. Yet eagerly as he looked he could not descry her beloved features: she was not among them. Could she be ill? It was several weeks since he had heard from her. His calling obliged him to be moving about, and she could not always know where he was. And, then, he had not told her he was coming, as he wished it to be a surprise. Nothing on earth could have induced him to stay away any longer; and now that he was there what had happened?

Filled with torturing anxiety and apprehension, he hastened toward the Reverend Mother. She caught sight of him, and the expressive features of the elderly religious assumed a look of sorrowful surprise and motherly compassion. Oh, now he knew only too well what that look meant, and an unspeakable pang of anguish rent his heart! Was it possible, could it be that the young girl who had just been laid to rest was his Margaret, his jewel, for whose sake he had endured so much, who had been his good genius? Could she have been snatched from him at the very moment when he needed her so sorely, when she had made such progress on the path upon which he was about to enter? No, surely the God of love of whom the Sister had spoken could not be so stern, so cruel!

He felt that he must put uncertainty to rest, and as soon as the mourners had somewhat dispersed he went up to the superior, who, with Sister Celestine, lingered behind.

"Reverend Mother," he began, and deadly anguish rang in his words, "tell me what has happened? I read the answer in your face, yet it can not—it can not be!"

"My friend," and the kind old nun laid a sympathizing hand upon his arm, "be brave. You have already guessed the truth. God has taken our little angel home. She was too good for this world. She was ill only a few days, and—she was so glad to go home, she longed so ardently for heaven. She was so thankful for the great privilege of having learned under our roof to know the Saviour, and she could imagine no greater happiness than to love and serve Him. She was an example to all of us, and her only regret was that she could not share her happiness with her beloved brother—and now, my friend," observed the good religious, interrupting herself, for she saw that the young man could no longer repress the rising tide of his grief, "weep out your heart beside her grave,—in hours of sorrow one loves to be alone. Afterward you must come to the convent. We will talk about your darling sister, who was inexpressibly dear to us also."

Then the two religious went away.

He had listened as one in a dream. He could not realize what he had heard. The truth had burst upon him with such terrible swiftness that he felt almost stunned. So she had gone! Never more should he behold her sweet, sunny face, her engaging smile. Never more should he hear the gentle accents of warning, by which she so well understood how to restrain him from many a folly, never more should he hear them. And the fair, youthful form in which the pure soul had dwelt was lying cold and lifeless in the dark and dreary grave!

Grief and despair seized upon him with the violent emotion peculiar to his passionate temperament; he flung himself down on the newly-made grave, groaning aloud, and pressed his burning cheeks upon the cool, moist earth.

Gradually the violence of his grief abated and he was able to think calmly of all that had happened. The last words the Sister had uttered, telling him that Maggie's only sorrow had been the thought of her dearly-loved brother, had made a deep impression upon him. No one certainly could know better than she did what was lacking to him. She knew what his life had been, and he had allowed no one else to read his inmost soul. Now she was far removed from all earthly suffering, all distress of mind. Would she remember him before the throne of God? Would she obtain for him by her prayers that which he desired so earnestly? The conviction that she would do so served to soothe and console him.

When he presented himself to the Reverend Mother in the parlor of the convent, he could listen calmly to the details she gave him about Margaret, and the account of her last days. But not of this alone did the experienced, wise and pious nun speak. Her natural sagacity, and the rare gift she possessed of reading the heart, had enabled her in her first interview with the young man to discern in him an earnest seeker after truth, a soul in which divine grace was at work. And now, after he had under the influence of her maternal sympathy laid bare unreservedly his hopes and aspirations, his struggles and conflicts, she felt no hesitation in telling him that God was calling him to a higher life. When their conversation was ended, she conducted him to the chapel, and left him there alone, saying: "Now take counsel of Him who alone is able to help you."

Thus for the first time in his life he knelt in fervent prayer before the

sanctuary, in the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. And now, when the dew of grace was freely distilled upon him from above, and his soul for the first time was immersed in the ocean of divine love, scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and he saw clearly that it was this for which, even in his childhood, his heart had unconsciously yearned. He saw how all the anguish, the struggles of his later years were owing to the fetters whereby his soul was enslaved and bound to earth, when it longed to rise above creatures, to reach and rest in its Creator and first beginning. Now his soul was free. Unspeakable happiness, such as he had never known before, filled his heart. He resolved to keep his freedom—the freedom of the children of God—for time and for eternity.

He kept most faithfully the promise he made to his God in the convent chapel that fateful All Souls' Day. He heard the call of grace, and obeyed it willingly. At the present time he is one of the most active and zealous laborers in the vineyard of the Lord: the beloved and revered pastor, the wise teacher and guide of a Christian community in far-off Africa. Every day, with heartfelt joy and gratitude, he calls to mind the loving guidance of the Lord, who led him in so marvellous a way. And each year as All Souls' Day comes round it is a joyful anniversary for him; since he can not forget that on that day his new life began: that it marked his entrance upon the possession of the happiness he now enjoys, which alone can perfectly satisfy the heart.

THE test of friendship is its fidelity when every charm of fortune and environment has been swept away, and the bare, undraped character alone remains. If love still holds steadfast, and the joy of companionship survives in such an hour, the fellowship becomes a beautiful prophecy of immortality.—*Mabie.*

Prayers for the Dead.

THERE is one long and endless procession in which all men, whatever be their rank or position, march side by side. Forever being depleted, yet forever recruited, its columns press onward shoulder to shoulder; impelled by an inevitable law, a force which there is no resisting. Young children, youths and maidens in the first flush of life, men and women in their prime, others feeble and decrepit with age,—without distinction of any kind, be they virtuous or sinners, powerful or humble, all must succumb to the decree which is the portion of humanity. At the moment of death all men are equal, and nothing is more deeply implanted in the human soul than the conviction that all men must die. "It is appointed for all men once to die," says Holy Scripture; "and after that the judgment."

And here it is that the Church, supreme consolatrix, intervenes—at the threshold of the tomb. Devotion and prayer for the dead is as old almost as the cradle of the human race. In the darkest ages of paganism there were few who believed in a future life who did not also believe in an intermediate state where souls were purified; and we know that among the Jews, for so many centuries the chosen people of God, prayers for the dead were as common as those for the living. With the same infallible tact and delicacy which has always characterized the Church in her outward expression of inward forms of devotion, she has made her liturgy for the dead a masterpiece of harmony as well as a beautiful and fervent expression of piety.

Before the open tomb, wherein to the unbelieving and despairing heart all earthly hopes often lie buried, she stands with uplifted eyes and folded hands, murmuring prayers of consolation and

chanting anthems of hope and triumph. The liturgy of the dead comprises: 1st, the feast or commemoration; 2d, the procession and the Office; 3d, the Mass for the Dead and for the anniversary; 4th, the absolution.

The Feast or Commemoration of All Souls, which is celebrated on the 2d of November, was instituted by a Benedictine abbot of Cluny, St. Odo, in the tenth century. This date was chosen because of its proximity to the Feast of All Saints. It is but fitting, after we have celebrated the joy and glory of the blessed in heaven, that we should turn our thoughts to those who still suffer in purgatory because of their sins. However, there existed before that date, among the Greeks, and even among the Latins, a day set apart and consecrated to prayers for the dead. Moreover, the Church, like a good mother, had special prayers offered for the most abandoned souls. For when did a mother ever forget the children whom all the rest of the world had discarded or forgotten?

The Office for the Dead, which in many places is recited publicly in the church on the eve of All Souls' as a preparation for the solemn festival of the morrow, is composed of various psalms suitable to the occasion. The theme is always the same, and is most impressive and imposing. The lessons are taken from the Book of Job. A more suitable choice could not possibly have been made. In the face of death the afflicted soul makes his plaint to the Lord of life and death. But, lo! after these lamentations, so soul-piercing and full of anguish, follows the cry of faith and confidence: "Deliver me, O Lord, and draw me near to Thee, and then no hand shall prevail against me! For I know that my Redeemer liveth; and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth; and I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God; whom I myself shall see, and my

eyes shall behold, and not another. This my hope is laid up in my bosom." What human speech can reach the eloquence of this inspiration? It is easy to understand why the Church has chosen it for the Office of the Dead. This choice dates back to a remote period; and on the gravestones and tombs of past ages can yet be found many texts from the Book of Job, showing a belief in the resurrection of the body.

But there is still something higher—the perpetual Sacrifice which is being constantly offered up from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. It is, *par excellence*, the prayer of Christianity. And so the dead have a special Mass accorded them. From St. Cyprian and Tertullian we learn that it was customary to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the departed on the anniversary of their death. It was probably during the fourth century that this distinct Mass was established. And it is so beautiful, so touching, so inspiring, with its ever-recurring "Give them, O Lord, eternal rest and let perpetual light shine upon them!" And, then, the *Dies Iræ*, solemn, majestic, prayerful, penetrating to the very depths of the soul. It is the grandest, most terrible of anthems; and the sweeping force with which it has appealed to lovers of poetry as well as to devout souls may be seen in the number of translations of it from the pens of eminent non-Catholic writers.

The absolution follows the Mass. How like drops of dew falls this fervent supplication on the souls of the mourners about to place their loved one in the darkness of the tomb! "Enter not into judgment, O Lord, with Thy servant, Thou in whose sight no man shall be justified; but grant him pardon and remission of all his sins!" And so on to the *Libera*, that prayer-poem for the dead; and when it has been sung, again the voice of consolation murmurs in accents of faith and entreaty: "May the angels conduct thee to Paradise!

May the martyrs receive thee and conduct thee to the holy city of Jerusalem!"

And now at the grave the priest stands in surplice and stole, sprinkling holy water on the coffin, which has been silently and reverently lowered between the walls of freshly dug earth, the scent and sight of which are a perpetual memory to the stricken mourners who surround the grave. Tears, yes, and sobs and sometimes bitter wailing; but, like a note of triumph out of the darkness of desolation, hear the final verse of the Church's liturgy: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, even though he be dead, shall live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall not taste death forever."

It is finished. The earth drops with a heavy thud upon the coffin lid; soon the memorial stone will be placed above the freshly sodded grave. Here begins for the one who lies beneath a new life—the disintegration of the body, the mortal shell which once enclosed the immortal spirit. But, remembering the words of the liturgy, we are consoled; for they reiterate again and again, "May eternal light shine upon them! May they rest in peace!" Hopeful words! Let us not forget to repeat them, confident that, their days of probation passed, our loved ones will repose, as the Church teaches us, forever in the illimitable peace and joy of God.

Lacordaire's Advice.

Pray regularly morning and night, read a short passage from the Gospel, go to confession and Communion every month, observe some little practice of penance to keep you clean of heart and to preserve you from the spirit of the world. That little will be enough to support you, to elevate you above a merely sensuous life, to bind you to God, to rejoice and comfort you.

Notes and Remarks.

Concurrently with the demand from many quarters in our own country for religious education comes the denunciation of the lay schools of France as causes of the constantly increasing records of crime in the land of the anti-clericals. In France as elsewhere it is being superabundantly proved that purely secular instruction provides not even the feeblest of barriers against criminality. For the last twenty years these lay schools have practically had their own way in many parts of the French republic; and official statistics show that, entirely synchronous therewith, there has been a steady lowering in the standard of juvenile morality. From year to year the number of youthful criminals is increasing at a rate calculated to fill a French philosopher with legitimate dread of the future. How long will it take the rulers of States to learn that morality inevitably disappears with religion, that dechristianizing the school is tantamount to demoralizing the young? "When M. Combes," says a French publicist, "has completed what he calls his task—when there is no longer in France a single Christian school, when the principles and maxims of secular morality reign supreme in the classroom,—then we shall see criminality rise to the most frightful degree of social perversion. And then it will be demonstrated that the Godless school has served only to develop precocity of evil in the young, and to raise the tide of crime to a level at which a nation should cease to pass for a civilized people."

Sir Horace Plunkett is an admirable subject for such a pen as Katharine Tynan Hinkson wields. Writing in the *Fortnightly*, she says: "Sir Horace Plunkett is, of course, a Protestant; but he has probably done more to close the sectarian gulf between Protestants

and Catholics in Ireland than any other man. His humor plays about this grave subject, as when he said at a meeting in Belfast where he tried to coax the Orangemen out of their sectarian cave: 'We all know that those who differ from us in matters of religion will be adequately punished hereafter. So why harbor bad feeling now?'" This is a good suggestion to make to bigots of all creeds, who still think people must hate one another for the love of God. In his work of conciliation, however, Sir Horace has found the Protestant far more irreconcilable than the Catholic party to the quarrel. As Mrs. Hinkson says: "The easy-going Catholic Celt could get on with his Orange neighbor all the year round. It is the Orangeman who, after working amicably beside the Catholic all the months up to the 12th of July, on that most immortal of the dogdays suddenly sees red, and begins to fling bolts and rivets at his former friend and neighbor."

In reviewing a recent work by M. Thureau-Dangin dealing with the Oxford Movement, etc., the editor of *Catholic Book Notes* quotes some advice which this eminent French layman gives to his coreligionists in England, adding that it may well be laid to heart. We are of the same opinion. M. Dangin urges Catholics, "in place of taunting Anglicans for what they still lack, rather to admire the effort by which they have won back, piece by piece, the truth lost for three hundred years. If they grope, stop short, and even seem for a while to fall back, let us not be surprised.... Be it ours rather to recall the long years of Newman's agonized wrestling, and of Manning's, in the presence of a truth which, for all it was near at hand, they dared not grasp. Let our attitude toward those in similar straits be devoid of irritation or contempt; on the contrary, be it ours to give them the sympathy and respect which they

deserve. There is, let us be sure of this, much honesty of purpose in these men; there are many hindrances before them: the honesty of purpose will endure, the hindrances fall away."

Catholics everywhere would do well to act upon this advice, which has an application to all classes of Protestants. If Newman were still living it would delight him to read these wise and gracious words. He once wrote in the same terms to an eminent English convert, a valued friend, in whom he had detected a disposition to be harsh toward those left outside.

Although a strong Republican, Judge Baker, of Omaha, associate justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico, makes no concealment of his high regard for Americans of Spanish or Mexican descent. He said on a recent occasion:

When I went back to my old home the last time, some of my friends tried to make the people of New Mexico ridiculous in my eyes by calling them "Greasers." I returned promptly that I would sooner have any case at law tried by a jury of these same Americans of Mexican descent or Spanish blood than the sort of jury I had found in Omaha. That expresses my opinion of them precisely. They are good sons, husbands and fathers; and their children are brought up religiously and well. When they come before me for jury service I find them fully intelligent, not in the least intimidated by wealth or bewildered by the bluster of attorneys, and with a scrupulous regard for their oath that is fine to see. They live contentedly, simply and well in their homes. They are accustomed to hard labor with patience. They are thrifty, and they are ambitious for their children, always giving them as good an education as their means allow. I am not a Roman Catholic, but I find the children of that Church make good citizens here; and the priests in New Mexico are liberal and intellectual men, who teach and uphold American ideals. Our Spanish-American population is a reason for taking the Territories into the Union, not for keeping them out.

Judge Baker must know why New Mexico is kept out of the Union, and other Republicans have been known to state the reason in plainest terms. If the residents of New Mexico were

Protestants and could be trusted to "vote right," the Territory would have been elevated to statehood long ago.

From the tone of the French governmental press, it would seem that from day to day new recruits are being added to the number of those who favor the denunciation of the Concordat, and the separation of Church and State. Even those journals which protest that they do not desire the abolition of the Concordat at present, speak of its abolition as a measure bound to come, and declare that the actual relations between the State and the Church can not long endure. This last prediction may be accepted as true without one's being forced to conclude that the Concordat must go by the board. It is quite within the range of possible legislation that the State may modify her rule sufficiently to do away with the intolerable features which M. Combes has rather *read into* than *found in* the Concordat.

The late Father Doresawmy Nader, a native priest of Southern India, was the discoverer of a cure for cholera which is said to have proved efficacious in numberless cases. Besides being a devoted missionary, beloved by his bishop and fellow-priests, he was also a distinguished physician and a skilful musician. He is credited with a share in adapting native music to European notation. His mother, who was a woman of remarkable faith and piety, lived to see two of her sons elevated to the priesthood.

There are certain imprescriptible rights which no latter-day theory or twentieth-century mechanical progress will induce American mothers to forgo. So we don't believe that the adoption, by the State training school of Minnesota, of a spanking machine, "which supersedes the previous form of punishment by hand power," will ever become popular

in the kitchens, the attics, or the woodsheds of this great country. Superintendents may report as enthusiastically as they please that "the machine works very satisfactorily and can be easily regulated"; but the overwhelming majority of youthful Americans who need discipline will continue to receive it in old-fashioned ways—from the hand alone or from the hand-wielded slipper or shingle. Spanking by machinery! Why, Minnesota might as well advocate caudle lectures by phonograph.

There is a rather remarkable essay in the October issue of the *North American Review* on "The International Position of the Pope." The author, Mr. James Gustavus Whiteley, has made a specialty of international law and diplomatic history; he is a valued contributor to English, French and Belgian reviews, and has been sometimes sent as the official delegate of our government to international congresses. Mr. Whiteley's essay is remarkable not only for the number of weighty declarations it contains, but also from the fact that it is impossible to make a digest of it, so compactly is it put together; however, these two paragraphs—the one at the beginning and the other at the conclusion of the article—may be reprinted as they stand:

The position of head of the Church, as Monsieur Bonfils says in his book on International Law, is not a local dignity. It is not Italian: it is universal. It has an essentially international character. Infallible legislator in matters of dogma and morals, supreme regulator of ecclesiastical discipline, chief of the hosts of the Church, the Pope, by the very force of circumstances, frequently intervenes in the internal affairs of a number of States. But those nations of which the population is partly or wholly Catholic can not allow the Pope to be the subject of any ruler. The Pope should be free and emancipated from subjection to any government whatever. The Sovereign Pontiff can not be the subject of any State....

The power of the Holy See over men's souls has been more durable than its power over their bodies. At the present day the Pope no longer claims the right to direct the temporal affairs of the world.

He no longer claims to be Lord Paramount of the kings of the earth in temporal matters.... The loss of the temporal possessions has in some ways, however, added to the dignity and authority of the Pope. His power, relieved from temporal localization, has increased throughout Christendom. His influence touches all countries. For an illustration, one has but to look at Spain, where for years Carlist agitation has been kept down and the dynasty of Alphonso has been upheld, largely through the influence of the late Pontiff. As Monsieur Rivier remarks in his great work on International Law: "If the successor of Gregory and of Innocent is not to-day the monarch of monarchs, the dispenser of crowns, the distributor of continents and oceans, he still personifies the greatest moral force of the world."

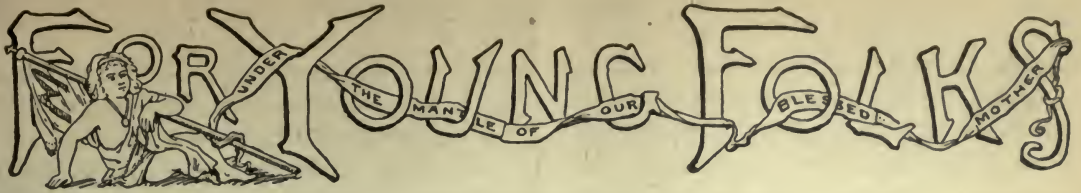
The death of Leo XIII. afforded the modern world an opportunity of manifesting its feeling for the Papacy, and the manifestation was such as Catholics can not soon forget. And most gratifying of all was the circumstance that, while his blameless and beneficent life received its due meed of recognition, the Papacy itself was acclaimed as never before since the division of Christendom.

Few persons besides those engaged in the nefarious work have any idea of the extent to which the adulteration of all sorts of food is now carried. A case of serious illness in one of our large cities during the past summer was the result of eating green cherries which had been subjected to an acid bath in order to give the appearance of ripeness. As with eatables so with drinkables. Pure wine in particular has become a positive rarity. A priest whose supply of altar wine had run out applied some time ago to a trusted friend, in the employ of a merchant who deals largely in domestic and imported liquors, for a small quantity of pure wine, explaining that it was for use at Mass. His astonishment may be imagined when the clerk told him, *sotto voce*, that there was not a bottle of wine in the whole establishment that he would recommend for the purpose. It was no surprise to us when, a few years ago,

a recommendation came from Rome urging that extra precautions be taken to secure suitable wine for the Holy Sacrifice. It is not enough nowadays to know the person from whom altar wine is purchased: one must know by whom it is made. It was with a view to remove all grounds for anxiety in a matter of such grave importance that the Bishop of Rochester planted vineyards at Hemlock Lake, N. Y. The clergy may rest assured that the wine made under his careful supervision is fit for sacred use. We very much fear that the same can not be said of *all* "altar wine."

It is refreshing to see twentieth-century science admitting that, after all, our great-grandfathers did know a little about natural phenomena, and were, for all practical purposes, as reliable weather prophets as are the scientific members of our official weather bureaus. "Old people," concedes the *Medical News*, "become walking barometers in their power to portend storms, because the lessened elasticity of their arterial and vascular system prevents or at least hampers those changes in the peripheral circulation which would compensate for variations in barometric pressure." This explanation would, of course, be Greek to the average old man; but the fact of his ability to predict weather changes, not the reason for that ability, is the main thing; and we cheerfully accept the twitchings of the "rheumatiz" as more reliable authority than "the probabilities" from Washington.

The spirit of mob rule, which of late years has so often prevailed in different parts of the United States, was well understood by wise old Socrates, who in his famous dialogue with Crito refers to "the doctrines of the multitude," who would be "as ready to restore people to life, if they were able, as they were to put them to death—and with as little reason."



The Lost Jewel of the Mortimers.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVII.—JOY ALL ROUND.

IT would be impossible to put into one chapter all those things which followed upon Julian's success; but his very first act was to summon his mother that she might share his triumph. Their meeting was a most affecting one, not easily to be set down in cold black and white. The mother was proud of her little knight; joyful, too; but fearful at times of the effect of success upon the character and future career of her boy.

At the request of Mr. Mortimer, she consented to take up her abode with her son in the mansion at Pine Bluff, with the stipulation that Julian should return to college and continue his education. From the very first the mother and son were full of projects which had for their ultimate aim the good of the greatest number. For Mrs. Robert always insisted that the fortune had been left them merely in trust, and that they had to consider what would have been the wishes of Anselm Benedict in its disposal. They felt sure that he would have been desirous of benefiting his descendants in every branch of the family, and also of advancing the interests of those who lived in the neighborhood of Pine Bluff as well as in the surrounding country.

Mr. Mortimer, who was now in the fullest sympathy and upon the most cordial terms with his daughter-in-law, entered heartily into all these schemes, and grew young again in his new enthusiasm. He was devoted to Julian, who, in his turn, regarded his grand-

father with the greatest affection, and treated him with a deference and consideration beautiful to see. He anticipated his wants, listened with interest and appreciation to all his sayings, knew where to find his favorite books and when to leave him to their undisturbed enjoyment. Julian, indeed, as the years went on, remained the same bright, manly, simple nature, interested in all about him and attracting universal love and sympathy. Unostentatiously pious and regular in all his religious duties, his example was as a beacon to all the country round, and had its effect even on the world-hardened character of his grandfather, who gradually turned from the things that are passing to those that are eternal.

Every year, upon the anniversary of the finding of the jewel—which, by the way, was to remain in its shimmering cushion of satin, within the little cabinet beside "St. Mary's picture," until Julian should be of age,—there was a gathering of the Mortimers, seniors and juniors, and a solemn visit to the once hidden room, where the ruby was displayed and passed around among them. Before departing they assembled also around the picture of Anselm Benedict; and this became a traditional custom, a ceremonial of great weight in the family. Even the most obscure member felt that it in some way enhanced his importance to be one of the group around the portrait of their brilliant and picturesque ancestor; the more so as, through Julian's influence, the chief incidents of his life and the most conspicuous traits in his character became familiarly known to them all.

From these family gatherings, however, Jake and his father were absent. Never once did they cross the threshold of the

mansion at Pine Bluff, though they were annually invited to do so. Julian had made over to Jake a handsome annuity, which the latter freely accepted, while openly expressing his hatred of the donor. He was heard of as an unscrupulous and over-sharp speculator in stocks, and bid fair, as his grandfather declared, to become a frequenter of bucket shops and other shady speculative resorts. Julian always thought with a kind of regretful pity of his cousin, and Julian's mother was full of sympathy for the erring lad and often deplored that they could do nothing whatever to help him.

Sedgwick received from the estate a very considerable sum indeed, as had been arranged by Anselm Benedict for any competitor who should have passed through many of the tests and acquitted himself honorably upon all occasions. And Wat was not forgotten; for, though he had not distinguished himself in any way, he had done nothing to forfeit the good opinion of those about him; and so he received a sufficient share of the fortune to delight him and his parents.

The two cousins spent nearly all their holidays, winter and summer, at the mansion of Pine Bluff; and their visits there were gala occasions indeed. They lived over again every incident of those memorable weeks when they had all been competitors for the Mortimer fortune and seekers after the jewel. There were, in the first place, many mysteries to unravel; and as many of these were connected with the grim and somewhat grotesque figure of Nicholas, the old man seemed to take particular pleasure in introducing the cousins to his most secret haunts.

For there was a whole labyrinth of secret passages and winding stairs,—some of them in the house and others without, leading into the forest or down to the cavern or the seashore. Most of them were known to the old servitor alone. He had spent many of his long

years of service in their hidden recesses, and had his own apartments where no prying eyes might look upon them. This circumstance, with the antique style of dress he affected, his taciturnity, and his singular manners and appearance, had gained for him among the people about the reputation of possessing occult powers. Many amongst the generations of Mortimers whom he served had not been altogether free from this superstition; and, being unable to account for his mysterious comings and goings, had been inclined to ascribe them to magic or at least to some inexplicable cause which it was impossible to discover.

As for the old man himself, he had been so long the guardian spirit of the place and the repository of all its secrets that he almost fancied himself to have always existed, and to have been at Pine Bluff when the mansion was erected in the pioneer days of Anselm Benedict. He was seldom distant from Julian, save when the latter was absent at college; and he loved him with a love which gradually blended, as Nicholas grew extremely aged and his powers began to fail, with the worshiping tenderness with which he regarded Anselm Benedict. To hear his fragments of talk it almost seemed as if, in some mysterious way, Julian the young and merry-hearted had changed places with that brilliant soldier of other days, who had long since moldered into dust in the family vault of the Mortimers. This peculiarity of Nicholas gave Julian himself an uncanny sensation, which he once confided to Sedgwick.

"He makes me feel rather like a boy in a fairy book," Julian declared, with a wry face.

"Well, you did go through adventures that beat the 'Wild West' tales all hollow," Sedgwick responded.

"So did you," said Julian.

"That's so, but I didn't come up to you. I didn't climb rickety stairs nor hear the big clock strike and suddenly

find myself in a wonderful room. Why, it's a good deal like the Arabian Nights, and I don't wonder the old man feels like handing you bouquets ever since."

"But he needn't mix me with Anselm Benedict," replied Julian; "though, of course, it's a compliment, because any fellow would be proud to be like him. I'm really fond of Nicholas," he added hastily, lest Sedgwick might infer from his remarks anything derogatory to that faithful servant.

"So am I. He's a first-rate old chap," agreed Sedgwick, cordially; "and he gives us no end of a good time when we come here."

"Do you remember all the names Jake used to call him?" asked Julian.

"You bet I do!" answered Sedgwick. "And I sometimes felt like joining in myself."

"We were all rather afraid of him."

"No wonder, curly pate," exclaimed Sedgwick, "when he could go through thick walls and hear what we said everywhere, and then speak at our very elbow! We had a glorious time, though, Julian; and I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"Neither would I," agreed Julian, enthusiastically, "even if I had never found the hidden room nor the lost jewel. I don't think any boys in our time ever had such queer experiences."

And they had a good many more, and very pleasant ones too. They encamped every summer for a few days in the forest, Nicholas remaining with them and supplying their every want. They made frequent visits to the old woman in the hut, who made fresh scones for them any day they wished, and gave them fresh milk from her cow. They became quite familiar with the supposed wild animal, which was indeed wild and fierce enough,—an enormous wolf hound, of a breed that had been kept there from father and son to terrify lawless intruders. Sometimes they went to the hut of the Mad Hermit, which was

hastening to decay, with all its curious contents. They heard many quaint tales of him, his life and his singular doings, from Nicholas, who remembered him as a boy just entering upon the competition; and they never forgot to say a prayer for his soul.

But perhaps their greatest treat was to go down for a few days at a time to the cavern of the forest, where, under the guidance of Nicholas, they were constantly discovering new mysteries: secret stairs, doors opening in the rocks, shelves sliding forth from hidden recesses, and panels answering to secret springs. Many of these things, as well as the underground passages which Sedgwick and Julian had traversed, had to do with the contraband trade,—a fascinating and unscrupulous calling, in which many were engaged in the unsettled pioneer times of the colonies; whilst some of the Mortimers, like others of their class, had their own dealings with the ruthless violators of the law.

It was rather a disappointment to the boys that the smugglers who had rendered memorable Julian's first visit to the cavern seemed to have completely disappeared. Whether they had been terrified by Nicholas' mysterious doings and by their belief in his occult powers, whether they had been alarmed by the appearance of Julian, or had in some other way been led to suppose that the cavern was no longer a safe hiding-place, it was certain that they never visited their former resort, whence they had removed all traces of their presence.

Nicholas, however, showed the boys his way of producing what the uncouth seafarers had mistaken for the fire of St. Elmo; and, with their assistance, he set off many rockets, which were seen afar by the country people and gave rise to a variety of conjectures. Then, he often took the boys in his boat—quaint and old-fashioned, but most seaworthy,—and they made many expeditions to places in the neighborhood,

So that, all things considered, the mansion at Pine Bluff was a centre of great interest and happiness to three young lives at least; whilst old Mr. Mortimer learned, as it were, to live his life over again in them; and Mrs. Robert watched with pride, but with a never-relaxing solicitude, the growth and development of her idolized Julian.

"I am so afraid," she observed to the grandfather, as they sat together in the library before a glowing fire, "that my boy's head may be turned by success as well as by the knowledge that he is the possessor of a fortune."

"I don't think any train of circumstances will turn his head," answered the grandfather, emphatically; "and I am sure he would have been just as fine a fellow even if he had been defeated in the quest. He would have borne his failure like a hero. We must admit that he at least has earned his good luck; but you and I know, by looking backward, it is far from being the best people who most frequently succeed."

"Very far, indeed," said Mrs. Robert, thoughtfully. "But I suppose everyone gets what is best for him; and the ideal character is that which supports good and evil fortune with equal countenance. Julian is, I think, of fine metal and not easily spoiled."

Here the two elders were interrupted by a shout from without, and Julian came rushing in, rosy from the nipping of the frosty air; and after him came the "other fellows"—Sedgwick and Wat,—the veterans of many a sham battle in the new-fallen snow on the lawn. Then, as they drew near to warm themselves in the blaze, Mrs. Robert looked at her boy's bright face and hair shining in the firelight, and thought, by a sudden turn of memory, of the day when they were starting from their shabby home in town to accept the grandfather's first invitation, and how Julian had expressed the hope that there would be some "other fellows" there to enjoy the

hospitality of Pine Bluff with him. Well, here were the other fellows, standing side by side with Julian, sworn friends and good comrades of his for evermore.

It all seemed dreamlike now, as some of those visions of the early morning touched with a roseate hue; and the mansion at Pine Bluff, the old gentleman among his books, were as unreal as the wonderful thought of the fortune and the ruby, the quest upon which these boys had entered, and in which Julian came forth a victor by the finding of the hidden room and the lost jewel of the Mortimers.

(The End.)

A Motto for a Sundial.

Some workmen once received instructions to construct a vertical sundial in the old Temple Garden in London. After it was completed they remembered that no one had suggested a motto for it, and a sundial without a motto had never been heard of. So one of their number sought the barrister who had given the original order, and said:

"The dial is complete, sir,—all but the motto. Have you selected one?"

The barrister, who was busy studying over a knotty point of law and had really forgotten all about the dial, and was vexed at being interrupted, replied: "Begone about your business!"

"Thank you, sir!" said the workman, raising his hat. "That is a very good motto. It could not be better, sir."

And hastening back to the dial, he finished it by adding the barrister's angry words, which you may find some day if you are strolling about the old Temple Garden.

In Russia there are farms in which nothing but sunflowers are raised; and it is said that over two hundred million pounds of oil are pressed out of the seeds each year.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"Forget-Me-Nots" is a tiny volume into which Miss Mary Allegra Gallagher has gathered a few poems which her admirers will not willingly let die. Published by Samuel Usher.

—"Christmas Kalends of Provence" is the title of a new book by Mr. Thomas A. Janvier. It gives a delightful account of that picturesque country, and of the quaint customs and manners of its people. The author describes their festivals and modes of life, and pays a tribute to their generous hospitality.

—A new edition of "Three Daughters of the United Kingdom," by Mrs. Innes-Browne, has been published by R. & T. Washbourne. This speaks eloquently of the charm with which the three fair heroines are invested. As the title indicates, the three friends, fresh-hearted convent girls, are types from England, Ireland and the Land of the Heather. The story is rather long, but it is worth while.

—"Light for New Times," by Margaret Fletcher, deserves a better setting than the publishers (Benziger Bros.) have given it. This little book is made up of four essays or chapters on subjects dealing with the new conditions surrounding the modern young woman. A sympathy between the writer and her readers is at once established; and the quiet, convincing tone of the book gives it distinction. The preface by the Rev. W. D. Strappini, S. J., prepares the way for Miss Fletcher's words of counsel.

—Two courses of Lenten sermons delivered by the Rev. J. Jean Auriault, S. J., at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, are given to the public in convenient book-form by the St. Anselm's Society, London. The translator, Ymal Oswin, includes the first series under the title "The True Forces," and the sermons of the later course under the title "The Sacred Heart." The mental and religious problems of our times are eloquently treated by Father Auriault, who finds in the Sacred Heart the answer to all questions, the solution of all problems.

—"A little book of genuine importance" is the phrase in which *Out West* describes "The History of San Bernardino Valley," by Father Juan Caballeria. "The book contains such internal evidence of careful and patient research, of temperate and unprejudiced judgment, and of the scholarly habit of thought as to leave no room for doubt as to its accuracy. Among the most interesting chapters are those devoted to the social, religious and domestic customs of the Indians and of the Mexican pioneers." Father Caballeria declares that the Mormons who first came to

the San Bernardino Valley were ideal colonists, honest, industrious, peaceable and moral. "Idleness, drunkenness, gambling and vice were unknown among them until a later day, when another class of people came to mingle with them."

—"The Little Month of the Holy Guardian Angels," translated by Pauline P. Stump, and published by the press of St. Joseph's Colored Industrial School, Clayton, Delaware, has reached its third edition. It meets the wants of Guardian Angel sodalities and suggests many pious thoughts on devotion to the angels.

—Mr. J. J. Foster, the author of an important work on "The Stuarts," has a new book in press on "The True Portraiture of Mary Queen of Scots," a subject for the illustration of which he has collected material for years past. His conclusions will be supported by a number of fine photogravure plates from portraits which have high claims to authenticity.

—There is no walk of life outside the solicitous interest of the Church, and there are saints from all classes and professions. This truth is emphasized by a late publication from Burns & Oates, namely "The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service," compiled by the Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. This little book embodies words of advice to those employed as domestics, and the instructions include counsels on religious as well as everyday duties.

—Was St. Peter married? The sole Scriptural ground for thinking that he was is the account of the healing of his "mother-in-law" (*penthera*); but, according to the elaborate argument of the Rev. Joseph F. Sheahan, *penthera* may mean *stepmother*, too, and it is certain that in our own language *mother-in-law* was often used for *stepmother*. The Century and Murray's New English Dictionary furnish abundant illustration of this now obsolete usage. Whoever is interested in the discussion of St. Peter's social condition in the pre-apostolic period would do well to look into a pamphlet by Father Sheahan, entitled "Peter's Penthera," and published by the Cathedral Library Association.

—The Rev. Hugh T. Henry's review of "The Original Sources of European History" as the same are presented by the department of history in the University of Pennsylvania may be commended to college classes as a model for that sort of writing. The urbanity with which the offending professors are admonished is a delight to the cultivated taste, and it will make this enjoyable and instructive essay welcome in the house of the stranger, where it is most needed.

Our first impression was that the review had done its whole duty as a magazine article; but on second reading it became clear that Father Henry is to be credited with a permanent piece of work in this pamphlet. The superintendent of the parish schools of Philadelphia has been well-advised in making it one of the "Educational Briefs" published by the Board.

—The publication of a hitherto uncollected poem by Whittier suggests to the *Pilot* these kindly and judicious remarks: "Though he [Whittier] has written some poems which Catholics naturally resent, he has given other and better ones to the praise of Catholic saints as ransomers of slaves and champions of the people's rights. Nor must we forget that he tried hard to procure indemnification for Catholics for the destruction of the Ursuline Convent in Charleston, and was berated by Protestant bigots for his pains." The surprising thing about so gentle a soul as Whittier is that he should have totally misconceived so gentle a soul as Pius IX.; but in that he was like Lowell and most of the American writers of their day. It was a day when men saw darkly as through a smoked glass, and in these spacious times Catholics may easily pardon them their wrong-sightedness.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Light for New Times. *Margaret Fletcher.* 50 cts., net.

The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service. *Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J.* 50 cts., net.

Some Essentials in Musical Definitions. *M. F. McConnell.* \$1.

La Vida es Sueño. *Calderón.* \$1.

English History for Catholic Schools. *E. Wyatt-Davies.* \$1.10.

Instinct and Intelligence. *Rev. E. Wasmann, S. J.* \$1.

Monasteries and Religious Houses of Great Britain and Ireland. *Francesca M. Steele.* \$1.75, net.

A Year's Sermons. \$1.50, net.

Christian Apologetics. *Rev. W. Devrier, S. J.—Rev. S. G. Messmer.* \$1.75, net.

The Same. In Two Volumes. *Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Short Sermons on Christian Doctrine. *P. Hehel, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

Sermons from the Latins. *Rev. James J. Baxter, D. D.* \$2.

Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. Second Series. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35, net.

The Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Andreas Petz.* 40 cts., net.

Memoirs of a Child. *Annie Steger Winston.* \$1.

Ridingdale Stories. *Rev. David Bearne, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion. *Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.* \$1.

The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.

The Truth of Papal Claims. *Most Rev. R. Merry del Val, D. D.* \$1, net.

All on the Irish Shore. *E. Somerville—M. Ross.* \$1.50.

England's Cardinals. *Dudley Baxter.* \$1, net.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. *Rev. Nicholas Gihir, D. D.* \$4.

The Government: What It Is; What It Does. *Salter Storrs Clark.* 75 cts.

Teaching Truth. *Dr. Mary Wood-Allen.* 50 cts.

The Voice of the River. *Olive Katharine Parr.* \$1.75.

The Life of Pope Leo XIII. *Richard H. Clarke, LL. D.* \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Cook, of the archdiocese of San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. Patrick McGlinchey, D. D., diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Matthew Carroll, diocese of Pittsburgh; and Rev. Thomas McDermott, archdiocese of Montreal.

Mr. Joseph Schmitt, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Pierce Daxon, Greenbush, Kansas; Mr. D. J. Lattimore, Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Mary Donovan, New York; Mr. William Smith, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Thomas Cunningham, Hinsdale, N. H.; Mr. T. V. Walsh, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Louis Prudhomme, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. John Slater, Galway, Ireland; Mr. M. C. Burke, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. John Murray, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Alfred Faxon and Mr. J. F. Sugrue, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen O'Brien and Miss Mary O'Brien, Taunton, Mass.; Mr. James Rutlege, New Britain, Conn.; and Mrs. M. De Bosky, Trenton, N. J.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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In Autumn.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

THE sunrise like a gipsy crowned with light
Comes swiftly through the morning's golden bars
And breaks the spider webs—nets cast by night
To catch the dewdrop's universe of stars.

Beside the road, a shrine to challenge noon,
Its head of fire the golden-rod uplifts;
And round it, like the bee in bacchant swoon,
The thistle-down on noiseless axle drifts.

And trailing downward from the far-off sky,
Like withered leaves blown from the tree of Song,
The restless swallows swiftly circle by,
A shower of Silence falling all day long!

And sudden from the wood a vision swings;
O Autumn, tell my gazing heart aright:
Is it a butterfly that tries its wings,
Or soul of the last blossom taking flight?

With the English Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY THE REV. RICHARD HOWLEY, D. D.

I.

AMID the crowd, the confusion,
and the uproar that marked
the departure of the London
and Dover train at ten o'clock
on Monday morning, September 14,
1903, there stood in groups of twos
and threes, or singly, a band of joyous
travellers. They could be distinguished
from all the rest not less by the happy
light that shone in their eyes than by
a bright badge, of mystic seeming, that
each one wore upon the breast. It was

a pretty device, consisting of the letters
C A interwoven within a circlet, and
forming the shining head of a long pin
whereby it was attached to lappet or
cravat or blouse or bodice, according
to the sex, the taste, or caprice of the
wearer.

This band was the gathering of British
pilgrims on their way to Lourdes. Most
of the shrine-seekers were strangers to
one another, but the mysterious emblem
they wore possessed a magnetic power.
It was a charm that drew them at
once together; and, behold! bright
smiles of welcome were exchanged, warm
hand-clasps, gleeful chaffings, retorts
curt or courteous. There we were, a
group of aliens, but bound together by
a tie stronger than that of life itself.
Quia fortis sicut mors dilectio.

I shall say nothing of our journey,
which occupied thirty-six hours, and
was uneventful except as strengthening,
at every point of delay, the thorough
good-fellowship that existed amongst
us. It began at the moment we met
and grew apace till we parted a few
days ago in Paris. Scatter where they
will, form, as they must, other ties and
follow other fortunes, those pilgrims
from the northern isles can nevermore
be really disunited.

The pilgrims numbered one hundred
and six, from all parts of the United
Kingdom. The majority were English by
birth or Irish residents in England. Of
natives of the Green Isle, coming direct
from her shores, there were over thirty;
so that the dear old land where the

native morning greeting of the peasant still is, "The morning to you, and Mary be with you!" was well represented. But fair and faithful England had called the gathering and led it gracefully, gallantly, and devoutly. There was no cleavage among us, either of heart or word, from beginning to end. All were united in the heart of her whose triumphant motto is: *Cunctas hæreses tu sola interimisti in universo mundo.*

The priests of the party numbered twenty-one. They were from various parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. The north of England, Yorkshire especially, was well to the fore; and fine yeoman clerics these northmen were. There were ten priests from Ireland and two or three from Scotland. Australia was present in the persons of two ladies. The only one who could be said, in any sense, to represent America was the representative of THE AVE MARIA.

There were two venerable canons among the Irish priests: one from Armagh, the See of Patrick; the other from Cashel, the seat of Cormac, archbishop and king. Their kindly ways and simple dignity charmed all hearts and won from all respect and confidence. There was a Jesuit Father from Dublin having care of his brother, an interesting young man almost entirely blind. This youth had been to Lourdes before and will come again till cured, or whether cured or not. There was a lady from England, Miss F., Irish by birth but who has not seen her native country since childhood,—the only really pitiable person of all our party. Her limbs are paralyzed or otherwise disabled, and her face consumed by a frightful form of lupus. She is a gentle, patient, ever-cheerful creature. Of her more anon.

But far the most picturesque figure in our party was an old Scotch gentleman, a true Scottish chief, a grand old man, with white locks flowing down upon his shoulders from under his blue bonnet. His face is a blend of the features of

a patriarch and a Greek philosopher. Strong, serene, shapely, luminous, it is a delight to look upon. Our party turned to each other and exclaimed, "Oh, what a fine, handsome old man!" at which he was utterly unmoved and unconscious, because his thoughts were above self and not of this world. In the streets the cry was taken up in other accents: "*Oh, qu'il est beau ce vieillard là!*" His only weakness, if he have any, is for the Scottish tongue and costume. On his still strong and upright frame he wears a long shawl or tartan of unchecked brown stuff, fastened at the shoulder by a silver brooch large as a small plate; his flat bonnet is also adorned by a silver buckle or clasp. He has often before been to Lourdes and to other shrines of Our Lady. These visits form the delight of his declining years. He is Scotch to the core and his name is McKenzie. Here is his card and much, too, of his character:

THOMAS MCKENZIE, P. C.,
ANTIQUARIAN.

STELLA MARIS,
Port Bannatyne,
Bute.

We arrived at Lourdes on Tuesday night, September 15, a weary and broken crowd. We were separated into two parties, one of which found lodgment at the Hôtel de la Grotte, the other at the Hôtel Bellevue, higher up the main street. There was nothing to be done that night but to sup and sleep if we could. And now I shall follow my diary, copying faithfully from the notes I took almost hour by hour during our stay. These record events exactly as they occurred, places and persons as they were seen, impressions as they were freshly made.

Wednesday.—I may as well premise that from this day out I was no longer practically a pilgrim, but rather a hermit. I joined one or two of our party's functions and processions, to show that I was there under the auspices of the association and entirely with it in

spirit; but beyond this I devoted all my time to the object for which I had come—as representing THE AVE MARIA,—and I found I had scarce time enough. I went and came of my own sweet will when and where I listed. During the day I usually hung about the Basilica and the Grotto and the Bureau des Constatations; and every night I went down to the Great Place, or square, to view the wonderful torchlight processions of the French pilgrims.

On this first morning I found me out a terrace behind our hotel, hewn out of the living rock and nurtured by time and care into a bower of vine and evergreen. Above this perch rises the sharp-pointed crag out of whose side it has been cut. This summit is crowned by an ancient fortalice that has scarce foundation room on the rugged, savage-looking point. Far below, cuddled like a cluster of eggs in their nest, lie the white dwellings of modern Lourdes; while the Basilica, the white mother bird, stands over and guards the treasure. The curve, or rim, of the nest is unequal: one side being lower—the green hills to the north; the other hemisphere higher—the brown mountains at the south that form the advance guard between the lofty Pyrenees and the lowly valley of Lourdes. There is a gap in these mountains, and close behind that gap (seemingly so from our terrace, but no doubt miles distant) rises a rounded pinnacle of the Spanish Sierra covered with snow. It looks like the hoary head of an old man peeping over a garden wall and gazing hungrily on its bloom and beauties.

The garden is Lourdes, and it lies basking in the sun of this bright September morning. There is a rustic table and a rude chair or two on this terrace, and I fondly hoped to use it for my study and workshop. But I found I could not study there, or think of anything but the delightful scene before me. And as for work, the fasci-

nation of the view robbed of all power every sense and faculty except those of the eye and the imagination. Then the place was soon found out by all the "Bellevue brigade," and the spell of its silent charm was broken. So I took notes afterward in my room, in the street, in the crypt—anywhere. To-day I was very tired, almost unable to move; so I did nothing but haunt the terrace, and absorb Lourdes, as a whole, as it lay there before me and drew my spirit down and into itself. It was a day well spent for my purposes.

Thursday.—To-day the crowds kept pouring in from all parts of France, but especially from the north. I set out early for the Grotto—my first visit to it—and arrived on the ground to find it so crowded that all access seemed at first impossible. No wonder. Yesterday, besides our numerically insignificant band, there had arrived twenty-six corps of pilgrims, nearly all from the north; some led by their bishops, some by their parish clergy. They came from Cambrai, Quimper, Angoulême, Mans, Angers, Bourges, St. Brieuc, Auch,—all in their varied and picturesque, though usually sombre, *costumes du pays*.

Just as I had given up hope of penetrating to the Grotto a lady, who had been seated on the parapet of the wall that protects the Grotto from the River Gave, approached and said in English: "I have been watching and pitying you. Come with me and I will show you how you can get into the Grotto." She was not one of our party, but an English lady, resident, I afterward heard, at Lourdes and married there. I followed her to the wall. She then called to her a little red-headed boy without a cap and dressed in navy blue, and told him to bring me "to the Grotto by the way you know." The little fellow—her son—took my hand and held it till I was within the cave. He led me across the wall and down by the Gave between

the river and the people, and so along till we got opposite the entrance on the extreme lower flank of the crowd. Here we two crossed the wall again, to take our place in the file dribbling in to the Grotto one by one. Then, without a word, this Flibbertigibbet* let go my hand and disappeared like a phantom.

There I was, then, on the very scene of Bernadette's vision. The Grotto was full, and officers of the Church had to marshal the entrance and exit of each one of us. A French priest beckoned me to an empty kneeling space beside him. Close to us was a bishop kneeling and absorbed in prayer. He was a man of powerful face and frame, an ecclesiasticized peasant—the Bishop of Quimper, the marshal told me. All was silent, though lips kept moving perpetually, and the pent-up air of the Grotto was eddyfied and sibilant in every direction.

I told my beads mechanically, unconsciously, but all my thought and sense was absorbed in the scene around me. Chiefly, I could not keep my eyes off a young man kneeling a little away on my left. He was about eighteen or twenty, well dressed and refined-looking. His face was upturned to the statue of Our Lady. It was a beautiful face, white as though cut out of Parian marble, shadowed by a veil of suffering, softened by an exquisite air of sweetness and resignation. It was the face of one who had borne agonies but had seen beatitudes. His eyes were closed; his arms, outstretched to their full length, were slightly upraised, and the pale, delicate hands turned their prayerful palms to the face of the Queen of Sorrows. He was a youth of high intelligence, prospects and promise, whom the blight of death had fallen upon in the very blossoming of his life. He had come to Our Lady of Lourdes for a reprieve. He asked a longer day to gladden the heart of the mother standing beside him. To

fulfil for her sake the hopes she nursed, and crown her pride in him by a career of honor and success. It was thus I read his expression and attitude.

The mother did indeed stand beside him,—a hale, hearty woman of the upper middle class. She stood by her cross, her beads in hand but uncounted: she left it all to him. He was the child of her love and sorrow: he was, therefore, the favorite and beloved of that other Heavenly Mother. Why should she interfere by outward act or utterance between the two? I was nearly half an hour in the Grotto, and all the time the mother, standing a little in front of her boy, never noticed him by the slightest turn or gesture, but stood motionless, as though not daring to disturb the current of prayer and pity that flowed between him and the sweet source of his hope. His arms remained outstretched all the time, and no tremble of the slender figure, no twitch of the five nervous fingers, betrayed fatigue. I fancy him there yet. He seemed turned to stone.

I confess that this case, though I know not its issue, and a few others like it, but not so touching, went to my heart more than those of the clamoring crowd of crippled and maimed and deformed that vociferated round the shrine that morning and loudly proclaimed their woes, almost demanding a cure. Very many of these were persons who had passed the bourne of life's hopes and life's enjoyments, and it would almost seem that the best offering they could make to Heaven and the best grace they could ask from it should be divine strength to bear their afflictions patiently to the nearing end. Am I profane or perverse in thinking that too much is demanded, too much almost exacted, of our Blessed Lady at Lourdes in the way of redressing mere physical pains and deformities? There seems to be a vein of selfishness, not to say grossness, running from the source of those frenzied petitions. I

* Scott's "Kenilworth."

thought I observed a note of petulance in the outcries to Heaven and its Queen that arose from many lips among the crowd. Ah! but is not this always the way of the helpless child with its devoted mother?

I thought, too, that the pious and earnest priests who led the different bands, and who knew those poor suffering souls so much better than I did, seemed to see their situation in the same light. All their exhortations to the flock gathered round the Grotto began and ended with an appeal to them to seek first and foremost the cure of their infirm and sinful souls: to cleanse themselves first in the waters of repentance before expecting to be made whole by the water of Lourdes. This was most proper and edifying; and all our English party joined in admiration of the fervor, zeal, tireless toil, and tactful management of the clergy who headed these French processions. Between them and their flock there existed also a bond of perfect mutual trust and affection.

Leaving the Grotto, I met three English priests of our party on the outskirts of the crowd, unable (as I had been) to penetrate it. I showed them the private way shown to me by my red-headed Mercury, but did not accompany them. I lost by that; for they told me afterward that a cure had been effected in their sight almost immediately after I had left. Indeed, I saw no cure in the act throughout our stay; though I saw and spoke to several who had gone direct from the baths to the Bureau des Constatations, where the doctors examined each case as it came in. I frequented this Bureau, and depended far more on what I saw and heard there than I would have done on the sudden outcry of the crowd, "*Un guérison!—un guérison!*" or even on an actual change for the better witnessed by my own eyes on the spot and at the moment of the declared cure.

I shall relate each cure as I saw and examined it under the expert eyes of

the Bureau of Examiners, or through my own assured knowledge of the case and the person concerned. I intend also to devote a later portion of this account of my visit to Lourdes to the miracles or marvels that occurred during our stay, from the sole point of view of their evidence, eliminating every doubtful case—often the loudest acclaimed. I am here, I hope, in a devout spirit; and I am naturally supernatural, if I may use the expression, and constitutionally credulous. But I have come here in a judicial mood also, and I mean to retain it for the true interests of what I have in hand—the just satisfaction of my possible readers, and, I may add, the right rendering of honor and glory to Our Lord and Our Lady.

I went at once from the Grotto to the fountain beside the piscina, where there are many taps set into the wall and yielding to pressure, the water flowing from the sacred source. I had bought a little tin cup enamelled on the outside with a pretty picture of the Grotto and the Apparition. From this I proceeded to drink and to bathe my eyes, as I did every day, more than once, during our stay. There was a whole row of people at the taps, and other rows behind waiting. My eyes had given me trouble for some years through an overflowing, sometimes viscous and inflammatory, though clear and transparent, of the lachrymal ducts. My eyes are also dimmed, and I have always treated them ill, reading and writing at all hours and in all lights. I did not expect or demand or even actually desire a cure; I looked upon this and other slight infirmities as the natural accompaniments of advancing years and not worthy of the largess of our Blessed Lady. I bathed my eyes, lids and eyeballs,—that is all. I simply felt it was a good thing to do. I think they are much better ever since.

But what I wish to call attention to is the curious effect the water instantly

produced on the sensitive ball of the eye. I felt at once a warm glow there, though the water is very chill; and the glow kept increasing for a few moments, till it amounted to a feeling of what I shall call a pleasurable pain. During those few moments I dared not open my eyelids or look upon the light. I could not, of course, know of myself whether any change took place in the appearance of the eyes, nor did I think of this at all. But on another occasion I was accompanied to the fountain by two English ladies of our party, and one of them exclaimed, as soon as I could open my eyelids: "Oh, your eyes are quite red!" Then I told them of the sensation the water produced. Immediately the eyes resumed their natural color.

Now, I can not explain this effect on the eyes of the water of Lourdes; though all our party who bathed (as I myself did afterward) in the piscina spoke of the wonderful glow succeeding the sharp, cold shock of immersion. It has been proved, and is admitted by the best chemists in Europe, that there are absolutely no recognizable medicinal elements in the water of Lourdes,—not even those ingredients commonly found in all drinking water, everywhere, even at Lourdes itself. Moreover, it has been my custom for a long time to plunge my head, with the eyes open, into a basin of cold water every morning, and move it to and fro, and repeat the operation several times. I have always felt a pleasant chill in the eyeballs, of course a blinding for a moment, but never that warm glow increasing to a heat, pleasant but slightly painful, that the water of Lourdes produced.

(To be continued.)

It is wise to know neighborhood opinion and to regard it for correction, admonition and reproof; but he who would possess his own soul must live outside his neighborhood.

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

VIII.

MOTHER and daughter were seated at their embroidery near the window. It was six o'clock in the evening, and Lucie burst into the room with a joyful exclamation.

"Finished?" she cried. "Yes, I see by your faces that it is. Oh, how glad you must be! And how beautiful it is,—how very beautiful!"

"I am glad you like it Lucie dear," answered Aliette, smiling on her little sister. "I think you are a good judge. And now the next thing will be to send it to the Art Exposition."

"Give me the scissors, Lucie," said their mother. "Now that it is done at last, I am anxious to take it from the frame."

"I am sure you will feel lonely without it, mamma, you have been working at it so long," said Lucie, handing the scissors to her mother. "I shall miss it, for one. It has grown to be such a lovely thing; and I have watched it since the beginning—yes, since the first stitch, mamma."

"And I," grumbled Elise, who had entered unperceived,— "I have hated it since the beginning. It has been nothing but 'Don't come so near!' 'Be very careful!' 'Do not spot it!' and all such precautions."

"And why not, Elise?" queried Lucie. "It is worth at least two thousand francs, and the least spot would make a great difference in the price. We can not be too careful."

Elise turned away and looked out of the window; she did not care to hear such remarks.

"My dears, hurry now," said the mother, as she folded the delicate work, now loosed from the embroidery frame.

"Papa will be home soon, and he does not like to be kept waiting for his dinner. It is time to set the table."

"We have plenty of time, mamma," replied Aliette. "Don't you remember papa said he would be detained a little later this evening?"

"Yes, I remember now that he did," returned Louise.

"Come, Lucie," said Aliette to the little girl, who had joined Elise at the window: "you and I will set the table. It is getting so late!"

Lucie hastened to Aliette's side. She was devoted to her elder sister, even more so than to her mother, whom she loved very dearly. But Aliette represented to her young heart the perfection of grace, beauty, virtue—of all things lovely. Sometimes her mother was sad, sometimes too quiet, the child thought; but Aliette was always cheerful, hopeful and lively. So the two girls began to set the table. The old servant, peeping in from the kitchen, smiled and nodded her head approvingly.

Suddenly a sound was heard on the staircase—as of some one singing in a voice both musical and artistic. A young man was ascending the stairs, humming as he went:

"The joy of love lasts but a day,
The sadness of love—forever."

Elise, at the window, now took up the refrain in a voice loud, vibrant, absolutely destitute of melody, thus drowning that of the singer, mounting higher and higher on the stairway.

"Oh!" exclaimed Aliette, reprovingly. "Why did you do that, Elise? The song was so pretty!"

"Well," answered the girl mockingly, "that is a nice way to talk! Still, it is only natural that you should prefer the voice of your truelove to that of your sister."

Aliette did not reply, though her pale cheek grew pink and she seemed embarrassed. But little Lucie was already up in arms for her favorite.

"That is not nice, Elise. In the first place, you know you do not sing well and M. Richard has a beautiful voice; and, then, he is not Aliette's truelove,—is he, mamma?"

"No, he is not," said the mother, with an emphasis unusual to her. "And he would not dare to say so."

"How do you know?" asked Elise. "He comes here often. It is not to see papa, I imagine; nor you, nor Lucie, who is nothing but a baby. And as for me—he can not endure me nor I him. Who, then, is it?"

Madame Daulnay, who looked at Elise, had always preserved the simplicity of a child.

"If he loved Aliette he would have said something to me before this," she continued, in a disturbed tone. "I should have known it, I am certain, without his having told me. Don't you think so, Aliette?"

Aliette smiled, putting her arm about her mother as she replied:

"Yes, mamma, you are right."

"And you would have told me, my darling, if you had known it—had thought it; would you not?"

"Yes, mamma, if I had known it," rejoined Aliette, still with her arm around her mother, and still smiling. "Perhaps not, though, if I had only thought it. But why should I have thought it?"

The mother, for the present at least, was satisfied. She smiled and turned hastily away, with the remark:

"It is all right, *petite*: there is nothing more to say."

Aliette hid her blushing cheeks behind the closet door, where she made a pretence of going to get something for the table. She could not have explained why they were blushing, nor why something very like a sob rose in her throat,—something she tried to quell but could not,—a feeling of deepest sadness which she had never before known. Hitherto all the sorrow of her young heart had

been for the anxieties and deprivations of the mother she so dearly loved. Why should she feel as though a heavy hand had laid a grip on her heart? What had she expected—this predestined old maid? What had she hoped? Nothing! It was only that her feelings of delicacy had been wounded by the flippant remarks of Elise, who was so brusque, so regardless of others, so different—yes, she must acknowledge it, though she was her sister—so different from her and from mamma.

Some one knocked at the door. Lucie opened it to a large woman holding a paper in her hand.

"It is dreadful, dreadful!" exclaimed the visitor, throwing herself into Madame Daulnay's sewing-chair, which threatened to collapse under her extraordinary weight. "One can not go anywhere these days without being in danger of being killed. Pleasure excursions, indeed! They are anything but pleasure excursions."

"What has happened to your excursion this time, Madame Lambert?" asked Elise, who was generally the one to keep up the conversation with this voluble neighbor from the upper floor. "What has happened to your excursion?" she repeated.

"It is not *my* excursion!" replied the large woman, with a disclaiming gesture. "I had nothing to do with it, and am not at all interested in it. But think of the poor unfortunates, the miserable people who had started out to enjoy themselves! Now you will have to read it for yourselves. I brought the paper in to read it to you, but I can not. It makes me feel too dreadful,—I can not!"

"It is too bad," said Aliette. "I don't think we care to see the account, though; we can not help the poor sufferers, and it distresses my mother so greatly to hear about accidents."

"Where is your mother?" inquired Madame Lambert.

"She is in the kitchen with Marianne,

I think," answered Aliette. "We are a little late this evening, and are hurrying now to have dinner ready when papa comes home. We have just finished our large piece of embroidery."

"Ah, yes, indeed! I see," said Madame Lambert, looking around the room. "That beautiful piece of embroidery! May I see it?"

Aliette was afraid her father might return at any moment, and was anxious that Madame Lambert, whom he could not endure, should take her departure before his appearance. So she replied:

"No, not this evening, Madame. Some other time when it is not so late. It is folded and put away for to-night. Papa likes his dinner to be ready as soon as he comes in, and we are in a hurry."

"Yes, yes, I see! Everything must be put aside in order to be ready for the men when they come. But about that accident. It has quite overcome me. I thought I should faint when I read it first, so I came down to tell your mother about it. One must have some person to sympathize with one when such things occur."

"I thought you said you were not at all interested in it, Madame Lambert? I did not suppose you had any friend or relative there."

"And pray what do you think I am, Elise?" angrily inquired the dame. "Don't you think I have a heart in my bosom to feel for the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, even though I may never have seen a single one who was injured? I can not understand those people who do not wish to hear about unpleasant or painful things. It seems to me selfish."

At this moment Madame Daulnay entered from the kitchen.

"What is selfish, Madame?" she asked, with a pleasant smile, accustomed to the rambling talk of her neighbor. "You seem very much concerned about something."

"And why not? I was going to tell

them about the awful catastrophe at Bâle and they did not wish to hear it. The locomotive and half a dozen cars plunged into the river; then they caught fire; and God only knows how many people were drowned—how many were burned to death—”

“Ah!” cried Madame Daulnay, as she clasped Aliette in her arms.

“Yes, Madame,” continued the stupid woman, gratified to see the effect her story had produced. “The account is simply terrifying. The shrieks of the dying, the lurid flames ascending from the ruins—”

“Aliette! children! save me—save me! Take me away! I can not listen to it! I can not stand it! Take me away!”

The two younger girls ran to their mother; Aliette was already holding her in her arms.

“What a weak-minded person your mother must be!” said Dame Lambert imperturbably, fanning herself with the newspaper. “How silly for the mother of a family to behave like a child!”

“Hush, Madame,—hush!” said Elise. “It is your fault,—all your fault!”

Lucie brought a glass of water. Aliette had seated her mother on the sofa.

“Oh, the flames—the dreadful flames! Children, save me—save me!” murmured the poor woman.

“How foolish!” exclaimed Madame Lambert. “It is the most unreasonable thing I have ever seen.”

“Mamma, do not be afraid,” Aliette was whispering to her mother, as she stroked her hands and cheeks. “There is nothing the matter,—nothing has happened to us. We are all safe and well. Don’t you see, mamma? We are here, and you are here at home with us.”

Madame Lambert beckoned to Lucie.

“What is the matter with her?” she asked, in a tone meant to be a whisper but which was audible to everyone in the room except the mother, who paid no attention to it.

“Her nerves are not strong,” replied

the little girl, in a low voice. “When mamma was a child she was travelling with some friends on their yacht—their steam yacht—their pleasure boat. It took fire and several persons were burned to death. Since that time she often dreams of it at night, and she can never hear anything about such accidents. She has never forgotten that day. And, besides, she has not a very lively nature,—she is not gay: she can not easily throw things off as other people do.”

“Gay! I should think not,” rejoined Madame Lambert. “None of you are gay. I have never seen a family so serious, with the exception, perhaps, of Elise, and she is rather disagreeable than lively. But how can it be expected that you would be anything else with such a cross, tyrannical father as yours?”

“Madame Lambert, you must not speak so of papa,” said Lucie, loyally and in a very low voice. “He has to work hard: his days are full of worry.”

“And so are your poor mother’s. She works day and night. I do not admire your father, and I fancy there is no love lost. Whenever I meet him on the stairway he glares at me as though I were a thief making off with the spoons. I come in now and then only because—well, because I like to be neighborly with your mother.”

“Thank you!” rejoined Lucie. “Papa will be home now in a few moments. We do not want him to see mamma in this condition. It disturbs him.”

The child was hoping that Madame Lambert would at last begin to see that it was time for her to go, but the good woman was impervious to all but the curiosity which consumed her. Still fanning herself with the newspaper, and casting an occasional glance toward Madame Daulnay, who was beginning to appear more composed, she went on with her questioning:

“What did you say your mother was travelling in? A yacht?”

"Yes, Madame."

"A pleasure yacht?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Belonging to friends of hers?"

"Yes, Madame."

"They must have been rich people."

"I do not know whether they were rich people or not."

"Oh, they must have been! It is only rich people who have pleasure boats. Were they friends, or relatives?"

"Relatives, I believe."

"I always said that Madame Daulnay had seen better days—that she was a born lady. Your mamma is an entirely different person from your father, Lucie. Any one can see that. She must once have been very rich indeed to have travelled about in a pleasure boat. French people are not given to that, either. It must have been in England."

"It was in America."

"In America! And so your mother once lived in America? I have a nephew there. He has a hair-store in New York. I wonder if she could ever have known him? His name is Jacques Bonard. He lives with his wife and family on some avenue. He is a prosperous man. They have a pretty shop and eight large rooms above it—a double salon, dining-room, and kitchen on the second *étage*; and on the third, four large bedrooms and a private bath. I wonder if she could have known Jacques?"

"I do not imagine she knew him," said Lucie. "It is a long time since mamma lived in America,—more than twenty years, I think,—before any of us were born."

"Yes, that is true. And if she associated with rich people it is not likely she would have had any acquaintance with Jacques Bonard. Did your mamma live in New York, Lucie?"

"No, Madame: she lived in Canada."

"Oh, in Canada! That is different. She is what they call a French-Canadian, then. Oh, I see!"

Slowly lifting herself from the chair,

she went toward Louise, holding the paper in her hand.

"Well, I shall have to go," she said. "You are looking better now, Madame Daulnay. You must not let your nerves get you under control. We people who were *born* poor have no time for nerves. They belong altogether to the rich or to those who have once been rich. I will leave you the paper, so that you may read it at your leisure, when you are feeling better. It was a dreadful—"

"Madame Lambert, keep your paper! Mamma does not want it. Can't you see that was what made her ill?" exclaimed Elise, laying no very gentle hand on the arm of her offensive neighbor and almost turning her face toward the door.

"Well, I declare!" answered Madame Lambert, in an injured tone. "You *are* a minx, if there ever was one! You should learn better manners. Good-evening, everybody,—good-evening!"

Lucie held the door open, Aliette bowed, and Madame Daulnay responded with a feeble "Good-evening!" as the ponderous mischief-maker left the room.

(To be continued.)

To a Late Spray of Golden-Rod.

BY THOMAS WALSH, R. G.

FRAIL plaything of wind and shower,
 Gay plume of the faded heath,
 In vain is thy golden flower,
 In vain thy golden wreath!
 For see, the great Year lies dead
 With the cerecloth of leaves on her head:
 And see where her footprints are red
 With her blood that the Winter hath shed.

Ah, no: thy gold on her brow
 Can bring back no semblance of breath,
 No semblance of joy to her now:
 Thy gold is the price of her death!
 And thou only mock'st at her doom
 From the heights of her wind-blown tomb;
 Like the banners of fallen kings,
 There is scorn in the wave of thy wings.

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse
Chaplain.

THIRD WEEK.

WEDNESDAY. — After Mass this morning I went immediately to give Holy Communion to the few infirm persons whose confessions I had heard yesterday. At midday there was no sick call,—this was something extraordinary. Being disengaged, I paid a visit to the schools for the boys and the infants. Both schools were busy and orderly. Afterward I went through the fever hospital and found everything going on satisfactorily.

In the evening I returned again to the hospital, rejoicing that I had had an "easy day." However, there is a saying in Irish: "Praise a fair day in the evening." But the Yankee phraseology more closely expresses the situation: "Don't holler till you're out of the woods!" I was just entering the men's hospital when a messenger boy met me with a slip of paper on which was written: "Women's Hospital, Ward No. 3. Woman dying. Urgent!"

I prepared with what haste I could and went to No. 3. The Sister in charge met me. "This is a sad case, Father," she said. "This poor woman got a hurt, and she has been treated very badly by her husband,—very badly indeed. She is dying and can hardly forgive him." She had by this time brought me to the foot of the patient's bed. She then bent down over the dying woman and in a loud voice told her that the priest had come. "And now, dear, as you are dying, and near your end and going before your judgment, will you not forgive everyone from your heart, as you hope God will forgive you?"

When I looked in the woman's face, I saw she was the same who, while I was hearing a confession at a neighboring bed yesterday, kept crying to every

footstep that passed (for she was blind): "Is that Annie?"—meaning her daughter at home. The woman, besides being blind, was not entirely right in her mind. Now, however, she was more composed. I heard her confession; she had been anointed; and, as she could not receive Holy Viaticum, there was nothing more that, professionally, I could do for her. By this time she seemed stronger and much improved.

I went farther on through the women's fever hospital. A woman was sitting up in the bed. Her mouth was drawn a little toward the right cheek, as if paralyzed. Evidently she was somewhat demented; for now and again she clapped her hands and muttered out loudly something like, "O holy! O holy!" or, "O honey! O honey!" I felt that I should not like to be a patient in that ward. "O dear," said the nun, "she is at it again to-night! The poor people will not be able to sleep a wink with her. And she may be that way now till morning." She tried to quiet her, but it was of no use.

I passed on to the men's hospital. I found the nun in charge of the consumptive ward bending over a patient and whispering prayers into his ear. When she saw me she informed me that he was dying, and then left me beside him. One look showed me that the man was very low. He had already been prepared and anointed. He lay there on his back, a large fat man with iron-grey hair. The stomach must have been pressing on the heart, for every breath came with a struggle that was fearful to behold. His body rose like a wave cresting on the sea. All along his chest upward there was a travelling motion, like a swell rolling beneath the waters. The face answered it. The eyes opened and glared unearthly, and even the hair stood straight on end. Then with a belch he vomited forth a volume of empty breath. I saw a cow dying of murrain disease when I was young. Just

such a way her huge frame lay; such a way would the labored swelling travel along her body, and her eyes and nostrils distend, and the belching breath escape with a gulp.

"I've no rest, Father," he falteringly said. "No sleep...all day...all night. I had a little sleep...yesterday! I woke up...O my heart!" (and an expression of agony shrivelled his face) "O my heart! There's a lump there,"—laying his hand at the point of his breastbone. "O my heart!...I've no rest...no sleep...all day...all night! I can not look around,...I can not see!"

I was doing my best to comfort him, when a messenger came to me. "You are wanted at the women's hospital, Ward No. 5." On my way through the men's hospital the nun in charge asked me to give final absolution to two old men who were dying. I reached No. 5. It was a little child. She had been anointed, but they were afraid she was dying. Consumption again. Her delicate, wasted frame lay idly on the bed. When I heard her confession, the poor child said she was afraid she would not be able to receive Holy Viaticum. I did not urge her to do so.

Thursday.—This is a beautiful morning. During Mass a card came saying that the poor fellow of last night was dead and asking prayers for him. He has rest now, and, so far as the body is concerned, can enjoy a long, dreamless sleep. But the poor soul? Has it sleep, has it rest,—does it rest in God? Who can tell? I sometimes think that we shall all have a long purgatory because we do not think oftener and pray more earnestly for the Poor Souls. It is true we are under no direct obligation,—we violate no positive precept in neglecting to pray for them. But it is such a great charity and they so sorely need it! God grant that I may never forget to do so!

After breakfast I went to see the other patients of last night. The old woman

to whom I was called so hurriedly was much improved. I was making my way to see the little child that told me in low, feeble tones she was afraid she could not receive Holy Viaticum, when the nun in charge met me and asked me to see another child in the same ward and only a few beds removed from her. This child might be twelve or so. It was the old story—consumption. The same pale face, the same damp, clammy hair, the same lustrous eyes, the same muffled, feeble voice. When I had heard her confession I gave her Holy Viaticum and then anointed her.

Poor little angel! What welcome there must be in heaven for these innocents when they die!—for I take it for granted that with all their patient sufferings, they go to heaven straightway. Yes, what welcome there must be! The priest sees but a short way into the soul compared with the depth of the angels' insight. He can not see the supernatural beauty of the soul robed in God's grace. He but puts out his hands and gropes like a blind person, as it were. The blind person touches the flower but can not see the fairness and beauty of it. The same way the priest, with all his knowledge of the interior, barely touches the surface, and yet he is captivated with its gentleness, its innocence, and freedom from guile. What, then, must it be to the angels, who see the white soul washed in the blood of the Lamb? I almost envy the angels the enjoyment of this superhuman vision. But God will one day give it to me in the heavens, as I hope.

When she received Holy Communion she lay quite still upon her bed; not a muscle on her pale face stirred; and even two flies that moved among the dark dimples of her brow and cheeks were left to wander unmolested. My eyes occasionally rested on the poor child's face while I was reading the prayers of the ritual, and I think I scarcely ever saw a face look so angelic or so still.

Friday.—A heavy downpour this morning. Exceedingly broken weather, thanks be to God! At noon there was but one call—an old woman in the incurable ward. The lower part of her feet were dropping off bit by bit, so the nun told me. The odor was beyond description. On leaving her, I went to see the two children in the women's consumptive ward. They lay prostrate, poor little children!—one having on her face that virgin, waxen look which the middle stage of consumption brings with it; the other, that haggard and pitiable expression which denotes the last ravages of the fell disease. I spoke to both. They were quiet and not in great pain. In the next bed to one of them was another little thing of about the same age, who moaned pitifully.

Oh, it goes to one's heart to see suffering like this without being able to assuage it! At such times especially one perceives what a high and holy vocation is that of the physician. To ease pain in man or beast is surely next to creating worlds. How good of God, when sin (man's own deed) brought suffering and pain into the world,—how good of God to infuse into plants and minerals, the creatures of the lowest portion of creation, the properties that should soothe pain in man, the creature of the highest portion of creation—the animal world! Were I not a priest, I think I should like to have been a doctor.

As I was passing down through the men's wards an old man, calm and venerable-looking, called me: "Would you feel my pulse, Father? I fear I am dying. I don't know the minute." This was said with the utmost solemnity. I suspected it was a hobby; but to please him, and indeed to assure myself, I felt his pulse. The nun afterward told me it was a hobby of his.

Farther on a poor man was sitting up in bed; a bandage was round his forehead and the bedclothes were removed from one leg. The leg was all broken

out. A little hunchback patient from a neighboring bed was standing beside the man, helping him to wash the leg, and he seemed also to be entertaining him with a variety of pleasant tales. In the same ward a nurse was dressing another leg—washing and cleaning and bandaging it. The nun was at the medicine chest, or busy preparing drinks and poultices, and pouring out doses of medicine. Those that could hobble out of bed were sitting on benches about the fire, and amusing one another with old men's exaggerated stories of the past.

Saturday.—For a great wonder, this morning was dry. By noon there were two sick calls to the women's hospital. Two poor women,—one dying of old age; the other of a neglected cold and hardship, which occurred, of course, before she had been brought in.

From the women's hospital I passed on to the men's. The nun in charge had sent for me to give final absolution to an old man who was dying, and whom I had often attended before. He was a tall, stout man in his day; but was now as thin almost as a skeleton. As I came toward his place in the ward, I saw his bare arms lifted up, like the withered boughs of some aged tree. I do not know whether he consciously held them in that position; if so, it looked as though he were imploring Heaven most earnestly. But I am of opinion he did so consciously; for when I bent over him, he at once dropped his hands and blessed himself. A poet from whom we should hardly have expected it—Byron—has written:

O God, it is a dreadful thing
To see the human soul take wing,
In any shape, in any form!

"Dreadful" indeed it was to see the skeleton figure, the bloodless pallor of the face, and the eye—the organ that gives life and intelligence to the countenance,—the eye blurred, dimmed by the film of death. The visible accompani-

ments of death are truly dreadful; but the invisible accompaniments—the past, the present, and the future,—are they less so? How solemn the idea of impending judgment makes the office of the priest at that moment! Broadly speaking, all is dependent upon him. Wide as heaven from hell, durable as eternity, is the wave of his hand or the breath from his lips in that instant. The Church denies him no power and God Himself seems hardly more omnipotent. *Eh, bien!* I could say a thing, but it strikes home. What, then, will a priest's judgment be? O all ye souls whom I have attended in your last hour, pray for me! O all ye who are saved and are now in heaven through my ministry, if any there be, pray for me, be with me at the last hour,—be with me then!

I did what I could for the poor man, prayed for him and with him. After that I went to the fever hospital. I will tell what the nurse said, and I pray the reader to believe that I do not put it down for any controversial reason. "I am glad, Father, you have come." "Why so?" I asked. "Have you a call?"—"No, Father; but do you see that woman over there? She is a Protestant and she remarked to me this morning: 'How well *my* clergy would not come to look after me as yours do! It is little the priest and the nuns are afraid of fever!' So, if it would not be asking too much, I should like you to come often while she is here."

In the men's fever ward was a little lad that had been complaining of pain in the head for the last few days. The pain had left him to-day, and he was loudly demanding his clothes, declaring that he was now well and wanted to go home. Poor little fellow of seven or eight! When, however, I reminded him of the chaffing his comrades would have at his shaven head, he consented to wait two or three days longer, till his hair would grow!

FOURTH WEEK.

Sunday.—This morning was beautiful. I said two Masses and after that attended a funeral in town. Later on gave Benediction. No calls up to this. This was a charming day.

The night has come. It used to be evening, now it is night. Oh, how quickly the days get short, and what a pity! The lovely long evenings were so beautiful. And I am sure the poor patients must think it a pity too. Instead of the golden evenings, with their romantic beauty; instead of the level rays peering in through the windows, and, like angel-messengers, passing with sunshine and peace from bed to bed, according as the day declined and the sun moved on in its westward course; instead of birds singing and herds lowing; instead of light and hope, there is now the dark gloom outside, the unwelcome shaking of a window or slamming of a door, the pattering of rain on the panes, the crooning of the autumnal blast; and within, the lamps hanging at distant intervals. Still, to a person that comes in on a sudden from the keen blast, there is something very cheery in the bright fire that throws its ruddy light halfway on either side through the ward. And one might almost envy the patients tucked up in their little cots, as if they were all babes again and a mother's hand had been at work there—but a truce!

It was night, at any rate, and the lamps were lighting. Owing to visits and business it was the only moment of the day that I had leisure to go through the ward. I went to the men's hospital. The little lad that had the abscess on his side was in bed, sound asleep, dreaming perhaps of home,—of merry rompings when childhood in its frolicsomeness can make pastime building mud-houses, or, with a whip and post, playing horse-race. So "I e'en let the puir bairn alone."

Farther on in the ward were two patients in the last stages of consumption. The nun told me to look at them: she thought it well that I should give them final absolution, lest they should die during the night. I bent over one and said: "The nun has asked me to come to see you. How do you find yourself, my child?"—"Ah, not very well and not very bad, Father!"—"Is there any need for me to give you absolution?"—"I don't think there is, Father," he said, and he coughed that distressful consumptive cough; "but that poor boy over there," he added, recovering breath, "is very bad this evening and may like to see you." I therefore walked away,—not wishing to force him to receive absolution, and there was no appearance of immediate danger. All the same, I realized how true it is that the "consumptive" can never think themselves about to die,—how tenaciously they cling to a false hope.

I went to "the poor boy over there." I told him that the nun desired me to speak to him, and then inquired how long it was since I had been with him last. The poor fellow's sentiments were quite the contrary of those of the other boy. "If you give me time, Father," he said, "I will tell you." And when, later on, I asked him if he wished to receive absolution again, he began to draw his breath for an answer and a sudden fit of coughing seized him. You would have pitied the poor boy. Every cough almost threatened to burst an artery or blood-vessel. It was over after a few moments, and then he said: "As to that, Father, sure one could not get it too often." And then I heard his confession.

Passing on to the women's hospital, one of the Sisters asked me to see a poor old creature who was dying. She welcomed the priest: "A thousand welcomes, *agra!* Let me shake your hand, *aroon!* I may never do it again." I offered my hand to the poor old woman, and only wished that I were as simple-

minded or as sure of heaven as she. I went on farther through the wards. I was anxious to see the three little girls that lay almost side by side in the consumptive ward. To my surprise only one was there. The child whom I had last attended had gone to heaven; her body had been removed, her little bed was vacant. The third, who was suffering from a pain in the heart, had left the hospital. She could not be kept from her mother's breast, and would never rise from that breast again. It is hard to see them die,—flowers withering in the springtime. But there is an eternal summer before them, thank God!

There was light in the blind ward, which I suppose there need hardly be. (I think of Carleton's blind fiddler calling for a light to mend his catgut; or asking one of the boys to 'lead him through the fields, as the moon isn't up.') Gathered around a statue of our Blessed Lady were the poor inmates of the ward, praying to the Light of Heaven, to the Morning Star. They were reciting the Rosary tenderly and piously. Oh, how beautiful religion is, and how sweetly it consecrates the home where it is practised! It was but a poorhouse ward to mortal eyes, and yet who will say that angels were not ascending and descending there, shedding over the plain, rectangular building a halo of richness and beauty that not all the gold or glory of Solomon's throne could equal?

I passed to the fever hospital. Two desperate cases were before me. In the female ward a woman, in the men's ward her husband,—both, to use the nurse's expression, "all spotted over." They had received the sacraments before being brought in, and that was the reason why a sick call was not put on for me. Of the two, the woman seemed much the worse: her breathing and her whole appearance bespoke utter collapse. While there is life, however, there is hope. She was perfectly conscious, and able

to make her confession. I then went to see her husband. He seems to be a large, robust man. Already he shows symptoms of violence, and if he gets into the raging and raving of fever it will take two or three strong men to hold him. All the rest of the patients in the fever hospital seem to be recovered or are getting on well.

Monday.—Another beautiful morning, thank God! I hurried to the fever hospital to see the two patients of last night. I went to the women's ward first. The sun beat on the open windows and was reflected by a rich glow within; the fresh air came in, balmy and soft. How peaceful the day looked! The very sight of it would calm a troubled soul. One of the beautiful days in the latter part of the Indian Summer, when a golden glow is in the sun,—such it was; one of those days when earth in its fulness seems all but a paradise here below.

There was a voice down at the end of the ward; then a recurrence of voices solemn and earnest, with ever and anon a groan of pain between. The nun and the nurses and some of the patients were gathered around a dying bed, reading the Church's prayers for the departing soul. It was the poor woman of last night. She lay there quite conscious. Her hands were flung out, her face was pallid, and her mouth was open trying to catch a breath of that beautiful, sunshiny air to revive the fainting lungs within. Her lips were crusted with the peculiar parched crusting of fever; the teeth and gums were black,—a horrid black; the eyes alone retained the power of answering you. Oh, such a sweet day and such a sad sight! What a contrast! Outside the walls, in the green fields surrounding that fever hospital, all Nature spoke only of peacefulness and joy; within was a loathsome sight—a poor human creature struggling in the throes of death.

When I had done what I could for her, I passed on to see her husband, in the male ward. He lay there, with little consciousness, resting uneasily on his bed, and now and again uttering a raving expression mingled with a groan of pain.

In my night rounds there were again no sick calls, with the exception of some final absolutions. I had been saying a prayer in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament, and was on the point of leaving when two of the nuns sent for me. One told me that the poor fellow in the consumptive ward who did not want to see me last night expressed a wish to see me now. The other nun had a case of conscience. She had been informed that one of her patients was not anointed outside, whereas the woman herself stated that she had been. It was quite possible the patient may die during the night. What was to be done? I found that the balance of evidence went to establish that she had not been anointed; and so, on the principle of *sacramenta propter homines*, I decided to anoint her.

I went to the other "poor fellow over there," in the consumptive ward. Oh, but it was painful to listen to him! "I hope I'll die to-night, Father. Oh, I have such pain! Father, won't you pray that God may take me to-night,—take me out of this awful pain?" I thought it better not to cross him much, and so I promised I would do so; at the same time endeavoring as well as I could to insinuate patience by reminding him of our Saviour on the Cross. "O Father, but our Blessed Lord had only three hours, and He died in one day! Oh, may God take me out of this pain!"

(To be continued.)

OH, 'tis sweet when life is failing,
Back to look on labors blest,—
After years of stormy sailing,
Port to sight for endless rest!

—Wiseman.

The Unprofitable Property.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

MRS. DORRANCE, standing before her mirror, tied her black bonnet strings and hummed an air that had been popular when she was a girl. Even as she crooned softly to herself she recalled the years when she could not assume her mourning without wincing as from the pain of a roughly handled wound; and the tune she crooned became hushed in a prayer for her husband, her dearest dead.

He had been dead for fifteen years. After the primary desolation, it had never been to her otherwise than as if he had gone on a journey, whither she must follow; and in the ensuing time, apart from the watch she gave her children and their interests, she hopefully waited God's good hour when she should see Arthur again.

She was going "to town," partly because she felt she must work off some of the superfluous energy of motion engendered by the relief that had come from a lifted burden, and partly because she wished to make purchases a shrinking purse had hitherto forbidden. Some of these purchases were for Laura, the others for Arthur, when they returned next week—one from the convent school, the other from the university. Rejoicing in the pleasure she was to give them, she again sung to herself, this time a hymn she had not heard since she herself was a convent girl.

Sitting in the hall waiting for the phaeton which was to carry her to the station, where she would take the train for town, she recollected what had been prophesied when her husband died and left her the house in which she dwelt, the property that came to be called unprofitable which fronted on the river, and stocks in a railway and in a manufacturing company that represented

a large fortune. "He should not have left everything entirely to Laura and to her management," they said of her husband. "She knows nothing whatever of business."

Neither did she, poor woman! So, trusting to her husband's foresight, she held on to the stocks, though advised to sell. The stocks to-day represented shrunken values, paying no dividends this year, and probably they would pay none for years to come. No wonder, seeing herself without income and the prospect of having to sell the house in which she dwelt, that she worried. The unprofitable property on the riverside would not sell; and yet it was a property her husband had told her to hold on to till she was offered a sum which, when she repeated it to her friends, was laughed at. The laughter made her angry and indignant. It was as if they had scoffed at her husband, whose judgment to her was inerrant.

She laughed almost aloud when a servant announced the arrival of the phaeton. The unlooked-for had happened. A sum even slightly above what she had been told to expect had been offered for the unprofitable property. The offer had come to her through a firm of lawyers, and she construed their letter to mean that they were purchasing for a widow who wanted a country-seat. There was nothing in the communications of the lawyers to warrant this assumption. It gratified her to imagine it, and her imagination was lively but always unselfish.

She had put the business of the transfer of the property entirely in Robert's hands. He was a great comfort to her,—all her children were. How much she had to thank God for, she pondered as the horse drawing the phaeton ambled down the street, lined on either side with suburban residences that time would make picturesque. At present they were insistently new. She had wanted her children to be like their father. She had

never wished them to be like herself, though such would not have been an evil wish. Above all, she wished them to have their father's love of truth. She had always been sure her prayer had been granted in the case of Arthur and of Laura. Laura had never given her a moment's care; and now, she exulted, Arthur was to be a priest of God. "Blessed be His holy name!"

Robert had given her little trouble; but twice or thrice he had prevaricated, none of the occasions being of much moment. She had made much of them, however, and not without effect; for now that Robert was a man his word was to be trusted. Sometimes she thought his profession of the law not conducive to the veracity she prized. Such fears she put aside as feminine fancies or wiles of Satan, thinking with cynic amusement that these might be synonymous. She found consolation in the thought that more than one lawyer has been canonized, and recommended Robert to the prayers of the Blessed Thomas More.

She had considered the investment of the monies to be paid for the unprofitable property, in the end leaving the matter to Robert's decision. United States bonds were in the market and he advised their purchase. The interest would not be large, but she and the younger children could live on it,—more restrictedly than had been their wont, but comfortably and without too much counting of pennies. She concluded that she could and must practise economies, but they need not be of the cheeseparating variety.

When she arrived at the station she found herself, as usual, ahead of time. She was not sorry: she disliked to be hurried. Two men in conversation sat on the same bench on the station platform. She took a seat on the far end, but not out of earshot, for the men talked in loud tones. Presently she heard her name, Dorrance, mentioned.

They were speaking of her husband and of the unprofitable property. As she realized what the news the men unwittingly told her meant to her, she fell into a slough of despond. The thought that perhaps she misunderstood revived her.

The loss of her youth had never caused her the slightest uneasiness. To-day she was glad she was not young. Gray hairs have a liberty akin to license. She was going to question these men, these strangers. Rising from her seat, she advanced to where they sat. They looked up inquiringly, and without pause she announced:

"I am Mrs. Dorrance."

The men touched their hats and muttered something about not knowing of her proximity when they spoke of her affairs.

"But you said nothing objectionable: you only questioned my husband's wisdom in holding on to Spring Farm" (the name of the unprofitable property); "but even in that you may be right." (It really hurt her to confess this.) "What you said that concerned me was about the farm. Did you say that chemical works are to be erected on the property adjoining?"

The men replied that they had made such a statement,—that they were authorized to do so, one of them being a party in the transaction of a sale of land to the company.

"If that is the case," she observed, "what you say is true. Spring Farm is naturally worth less than it was before, owing to the neighborhood of the works."

The men did not attempt to deny this, only remarked that it was a pity it was a fact.

"Thank you for telling me," she said, and went on with a candid eagerness that belonged to innocent youth,—she was old only in years: "I have had an offer for the property, and am confident that the would-be buyers know nothing

of the contemplated erection of the works. I must let them know."

The two men rose from their seats; and the elder, taking off his hat, said:

"Pardon me, Madam, but you are very like Mr. Dorrance."

He meant to praise her husband,—that was all she understood. Blushing with pleasure, she exclaimed:

"Thank you! You are very kind. Good-bye! My train is coming."

There were no purchases to be made. Her resolution was taken as she entered the railway coach. She must go to Robert's office and prevent the sale: or if it had been made, she would refund the money. Suppose Robert objected to this? He could not do more than object. Everything was hers, to do with as she saw fit. She did not question his right to object, only such an objection would be a species of dishonesty; and had he a right to be dishonest? Perhaps, though, she argued in her fairness to him, his conscience would allow to him what to her would be a fraud in selling the property for a price it was not worth. If so, she argued on, his would be a false conscience, and she recalled her knowledge that an undirected conscience is an insufficient guide; and should he object, she determined to remind him of this.

When the suburban train reached the terminus and she had descended from the station to the street, she was about to take a hansom when she remembered that she must be economical, and took a trolley car instead. The little agitation over her transfer—transfers always confused her,—together with the ever-present financial troubles, set her nerves on edge, though she was not a nervous woman; and when she arrived at the tall building where Robert had his office she was almost ready to break down.

Robert had a better outlook than practice, albeit the latter was fair: netting him an income sufficient for his individual needs, with a surplus that

went to pay the salary of the very youthful clerk who rose from his desk in the outer office when Mrs. Dorrance entered. The clerk knew who she was; and, with the deference due his employer's mother, informed her that Mr. Dorrance was out but would be in soon, and invited her to enter the inner office.

"Mr. Tappan is there waiting for Mr. Dorrance," he added in an undertone.

"Then I'll go right in," she said, her hand extended to open the door of Robert's private office; but before she could touch it the door was swung back and an elderly gentleman, stout and of a florid complexion, stood in the opening.

"I thought I recognized your voice, Laura," he said, extending his hand.

"I am so glad to see you, Cousin Tappan," she exclaimed, and took the hand proffered her.

Although their relationship was little more than mythical, these two had always been to each other "Laura" and "Cousin Tappan."

"Is this a maternal visit or are there law affairs?" he asked jocularly, pushing forward a roomy leathern chair for her to sit in.

"Be seated," she said, "and I'll tell you all about it. I know you will think I am right," she declared, and hurried on with her story, which she told in a straightforward manner.

Tappan listened without interruption, and when she finished he asked quietly:

"You say Carman & Wayne is the firm that is buying the property—you don't know for whom?"

"Yes, Carman & Wayne. I have an idea the one purchasing is a—widow," she hesitated.

"Never mind your ideas, Laura: stick to facts. Now, this is a fact: you may be sure Carman & Wayne know what they are about; and you are not morally or legally bound to inform them of these chemical works, or to injure in any way yourself or your children

for their benefit or the benefit of their client."

Two red spots glowed on her cheeks.

"Then you advise me to let the sale go on, and not to act on the information I received this morning?"

"I think it would be madness on your part to pay any attention to it. You knew nothing of it when you instructed Robert to make the sale; and, practically, the sale has been made," said Cousin Tappan, with emphasis.

"Perhaps that is why Robert is not here: he may have gone to conclude the sale!" she exclaimed in alarm.

"I sincerely hope it is concluded; then there can be no more of this folly," pronounced Cousin Tappan, irately.

"Oh, then I shall refund the money! The men I overheard said the property is not worth an eighth of its former valuation."

He stared at her aghast.

"I always said Arthur made a foolish will," he burst out. "What do *women* know about business? You were advised to sell your stocks, and you would not; it was a matter of sentiment with you—"

"*This* is not a matter of sentiment," Laura interrupted: "it is a matter of principle. You speak as if I did not feel for my children—"

She paused: Robert had entered.

"One would think you quarrelling, you spoke so loudly, Cousin Tappan," he said, with a laugh.

"And one so thinking would not be far amiss," replied Cousin Tappan. "Your mother has put me out completely. She has been telling me about the offer made for Spring Farm. Is it sold?"

Robert was standing partly behind his mother, his hand resting affectionately on her shoulder.

"Sold, and the check for it lodged in bank," he replied.

"Good!" shouted Cousin Tappan, and he rubbed his hands.

His mother turned about in her chair to face him.

"The money must be refunded!" she cried, her face white with emotion.

"Refunded!" he ejaculated. "Why, mother, the sale has been made! They would not return the property for thrice the money."

"That's right, Rob! Don't give in to her," whispered Cousin Tappan.

"Robert," she said, "you don't know. I have learned that chemical works are to be put on the property adjoining the farm, that this makes the farm valueless as a place of residence."

He laughed.

"I knew about the works days ago," he answered.

"And, knowing, you dared to let me sell without warning the buyer,—you let me trade on another's ignorance,—you let me do a dishonest act! How can I ever forgive you!"

Her voice was choked, her eyes were dry and burning, and she drew away from Robert when he tried to put his arm about her.

"To think," she whispered, "that a son of *his* should betray me!"

Cousin Tappan stood looking at them, too overcome to speak. Had he expressed in words what he felt, he would have said that she was a mad woman who deserved to be locked up.

"Mother," exclaimed Robert, "you judge without hearing me!"

"Have you *anything* to say?" she demanded.

"Yes: much! You accuse me of a robbery, and it is *you* who have been robbed."

"Laura robbed?" screamed Tappan.

Not heeding him, Robert pursued:

"I learned of the chemical works; and, feeling as you feel about it, I went to Carman & Wayne and told them what I knew. Carman, the senior member of the firm, accused me of trying to get out of the bargain that had been made (I quote him), and insisted on holding you to your word passed through me. Under the circumstances there was

nothing for me to do but to sign the papers and accept the check they had in waiting for me."

He paused; and she said, deprecating his anger:

"Can you forgive me, my son, for not trusting you?"

Bending, he kissed her on the cheek.

"But you have not heard all, mother," he went on, with great gentleness. "After the papers had been signed, I asked if I might inquire the name of the purchaser of the farm. 'Certainly,' Carman replied: 'the owners of the chemical works.' And I have learned since that the owners of the works knew when they bought that the farm lands are rich in phosphates, and that, because of our ignorance of this, we have sold them the lands for about a fourth of their value."

"The scoundrels!" fairly yelled Cousin Tappan.

Laura was not quick at repartee, but on this occasion she was alert.

"It does make a difference whose ox is gored," she said quietly; and Cousin Tappan's florid complexion had the grace to assume a deeper hue.

As for her, she was as happy as a lark; and she trotted Robert out to help her make her purchases, her soul soaring upward and upward to Heaven in thankfulness to God for the love of honesty and truth he had given her children.

GOD has many ways of drawing us to Himself. He sometimes hides himself from us; but *faith* alone, which will not fail us in time of need, ought to be our support, and the foundation of our confidence, which must be all in God.—*Brother Lawrence*.

RELIGIOUS teaching, it must be remembered, can not be differentiated from all other instruction and taught by itself at certain hours of the day. Religion must influence all the teaching given in the school.—*Bishop Creighton (Anglican)*.

The Idea of God.

A FRENCH philosopher who lived in the last part of the eighteenth century claimed that if man were to receive no religious instruction whatever, no idea of a Divinity would exist in his mind, and that (a thing which has never been known) he would pass through life without the thought of a Supreme Creator.

He set out, therefore, to look for a child who had never heard the name of God spoken, either by a priest (which would have been very easy in that age of unbelief and persecution in France) or by a mother who should have found her happiness in fulfilling this duty.

He was successful in his quest and found a beautiful little boy, fair and delicate. He was able to get possession of the child by means of a small sum of money given to parents without affection, and he took him at once to his country-seat.

Here the child had for his first master Nature itself; later the philosopher became his teacher, interpreting Nature to him. This education lasted for several years without any change. The young pupil grew up, his intelligence developed, but he had learned nothing whatever of God, to his master's great joy.

"Soon," the philosopher said to himself, "I shall be able to present to the Academy of Paris a young man who has never dreamed of such a thing as a God."

One morning at daybreak, as the philosopher was taking a solitary walk in the woods of his park, he saw the child go down into the garden.

"Where can he be going in such haste? Why is he out so early?" the man asked himself.

Hiding himself behind a hedge, he saw the boy go up on a little hill overlooking a pond, in the crystal of which were reflected all the splendors of the rising

sun. It was the hour of the awakening of the birds,—the moment when, with joy and fluttering wings, they greeted the return of light with their sweetest songs. It was the hour when the flowers, covered with pearly dewdrops, opened their corollas and exhaled their perfumes.

On his knees, in the midst of the flowers whose beauty he rivalled, the child mingled his musical voice with the songs of the birds and thus greeted the rising sun:

“O Sun, how beautiful thou art! The Creator who sent thee to the world made thee splendid indeed. O Sun, dost thou see the Creator of all things? If thou dost, tell Him that I love Him, and that I, too, would like to know Him. If thou seest Him, give Him for me a kiss on His eternal forehead.”

He ceased speaking, and, putting his hand to his lips, he wafted a kiss to that God whom he already loved with all his heart.

From his hiding-place behind the trees, the philosopher saw and heard all. Moved to tears, and trembling in every limb, he ran up the hillside, embraced the boy with transports, and cried:

“Who ever told you that there was a Creator in heaven?”

“*Who told me?*” replied the child. “That sun, which you could not have put up there; these flowers, which come out of the earth without your hand being there to push them up; this heart, which neither you nor I cause to beat in my breast.”

As the child spoke, he was glorified and illumined with the rays of the rising sun; his heart, which had just experienced this aspiration toward God, bounded in his young breast.

At the sublime outburst the philosopher beat his brow and exclaimed: “O unbelievers! what dupes ye all are!”

You do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not.—*Ruskin.*

The Lay Apostolate.

PRIESTS engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics have discovered that the laity must co-operate with the clergy to obtain the best results. A priest writing in the *Missionary* has this to say on the subject:

Missions and missionaries may do much, but the seed must be sown. For this important work no hand can equal that of the right kind of a Catholic layman. A missionary has said: “Give us an earnest, zealous, Catholic laity, whose lives are above reproach, and America is as good as converted.” Our little experience would lead to a like conclusion. In our first mission field live four Catholic families. For years they had discussed religion with their separated brethren and had distributed a limited amount of controversial literature. On leaving that field we had an inquiry class of twenty-eight; next place, one Catholic family—an inquiry class of nine; third place, one Catholic family, considerably removed from place of meeting, result: an inquiry class of two; last meeting, no Catholics, result: though many were interested, and we circulated much reading matter, no inquirers at all.

Another priest declares in the same magazine that the laity have an important work to do as coadjutors of the parish clergy. He gives his own very interesting experience in these words:

I picked out three of the zealous young women; I could have had more, but I thought three enough for the experiment. I showed them the field and told them what could be done with it. I asked them to make a list of their non-Catholic acquaintances in their own neighborhood with whom they are brought into frequent contact, and instruct them themselves till they led them to conviction, and then to bring them to me. I also told them that there are many adults and working boys and girls, Catholics born and baptized, who have been neglected through one reason or another, and have never made a confession nor their First Communion. I told them that they could prepare such better than the pastor, because such are ashamed to come to the priest, and fear to be put on the level of little children in a catechism class. My three apostles were working-women, and after their hard day's labor they spent their evenings looking for the lost sheep. It was a thickly populated parish and they had no trouble in finding them. They organized catechism classes in their own homes,

they instructed, individually, those who were ashamed to come to a catechism class. They were enthusiastic apostles, and felt for the first time in their lives that they were really working for their neighbor's salvation.

They worked for two months and brought the fruit: eight converts and forty-five adults for First Communion. Some of these were married and had never made their first confession; some were old enough to marry; many of them were Italians and Bohemians, who were under no parochial influence—or, rather, who had not responded to the ordinary parochial influences. The laborers have only touched the rim of the field, and are still at work reaping harvest for God.

Who is the man or woman, priest or layman, who will organize the work of lay parish missionaries? The laity can reach crowds of people a priest can not possibly reach; they can carry the Gospel into places into which a priest could never find entrance; they can attract souls, bad Catholics and non-Catholics, the great unchurched mass of outsiders, by methods peculiarly their own. A permanent band of lay visitors who should call on every soul in the parish could reap so great a harvest that I will pray every day till it be realized; and there are thousands of earnest, prudent, and zealous persons ready for the asking.

Of the willingness of the laity to undertake these apostolic works, no experienced priest can have any doubt whatever; of the fitness of elect souls here and there in every parish, there is equal certainty. Doubtless there will be many zealous pastors to fall in with the suggestions of these missionaries, and to make trial of a plan so obviously suited to stimulate the clergy, to reclaim the wanderer, and to sanctify the lay missionary himself. In no way can the laity better fall in with the wishes of the Holy Father as expressed in his first Encyclical.

The Long and Short of It.

A "society woman" once complained to an eighteenth-century French bishop of the undue length of the Sunday Mass. "Madame," said the bishop, "it is not the Mass that is too long, but your devotion that is too short."

Notes and Remarks.

It is admitted on all sides that the weak link in our educational chain is the high school. Some recent studies by the Rev. J. A. Burns, C. S. C., reveal the fact that, as compared with the attendance at non-Catholic secondary schools, the number of children attending Catholic high schools "falls short by two-thirds of what it ought to be"; and this even when all allowances are made for the smallness of our numbers. The parochial school enrolment, Father Burns finds, is almost one-half of what it ought to be proportionately to the general population; and in collegiate education Catholic institutions enjoy just one-half of the normal attendance. "These facts," he says, "while in some respects disappointing, are yet, on the whole, full of encouragement. It is true, one-half of the school population is still outside the influence of Catholic education. The Catholic population is increasing rapidly, and it will tax our energies severely to provide additional school accommodations proportionate to this increase. Yet...the single fact that the parochial schools have nearly a million pupils is splendid evidence of the solid growth of our educational system, as well as an eloquent testimony to the spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice on the part of both clergy and laity that has made such a result possible."

It is said that in the Kingdom of Saxony, one of the most Protestant portions of Protestant Germany, only two and a half per cent of the entire population still attend church. *Reynolds' Newspaper* (London) is authority for the statement that the Church of England does not embrace a third of the population of the Kingdom. The indifference of the people of Saxony is hard to overcome, and conversions among them are not very numerous. On the other

hand, it is gratifying to learn from the journal just quoted that "the Established Church in England is rapidly drifting into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church."

It is known that at least half the state-supported clergy are what is called Ritualists. The interiors of the churches, where these gentlemen officiate, are hardly distinguishable from those of the Catholic Church. Indeed, they repudiate the term "Protestant," and now call themselves "Catholics,"—that is members of the universal Christian church, which, of course, is the Church of Rome.

In concluding his article the writer in *Reynolds' Newspaper* remarks with seemingly unconscious frankness: "The so-called Church of England is purely an article of parliamentary manufacture. The State made it, the State rules it, the State can unmake it."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has a good word for the much-abused Middle Ages in his new biography of Robert Browning, in the "English Men of Letters" series. Referring to the essential difference between modern and mediæval progress, Mr. Chesterton says:

The supreme characteristic [of the mediæval state] was that it cared for the things of the mind for their own sake. To complain of the researches of its sages on the ground that they were not materially fruitful, is to act as we should act in telling a gardener that his roses were not as digestible as his cabbages. It is not only true that the mediæval philosophers never discovered the steam-engine: it is quite equally true that they never tried. The Eden of the Middle Ages was really a garden, where each of God's flowers—truth and beauty and reason—flourished for its own sake and with its own name. The Eden of modern progress is a kitchen-garden.

Dr. W. C. Robinson, professor of Law in the Catholic University of Washington, writes this suggestive paragraph in the course of an article in *Truth*:

For twenty-five years I have lived in one of our large university towns, having a population of over seventy-five thousand persons, of whom at least one-third are Catholics. It is a town full of intellectual life, with a most liberal and friendly spirit toward the Church and her members, and a strong disposition to co-operate with her in all

her works of charity and education. But there is not now, and there never has been, a place within its borders where Catholic books, in any variety, could be found. In a few news-offices and similar establishments, the ordinary prayer-books and a small selection of devotional manuals are kept; but neither on the shelves of its bookstores nor anywhere else does Catholic literature invite inspection and seek its purchasers and readers. And there is no prospect that, under present methods, it will ever do so. Small dealers are unable, large dealers are unwilling, to carry an expensive stock which may not be readily salable; and if we are to wait till either Protestants or Catholics become such constant and liberal buyers of our books as to warrant these investments by local dealers, many a day must pass before these books are much more accessible than now.

Before he went to Washington, Dr. Robinson filled a chair in Yale University, and the town to which he refers is doubtless New Haven. The professor's own plan for supplying the need he deplores will be found outlined by himself in our department "With Authors and Publishers" this week. Whatever may be thought of the practicability of Dr. Robinson's suggestion, the urgent need of some effective agency for placing—not merely distributing—well-reasoned, well-written and well-published Catholic books among earnest and intelligent outsiders must appeal to every zealous spirit. And the right layman, when he is found, will perhaps consider the suggestion just as feasible as was the creation of a special seminary for the training of missionaries to non-Catholics.

It is almost three years now since the Rev. Edward Cunningham, O. M. I., was ordained and began the zealous work which has disproved the Canadian proverb that "a half-breed will never make a priest." Long ago Canadian and Irish adventurers sojourning in the great Northwest, far from religious influences, intermarried with the Indians, and the result was a mixed race with the faults of both white and Indian. Later, when the missionaries came among them, they introduced agriculture and schools as

well as chapels; and the rapidity with which the half-breeds have progressed, at least in missions where circumstances are favorable, is little short of the marvellous. The mission of St. Albert, in Alberta, for instance, is surrounded by prosperous farms, where numerous flocks and herds graze and where the most modern farm machinery is in use. This mission also boasts a theological seminary, which has been called "a little Propaganda" because so many nationalities are represented among its pupils—Canadians of French or Irish extraction, a half-breed Iroquois Cree, an Irishman, an Englishman, and a Ruthenian.

It is no surprise to those who have followed the career of the new Bishop of Salford (England) that his first pastoral contains, among other exhortations, an appeal to Catholic young men to have a share in the public life about them. "We can not but feel," writes Dr. Casartelli, "that it would be a good thing if some of our younger men—not out of a spirit of vulgar vanity, but out of what may be styled a spirit of just civic ambition—would strive to render public service for the benefit of both the Church and the Commonwealth. Of course this often involves some sacrifice, particularly of valuable time; but it is precisely such a generous sacrifice that both the Church and the country may well look for from good Catholics, who certainly ought to be always model citizens. It would perhaps be well if during the education of our youth of both sexes some effort were made to direct attention to their social and civic responsibilities in later life."

The Bishop has no desire, of course, to enlist his young men in the cattle-driving business—which politics mostly is in the minds of many. There is work, high and holy, to be done in civic life by the right men in the right way. One remembers with pride the purifying activities of Mr. Charles Bonaparte, for

instance; and one wonders how much good might result to both Church and State if a few hundred capable and conscientious young Catholics set themselves to emulate him.

In his introduction to the forthcoming biography of "The Two Kenricks," Archbishop Ryan writes: "In the preliminary examination of the *fama sanctitatis* of the venerable Bishop Neumann, necessary for the introduction of his cause with a view to his beatification, the writer was generally asked by clerical and lay witnesses: 'Why not introduce the name of Bishop Kenrick? We all felt he was a saint.' Indeed, the *fama sanctitatis* was quite as great in one case as in the other." The introduction of the cause of Archbishop Kenrick would gratify American Catholics in every part of the country. Philadelphia and Baltimore are the cities most honored by association with his name, but the memory of his learning and holiness is the common heritage of the Catholics of the United States.

In a letter to the *Church Times*, the Rev. Mr. Benson (a son of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury who lately made his submission to the Church) explains that positive belief, and not merely negative, is necessary for such a step. He says: "It is owing to a positive belief that to be in communion with the Holy See is a necessity for one who wishes to be in communion with the Church, that I have made my submission."

The editor of the *Lamp* is rendering good service by explaining points of Catholic doctrine to his Anglican readers. We lately quoted his explanation of indulgences, which, besides being clear and complete, hits off in the happiest way the absurdity of the stock objections. It is pleasant to observe that Father Paul's zeal in spreading religious truth is becoming contagious. One of

his correspondents writes: "I hope the *Lamp* will some day call attention to the Black Letter Days in the English Prayer Book. The church which at the accession of Elizabeth restored amongst other things a festival of the Conception B. V. M. can not fairly charge Pius IX. with innovation for his proclamation of the doctrine three hundred years later."

In an address before the Knights of Columbus in New York recently, Mr. Bourke Cockran said: "Divorce strikes at the virtue of our women, and this virtue is what preserves the State. Divorce is the one foul growth upon our soil, and upon its riddance depends our future. If we are to choose between divorces and polygamy, give us polygamy." That is a shocking assertion, but the most shocking thing about it is its perfect truthfulness. Polygamy, bad as it is, does not strike so fatally at the vitals of society as divorce. Domestic life is possible under polygamy, and so is the decent upbringing of children; divorce directly attacks the very heart of civilization—the family. Yet persons who would shudder at the thought of polygamy smile indulgently on divorce; and—worst of all—women seem most bent on multiplying it.

As a rule, the *Living Church* (Protestant Episcopal) is painful reading on account of the bitter prejudice which it so frequently manifests toward the Church and its august head. A conversion, especially among clergymen, seems to rob our contemporary of all peace of mind until it can chronicle something injurious to the Catholic cause. It is especially gratifying, therefore, to find the following remarks in the *L. C.*, and to quote them for the benefit of our own lay readers:

Theoretically, every Christian admits that God directs his life and that he needs God's help and guidance. Why not, then, ask for it day by day?

It is somewhat remarkable that the morning

devotions should be more irregular than the prayer at retiring. Are not the requirements and the temptations and the dangers and the needs of the waking hours greater than those of the hours of retirement? Do we not more directly need God's help—if there can be said to be greater or less need of it—by day than while we sleep?

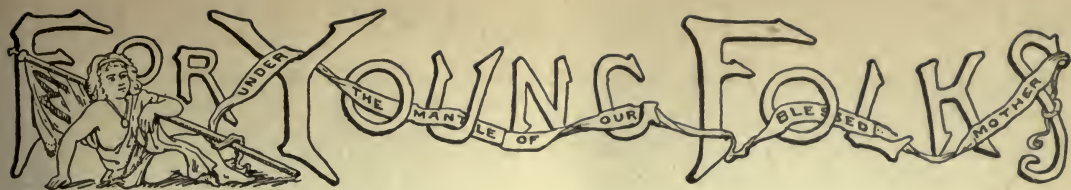
But the omission of morning or of evening prayers, or both, is not something that would be defended by any one. When it happens, it happens through carelessness or sloth or apathy. No one would defend it: but many fall into it.

The remedy is a realization of the love of the Father. He longs for the "Good-morning" and the "Good-night" of His children. Surely we may reason from human fatherhood and motherhood to the infinite Fatherhood of God; and that suggests the Father's desire for His children's intercourse with Him.

The neglect of morning prayers is sadly general. The excuse usually offered is forgetfulness or the necessity of hurry. But the most absent-minded as well as the busiest people seldom neglect to take breakfast. The Little Catechism has a question and answer regarding the care of the soul and the body which those who neglect morning prayers would do well to ask and answer sometimes.

Catholics hide themselves and bury their doctrines from our eyes. We Protestants are more or less directly given to understand that you do not want us: that we have no concern with Catholic doctrine. Politeness is displayed toward us, but not zeal.... While Protestants of the best class see Catholics sinful, it will never come into their minds to imagine that the religion of those people is divine.

These plain words were addressed by a Protestant gentleman of more than average intelligence to a missionary in the South. The gentleman was one of a group of earnest inquirers who gathered about the priest after the close of a non-Catholic mission, and who remained until midnight "pouring out questions, misunderstandings, difficulties"; expressing gratitude for the light they got. The priest's own comment on the words will approve itself to all: "The coming of the Kingdom of God is hindered and delayed and frustrated because we have too little zeal."



The Month of the Dead.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

EACH month of the year to our heart is dear
When once we have learned to know it
By the name we find in the Church's mind,—
As her festivals ever show it.
October, men say, is dull and gray;
But surely they have no notion
How to you and me the Rosary
Makes it bloom with sweet devotion.

So, too, though the breath of approaching death
Chills Nature throughout November,
We welcome each day as fit time to pray
For our dead whom we remember.
Ah, no wintry chill of the north wind shrill
Can sadden the tender-hearted
Who beg the release and eternal peace
Of the souls of the faithful departed.

The Campers.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

THERE was but one train daily to Wawona, and that was met by a stage which took campers to their destination, when they did not arrive by the road—the longer route—in camping wagons containing a complete outfit for their sojourn at Aguas Calientes. Walter and his father were strangers in California and did not know of any other route than that by railroad. If they had they probably would have taken it, as they were keen for every new experience.

When the train reached the little station at Wawona, they realized that in the short space of an hour they had arrived in a new land, among a new

people, different in every respect from themselves and the dwellers of the fair city seventeen miles away. Swarthy and dark-eyed, arrayed in nondescript attire, with a dash of color in their picturesque costume, they all thronged around the new arrivals, tourists for the most part, eager to improve the shining hour which was allowed them to explore the little Mexican town.

Wawona lay on the other side of the imaginary line, defined by a monumental stone which separated the United States from her sister republic. The railway station on the American border flanked the United States post office on one side and the custom-house on the other. On the outside wall of the latter building was pasted a printed notice which read as follows: "Tourists are allowed to purchase one hundred dollars' worth of goods without payment of duty. Any attempt at smuggling will be punished by a severe fine." As the visitors streamed forth from the train their attention was directed to this placard by a functionary who strode up and down the narrow platform.

"Where are all those people going now, father?" inquired Walter as his father returned from a short interview with a stage-driver, during which the boy had kept guard over their luggage. The visitors were eagerly crowding into two long stages, each drawn by four horses, which stood before the post office.

"They are going over to Wawona," answered Mr. Hale.

"I thought *this* was Wawona," said the boy, looking up at the two frame buildings standing solitary in the narrow little valley where the train had halted.

"This is the United States side," observed a small but well-built Mexican who had just made his appearance from

the custom-house. He smiled pleasantly at the boy as he spoke; and Walter rejoined, with a smile equally pleasant:

"Where is the other side?"

"You see that monument just there on the little hill?"

"Yes. Is some one buried there?"

"Oh, no! That is the line between the two countries. Here, you stand in the United States; take about three hundred steps, and you are in Mexico."

"But where is the town where the people go to buy the curios, and have their handkerchiefs stamped with a Mexican stamp, and write postals to their friends at home?"

"On the other side of the hill,—maybe five minutes' ride from here."

"And we can not see a bit of it from where we are standing?"

"Yes, a 'bit,'" rejoined the friendly Mexican, who spoke very good English, with a slight accent which rendered it more agreeable, Walter thought, than otherwise. "Please step this way. There is a little house, almost in the cañon; that is the beginning of the town. And a little farther there is another, then two. Do you see them?"

"Yes, sir, I do," answered Walter. "They look pretty in their gardens of bright red geraniums. I love flowers."

"You will not see so many flowers after you pass those houses. There they have windmills and water, but they are about the last. The people up above do not care for flowers very much, I think; and they are all too poor to build windmills."

"It is a pity," interposed Mr. Hale. "A little green and a few flowers go far to make the lowliest home beautiful."

"So I think," rejoined the Mexican. "In the first of the houses which I show you lives the alcalde, and in the second the judge."

"Oh!" exclaimed Walter, craning his neck to see all he could of the dwelling of the alcalde, as he repeated aloud a verse of which he was very fond:

"Then came the great alcalde,
A mighty man was he;
He owned the orange gardens
From La Ruíz to the sea."

The Mexican laughed.

"Our mayor is not so rich," he remarked; "though it is said that once his people owned a big mine down beyond Rosario, which was lost."

"How could a mine be lost?" asked Walter.

"Easy enough. They found it—some of them,—they kept it a secret; then they died, and nobody knew. It is a story—but excuse me! Do you wait for some one, Señor?" he asked of Mr. Hale, who was rather anxiously looking up and down the dusty road. Everyone else had left the platform; the brakemen had unloaded the small quantity of freight and shunted the car to a switch; the postmaster was busily sorting the mail on the other side of the building; and here the remnant of the stragglers had shifted themselves. Not that any of them expected letters: theirs, if it were their good fortune to receive any, would be waiting for them over the border, beyond the monument, in the long, low adobe building which was *correo** and *aduanas*† combined. But they professed to be in the centre of whatever activity there was at this the only busy hour of the day at Wawona.

"I had expected to find some one waiting for me—for us," Mr. Hale replied to this query. "We are on our way to the Springs, from which I understood there was a daily stage. I am afraid now, as I do not see it, that it has come and gone without us. The postmaster informed me a few moments ago that he had seen it arrive."

"It is beyond on the other side of the custom-house," said the Mexican. "I am the driver. That I did not know before you were my passengers is because they told me at Aguas Calientes that two old gentlemen would come to-day. I

* Post-office.

† Custom-house.

looked for them and I did not see them, so I supposed they had put off their coming. They often do. I was not told of you, Señor. Excuse me that you have been kept waiting."

"Oh, that is nothing, sir!" rejoined Mr. Hale. "I feel much relieved, I assure you. There must have been some misunderstanding, as I had written. But I suppose it will be all right."

"Yes, Señor: everything will be all right. I will go now for the stage and bring it around, that we may put in the baggage."

He went away, and returned in a few moments with an ancient vehicle, in which, after depositing their numerous belongings wherever they could place them, Mr. Hale and Walter seated themselves. But before this, when their own luggage had been stowed away, Walter had insisted upon carrying out various packages from the large frame building, which, he learned on going to the other side, was a grocery as well as a post office.

"I go every day around to the campers and ask what they wish from town," said the Mexican. "That way it makes it easier for them."

"And harder for you," replied Walter. "Still, those people pay you, of course, for your trouble?"

"Oh, no, no!" rejoined the other, in surprise. "I could not ask to be paid for such a thing as that. One must be neighborly; and it would be very hard if those good people should go without just because I would not oblige them."

"Do you have a list?" asked Walter.

"Yes: here in my pocket I have a book in which I write down all they want."

"Will you tell me your name?" said Walter, as he lifted the last bundle from the counter. "Mine is Walter Hale."

"My name is Martino Martinez," replied the Mexican. "Everybody knows Martino. Sometimes when I go to the city I meet maybe a hundred persons, who will say, 'Hello, Martino!' 'Well,

Martino, how do you do?' I always speak to them, of course, because I can not allow them to think I forget them. They have been at the Springs, and I do not remember everybody."

By the time Walter had mounted the stage and taken the seat beside Martino their acquaintance had progressed finely. Mr. Hale preferred sitting inside the stage, as he had a slight headache.

"These are two stout horses you have," said Walter. "Are they yours?"

"Yes, they are mine. The stage is not mine, though. It belongs to the Springs."

"Indeed? And don't *you* belong to the Springs?"

"Well, in some way I do and again I do not."

"Don't you live there?"

"No: I live down in yonder valley. I will show you my house. My wife is a sister of the Delveros, who own the Springs. She has a share in the land, of course. We have cows and sell milk there, and also some vegetables which we raise. Every morning I go over with the stage and take the orders, and fetch the vegetables and the milk. So in that way I make a little money. The campers buy from me. Then I go back and on to the railroad. If any persons are there I take them down. After dinner I go to my house again with the stage."

They were now passing the alcalde's house, which looked less picturesque as they approached it. The boards were old and destitute of paint; the geranium bushes and vines were covered with the thick white dust of the road; several barefoot children were playing on the piazza. So, too, with the dwelling of the judge, where a motley line of clothing was drying in the little front garden, and two hogs were grunting inside the gate.

A steep incline led to the top of the hill, from which the Mexican town, built of adobe, stretched on either side of the road. The houses were close

together. The travellers saw as they passed that they consisted mainly of saloons and curio stores, from which the tourists were issuing in groups and re-entering the stages awaiting them in front of the custom-house, where many of them still lingered, writing their postals to distant friends. Many of them were laden with bundles; all looked tired, hot, dusty, but very good-humored.

"Now it is our turn," said Martino, as he handed the reins to Walter, who had assured him he knew how to drive.

"Why must we wait here?" inquired the boy.

"You will see in one moment," replied Martino, springing to the ground.

Two well-dressed, gentlemanly young men stepped forward from the deep portico of the custom-house. One of them had a pencil behind his ear and a notebook in his hand.

"*Que?*" said the man with the pencil.

"*No mucho,*" replied Martino, waving his hand toward the luggage.

The other shrugged his shoulders smilingly; and his companion, assisted by Martino, removed everything from the stage.

"What are they going to do, father?" asked Walter.

"Examine our baggage in order to see if we are trying to smuggle anything dutiable across the line."

"How can they find out?"

"Simply by opening and looking into everything."

"They will have a good deal of trouble for nothing. Why doesn't Martino tell them we are not smugglers, and then they will let us go?"

"He does not know whether we are or not," rejoined Mr. Hale. "We were entire strangers to him until a few moments ago."

Martino, busily engaged in unwrapping Mr. Hale's tent, looked up at him with a bright smile. The tent was placed on the scales which stood by the porch,

weighed and rewrapped. The telescope, basket and suit-cases were opened, a hand run through their contents; and then, as they seemed to be satisfactory, they were restrapped by Martino. A large box tightly nailed, containing kitchen utensils and canned goods was shaken, and allowed to remain unopened.

"Cooking things?" inquired Martino of Mr. Hale, who nodded his head. Evidently the custom-house officer was satisfied with the assertion. A large roll of bedding was also passed over, and the luggage was replaced in the stage by Martino, assisted by Walter.

Meanwhile the man with the pencil behind his ear went into the office, returning presently with a statement which he handed to Martino, who passed it to Mr. Hale.

"Thirty-six cents American money," said Martino, seeing that Mr. Hale could not understand the Spanish account. "The tent was the only dutiable thing. They charge by the pound."

Mr. Hale handed the money to the officer, who bowed most graciously in acknowledgment, and with a wave of the hand sped them on their way.

(To be continued.)

Named for the Admiral's Cloak.

Grog, it is well known, is the mixture of rum and water served out to sailors as part of their rations; but the origin of the word is less familiar. Admiral Vernon, of the English Navy, was accustomed to walk the deck of his vessel in all sorts of weather; and when it stormed he wore an old cloak made of a kind of rough cloth called grogram, which gained for him the sobriquet of Old Grogram. This was finally shortened to Old Grog; and when he instituted the custom of serving regular portions of liquor to the ship's company, it was termed "grog," and remains that to this day.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A biography of "The Two Kenricks"—the one a former archbishop of Baltimore, the other a former archbishop of St. Louis—will be published in a few days. The author is the very competent journalist, Mr. J. J. O'Shea.

—The fourteenth edition of Jenkins' "Students' Handbook of British and American Literature" is a considerable improvement on the earlier impressions, but the improbability of this work is still its most remarkable characteristic. Not to speak of the quality of its literary judgments and the lack of perspective—which the reason alleged in the preface does not in our opinion justify,—we note, among other omissions, that neither "Father Prout" nor Mangan finds place in a handbook so generous in its treatment of Catholics; and yet—this handbook is the best thing of the kind from a Catholic pen. Murphy Co.

—Lists of new books and new editions accumulate rapidly on our table, but we can not mention more than a few of the more noteworthy publications. Cardinal Newman, by Dr. Barry, has been added to the "Literary Lives" series; "Dr. Xavier" is the title of a new book by Max Pemberton (Hodder & Stoughton). A new edition of Mrs. Crowe's, "The Night Side of Nature," edited by E. A. Baker, is announced by George Routledge & Sons. Chatto & Windus publish Barry Pain's new humorous book, "Eliza's Husband." "The Dogs of St. Bernard," compiled by Frank D. Grey, is in preparation by Messrs. Bemrose & Sons.

—Dr. Robinson's plan, referred to on another page, for placing respectable and authoritative books explaining Catholic doctrine in the hands of cultivated non-Catholics is this:

The Church in this country should have a publishing house of its own, established and controlled by the American hierarchy, which would be the equivalent in most respects of the Methodist Book Concern or the denominational Sunday-school Unions. It should be under the practical direction of a body of ecclesiastical and lay managers. It should confine its publications to missionary books and Sunday-school material. It should have capital enough to be able to place its publications on sale on commission in every part of the country, and within reach of every considerable body of readers. The amount of good to be accomplished by this method is incalculable. I have no doubt that if for the past twenty years there had been kept in one of the great bookstores of my own city an assortment of one hundred Catholic religious works, in attractive styles and at reasonable prices, their sales would ere this have been counted by many thousands, and the knowledge of Catholic truth among my fellow-citizens have been correspondingly increased.

One of the weak points in this suggestion is the reluctance—not without justification—of the hierarchy to act conjointly in an interjurisdictional enterprise, especially when that enterprise entails

a heavy expenditure of money. Besides, we see no reason why a Board of lay trustees should not do the work just as well or even better. However, if the suggestion, or any modification of it, is found to be feasible, there will be no lack of men or means to turn it into accomplishment.

—Teachers of primary and grammar grades will be glad of assistance in arranging for the celebration of Thanksgiving Day. Exercises suitable for the harvest feast have been compiled by Archibald Humboldt, and published under the title "Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Exercises," by March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio. The collection includes recitations, dialogues and readings.

—As a scholar and an historical essayist, the late W. E. H. Lecky holds an honorable place among his contemporaries. Neither has his moral character, in the narrow meaning of that term, ever been aspersed. As an Irishman, however, he seems to have been a patriot of the same sort as Benedict Arnold; for, after much speaking and writing in favor of Home Rule, he went over to the anti-Irish party when Gladstone introduced his famous bill. His own rationalistic temper and the dread of the influence which the Irish priesthood would presumably wield were the chief reasons, if we may believe his friends, for his political apostasy.

—Mr. Morley's delay in completing his three-volume "Life of Gladstone" is explained by the fact that there were 50,000 documents of more or less historic value in the Grand Old Man's own collection at Hawarden. Besides, in response to advertisements, from all parts of the world came a mass of correspondence, of which a literary correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* says:

These amounted to something like 150,000, every one of which had to be examined by Morley himself. Whenever he found something essential he marked it and handed it to his assistants to copy. It was not that Morley at any time during the compilation of the work took any rest: from the beginning to the end he never relaxed work, even when the book was in the hands of the printers; for much new light was thrown on certain phases of Gladstone's career by matter which came to hand late. Consequently the proofs underwent a considerable revision. These revised proofs in turn were subjected to further alteration at the suggestion of certain relatives and friends of Gladstone, who read chapters before they were finally passed for the press.

—Fashions affect children's books as much as those of their elders, and the old classics and the animal story are now much in vogue. Mr. W. W. Denslow, who yearly produces a volume for the delectation of little folk, sends us two new books—"Humpty Dumpty and Other Stories" and "One Ring Circus and Other Stories." The old classics include such favorites as *Little Red Ridinghood*, *The House that Jack Built*, *Jack and the Bean-*

stalk, etc. We are glad to notice that the objectionable features of these wondrous tales are eliminated; however, there is no lessening of interest. The expurgated version of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is greatly to be preferred, it seems to us. The modern stories will please the nursery quite as much as the old classics, and teach some useful lessons besides. The A B C with new rhymes is one of the cleverest things of the kind we have seen for a long time. What could be better than—

*I is for Insect
Whose bite is quite hot
When he lights on your leg,
Where the stocking is not?*

One can never see books like these without wishing that there were something of the kind in English to impress the childish mind with ideas of God, heaven, etc. Mr. Denslow's colored illustrations ought to delight everyone, for they are as gay as could be. He is always at his best when he works for children. Some of the details are exquisite. The little tots who secure a copy of either of these books will treasure it among their choicest possessions. Published by G. W. Dillingham & Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Humpty Dumpty and Other Stories. W. W. Denslow. \$1.25.
One Ring Circus and Other Stories. W. W. Denslow. \$1.25.
Light for New Times. Margaret Fletcher. 50 cts., net.
The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service. Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 50 cts., net.
Some Essentials in Musical Definitions. M. F. McConnell. \$1.
La Vida es Sueño. Calderón. \$1.
English History for Catholic Schools. E. Wyatt-Davies. \$1.10.
Instinct and Intelligence. Rev. E. Wasmann, S. J. \$1.
Monasteries and Religious Houses of Great Britain and Ireland. Francesca M. Steele. \$1.75, net.

- Christian Apologetics. Rev. W. Devrier, S. J.—Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer. \$1.75, net.
A Year's Sermons. \$1.50, net.
The Same. In Two Volumes. Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50, net.
Short Sermons on Christian Doctrine. P. Hehel, S. J. \$1.50, net.
Sermons from the Latins. Rev. James J. Baxter, D. D. \$2.
Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. Second Series. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$1.35, net.
The Ecclesiastical Year. Rev. Andreas Petz. 40 cts., net.
Memoirs of a Child. Annie Steger Winston. \$1.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

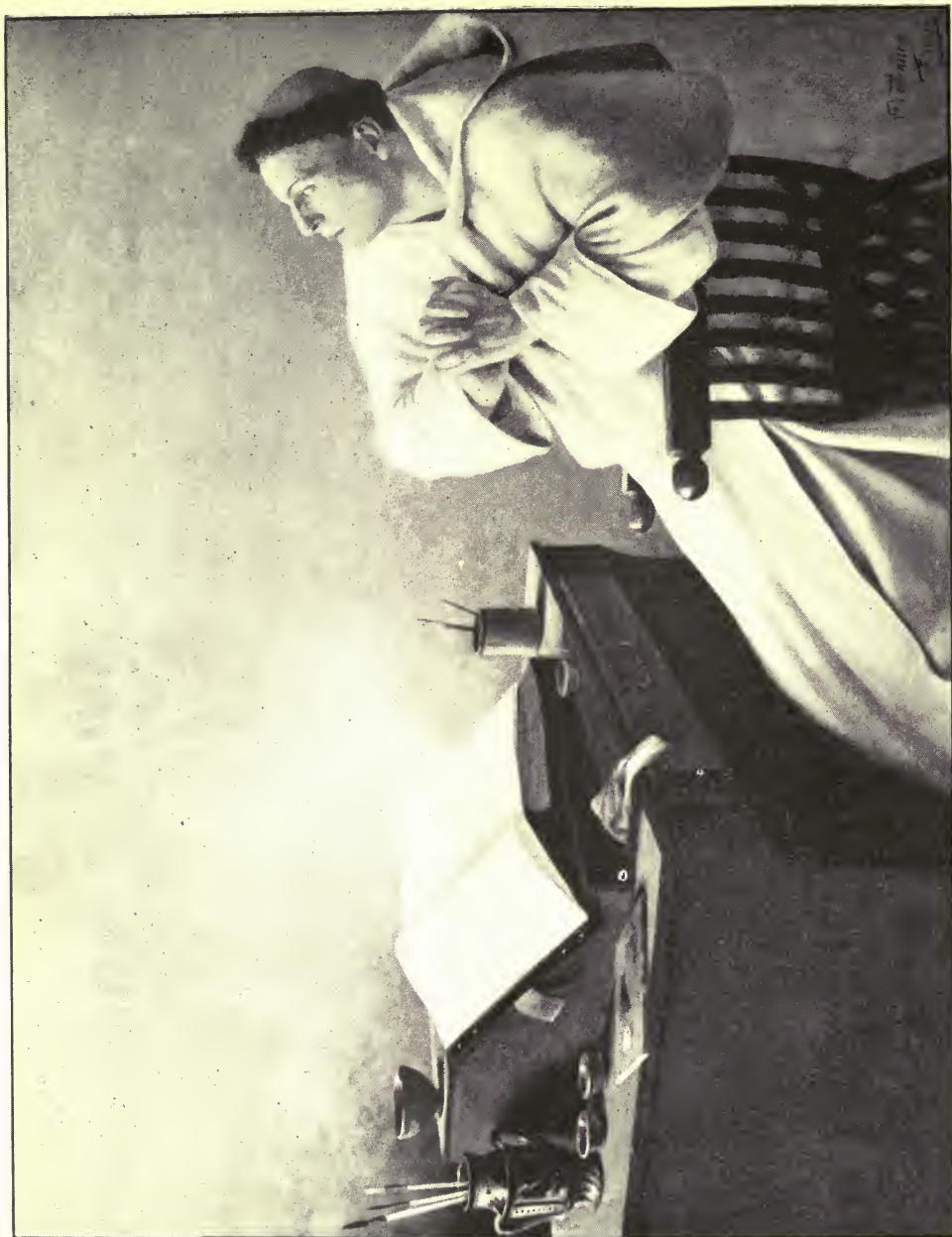
Rev. Odilo Schorer, of the diocese of Galveston;
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and Rev. Joseph Colbert, diocese of Savannah.

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Requiescant in pace!





THE ANGELICAL,
(V. Valentini.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVII.

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NO. 20.

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Hymn of Our Lady at Matins.

Quem terra, pontus, sidera.

CREATOR of earth and sea and air,
Confessed and worshiped everywhere;
Thou, Sovereign Lord of death and doom,
A Babe art borne in Mary's womb!

On Thee attendant, moon and sun
Shall minister while ages run;
And yet, O God! a Child at rest
Thou nestlest in a Maiden's breast.

O happy Mother, Maid Divine!
Never on earth was gift like thine:
The God thyself and all things made
Within thy stainless bosom laid.

O blest the Angel's wings of love!
And blest the shadowing Power above!
And blest the Maid with virgin birth
Gave Christ the Saviour unto earth!

Glory to Jesus, Mary's Child,
Son of the Maiden undefiled!
The Father, too, and Holy Ghost
Be praised by all the heavenly host!

The Painter of Saints.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C.



WRITING nearly two hundred years ago, Steele thus delivered himself on one of the most fascinating of the fine arts: "I have often lamented and hinted my sorrow in several speculations that the art of painting is made so little use of to the improvement of our manners. When we consider that it places the action of the person represented in the most agreeable aspect imaginable, that

it does not only express the passion or concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under these features the height of the painter's imagination, what strong images of virtue and humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the mind from the labors of the pencil! This is a poetry which would be understood with much less capacity, and less expense of time, than what is taught by writings; but the use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy ends. Who is the better man for beholding the most beautiful Venus, the best wrought Bacchanal, the images of sleeping cupids, languishing nymphs, or any of the representations of gods, goddesses, demigods, satyrs, Polyphemes, sphinxes or fauns?"* With which introduction the appreciative essayist proceeds to dilate upon the estimable emotions aroused in "every reasonable creature who has seen the Cartoons [Raphael's Cartoons] in her Majesty's Gallery at Hampton Court."

If any apology be needed for prefacing so brief a paper as a magazine article with so lengthy a quotation as the foregoing, a twofold one will be found in the fact that the little periodical of Steele and Addison is but seldom read nowadays, and in that thorough agreement with the quoted sentiments which must be felt by every lover of pictures who turns from profane to religious

* The Spectator, No. 226, Nov. 19, 1711.

art,—from the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, for instance, to the Convent of San Marco in Florence. In more than one chamber of the former, nineteenth-century realism expresses itself on canvases which assuredly no man will be the better for beholding; in the corridors and little cells of the Florentine monastery, fifteenth-century idealism endures in frescoes whose spiritualized beauty rebukes the sensual, and irresistibly thrills the worldliest with genuine, even if transitory, admiration of the loveliness of sanctity. For many of these immortal treasures of pictorial art with which the narrow chambers of San Marco are enriched, Florence and the world are indebted to a typical artist-monk, Giovanni da Fiesole, best known by the appellation that so felicitously describes both his personality and his genius, Fra Angelico, the Angelical.

According to the Italian biographer Vasari, our artist was born in 1388, near Castel-Vecchio, on the heights of the Apennines, between Dicomano and Borgo San Lorenzo, in the province of Mugello. Those who believe, with Mary Howitt,

that the lands

Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons,
Whom the world reverences,

will perhaps attribute something of his pure and lofty genius to his birthplace and to his early associations with the everlasting hills which are said to exert a mighty influence, moulding unconscious spirits silently. Ruskin, indeed, mentions Fra Angelico as an instance of what he claims to be the general rule, "that the hill country gives its inventive depth of feeling to art." Readers of "Modern Painters" will recall its author's eloquent pleading—special pleading some may consider it—in behalf of the pre-eminence of mountain scenery: its supremacy in mass of color, in mosses and flowers, in wave and stream, in foliage, and finally in clouds:

"The mere power of familiarity with

the clouds, of walking with them and above them, alters and renders clear our whole conception of the baseless architecture of the sky; and, for the beauty of it there is more in the single wreath of early cloud, pacing its way up an avenue of pines, or pausing among the points of their fringes, than in all the white heaps that fill the arched sky of the plains from one horizon to the other. And of the nobler cloud manifestations—the breaking of their troublous seas against the crags, their black spray sparkling with lightning; or the going forth of the morning along their pavements of moving marble, level-laid between dome and dome of snow,—of these things there can be as little imagination or understanding in an inhabitant of the plains as of the scenery of another planet than his own."

Whatever may have been the effect of such "skyey influences" and the other natural features of his mountain home upon the nascent genius of the little lad of Castel-Vecchio, the most cursory study of the masterpieces of his maturer years will convince any one that still more potent, as determining the scope and character of his future work, was the spiritual insight, the clearer vision that pierced the battlements of the Apennines' most gorgeous cloud-palaces and beheld habitually the transcendent loveliness of the glorious hosts that bathe forever in the Uncreated Light. Fra Angelico's early surroundings may—nay, undoubtedly did—have something to do with the creation and development of his inventive depths of feeling, just as they influenced throughout his career his backgrounds, perspective, and distances; but like every other great genius, his was in all essentials quite independent of external conditions; and one may well believe that the ethereal beauty of his figures, "their expression of ecstatic faith and hope, or serene contemplation," would have been much the same even had his boyhood been

spent on the plains of Central Lombardy instead of on the crests of the Apennines.

Be this as it may, along those crests for the first seventeen or eighteen years of his life the future artist-monk spent his time, aiding his brother Benedetto in the trifling bodily labor exacted from sons of well-to-do parents, sharing that brother's studies in sciences sacred and profane, and doubtless dreaming the dreams that glorify youth beyond any other period of mortal existence. In 1405—or, according to some authorities, two years later—both brothers took the definitive step that settled the trend of their future lives: they entered the Dominican monastery at Fiesole, the graceful and picturesque little mountain town from which the delighted tourist of to-day enjoys a beautiful view of Florence and the whole valley of the Arno. Whatever may have been the name by which the youthful painter had hitherto been known—whether Giovanni, Guido, Guidolina, Santi Tosini, or Pietro (which last, says Abbé Durand, was his baptismal name), henceforth his cloistral appellation was Giovanni da Fiesole, destined to be superseded in its turn by the popular titles *Il Beato* and *Angelico*,—the Blessed, the Angelical. Later centuries have apparently concluded that in this particular instance the voice of the people was truly the voice of God; so Giovanni da Fiesole is known to history and to fame as the Angelical Friar, Fra Angelico.

With the exception of the period of his novitiate, which was made at Cortona, the whole monastic life of our artist was spent in Fiesole, at San Marco, and in Rome. Perhaps the happiest portion thereof was, not the later years when he had attained the heights of fame, the unstinted eulogies of the great and the far sweeter love of the lowly,—but those earlier days at Fiesole when neither great nor lowly invaded his privacy or distracted him in his twofold occupation of prayer and paint-

ing. There is a passage in "Modern Painters" that tells of this ideally blissful existence, and incidentally discloses the true sympathy which, despite his occasional vagaries of criticism, Ruskin normally felt for religious art. It is the contrast drawn between Fra Angelico and the Dutch painter Wouwerman:

"The thoughts of Wouwerman are wholly of this world. For him there is no heroism, awe or mercy, hope or faith. Eating and drinking, and slaying; rage and lust; the pleasures and distresses of the debased body,—from these his thoughts, if so we may call them, never for an instant rise or range. The soul of Angelico is in all ways the precise reverse of this: habitually as incognizant of any earthly pleasure as Wouwerman of any heavenly one. Both are exclusive with absolute exclusiveness,—neither desiring nor conceiving anything beyond their respective spheres. . . . Wouwerman lives in perpetual tumult—tramp of horse, clash of cup, ring of pistol-shot; Angelico, in perpetual peace. Not seclusion from the world. No shutting out of the world is needful for him. There is nothing to shut out. Envy, lust, contention, discourtesy are to him as though they were not; and the cloister walk of Fiesole is no penitential solitude, barred from the stir and joy of life, but a possessed land of tender blessing, guarded from the entrance of all but holiest sorrow. The little cell was as one of the houses of heaven prepared for him by his master."*

The quitting of this little cell to follow his religious brethren to Foligno, whither the Dominicans of Fiesole betook themselves in the early years of the fifteenth century to avoid becoming involved in ecclesiastical disputes, was probably a sacrifice that cost the "blessed one" a temporary pang; but a very few weeks sufficed to make him as thoroughly at home in the Umbrian town as he had hitherto been in the Florentine suburb.

* "Modern Painters," V., 305

All that made up his real life was indeed unchanged by this taking up of a new residence. The monastic rule remained unaltered. The Heavenly Father whose praises he chanted in vocal melody and whose perfections he contemplated in the solitude of his heart was here no less than there; and in Foligno as in Fiesole came to him entrancing visions of such angelic and saintly countenances as no other artist has ever transcribed on material walls or canvas. The only traces of this Foligno period that can be discerned in his subsequent pictures are the occasional backgrounds of Umbrian landscapes shrouded in a veil of transparent blue. And we may be sure that his external surroundings were in the background of his daily life as in that of his paintings.

When Fra Angelico was in his fortieth year, a wealthy Florentine secured for the beloved Dominican brotherhood the old Convent of San Marco (as told in a recent number of this magazine*); and there it was that the great bulk of the Angelical's artistic work was accomplished. The matchless frescoes which captivate the admiration of the tyro in art and command the more discriminating appreciation of the connoisseur were executed during this period; and their number is sufficient proof that the period was a lengthy one. In outer and inner cloisters, in guest chamber, sacristy, refectory, corridors, and particular cells—at every step in the fine old convent, these deathless figures of the fifteenth-century monk challenge the materialism of much of our contemporary art with the most effective spiritualization of matter ever given to painter to depict.

Gladly would Fra Angelico have finished his days in San Marco, and still more gladly would his brethren of the cloister and the cultured among the Florentines have kept him among them.

But it was not to be. Thomas de Sarzana, one of Angelico's most intimate friends and sincere admirers, became Pope Nicholas V. One project which the new Pontiff had in mind would indeed have kept the Dominican painter in Florence: Nicholas wished to make him archbishop of the city. To this, however, the gentle and humble artist would not listen, and his protestations dissuaded the Pope from enforcing his views. When later on, however, Nicholas invited him to Rome to decorate the papal chapel, he could not well refuse. So he bade farewell to the cherished walls of San Marco and betook himself to the Eternal City. That the specific purpose of his going thither was successfully executed is evident from Rossini's verdict: "By his work in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, Angelico has demonstrated his superiority to all other artists of his century."

In Rome the artist remained until his death in 1455. His last days were spent in one of Our Lady's convents—St. Mary's of the Minerva; his last sigh blended with the solemn chant of the *Salve Regina*. On his tomb by the Pope's order was placed this inscription:

"Here lies the venerable painter Fra Giovanni, of Florence, of the Order of the Friars Preachers.

"Let it not be accounted as my glory that I have been a second Apelles, but that I gave all my gains to Jesus Christ. A portion of my work is on earth, a portion in heaven. The city that is the flower of Etruria gave me birth."

What we know of the personality of Fra Angelico, of the man as differentiated from the artist, is entirely to his honor. A simple, humble, sweet-tempered, lovable religious, he won the esteem and the affection not merely of those who met him only occasionally, but of that more observant and less effusive circle of critics, his daily associates in the cloister. Obedient as the youngest novice of the Order, he referred to his superior those who importuned him to

* "The Heart of a City Glorious," Vol. Ivii, No. 11, p. 331.

paint something for them. "Ask Father Prior. If he is willing, I'll see what I can do." So perfectly simple and complete was his spirit of obedience, indeed, that on one occasion, while taking breakfast with Pope Nicholas, he scrupled about eating meat without the prior's permission, quite forgetful of the Pope's superior authority. Something of the imperturbable serenity visible in the faces of his pictured angels seems to have settled upon his personal character; his brother religious unanimously testified that they had never seen him under the influence of anger. A thoroughly admirable monk, devoted to his rule, he passed from prayer to painting and painting to prayer all the more naturally as every meditation was peopled with glowing visions of supernal beauty and every canvas was a pictured prayer, involuntarily elevating the soul to God.

Considered purely as an artist, Fra Angelico ranks very high among the masters of the Renaissance. In several respects he is admittedly the greatest painter whose works have survived the ravages of time and vandalism. As a delineator of spiritual beauty he is quite unrivalled. Speaking of the human form, Ruskin says that its "highest beauty has been attained only once, and then by no system-taught painter, but by a most holy Dominican monk of Fiesole; and beneath him all stoop lower and lower in proportion to their inferior sanctity." And again: "The life of Angelico was almost entirely spent in the endeavor to imagine the beings belonging to another world. By purity of life, habitual elevation of thought, and natural sweetness of disposition, he was enabled to express the sacred affections upon the human countenance as no one ever did before or since." A greater critic than Ruskin, Michael Angelo himself, said of Fra Angelico's Virgins that one of two things must have happened: the painter must have been taken up to heaven to contemplate Our Lady's sur-

passing loveliness, or Mary must have descended to Angelico's cell to allow him to study her beauteous countenance.

That our artist's masterpieces give evidence of the limitations of the early Italian period is undoubtedly true; but it is none the less undeniable that, even thus restricted, his genius wrought wonders which the sophisticated systems and theories of composition and technique adopted by later masters have never surpassed and not often equalled. "The best of beauty," says Emerson, "is a finer charm than skill in surfaces, in outlines, or rules of art can ever teach — namely, a radiation from the work of art, of human character: a wonderful expression through stone or canvas or musical sound of the deepest and simplest attributes of our nature, and therefore most intelligible at last to those souls which have these attributes."* Not all the dicta of the so-called "Sage of Concord" are self-explanatory to the ordinary mind; but any reader who has enjoyed the privilege of examining the works of Fra Angelico, whether in Florence, Rome, Turin, Cortona, Paris, or London, will have an inkling of what the American essayist means when he says: "The individual in whom simple tastes and susceptibility to all the great human influences overpower the accidents of a local and special culture, is the best critic of art." Judged by such critics, the Florentine monk yields the palm to none who have ever wielded brush or pencil. Among all the masters he is the supreme interpreter of the beauty of holiness, the peerless painter of angels and saints.

* Essay XII., Art.

THE Christian should always and everywhere aspire to the highest; and he may well fear, if he aims only to get into heaven by the skin of his teeth, that he will not get in at all.

—Brownson.

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC

IX.

BEFORE Madame Lambert had reached the end of the corridor Elise opened the door to admit another visitor—the young man whom an hour before she had described as the lover of her sister. He came in smilingly, but his face assumed a look of surprise when he saw that they had not yet had dinner.

"Oh, I beg pardon, Madame!" he said, addressing Louise. "I thought your dinner was over, and I see that you have not yet begun."

"That is nothing," replied Louise. "My husband has not come home and we are a little late."

The newcomer was a young man of about twenty-six or twenty-seven, tall, good-looking, with a frank, open countenance, and a captivating smile which was quite irresistible.

"I was passing by and thought I would come in for a few moments," he continued, seating himself beside Louise on the sofa. "I am going away and wanted to see you."

"I hope you are not going for good?" said Louise, looking as she spoke, not at him but at Aliette, who had hidden herself in a corner of the room.

"That depends—I do not know myself as yet. Since my mother died I have never seen any one so near like her as you. It seems as though I could not take any important step without consulting you." Then, suddenly noticing the extraordinary pallor of Louise, he remarked: "I hope you are not ill, Madame?"

"Oh, no, not ill!" answered Aliette for her mother, her sweet face covered with unusual blushes. "Some one was telling of an accident, and mamma can not bear to hear of such things."

"Ah, what a compassionate heart

she has!" the young man exclaimed, gazing at her with admiration, as he remembered how like it was to his mother thus to sympathize with the misfortunes of others.

"Never mind me," observed Madame Daulnay. "You have something to tell me, M. Richard?"—regaining her composure by a violent effort.

"Oh, no! I can wait 'till you are feeling quite yourself again," he said. "I will come back in an hour or so. I don't know what I could have been thinking of to come in at this time—before you have had dinner."

"It is we who are late," interposed Elise, her brilliant eyes laughing at his embarrassment.

"At any rate, I was stupid. It is really too early for a visit," said Richard, bowing himself out.

On the landing he met M. Daulnay.

"How is this?" inquired the latter. "You are going away just as I am coming in?"

"I came too early, not knowing that you had not had dinner. I will come back later."

"What did Richard want?" asked Daulnay when they were seated at table.

"I do not know," replied Louise. "He had something to tell us or some advice to ask. He is going away."

"Ah! That is strange. Do you know where, Louise?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, we are going away also," said Daulnay.

Louise looked at her husband with unfeigned astonishment. During the twenty-three years of their married life it was the first time he had proposed taking his family on one of those little excursions so common in French families.

"Are we going to the seashore, papa dear?" inquired Lucie, joyfully.

"To the sea," Daulnay answered,—“to the launching of the new cruiser. I am going to take you all Saturday,—even you, *galopin*,” he said, turning to his

son, who entered while he was speaking. "The launching of a cruiser is an event, I can tell you. I have never seen one myself. With four children one can not often go on excursions. But this time we are going,—I have the tickets in my pocket. We start Saturday morning and return Monday afternoon. Be ready in time, all of you, and let us have no remarks about it."

This project of pleasure, announced almost in a menacing tone, did not have the effect which Daulnay intended. He had expected an outbreak of joyful exclamations, which would have been forthcoming had he not checked them by his imperious manner. Not realizing that he was responsible for the silence which prevailed after he had finished—he was a singularly stupid man in some respects,—he arose from the table when dinner was over, lit a cigar and, opening the window, remained there smoking in silence for the rest of the evening. Recognizing his moody humor, the family conversed in subdued whispers. The next morning he went to the office without renewing the subject of the proposed excursion.

In the afternoon, while Louise and Aliette were making some changes in their wardrobe preparatory to the trip, the bell rang. It was Richard. From the landing above, Madame Lambert and her cat watched the young man with their green eyes as he stood waiting to be admitted.

Aliette opened the door.

"Mamma is in the salon," she said; with the sweet smile she had inherited from her mother.

Richard entered; she retired through the corridor to her own little room; and Louise, making her appearance between the portières which separated the parlor from the dining-room, bade him welcome with extended hand and a smile the counterpart of the one he had received from her daughter.

"So you have come to see me again?

I have been curious," she said, indicating a chair.

Richard was brave, very brave: he had proved himself to be, and was to prove it again; but at this moment he was trembling like a child taken in some mischievous fault.

"Madame," he said, coming to the point abruptly, "is it possible you do not know before I tell you why it is that I am here to-day?"

She looked at him with questioning eyes, not having the least idea of his meaning. She had forgotten all about the insinuations of Elise. She imagined he was in some perplexity, about which he wished to consult her.

"Tell it to me, whatever it is," she answered encouragingly. "I may be able to give you some advice, and shall be glad to if I can."

"I will tell you, Madame, as best I can," he rejoined. "I have repeated it to myself many times—what I wanted to say,—but now that I am here I do not know how to say it. It has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. Four years ago, when my poor mother died in this house, you became to me a second mother. You have been so good to me,—all of you, Madame, but especially yourself. With all my heart I have appreciated everything you have done; and little by little I have come to learn that my happiness lies here, in your hands,—that it depends upon you whether my future shall be happy or miserable."

Still uncomprehending, Louise looked at him with amazement. Could it be possible, she thought, that the boy had lost his senses and was making love to her, a married woman, old enough to be his mother.

"Do not speak, Madame, until you have heard all," Richard continued. "You have here under this blessed roof your own living image, and I do not know which feeling predominates in my heart—respect for the mother who has

made of her daughter a creature so perfect, or love for the daughter who resembles that mother so entirely. She is your second self, Madame,—such as you must have been in your happy girlhood. I love her, Madame. Oh, I beg you do not refuse me the right to call her my own! If you will permit it and she does not reject me, I shall be the happiest man in the whole world. All my life shall be devoted to her, all my hopes and ambition centred in her, all my labors for her comfort and happiness. For more than two years I have dreamed of this. Madame, I beseech you let it be more than a dream. I ask you now for the reality."

Then she understood, this gentle friend, this loving mother. He was asking for her daughter, her Aliette, in glowing, burning words, of which in her own early girlhood she had dreamed but which she had never heard from human lips until this moment. Her heart went forth to the pleading lover, while her sweet eyes filled with tears.

Richard hurried on:

"I am only a workman, but I love my art. It is a fine one, as you think also. There is, after sculpture, nothing finer than working in iron as I do. It requires an artist, Madame, to reproduce those beautiful bronze doors and ornaments of the Renaissance,—you have often said it. And I earn ten francs a day, which will be doubled in a short time—after I have finished five years. They are nearly over. And I have no bad habits; you know that: you see me nearly every day. Perhaps I should have spoken to M. Daulnay first, but it seemed to me that you would know better whether I could hope for any affection from Mademoiselle Aliette."

"Yes, M. Richard," replied Louise in a voice as full of emotion as his own; "I understand perfectly, and I honor you and thank you. For Aliette I can not speak; for myself, you have long seemed to me as a son. But as to my husband,

I can not say—I am afraid—I do not know what to think."

"But why, Madame? He knows me—perhaps not as well as you do; but he knows me, my past, my present employment, my habits. You think he would object—to me?"

"I think he would object to any one who should ask for one of his daughters, unless it were a man who could lift us from the struggling poverty in which we have lived so many years. Such a person is not likely to appear. But he has the vain hope that by some impossible chance the thing may come to pass; and I fear that he will be unalterably opposed to any marriage but one of that kind. It is as unlikely to happen as that the snow should fall in summer, but he is very obstinate, M. Richard."

The optimism of youth ran high in the veins of the impassioned lover. He laughed gayly.

"For a moment you frightened me," he said. "But more than one implacable father has been brought round before; particularly if the mother, especially a mother like you, is on the side of the young people. And it *has* snowed in summer before this, Madame; and it may snow again."

Louise went to the door of the salon.

"Aliette!" she called softly.

The young girl made her appearance.

"Aliette," said her mother, "M. Richard has something to say to you."

The young man stepped forward and took her hand.

"I love you," he said,— "I have loved you a long time. Your mother is willing to give you to me. What do you say? Can you return my affection? Oh, say that you can,—that you do love me! You must have seen it—you must have known it."

Pale and slender as a lily, one hand hanging at her side, the other resting loosely in that of her lover, Aliette stood with downcast eyes silent and motion-

less. She had dreamed few dreams. When still little more than a child she had vowed to herself that she would never leave her mother; and now happiness confronted her—she had but to reach forth her hand to take it,—and she looked at it calmly, as something beyond her, something she could never call her own.

"Mamma, dearest mamma," she said at last, in a voice scarcely audible but quite firm, "I shall never marry!"

The mother understood, and at that supreme moment her soul went forth to her child with a rush of tenderness that the angels must have recorded.

"Why, my child?" she asked, laying her hand on the beautiful, bright hair.

"I could not leave you," the girl answered. "You would be too sad. It would seem to me a crime. O mamma, do not ask me any more!"

She did not look at Richard, though he still held her hand: her eyes were on her mother's face.

"Do you love another?" asked the young man. "Tell me—do tell me is there any one else?"

"Oh, no! How can you ask it?" she replied, the blood rushing to her cheeks.

The words gave him hope.

"Do not send me away," he pleaded. "Unsay those words."

Aliette shook her head, slowly releasing her hand from his. Then, without another word, she went out of the room. When the echo of her footsteps could be heard no longer Madame Daulnay turned to Richard.

"She loves you," said the distressed woman,— "she loves you, but she will not admit it, because she does not wish to make me suffer, and on account of her father. To oppose him would make our lives here insupportable."

"There is something else, Madame," said Richard. "My employer is sending me to Florence to a school of art. I shall be absent a year. When I return—"

"Oh, I can give you no hope,—not

the slightest!" answered the young girl.

"But that is unjust, Madame."

"I know it. Still, it can not be helped. It is not in my hands. You know my husband—how peculiar he is, and how tenacious of his own ideas."

"I will not despair. A year may work wonders. And you will talk of me to her, Madame? You will not let her forget me?"

"We will speak of you every day, unwise though it may be. Now go, Richard! Do not make me cry. My husband will be here in a few moments. Go now, my son!"

She pushed him gently toward the door, half laughing, half weeping.

"Good-bye and *au revoir*!" he said.

"Good-bye and God be with you!"

"What is this?" asked the voice of M. Daulnay, in unwonted good humor. "Why this good-bye?"

"Richard is going to Italy," explained his wife.

"Indeed? To remain?"

"I can not tell yet," said Richard.

"Frenchmen do not like to live long out of France. You will be back again. When do you go, young man?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Well, good-bye, then! There is no more to be said. Good-bye!"

"Remember me to the young ladies," observed Richard, still lingering, hoping for a glimpse of Aliette,—which was not vouchsafed him; for she had retired to her own room.

Madame Daulnay smiled adieu with a kindly glance, which her husband intercepted. He frowned, pushed roughly against her shoulder, and without another word abruptly closed the door.

(To be continued.)

FAITH gives me as strong a conviction as sense can do that God never forsakes us until we have first forsaken Him. Let us fear to leave Him. Let us be always with Him. Let us live and die in His presence.—*Brother Lawrence.*

Prayer-Girded.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

I HOLD him great whose soul is strong,
 Who forges onward in the fray;
 Disheartened not, though care and wrong
 Make dark his way.

And he is great whose heart is filled
 With love for all the passing throng,
 Whose words have many a sorrow stilled,
 And left a song.

But all unknown of heedless men,
 And all unheralded to-day,
 The greatest man of all our ken
 Who goes prayer-girded on his way.

 Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain.

FOURTH WEEK.

TUESDAY.—After Mass this morning I gave Benediction. About a dozen of the children, with two of the nuns, formed the choir, and 'a most effective one it was. I could not help thinking what a change the nuns have worked in the children alone. Immediately after Benediction, and before the congregation scattered, the children sang a hymn, and it was simply perfection. What did these little ones know about Benediction previously? What did they know about hymns? The airs are "catching"—nearly all music is,—and, passing out from the chapel and down through the wards, you might hear the women humming the air or chanting a verse of the hymn. Surely this is a blessed and a happy change.

After breakfast I visited the infants' school. Before I entered the place I heard their sweet voices singing. They were taught in a rhyming way to learn addition: Two and one are three; two and two are four; two and three are five; two and four are six; two and ten are twelve. The little tots sang it

with a heartiness and precision that made it exceedingly pleasant for a visitor to hear. They looked bright and rosy and light-hearted, showing they were well cared for.

Entering the fever hospital, I found that our poor woman had died during the night. Her husband was less troublesome than I had expected, but his breathing was deep and very much muffled. All the rest of the patients were getting on well; and the sun looked in with a glad, complacent smile.

I returned to the general hospital, where three or four old people were waiting for Holy Viaticum. There was no anointing. While passing from bed to bed I felt a little tired. At night there were no new calls; but going through the consumptive ward, I found the two poor fellows there very low. By the bye, the woman I anointed last night—the doubtful case—died a few hours afterward. It was providential that I went to her, thanks be to God!

Wednesday.—This morning after Mass I went again through the wards to give Holy Communion to those who had gone to confession yesterday. Nothing could be neater, more satisfactory in every way, than the appearance of a ward while Holy Communion is being administered. All that are able to be out of bed kneel down; all that are in bed testify as best they can their faith and reverence.

The little girls' school was very busy at class when I entered. The look of the children pleased me much. They seemed healthy and well cared for, with no awkward timidity about them beyond the ordinary run of children. All the time it was running through my head: 'What a pity these poor children can not put something by for the day when they are going out,—some little money reward that their own industry and intelligence could earn for them while here! I wonder if the Dublin Local

Government Board would give little gratuities upon any score, say upon the ground of work—teaching, for instance, or washing or knitting or sewing or nursing?’ I must stop writing now: I do not feel well. I will lie down for a while.

Thursday.—I feel much better, thank God! I could moralize, if I had a mind to, on the great advantage of going to bed at once as soon as a person feels ill. Let me say that a few hours in bed, with a hot drink and a good sweat, may prevent many a day’s illness. At least, such has been my experience all through life.

Said Mass as usual. After breakfast there were some sick calls; but most of my day was spent in the confessional, to-morrow being the “First Friday.”

In the afternoon there was a messenger from the maternity ward awaiting me. The patient was a big, coarse-looking woman. At the first sight you experienced a strong revulsion, and could hardly help forming a most unfavorable opinion of her. The nurse told me that the doctors considered it a case for Extreme Unction. I spoke to the woman, asking some questions as to how she felt, more to introduce myself than to obtain any information. I was wonderfully taken back at her correct and pleasing conversation. She alluded in very delicate terms to her situation, saying she had been ill two days, and spoke most feelingly of her husband and her little ones outside. Altogether I was completely nonplussed, and agreeably so. In a few hours all was well with her, and she had a nice little baby girl, that was christened Alice.

In the nighttime I went to see the two poor struggling men in the consumptive ward. How hard they die—consumptive patients! One day, years ago, when I was on a country mission, I was called to a sick man. He was about thirty, unmarried, and his father and his mother

were still alive. When I entered the pretty little cottage I found him lying on a blanket right in front of the fire. He had stretched himself there not because he was cold—it was midsummer,—but because of the intensity of his sufferings. He could not stay in bed, and in a paroxysm of pain had flung himself on the kitchen floor near the hearth. It was a picture that would impress itself indelibly on one’s mind. A white sheet was wrapped around him. His face was as dull in color as the turfen ashes on the fireplace. He clawed about him with his thin, skeleton fingers. His large, hollow eyes glared with pain. His teeth ground together. He was like one mad. It was on my knees kneeling beside him that I heard his confession, communicated and anointed him. He was enduring the most intolerable agony, I think, I have ever witnessed.

Friday.—This being the first Friday of the month, and an especial feast in the house, an extraordinary number received Holy Communion this morning. After Mass there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The children’s choir sang again—so sweetly! God bless the little ones, and God bless the dear, good nuns that taught them! *Eh, bien!* In fifty or a hundred years hence we shall all, I trust, be in heaven; and those nuns will be there, and likely some of those children,—in a hundred years I hope all. And God will hear those little voices singing in His own great palace. What is there that is worth teaching or singing for except that? “Only one thing is necessary.” Even if our Blessed Saviour’s lips had not taught it, what truth comes so prominent before the mind? And let me imagine those good and holy nuns in heaven, and the children they trained singing there too. Oh, what divine glory must not light on the heads of those nuns, and what a happiness—a double, a treble, a hundred-fold happiness—will be theirs! God bless

the dear, good nuns, then,—not so much because they have taught the children holy singing here as because that singing is but the prelude and the “earnest” of happy singing hereafter!

After breakfast there were several sick calls. Last night as I was going through the hospital I found two nuns busy with a patient in the consumptive ward. The elder nun was giving the man advice—urging him to keep his hands under the clothes, to guard against colds, and to take his medicine and cordials according to the doctor’s prescriptions. She was at the same time giving hints to the younger nun beside her to watch the man very cautiously.

A bed or two away from them the nurse was tending another man. Rising up from the patient she was with, the elder nun said: “Nurse, be sure to get a second flannel shirt for that poor man, and put it on him if he perspires much during the night—unless he find the change too troublesome.” Then turning round to me she remarked: “Father, both these cases are very serious. Do you not think it would be well to anoint them to-morrow? There is no fear to-night, but I should not like to let them pass to-morrow.” So I went to the two to-day.

A third case was waiting for Extreme Unction. It was a man, quite young, with a handsome face, tender expression of features, and frank, innocent manners. Consumption again. I gave him the Last Sacraments. What a power the sacraments have over patients, and, as a rule, how resigned they make them to the will of Heaven! Thanks be to God! But our Blessed Lord was compassionate when instituting the sacraments.

I went to the fever hospital. There was only one dangerous case—the man whose wife had died. He was now, however, out of danger and recovering fast. The nice little boy that had “no hair on the top of his head” was there, and he was brimful of fun.

As I was about to leave I met a poor man going out joyfully. “He has not been to confession for years, Father,” the nun had said to me when he entered the hospital. While there he went to confession and was invested with the Brown Scapular. Now he exclaimed: “Oh, thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother, my heart is so light!” God often sends illness of body to cure the sin-sick soul. We have a homely saying: “It is a bad wind that blows no good.”

Saturday.—This was a delightful morning. After Mass we had Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for some hours. The Sister Sacristan had decorated the altar very beautifully. As many as fifty candles were lighting round about the tabernacle. The rarest cut flowers that the little garden could produce or that could be obtained from friends were arranged at our Saviour’s feet. “The Master” was going to ascend His throne; the God of the poor was to see the poor gathered around Him. How good and merciful is Our Lord!

It was an event that might well have stirred up all the latent devotion and enthusiasm of a man’s nature. If only Father Eymard had been there! I had been reading a sketch of the life of this priest of the Eucharist. He was born at Mure-d’Isère, in France, February 4, 1811. His parents were poor, and he had to struggle not only against poverty but against his father’s wishes in order to become a priest. When he was a mere child of four or five he said one day to his elder sister: “It is well for you who can go to Holy Communion so often. Will you offer one Holy Communion for me?”—“And what shall I ask for you?” inquired the sister.—“That I may be gentle, innocent, good, and that I may be a priest.”

He was ordained July 20, 1834. After a short while on the secular missions, he joined the Marist Fathers. On the Feast of Corpus Christi in the year 1845 he

said: "I had to-day the unspeakable favor of bearing the Blessed Sacrament in procession. My soul was filled with gladness. It was penetrated with the truth of the Real Presence, and transported with love for the Eucharistic God whom I was carrying. The two hours seemed hardly a moment to me."

Our Blessed Lord in the Sacred Host was for a long time his only attraction, and day by day the attraction grew stronger and more captivating. "The good God is driving me toward a hidden life," he said in September of the same year. "He tells me to avoid making acquaintances and to have little intercourse with persons of the world. I shall account it a happiness when I can say Mass in a lonely chapel with no one to assist at it." And again: "Our Blessed Lord shows me in the Sacred Eucharist a particular and especial love. I wish to answer Him and give Him love for love. And what He asks of me above all is that I give up my own will."

As yet there was no society of the Blessed Sacrament. It would have been easy for Father Eymard to leave the Congregation of the Marists and to join such a society, had it existed. Now he had to leave his home, his Order, his security, and go out on the sea, as it were, and endeavor to found and build up an Order. In the year 1856 he founded the new Society; he passed to his reward in the year 1868. We may be permitted to ask his prayers, for he died the death of a saint. His name, I hear, is now being submitted for beatification.

(To be continued.)

With the English Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY THE REV. RICHARD HOWLEY, D. D.

II.

FROM the fountain I proceeded to the Bureau des Constatations, to see and verify the cures sent there from the piscina. It is a small room, with nothing in it but a table and a few common chairs, and round the walls plain wooden benches, on which the patients sit till their certificates are verified and their friends come to take them away. At the table sat two medical men writing, and also a French priest busy with his notebook and never for a moment raising his head. It was the Abbé Eckert, secretary to the Bishop of Tarbes, ecclesiastical *minutant* of the medical board, and editor of the *Journal de la Grotte*, the official episcopal organ of the shrine. I soon after made his acquaintance in his proper sanctum, where the *Journal* is edited and printed. We "cottoned" as brother priests of the pen. But he was too busy a man to be long dallied with. The whole plant and workshops of the paper are in a pretty chalet amid the trees, just off the main entrance to the great square in front of the church. Dr. Cox, the English resident physician and official examiner, was on his feet among the patients—patients no longer except for their desire to get away,—conversing in his kindly, courtly way with the visitors, and explaining everything to everyone. All of us were charmed with Dr. Cox.

Of the cases then present (about ten or twelve), I spoke to nearly all; though I noted down only three, which seemed to me, and were recorded by the doctors also—with the cautious limitations they always append to their certificates,—as evident cases of cure. The first and best witness to the supernatural agency of the shrine and its waters was, to my mind, a man who was not now ill at

LIKE the wide, deep ocean, that pulsates into every bay and creek, and blesses the distant isles with its dew and rain, so God's heart throbs and pulsates into the uttermost parts of the universe, having a parent's sympathy for His children who suffer.

all, nor had been for one moment since he visited Lourdes before, two years ago. On the contrary, he stood before me in vigorous health. His present visit was to render thanks to Our Lady for his restoration to health and to report his cure to the doctors as a perfect and permanent one. I had a long talk with him. He is Alexander Pinaut, of Bourges, a workingman thirty-three years old. His malady had been an internal abscess, called in the medical certificate "a tuberculous cyst, with frequent hemorrhages." It defied all treatment, and one of the principal doctors of Bourges, consulted on the case in the Hôtel-Dieu, where the sick man lay, discharged him as incurable three years ago. His case was despaired of. In 1901 he made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and felt his symptoms cease after the first bath in the piscina. Three weeks afterward all trace of disease had disappeared—hemorrhages, pus effusions renal complaint, and all pains and lesions whatever. He is no longer emaciated but ruddy and vigorous, and has gained sixteen pounds in weight. Since his return home from Lourdes two years ago he has never lost a day's work.

I consider this, as I said, the very best case of cure that came under my immediate notice. And why? Because it is permanent and can not be attributed to sudden shock or extreme nervous excitement. I saw greater apparent cures at Lourdes than this,—one this very day, as I left the Bureau, that of the blind woman, of which more presently. Again I made sure—though I did not see the case, as the lady had returned home—of the lengthening by full six inches of a limb withered and shortened by disease for years. Of this I shall write in its own place, under its proper date.

Now, the case of Pinaut was not a malady visible, except in its outward effects, to the vulgar eye. Its cure might be, and was, passed over as unimportant and inconclusive of the supernatural by

the multitude who demand what the French call *un miracle élatant*,—something sudden, shocking to the senses, instantaneous in its effects. But this Pinaut was lingering under the slow and silent grasp of certain death, declared incurable by the highest scientific judgment, and distilling away his life by a hideous ooze of blood and corruption. He was finally cured, not by sudden repression of symptoms, but by a process of healing without medical agency, akin to the fatal development of the disease itself. Therefore, the case presents most satisfactory evidence of the wonderful to a thoughtful mind. Here was the supernatural working out a physically impossible cure by the same slow and certain process, only in a contrary sense, that the disease had followed in its course toward nature's dissolution. The initial cause of the cure was placed in the piscina of Lourdes; but the final effect was accomplished only in time, as nature itself, or art would have accomplished it were it producible by nature or art, which it was not.

Hence I think Pinaut's case was about the most conclusive proof of Lourdes' prodigious power of any I observed. It fulfilled exactly the requirements demanded in the important preliminary observation always prefixed to the list of cures in the official journal of the diocese. The notice insists that "the test of these cures must be made later on. One can not build up here, in the silence of the cabinet, a work [of proof] that demands clear publicity and rests on clear testimony." Therefore, a permanent cure like Pinaut's is the best cure from the point of view of external proof; the best also, rightly considered, from the internal evidence it affords of supernatural agency. But I fear I have been led away into a region I intended to reserve for later exploration.

There was but one other case there that to me (in my judicial mood only, be it noted) appeared satisfactory. This

was the case of Mademoiselle Clementine Rocquet, of Marchiennes, in the north of France. The left leg was completely paralyzed and had resisted all medical treatment. She came to Lourdes in an extremely feeble condition, and had taken scarce any nourishment on the road. For two years she had been unable to walk one step without support. On Wednesday, September 16, the day after our arrival, *while the Blessed Sacrament was passing* (note the fact, to which I shall have to return afterward in this report), she felt a violent pain in the affected limb, which ceased in a moment. Then she immediately rose and walked without the slightest difficulty. I had this from her own lips, though she seemed very shy of the stranger and his notebook. The priest—her own priest—who was with her as she sat in the Bureau, in spite of my protest—for I was loath to give her possible pain or distress,—made her stand up and walk to and fro before me. This she did as freely and naturally as any one could. Then the priest took the book from my hands and himself wrote in it what is now before me and which I translate as follows: "Clementine Rocquet, twenty-five years, of Wandigine-Hamage, near Marchiennes, arrondissement of Douai, north. After a year of nervous malady all the left side became paralyzed. For two years she could not walk except with difficulty and supported by a stick. She rose to her feet on Wednesday, September 16, during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. She walks. The paralysis has almost completely disappeared."

Immediately on leaving the Bureau I lighted on a bath-chair surrounded by a crowd and carrying a blind woman, of whose cure the whole place had been talking. This is her story, as recorded in the *Journal de la Grotte*, September 18, 1903: "Mrs. Jane Klops, of Fives, north, aged fifty-eight years, almost completely blind for twenty-two years.

According to her own account, the blindness came on suddenly and was caused by a fit of violent anger. During three months following she underwent four different operations. Six years later she had another operation performed by a celebrated optical surgeon. For fourteen years she has been barely able to distinguish between night and day. Arrived at Lourdes a few days ago, she was plunged into the piscina three times. She began to discern objects after the first immersion. She can now tell the hour by a watch."

I spoke to Mrs. Klops and requested her to take my beads in her hand, which she did. Then I asked her if she could see. Instead of looking at me she turned her eyes at once upon the priest who stood by her chair, and said with a happy smile: "*Oui: je vois bien mon Curé!*" I suppose she meant she had no eyes just then for a stranger (perhaps, from his garb, a heretic, notwithstanding his beads), but only for her own priest who had brought her to her cure and stood by her till it was wrought. Her right eye seemed to me a white consolidated ball. The left, too, was still covered by a light film, and with this one she saw.

Having assured and authenticated these few wondrous cures—any one of which, I deemed, would do for my purpose in writing for THE AVE MARIA,—I paid no further personal attention to the cases that occurred, save and except *our own* most interesting case, to be described in its place and order.

This afternoon we pilgrims from Britain went in procession to the Chapel of the Crypt, reciting the Rosary and singing English hymns. There we had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Many French people hung upon the skirts of our procession and followed us into the chapel. They expressed themselves intensely interested in and edified by our procession. In the night we all went to see the great torchlight

procession of twenty-five thousand French pilgrims; and this we did every night, fascinated and awed by the spectacle. On Wednesday night there were thirty-five thousand in the procession. I never saw anything, anywhere, to equal those displays. I shall have to give them a small reserved space for themselves further on. Here I want to finish with this long Thursday whither I have led my readers—if they followed me—such a weary round. But the events of the remaining few days will be all the shorter and clearer for it.

Friday.—To-day nearly all our pilgrims went on a long excursion to Gavarnie, a show-place in the mountains. To me Lourdes was a scene beautiful beyond measure, and I remained on the terrace all morning gazing upon it. I was very tired after yesterday.

I have already alluded to the most afflicted member of our party, Miss F., who was suffering from lupus in the face and was disabled also in the limbs by paralysis, or ataxy—I know not what. Two young men from Dublin, her intimate friends, were unremitting in their care of her, taking her every day to the piscina in a bath-chair, and tending her with a charity that edified us all. They made themselves her true Knights Hospitallers.

Thus far the crowd round the Grotto had been so immense that it was impossible to secure her access to the piscina. The good lady was in anguish about this, fearing she would have to leave without the benefit of the healing waters, and, in her humility, thinking herself unworthy of this favor from Our Lady. But to-day the mass of the French pilgrims had returned to their homes, and the square and Grotto were almost clear. A great chance for poor Miss F., when, lo, a fresh disappointment! *Virum non habeo* was her fate this day like to his of Bethesda. One of the Dublin men, Mr. C., had gone on the excursion; the

other, Mr. B., had broken down: his leg and foot were greatly and painfully swollen. He was alone when I went to the Hôtel de la Grotte after lunch, the rest having gone to Gavarnie. He was sitting in the porch with his leg on a chair. I persuaded him to go and lie down. He actually wanted, in this condition, to go again with Miss F. to the piscina, as he had promised.

Returning to Bellevue (our hotel), I found poor Miss F. standing in the hall, quite alone, waiting for her two friends to bring her bath-chair as usual and conduct her to the piscina. It was long after the hour appointed—about three in the afternoon. She was the picture of misery and anxiety, for our stay was drawing to its end. "O Father," she exclaimed on seeing me, "I shall never get my bath! Mr. B. and Mr. C. were to come for me and they have not appeared." I told her about Mr. B. and his painful ailment, when she cried out: "Oh, the poor man! It was my fault. It came from his wheeling me up and down every day."

I explained that he had been hurt in the leg some time ago by a cricket ball, and, being forever on his feet here in Lourdes, about the place, and even up the hills, the injured part had become inflamed; that his service to her had little or nothing to do with it. "And now," I added, "since I, not he, am the cause of your disappointment (for I obliged him to lie down in his room), I am bound in justice—no charity at all—to conduct you to the piscina, and I shall do so. I am not able to wheel you in your chair, but we shall go together comfortably and enjoyably." With that I went at once to the nearest stand, procured a carriage, got her into it with the help of an attendant, and off we went as nicely as you please. I stopped all her expostulations by saying I needed the drive, and that I also longed for a bath.

It was her day of grace. The square

was empty and we got within easy reach of the piscina. Leaving the carriage there, I led her to the entrance and stated her case. We were promptly and kindly admitted, and I left her in proper hands at the door of the women's entrance to the baths. The crowd now around the railings of the piscina was small compared with that of the past few days. Priests were exhorting the people in short, impromptu appeals of wonderful pathos and fervor. Every now and then, falling on their knees and with arms outstretched to Heaven, they poured forth their prayers, almost in gasps, full of faith and petition. Their words were mostly taken from the Scripture: "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick!" "Lord, that I may see!" "Help of Christians, pray for us!" "*Monstra te esse matrem!*" and so forth. But when they came to the prayer for their beloved France, repeated three times—"Parce, Domine,—parce populo tuo!"—the shrill echo from the crowd, the wave of passionate entreaty that moved them like a tempest gust, were quite appalling. I felt actually crushed under it.

No wonder I did not feel time passing till Miss F. appeared, looking radiant, I thought, and almost attractive in spite of the ravages of disease upon her face. The red brick-dust color had given way to a subdued scarlet, noticed by all later on. All this, however, I attributed to the exhilaration of the bath—the glowing effect that all persons feel from it,—and somewhat also to this easy fulfilment at last of her long-deferred hope. She did not, at this moment, walk a bit better. At the exit we were stopped by the passing of a new French pilgrimage just arrived from Mans, and headed by its Bishop and his archpriest. A thought struck me. The Bishop and priest were not two yards distant from us. I caught the latter's eye, and pointed to Monseigneur and then to the sick lady leaning on my arm. The priest

understood at once. He whispered to his superior, and the Bishop left the procession, came to where we were standing, and blessed the lady and gave her his hand to kiss. I refrain from recording her expressions of delight, of ecstasy, at this favor coming so unexpectedly upon the long-desired blessing of the bath in the water of Lourdes. I could not speak, but I made up my mind then and there that her case was going to be looked after from above.

We returned home,—I resisting all her entreaties to be allowed to stay in the burning square to assist at the daily procession of the Blessed Sacrament. She had never missed it before, even when strong men amongst us dreaded the long exposure to the sun and often returned from it exhausted. But I feared its effect on her after all the excitement of the day. Later, however, my conscience smote me, knowing as I did the powerful link of efficacy existing between the bath and the sacramental Benediction. So I went to her in the hotel, confessed that I might have been in error, and asked her pardon for opposing her desire. She said: "O Father, it is all right! Indeed, I feel now that you acted wisely."

Miss F. took the bath every day after this. She was constantly observed by all of us going up and down the hill, *alone and on foot*, from the hotel to the square and Grotto. She walked lamely and feebly, of course, but never seemed to be, or complained of being, tired. The face had assumed a healthier hue and a cheerful expression.

I never again saw her to speak to her, beyond a passing salutation from a distance, till the very morning of the day of our departure from Lourdes. On that occasion I was proceeding to the piscina, having at last screwed up my courage to take a bath. I met Miss F. walking alone in the square near the Rosary Chapel. I asked her how she felt. She answered: "Oh, I feel

much better, Father!" My grosser spirit misunderstood for the moment the motives of an utterance that seemed so cold and so grudging. I looked hard at her and said sternly: "That is not enough for you to say. You are *cured*,—cured as much as you shall ever be in this world." Then I left her brusquely. But in a moment my heart upbraided me for my blindness, and my unkindness to this soul that had known so great suffering and was steeped to the core in gratitude to God and man. It was borne in upon me that she did not fully estimate her improved condition, simply because, in the humility of her heart, she deemed herself unworthy of special care or favor on the part of our Blessed Lady.

This remorse of mine enduring, I wrote her immediately after I had seen all the rest away at the Paris station. Here is her reply, which came to me just as I had begun this writing. I think I do not presume when I offer it as a treat to the readers of THE AVE MARIA:

"RAMSGATE, Sept. 29, 1903.

"DEAR REV. FATHER:—[I omit here a page of kindly remarks not to the point and wholly unmerited] I am much better, thanks be to God and Our Lady. One complaint has left me [she never spoke of this complaint before]. I used to suffer from abscess in the head—the ear,—and six or seven years ago was treated by a great London specialist. Though relieved of maddening pain, I was never free from the trouble. One morning before leaving Lourdes, to my surprise, I found I could wipe the sore ear with the towel as roughly as I did the other one. The noises in the ear which always worried me, have ceased, and there is peace and calm instead of the racket of apparent steam-engines and explosions. Thanks be to God, my face is also less inflamed, though the lupus is still there! The poor little wolf has become quite tame, so why need I worry about it? I am going on a visit to London for a week or two."

That is a pretty touch about the "poor little wolf,"—as pure a point of pious humor as ever was made withal.

This afternoon the English pilgrims were, by special favor, permitted to head the great procession of the Blessed Sacrament, ending with Benediction in the Crypt. The Bishop of Tarbes himself gave the Benediction, and addressed our pilgrims in cordial and complimentary terms, rounded off by a few sentences in good English: "I am very glad to see the English pilgrimage here. I hope you will all be benefited by your pious pilgrimage and return in good health to your country. I give my blessing to each one of you as well as to your friends."

This has been the fullest day of all. There were at least sixty thousand persons assembled in and about the great square, exclusive of the visitors from the town. Mr. Blunt, our kind and courteous chief marshal, who resides for the most part at Lourdes, and who is the very best judge of such fact, said that there were eleven hundred Masses celebrated on the altars in the Basilica, fifty-seven in number; the Crypt and Rosary Chapels, the convents, and so forth, together forming an ecclesiastical city round the celebrated Grotto. There were, at all events, about five hundred French pilgrim priests present; one hundred, at least, attached to the church, the shrine, and the fountain; twenty of ours; a round hundred, no doubt, of independent clerical visitors,—making in all seven hundred and twenty priests. But probably I understate the full number.

(To be continued.)

LET but thy heart, O man!
 Become a valley low,
 And God shall rain on it
 Till it will overflow.
 O shame! The silkworm works
 And spins till it can fly,
 And thou, my soul, wilt still
 On thine own earth clod lie!—*Anon.*

The Facts behind the Macedonian Revolt.

BY MANUEL DE MOREIRA.

THE inevitable has happened, and once more Europe and America resound with the piercing cries of the Christians in the Balkans asking for help. "The sick man of Europe" has once more shown the inefficacy of his promises and the complacency he feels in shedding Christian blood. A tourist travelling through Turkey does not realize the horrible corruption which permeates every quarter of that Empire. The attention shown to the stranger, the protection he enjoys through the far-reaching arm of his country, and the superficial politeness of the Turk, blind him to the real state of affairs. But if we study the history of that country for the last century, we shall see nothing but deceit, nothing but hatred of Christianity, nothing but cold, premeditated murder by menials, incited to their evil work by a firman signed by the "Chief of the Believers."

The motives of this last revolt are numerous. Some ascribe it to the injustice shown to the Christians. In Macedonia, for instance, a land as fertile as our new possessions in the Philippines, the farmers, although owning and cultivating their soil, are sunk into helpless poverty. It is not because they do not work: on the contrary, from early morning till the fall of the day old and young are seen in the fields toiling for their daily bread. They reap a good harvest, but, alas! they are not allowed to enjoy its fruits. They do not toil for themselves: they toil to pay the taxes extorted with indescribable cruelty. And by taxes we mean impositions of which no idea can be formed in this country of freedom or in Continental Europe, where taxes are heavier than here.

One fancies the enlightened American commenting upon this, and wanting to

know why the Macedonian youth do not acquire an education and improve thereby the standing of their families. The answer to this is that they have tried to do so. Schools have been established in Macedonia. The peasant boys have attended them with enthusiasm. They have learned there the matter contained in the books; but more than that, for the first time in their life they have gained an insight into the blessings of civilization. They have left these modern schools with no prospect before them save that they are to be plunged again into the unwholesome life of barbarism. They have seen all positions barred to them, all hopes quenched; and, unable to live in the environment in which their fathers have lived, they saw only one course left to them—to alter the environment itself.

This is one of the real facts behind the Macedonian revolt. But there is another cause besides petty governmental interference and educational disappointment; that cause has its roots in fanaticism. Islam divides mankind into "Dar-ul-Islam" and "Dar-ul-Harb,"—the "Home of the Believer" and the "Home of the Enemy." All those, consequently, who are not massed under the banner of Islam are foes who, as a matter of stern duty, must be conquered. That this statement is not unfair to the Turk is clearly proven by the official prayer of Islam used throughout Turkey:

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan, the *rejeem*, the accursed. In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful, O Lord of all creatures! O Allah! destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion! O Allah! make their children orphans, and defile their abodes, and cause their feet to slip; and give them and their families and their households, and their women and their children, and their relatives by marriage, and their brothers and their friends, and their possessions and their race, and their wealth and their lands,

as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!"

Is not this prayer incentive enough to be active, both in private and in public, against all those who do not follow the great prophet? Is this not the cause itself of the terrible persecution of the hapless Christian? And is there any warrant in right for this persecution? Are the Christians trespassing upon Moslem territory? Is Christian civilization an intruder in this region? Are Christian aspirations foreign to this land?

If we test the case by historical investigation, we shall find that the reverse of all this is the fact. The soil belongs to the Macedonian by a title which antedates the arrival of the Turk in Europe,—nay, more: by a title which was venerable before the foundations of Constantinople had been laid. And not only has this territory belonged to the Macedonians for centuries, but the evangelization of it dates as far back as St. Paul. It was at the time when Macedonia, still a Roman province, held the rivalry between its two great cities, Philippi and Amphipolis, that the Apostle of the Gentiles sowed the first seeds of a fertile Christianity.

The situation of Philippi made it a point of vantage over the many highways which, starting from the coast, penetrated inland. St. Paul first stopped there; but the absence of any Jewish settlement made him push on without delay as far as Thessalonica, where there was a large and flourishing synagogue. When he saw the commanding position of this place, he clearly perceived that it could be made a chief centre of Christianity. The harbor is large, the anchorage the best, while the neighboring valleys give access to highways leading into Upper Macedonia.

The population was then, as in our days, engaged in industrial pursuits. The town was and is still noted for its textile productions—brilliant-colored rugs and

coarser stuff of goat's hair. It was from among these working people that the Gospel was to bring forth its richest harvest. Paul of Tarsus began to preach, and thus was founded the Church of Thessalonica.

Centuries afterward, in 857, Photius, taking advantage of the condition of affairs between the licentious Michael III. and Ignatius, Patriarch of Constantinople, had the latter imprisoned, and, though only a layman, received in six days all the orders leading up to the Patriarchate. Photius wanted to have his nomination confirmed by Rome, and he used every conceivable artifice to carry his point. But the clear-sighted Pope Nicholas I. was not deceived, and excommunicated him and his followers. In 867 Photius, throwing off his mask, went into formal schism. He called a synod, at which he presumed to excommunicate the Pope.

The schemes of the intruder were greatly aided by the controversy which at that time raged over the question of spiritual jurisdiction in Bulgaria. King Bogoris then asked the Pope to allow his kingdom to be united with the Roman instead of the Byzantine Patriarchate. This request was granted. Driven to despair, Photius separated his church from the See of Rome, accusing the Latin Church of heresy and of departing from ancient and canonical discipline. Such was the beginning of the schism which divided the Macedonian Church in two parts—the Latin Church of Rome and the Greek Schismatic Church of Constantinople.

But, though Schismatic, the Greek Church is certainly Christian; and hence we may justly aver that the Macedonians have rights, of antiquity beyond question, both to the territory they occupy and to the civilization they seek to enjoy. Can the Christian countries allow the extermination of this people and the devastation of this fertile land to continue without a protest?

Notes and Remarks.

One of the best expressions evoked by the New York *Sun*'s discussion of religion in the schools is this sentence from the Rev. Mr. Geer's second letter:

This question [of a purely secular school] has ceased to be a point at issue between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, and has become one between agnosticism established and endowed, and Christianity disestablished and disendowed.

However things may look theoretically, the truth is that practically a school from which God's name is banished is an agnostic school, so that it is literally the fact that agnosticism is endowed and State-supported under our public school system. On that principle men of all faiths may eventually join in demanding a reconstruction of the system of public education; but it is the poor especially and people of the middle classes who ought to sound the alarm. The well-to-do approve of the public schools, and then send their children to private institutions; the poor have no such alternative. As Dr. Geer says:

My opinions on this subject were at one time strenuously opposed by a man now high in the counsels of the nation. To-day he sends two of his sons to a church school of the highest order, and his daughter to another: both schools well known for aggressive Christian nurture. And I have acted, as far as I could, on the same principle. Yet neither he nor I think, for a moment, that our children are one whit better in the sight of God than those of the poorest hodcarrier; or one whit better entitled to daily Christian nurture. We send our children to Christian schools because we rightly value Christian education and can afford to pay for it. The hodcarrier sends his children to the public school, since he has not the money to do better for them: because the State has made it impossible for him to secure Christian education for his children. That condition of affairs is most repugnant to my sense of justice, as I do not doubt it is, on reflection, to his. There can be no Christian propriety or American fair play in such cruel discrimination against the poor, in essentials. What Ruskin called "the height of black anger" surely would not be much out of place here.

This is the sort of discussion which will lead to the settlement of the school

question in the fulness of time. The irate old gentleman who recently wrote to the *Sun* saying that if anybody attempted to change the public school system, "by the Eternal I will take down the old musket and fight as long as there is breath in me!" is not impressive. His argument is as out-of-date as his gun.

Dowie's invasion of New York is conceded on all sides to have been a flat failure; and we mean no reflection on the generosity of Gotham when we say that the prophet who "took in" simple Westerners so easily returns to Chicago in purse and in prospects poorer than he left it. There are those who, remembering the influence wielded by Dowie in the Chicago elections, see a canny shrewdness in his entry into New York in the heat of the mayoralty campaign; others discover in him only an irascible, dictatorial and plain-spoken mountebank; still others think that he is not a conscious fraud, but only a victim of self-delusion. At any rate, his amazing ascendancy over his followers is proof not only of his own astonishing energy and personal resource, but of what the *Outlook* calls "the strange yet common longing to submit to absolute authority." The perversion of this natural instinct—so that men who repudiate the claims of the infallible Church gladly entertain the claims of any howling dervish who makes large enough demands on credulity—is as common in this materialistic era as it ever was.

"Out of two hundred and seventy thousand Indians in the United States," said Father Ganss to the federated societies at Atlantic City, "one hundred and six thousand are Catholics,—sincere, practical, devoted Catholics." The number would be far larger, however, were it not for an impulse of sectarian bigotry of which most right-feeling Protestants are now heartily ashamed. In 1895 the appropriation made to the Catholic

Indian schools (on a basis of *per capita* payment for children in attendance) was \$350,000; to the Episcopalian schools only \$7,020; and to the Lutheran schools, \$15,120. The Protestant bodies, finding that the Catholic schools were more numerously attended than their own and that the government subsidy was proportionately larger, made a great outcry about sectarian appropriations, the danger of union between Church and State, etc. They relinquished their own small appropriation and called on the government to deprive the Catholic schools of their larger subsidy. It was the old policy of "Anything to beat Rome." It shed a curious light on Protestant zeal for the Indian, and proved once more that no form of rivalry yields a larger crop of petty meannesses than does sectarian jealousy. It is a comfort to turn away from this unpleasant bit of history, and to learn from those charged with the care of the Catholic Indian schools that, though the Church is still educating the government's wards without government help, the attitude of the present administration is one "of helpfulness and confidence."

The production last month, at Birmingham, England, of Dr. Elgar's new oratorio, *The Apostles*, is accounted the most important of recent events in the musical world. It was another great triumph for the composer whose *Gerontius* placed him among the foremost musicians of our time. His new work is remarkable in many ways. In a brief note to the vocal score he states that it had long been his wish to compose an oratorio which should embody the calling of the Apostles, their schooling and their mission, culminating in the establishment of the Church among the Gentiles. It will easily be seen that such a theme afforded Dr. Elgar varied opportunities for the exercise of his art. It would seem that he

has made the very most of them, and produced a masterpiece exquisite in its beauty and impressiveness. The most exacting critics of the performance at Birmingham were enthusiastic over "rich effects," "daring conceptions," "thrilling surprises," "imposing closes," etc. All who took part were congratulated in the highest terms, and Dr. Elgar received quite an ovation. The high ideals and religious fervor that inspire his work, however, are beyond praise.

As is plain from the composer's note, *The Apostles* is an unfinished work. A third part is to follow, in which God manifests Himself inwardly through His indwelling Spirit.

A letter written by Andrew Jackson to a friend has been recently discovered in an old pocketbook. It concludes with these words: "I...have only strength to add my sincere good wishes for your length of days, a useful life, and a happy immortality, where by the atoning blood of a Crucified Saviour I hope to meet you." The letter was dated "The Hermitage, Sept. 29, 1841,"—just four years before Old Hickory's death. It is still another proof of the strong religious character of the man, and inevitably recalls his namesake, the brave and intensely religious "Stonewall." It is also a reminder that tastes—to put it very mildly—have changed considerably since President Jackson's time, and that few men of the world, either in public or private life, show such strong religious feeling in their letters nowadays.

If only half of what is said in praise of Mgr. Merry del Val be true, the Holy Father has a Secretary of State after his own heart. Like the Patriarch of Venice, the Archbishop of Nicæa was known to be "absolutely devoid of personal ambition," and would have preferred to labor as a priest in England (of which he is a native) had not Leo XIII. insisted on having him in Rome.

It will be remembered that he represented the Holy See at the funeral of Kaiser William I. and at the accession of Edward VII. To him was entrusted the investigation of the Manitoba school question, for which purpose he visited Canada; and he was named secretary of the commission appointed by Leo XIII. to examine the question of Anglican orders. The Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet* states that, in spite of his engrossing occupations, Mgr. del Val used to spend several hours every week in the confessional in the chapel of St. George and the English Saints, at the foot of the Pincio. The weighty office to which he was so promptly called by Pius X. has been held from time immemorial by an Italian, and was probably never before entrusted to so young a man. However, there are indications that the policy of the successor of Leo XIII. will not require a representative with such special qualifications as were possessed by Cardinal Rampolla.

The fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the dioceses of Covington, Newark and Brooklyn was celebrated with imposing ceremonies and amid general rejoicing. The enthusiasm was as genuine as it was widespread. The spacious cathedrals in which services were held could not contain the throngs that flocked to them from far and near, all eager to take part in so memorable a celebration. Bishops Maes, O'Connor and McDonnell officiated. The small beginnings of these dioceses and their wondrous growth were well calculated to inspire those who were privileged to preach on the occasion, and to excite admiration and gratitude in the audiences. Hundreds of churches and schools and charitable and conventual institutions where, fifty years ago, there were only a handful of pastors and a few scattered families attest the zeal and self-sacrifice of the pioneer bishops and priests, and bear witness to the gener-

osity and devotedness of the laity who formed the nucleus of congregations which have increased and multiplied to an extent hard to be realized. The development of these three dioceses during the next half century will be less striking, but it will not be less real: it will be in strength rather than in expansion. There could be no better augury of continued progress than the spirit of faith and piety of which there was so superb a manifestation during the recent celebrations.

In view of wild statements—sometimes made by Catholics—as to the number of apostate priests (*évadés*) in France, it is well to know the exact truth of the matter. A circular having been sent to all the bishops of France and Corsica to make inquiries, it was ascertained that in 1902 there were sixty clerical renegades in the whole of France. But if these unfortunates are not numerous, it must be admitted that they are among the worst enemies of the Christian religion, in some cases going to the very extreme of impiety. Their downward course was from insubordination to superiors and uncharitableness toward equals to disregard of all moral restraint, and blasphemies against God Himself. A journal published by one of these impious men is the source of innumerable calumnies against the Church.

The Rev. D. Lynch, S. J., writing in the current number of the *Messenger*, states that—

all the public schools for deaf-mutes in the country, save two, are controlled, directed, governed, taught by Protestants. The Protestant religion, when not taught openly, is taught indirectly—if, indeed, we need use such a word—by “moral lessons,” history, etc. Protestant ministers “lecture” on religious subjects and hold services, which all the pupils must attend. No priest is so invited; and were he to offer his services, they would be refused. Under one pretext or other, the officials of the institutions deny in many cases to Catholic inmates all religious freedom, and openly cause them to violate their consciences. Many of the

teachers show habitually a bitterly anti-Catholic spirit. In the hands of such teachers the Catholic pupils are as wax—a fact fully realized by the teachers, and unscrupulously availed of. Among the teachers and principals are Protestant ministers, as, for instance, Rev. Mr. Cloud, principal of the St. Louis school, who delivers lectures and holds services in other schools. The literature placed in the hands of the pupils is Protestant and frequently anti-Catholic. The school papers are of the same character, only a few—two or three—being fairly just.

"No priest is so invited; and were he to offer his services, they would be refused." Why should any priest wait to be invited? And is it sure that his services would as a rule be refused? We question the correctness of this supposition. As for Father Lynch's statements—if he is well informed,—it ought to be enough to call public attention to them. His earnest plea for our deaf-mutes deserves attentive hearing.

Morley's Life of Gladstone is sure to be one of the most widely read biographies of our generation. The man himself was so superior, his public life extended over so long a period, his influence touched so many points outside of pure politics, that, in spite of all that was written about him during his life and immediately after his death, there is a general feeling that Gladstone has never been fully revealed to the public. The new biography contains many fresh *obiter dicta*, impressions and opinions of great interest. One reviewer notes that Gladstone received his "first conception of the unity of the Church" when he made his earliest visit to St. Peter's in Rome at the age of twenty-three. Of that visit the Grand Old Man wrote:

I had previously taken a great deal of teaching direct from the Bible, as best I could; but now the figure of the Church rose before me as a teacher too, and I gradually found in how incomplete and fragmentary a manner I had drawn divine truth from the sacred volume, as, indeed, I had also missed, in the Thirty-Nine Articles, something which ought to have taught me better. Such, for I believe that I have given the fact as it occurred, in its silence and its solitude, was my first intro-

duction to the august conception of the Church of Christ. It presented to me Christianity under an aspect in which I had not yet known it: its ministry of symbols, its channels of grace, its unending line of teachers joining from the Head.

We venture to think that this will prove a surprising sentiment even to those who fancied they understood Gladstone pretty thoroughly. Certainly it would not be hard to point to incidents in his life which would seem to prove him to have been a convinced Erastian rather than a believer in the unity and authoritative teaching power of the Church, even as he conceived the Church.

In the diocese of Helena, Montana, there are only 50,000 Catholics scattered over a territory of 146,080 square miles; hence the late Bishop Brondel, though consecrated Bishop of Victoria to succeed Archbishop Seghers in 1879, and transferred to the new See of Helena as late as 1884, was really a pioneer prelate,—a missionary bishop in the strictest sense. His diocese embraced the whole State of Montana, yet there are single parishes in some of our large cities which contain almost half as many souls as the spacious diocese of Helena. It is in such cases as these that figures are most deceptive. A hierarchy of almost a hundred prelates looks impressive on paper, but there are twenty dioceses in the United States whose average Catholic population is less than twenty thousand. Bishop Brondel is another name to be added to the long roll of missionaries for whom the Church in this country is indebted to Catholic Belgium. *R. I. P.*

The discovery, in the Museo Nazionale at Naples, of a vase belonging to pagan times and taken from a pagan tomb, decorated with figures of Adam holding an apple, and Eve with a serpent, is proof that the story of the Fall was familiar to people of ancient times who were unacquainted with the Bible.



Marguerite's Rosary.*

IT was the month of January, 1871. The banner that Napoleon I. had hitherto waved in conquest was humbled by consecutive defeats, and France was groaning beneath the weighty burden of her great reverses.

In a city of the West a regiment of infantry had marched forth in early morning to meet the enemy, accompanied by every citizen capable of bearing arms. The roar of cannon was distinctly heard, and all awaited with anxious hearts the issue of the fierce combat.

In a house within whose walls several soldiers had found hospitable lodgings on the previous evening, silence and sadness reigned at the fireside, around which were seated Mademoiselle Rose, the housekeeper, and Marguerite, the little daughter of the master of the mansion. Snow was beginning to fall, and a sharp, chilly wind penetrated every nook of the well furnished apartments, fanning the blaze of the large fire into leaping jets of flame.

"Poor papa!" softly murmured the little girl, as she gazed wistfully into the glowing hearth. "God grant he may not be wounded!"

"We must hope for the best," replied Rose, folding her knitting on her lap and raising her eyes to Heaven. "We must ask the Blessed Virgin to protect him."

A loud knock at the front door startled the child: it was a very dark night and no one was expected at that late hour.

"Who is there?" asked Rose, opening the window of the parlor, in which she sat working with her young mistress.

"Mademoiselle Rose, please let us in. We have brought you a wounded soldier, who needs prompt assistance, and it is a long way to the ambulance."

The housekeeper recognized in the men who carried the litter her guests of the previous evening, and she hastily opened the door.

"Where had we better place him?" she asked.

"In a warm room, if possible," was the answer.

"Then bring him into this parlor, and I will prepare a bed for him at once."

Marguerite, carrying a lighted candle, accompanied the kind-hearted Rose, and helped to bring sheets, coverlets and pillows, whilst the maid dragged a mattress down the staircase. Soon a comfortable bed was prepared, and the men carefully laid the soldier on it.

"Now, Mademoiselle Rose, make haste and call the surgeon; for we must hurry back to our posts."

Thus saying, the men withdrew, happy in having their unfortunate comrade so well provided for. The latter gave no sign of life, and the blood coursed freely from his wounded head.

"Marguerite dear, would you be afraid to watch the soldier alone while I run for the doctor?" asked Rose.

"Oh, no, since it is necessary!" replied the little one, with a degree of energy that surprised the faithful servant.

The kind woman placed a clean towel over the stained handkerchief that wrapped the head, and then prepared a basin of cold water, showing her young mistress how to dip linen cloths in it and apply them to the patient's temples every little while till she returned.

Marguerite followed Rose's prescription exactly, but at times her courage was nearly overcome by the sight of

* This story is based on a fact recorded in the *Pelerin* of April, 1885.

the blood. She soon perceived that the towel was becoming just as red as the handkerchief.

"Perhaps if I say my beads for him our Heavenly Mother may come to his aid," she thought, and immediately knelt and began to recite the chaplet,—without, however, neglecting to watch her charge.

After a few moments she observed that the flow of blood was not so abundant. Then she redoubled her fervor, and threw her whole soul into the invocation, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now," etc.

"The towel is not nearly so moist," she thought,—“in fact, the wound does not bleed now! Thanks, Holy Mother of Mercy!”

The poor soldier moaned, opened his eyes, and tried to move.

"Oh, do not stir!" said the little nurse, in a tone of authority. "Your wound has just stopped bleeding. Do not stir for the world!"

"I am very thirsty!" murmured the soldier.

Marguerite hastened to dissolve some loaf-sugar in a goblet of fresh spring water, and approaching the patient said:

"I will give you a drink with this spoon, so that you need not raise your head. Swallow it slowly, and I will give you all you want."

She did this so skilfully that the wounded man thanked her with a look beaming with gratitude.

"But here comes Mademoiselle Rose with the doctor!—The blood has ceased flowing!" said Marguerite, joyfully, running to meet them.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the surgeon. "And pray, my good little infirmarian, what did you do for the patient?"

"I said my beads for him."

"Really!" observed the doctor, with an incredulous smile.

The wound was found to be serious, though not fatal. Mademoiselle Rose sent Marguerite to the house of a near

relative of her mother, and devoted herself so untiringly to the wounded man that he was soon quite well.

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Seven years have elapsed, and our Marguerite has reached her eighteenth summer. During the last two years she has superintended the little household, under the guidance of the faithful Rose.

One day as the girl sat beside her father reading aloud his favorite author, a servant announced a young officer—Major Treillage. Monsieur Durand and his daughter returned the very courteous salutation, though somewhat formally, and bade the stranger be seated.

"Sir," said the young major, "seven years ago I was carried into this parlor, wounded and unconscious; to your hospitality and your daughter's prayers I owe my life. Circumstances beyond my control have hitherto prevented me from visiting this city and offering Mademoiselle Durand my very grateful thanks."

Monsieur Durand and Major Treillage exchanged a few words on the great battles in which both had taken part.

"I should never have recognized you, sir," said Marguerite, timidly raising her eyes to the officer's manly form. "But it was not I that cured you: it was the Blessed Virgin."

"It is true, Mademoiselle, you prayed for the poor wounded man, but you never imagined that your fervent Rosary obtained much more and far better things than you asked for. The pious action and the confidence you showed impressed me strongly; for, though I was unable to speak, I saw and heard what passed. True, I had been baptized a Catholic, but I had been led astray by my companions and by evil books. Now I asked myself whether there was not some wonderful power in your religion which could give you courage and faith to remain alone with me and to pray so confidently. I began to study Catholic doctrine, and then to practise

what I had learned, and my views have changed. I sought my own glory in trying to defend my country: now I am resolved to seek God's greater glory by trying to save my soul and the souls of others. To-morrow, please God, I set out for the Abbey of Solesmes; but I feel that all my worldly duties would not be fulfilled unless I came to thank you for that fervent Rosary."

Monsieur and Mademoiselle Durand congratulated the officer on being called to a religious life, and the young lady added, with emotion:

"I have often thanked the Blessed Virgin for her intercession on that painful night; for my courage needed stimulating, and I feared that you would die in my presence. Now I shall daily thank God and His Mother for the additional and greater blessing of your religious vocation."

Marguerite is now happily married, and occupies that same mansion, which her father bequeathed to her. Every evening her domestics are summoned to join in the recitation of the Rosary and the family night prayers; and at their conclusion all recite a decade of the beads, which they style "An act of thanksgiving."

The Campers.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

II.

"It is very funny about those custom-house people, and it is a great bother. I had to laugh, Señor, when you said that I did not know whether you were a smuggler or not. That is true. Those officers, some days they will look into everything, and other days they will not. Always into the valises, of course; and yet what could the *campadores** hide there, or why should they hide anything? But it is the law, and the

Mexican law is very severe. Now, into that box with your cooking things they did not look. Another day they would have brought out a hatchet and I should have had to open it. And all my work for nothing. And it takes time, besides."

"Perhaps they can judge pretty well by the appearance of the persons whose goods they examine," said Mr. Hale.

"Very likely that is so. I am glad I did not have to open the box for only a few pots and kettles—"

"And groceries," added the gentleman, innocently.

"Groceries, eh?" exclaimed Martino, turning to him with a hearty laugh. "You do not tell me that there are groceries in that box?"

"Yes, it is full of groceries,—canned goods principally, because we were told that we could not get meat or fresh vegetables in abundance."

"And it is on *canned* goods that there is duty," said Martino, still laughing. "But that is a good joke. I thought you meant by 'cooking things' pots and pans. That is what I told them."

"Yes, but there are groceries also."

"You got off well. We are away from them now, and I do not think we shall return to declare. Eh, Master Walter?"

"And so we are smugglers, after all," replied the boy, enjoying the situation very much.

"Well, it was a mistake, and I am not sorry. It is a nuisance making the campers stop to have their things looked over. About horses and wagons, too, they are very strict. Formerly a man could come down in his conveyance, bringing whatever he pleased, and stay as long as he pleased with that wagon or carriage. But now while he camps he must come up every day from Aguas Calientes with his horse or horses and show himself at the custom-house. There is not much sense in that. And if a man comes down to hunt he must deposit twenty-five dollars at the custom-house as a guarantee that he

* Campers.

will return the same day. Of course he gets his money back in the evening. But it is foolish, I think."

"So do I," said Walter. "If I were driving, I think I should whip the horse up and rush past."

"And then you would be caught by the *rurales*, who are always about."

"What are the *rurales*? They could not run faster than my horse."

"They are mounted police. Here is one coming now."

A horseman had suddenly made his appearance from the brush. He rode a fine animal, was attired in grey uniform with brown leggings, wore a broad-brimmed hat with dark red cord and tassel, and presented a very picturesque appearance. Gracefully touching his hat, with a softly uttered "*Buenas dias, Martino!*" he disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"That fellow could catch any horse you are able to drive, Walter," said his father, as the boy, greatly impressed, craned his head over the side of the open stage, eagerly following the vanishing *rurale* till he was out of sight.

"I believe he could, father,—I am sure of it," Walter answered promptly. "He is a fast goer."

"That is the captain," said Martino. "He is named Carlos Cordillera. Some say he was a captain in the Spanish army and got into a fuss and had to leave Spain. Others tell that he was a bullfighter in the city of Mexico, and once was thrown. It made him feel so bad that he banished himself. But I do not know. He is a brave man,—that I do know."

A cloud of dust in front of them soon resolved itself into a wagon drawn by a cadaverous-looking animal. On the seat were two enormously stout women, evidently of Jewish extraction.

"Hey, Martino!" one of them cried. "Is the butcher shop closed yet?"

"Oh, no!" said Martino. "It is not yet one o'clock, I think."

The women made no reply, but went on their way.

"The butcher closes his shop every day at one because he likes to play cards," explained Martino. "He goes to the saloon then and stays till evening. I do not think it is a very good way to get rich, but he will not open it for any one once it has been shut. He says that if they do not buy their meat in the morning they can go without. Some-time he makes a little at cards, but he nearly always loses; and much he spends for drink. Oh, he is really no good, that butcher, Señor!"

"Apparently not very ambitious," said Mr. Hale.

"No, indeed," rejoined Martino. "You noticed those women, Señor?" he went on, changing the subject.

"Yes. Do they live here?"

"No: They are campers. They come from San Francisco all the way; both for the reason that they are so fat. They want to get thin. They are afraid they may die of heart disease."

"Are the baths benefiting them?"

"I do not know. I think they must be. They take two every day. I have no use for them, Señor."

"They seemed very pleasant," replied Mr. Hale, not knowing what answer to make to this sweeping condemnation of the jolly stout women.

"They near got me into trouble," said Martino,—"*I mean with the aduana.* At least one of them did,—the fattest one: they are sisters. She came down on Thursday of the week before last. When the man at the custom-house looked at her baggage he found nothing till he came to the bedclothing. 'Do not let him open that,' she said. 'The ropes that tie it are not very strong and I am afraid he can not fasten it up again.'—'Are you sure there is nothing to declare, Señora?' I asked.—'I swear it,' she said. 'What should there be?' Then I said to Señor Aquilo (you saw him to-day, and he is a very strict

man): 'There is nothing there but bed-clothing. I am sure of it.' But he opened it, and the woman scolded him all the time, and me too, saying that I had not told him. And what do you think was there?"

"I can not guess," said Walter.

"Two old blankets and a mattress—very thin,—and inside piles of canned goods and flour and sugar and coffee."

"And what did the custom-house officer do?" asked Walter.

"He looked first at me and very stern. Then he said: 'I believe, Martino, that you did not know. But I advise you not to take the word of a *campadore* in future; for some of them are very slippery.' He charged her duty \$6.50, American money."

"I presume she made a great fuss," observed Mr. Hale.

"She cried and wrung her hands and said that I was in a plot with the *adunana*. Still, she had to pay it. But that is not all. On Saturday came her sister and she said to me the same thing: 'Only bedclothes.' But I said nothing. When they came to the bed-clothing the officer asked, 'What is inside?' and he laughed.—'I do not know,' said I. 'I will never know again what is in the baggage of a *campadore*. Look for yourself and find out.'—'What are you saying to him?' asked the woman, who knew a few words of Spanish.—'I am telling him I do not know what is there,' said I; 'and I do not, Señora.' Then she also began to scold, and she said to the officer: 'It is a shame that you open the bedclothing of a lady.' But he began to unfasten the ropes. Then she said in a coaxing voice: 'My dear sir, I will give you a *couple of pennies* if you will not open that bundle.' But he laughed and went on,—he understands a little English, though he can not speak it. And what do you think was there?"

"Canned goods?"

"Yes, and meat even. But not so

much as the other one had. She had to pay only \$3.50, American money; and they are *rich* in San Francisco, Señor. They keep a store for wigs and false hair and masquerade dresses. They are Rachel and Rebecca Sellers, and they are sellers."

"I suppose you meet odd characters in your travels?" said Mr. Hale.

"Indeed I do," was the rejoinder. "It would make you laugh to hear. Look!—there is my wife and little boy. And, ah, it is Xavier with them!"

A sudden sharp descent had brought them into a little valley. It was long and narrow, and very green with long grass and a species of osiers called yules, which grow only where there is water. It was a pleasant sight after the bare, burned tract over which they had been travelling. A tiny house, painted white, with green shutters and a broad piazza, stood in the midst of a pretty little flower-garden, all gay with geraniums, marigolds, and cosmos in every shade of color. A hedge of cedar about two feet in height surrounded the garden. At the back an old-fashioned well-sweep invited the traveller to a draught of pure cold water.

The young woman came down to the stage, followed by the boys. She carried a milk can, and the children had one between them.

"It is my wife, Señor," said Martino. "She knows not any English."

The woman bowed with a swift, bright smile which irradiated her whole face, shining through the beauty of her sweet, soft, brown eyes.

Martino took the milk cans, and his wife said something in Spanish.

"*Si!*" he replied.—"She wishes to know if you will not have a drink of water—both. It is the best well in twenty miles. After you pass here, you will get no more cold water until you leave Aguas Calientes."

"Then I will take a big drink," said Walter.

The two boys had already gone back to the well, and now came running to the wagon with a bucket and gourd. The water was excellent.

"Come now, we must go on," said Martino, touching his horses with the end of his whip.

"Do they want to come?" asked Mr. Hale.

The little boys hovered near.

"I am afraid to-day there is not room. They can very well walk it," said Martino. "Often, when we are not crowded I let my Pasqual ride. I brought Xavier over yesterday. He is not mine. His father is at the Springs."

"There is room," said Mr. Hale. "One of the boys can sit between you and Walter, and the other can squeeze in here with me. Come, boys!"

They needed no second invitation. Pasqual was soon seated beside Walter and Martino; and the other, whom they called Xavier, near Mr. Hale. He was evidently not a Mexican: his fair hair and blue eyes were of the most delicate Saxon type. There was about him also an air of refinement and gentleness, which made Mr. Hale at once decide him to be the child of very superior people. Poorly dressed and barefoot, he was as scrupulously clean as it was possible for any one to be in that region of dust and sand.

Still skirting the valley, they rode on for some distance longer, till, with the descent so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, they had arrived at the very borders of the green oasis, where at intervals tents gleamed white through the cottonwood trees and yules.

"Here we are!" said Martino, as the horses began to plough heavily through the sandy road.

"This is like the sand of the ocean," remarked Mr. Hale.

"They say that once all this valley was a lake emptying into the ocean, which is now fourteen miles away," said

Martino. "The Indians tell that an earthquake came, and the lake dried up. But hot water then spurted up from the bowels of the earth, and Aguas Calientes was born. It is true, Señor, that, dig where you may for miles and miles, at three or four feet you will always find water. Sometimes it is cold but usually warm, and sometimes it is very hot."

Between a clump of trees at their right a tent had been pitched. To the left of it, under a large sycamore, stood a camp stove and a table; while a rude cupboard, made of a pine box, was fastened to the trunk of the tree, above the table.

"Come here, Xavier!" said Martino, stopping the horses.

The boy climbed over the seat and jumped out. A tall man in a long dressing-gown was seated in an old rocking-chair filled with cushions. He had been reading, and came forward with a book in his hand.

"Letters, Martino?" he asked.

"No letters, Señor," answered the Mexican. "But to-morrow maybe."

"I do not know. It is strange," said the other, shaking his head sadly. With a courteous bow to the strangers, he laid his hand upon Xavier's shoulder as he passed back to his tent.

"He is very sick. He will not get well," said Martino, when they resumed their journey. "He coughs much, and likes better to be far away from the others, because he does not wish to trouble. He reads always in the Hebrew Bible. He is a Jewish rabbi and that is his son."

"He has Jewish features," said Mr. Hale; "but I should never have taken the boy for a Jew. And how does he come by the name of Xavier?"

"That I know not," replied Martino. "But the father is a Jewish rabbi without doubt. He is called Simonson, a very learned man, Señor. You will enjoy his conversation."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The *Athenæum* announces that the authorized biography of Cardinal Vaughan will be written by his kinsman, Mr. J. G. Snead Cox, editor of the *Tablet*. Mr. Cox is the author of a charming book of travel which appeared several years ago.

—A creditable reproduction in colors of Kaufman's fine portrait of Pius X. has been issued by Messrs. Benziger Brothers. This is by far the best picture of his Holiness that we have seen, and it is well worth framing. The price is low, considering the excellence of the work.

—Mrs. Alice Meynell has written a critical introduction for the photogravure reproductions of sixty of the best paintings of Mr. John S. Sargent. This is the first time that an adequate collection of Sargent's pictures—fifty-four of the specimens are portraits—has been rendered accessible to the public.

—Among the latest publications we note a new book by the author of "Ridingdale Stories," lately reviewed by us; it is entitled "The Golden Stair: A Chronicle of Havenhurst." Mrs. Hugh Fraser has also published a new novel, "The Stolen Emperor." She will be remembered as the author of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan" and other enjoyable books.

—The news that the Vatican Library and Museum had been on fire for three hours caused much perturbation among scholars until the *Osservatore Romano* of November 3 published this official note: "We are authorized in the most explicit and most absolute manner to announce that no object of artistic or historic value was lost or injured in the recent Vatican fire."

—We are glad to infer a continued demand for "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" from the appearance of a new edition, with illustrations by G. C. Wilmshurst. It is one of the most charming romances in the language and deserves every success. Critics are agreed that there is nothing in modern fiction nearer to perfection than "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by Henry Harland. This attractive reissue should be in general demand during the holidays. John Lane, publisher.

—The Eclectic School Readings series, published by the American Book Co., has been supplemented by some useful volumes: "Child Literature" for first reader grades, by M. H. Simms; "The Spanish in the Southwest," by R. V. Winterburn, and "Two Girls in China," by M. H. Krout. The story of the Spanish settlements and early missions is told with sympathetic touch, and the travels of the two New York girls in the land of the Celestials make very interesting reading. "Stories of Great

Artists," by O. B. Horne and K. L. Scobey, which is excellently illustrated, might be added to this series. The readings are intended for third and fourth grades. An index would add to the usefulness of this book.

—Among the new publications of the Catholic Truth Society (London) are: "By what Authority?" an argument against Private Judgment, by F. B. Lord; and "John Foxe and His 'Book of Martyrs,'" by the Rev. John Gerard, S. J. The latter is a very creditable bit of historical criticism.

—Those who have tested the efficacy of the counsel "Go to Joseph!" will welcome a new book of devotions entitled "St. Joseph's Advocate," compiled by a religious, with the special design of propagating among youth increased devotion to the foster-father of Jesus and the protector of Our Lady. Published by P. J. Kenedy.

—The University Library of Pennsylvania has just come into possession of 500 manuscripts, at one time the property of Benjamin Franklin, many of which are valuable from an historical point of view. One of the documents in the collection is an autograph letter from Robespierre, written from Arras in 1783, to Franklin. It deals with a case before the court at Artois, in which Robespierre claimed for Franklin the rights accruing from the invention of a lightning conductor.

—Mr. Julian Hawthorne's new book, "Hawthorne and His Circle," supplements the fuller biographies that have been published. It will be all the more welcome for being so long delayed. The lover of Hawthorne is afforded an opportunity to view the great writer from the nearest and most sympathetic standpoint, and some helps toward comprehending his unusual character and sensitive spirit are also given. In addition, the work has many personal touches, and gives much fresh Hawthorniana.

—"The Best American Orations of To day," according to the judgment of Harriet Blackstone, are to be had in a single volume compiled by her and published by Hinds & Noble. A less pretentious title might have served the compiler quite as well, and would certainly not have imposed on the reviewer the ungracious duty of saying that these specimens are not orations at all but only foreshortened and bobtailed speeches—and few of them are of the best even at that. Unquestionably, however, the list of orators represented is a long and rather distinguished one; neither can there be any doubt but that the book is suited to its purpose, which is to furnish pupils with "pieces to speak." Education, commerce and patriotism are the favorite—

almost the only—themes. To the criticism that the selections as they stand are maimed by abridgment, the compiler would probably reply that excision was necessary to fit them to school purposes.

—The generously illustrated "Memorial and Souvenir" of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Industrious Boys in Philadelphia will be a delight to all the friends of that excellent institution. We have often had occasion to commend the fine spirit in which this work for homeless youth is carried on; and it is a real pleasure to possess the portraits and the personal information presented in this tasteful souvenir, which it is to be hoped, will raise up many new friends for St. Joseph's House.

—It is eight years since Mr. D. Moncrief O'Connor contributed a series of articles to the London *Tablet* on "Foreign Freemasonry." The papers were written in a scholarly and temperate spirit, and were therefore all the more effective as an argument against the specious plea that Masonry in England and America is innocuous. Doubtless there are thousands of honest men in the organization who conscientiously think so, and for them Mr. O'Connor's study would be the best sort of reading. We are glad to find that the International Catholic Truth Society (New York) has published it in inexpensive pamphlet form.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Humpty Dumpty and Other Stories. W. W. Denslow. \$1.25.
 One Ring Circus and Other Stories. W. W. Denslow. \$1.25.
 Light for New Times. Margaret Fletcher. 50 cts., net.
 The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service. Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 50 cts., net.
 Some Essentials in Musical Definitions. M. F. McConnell. \$1.
 English History for Catholic Schools. E. Wyatt-Davies. \$1.10.

La Vida es Sueño. Calderón. \$1.

Instinct and Intelligence. Rev. E. Wasmann, S. J. \$1.

Monasteries and Religious Houses of Great Britain and Ireland. Francesca M. Steele. \$1.75, net.

Christian Apologetics. Rev. W. Devrier, S. J.—Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer. \$1.75, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Marius Welte, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; Rev. William Sidley, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Joseph Kelly, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Charles Petitdemange, S. J.

Brother Vincent, C. S. C.

Sister M. Aloysia, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Stanislaus, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Isaac Copes and Mr. Thomas Aylward, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Felix Devanny and Mrs. Margaret Mullen, Carbondale, Pa.; Mr. F. J. Haneberg, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Sarah Delaney, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Margaret Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. William Greenough, Mrs. Eliza McDonnell, and Miss Minnie O'Neill, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Mr. Mathias Ertle, Massillon, Ohio; Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Pittston, Pa.; Mr. A. E. Heatherington, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mrs. Mary O'Connell, New York city; Mr. Jacob Schmitz, Cleveland, Ohio; John and Michael Clancy, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Maria Erne, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. C. P. Mahoney, Mr. Philip McGough, and Mrs. Jane Nichol, Galena, Ill.; Mr. J. T. Payne, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Mr. William Dittoe, Davenport, Iowa; Miss Mary Foley, Toronto, Canada; and Mr. Thomas Lancaster, Washington, D. C.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Fernandez, China:

Friend, \$50.

To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.:
 Miss A. E., \$5; Mrs. H. V. J., \$1.95; Friend, 25 cts.; Friend, 50 cts.

For the Indian Missions:

Mrs. A. R., \$1; Mrs. T. B., 50 cts.

For the Propagation of the Faith:

A. M., \$1; M. S., 25 cts.; Child of Mary, in thanksgiving, \$1.

For the South African Missions:

Edward Hynes, \$3.

For the Gotemba lepers:

R. E. R., \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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To Our Mother in Heaven.

BY H. S. D.*

MOTHER, all hail! The Queen of mercy throned;
Mother, of hope and pardon mistress owned;
Mother of God, our Advocate benign;
Mother, our treasure-house of joys divine,—
Blessed Mary!

Hail, brightest glory of the human race!
Virgin, above all virgins full of grace;
Now at thy Son's right hand exalted high,
Pray for thy children as to thee they cry,—
Blessed Mary!

Thrice-happy Mother! He who sits on high,
God evermore, through thee to man draws nigh;
Of heaven and earth and sea the Lord divine,
He hides Himself within thy virgin shrine,—
Blessed Mary!

Created by the Unbegotten Sire;
Quickened, yet spotless, by the Spirit's fire;
Meet temple of the Sole-begotten Son,
Wholly well pleasing to the Three in One,—
Blessed Mary!

The Holy Dove's sweet Bride, the Father's Child,
The only Son's dear Mother, Mary mild;
Wondrous in meekness as in majesty,
Of things created nought is found like thee,—
Blessed Mary!

Angels and saints thy glories love to sing,
Yet all too weak the seraph-songs they bring;
While we, thy wandering children, strive to raise
Some fading echo of their heavenly praise,—
Blessed Mary!

Be very near, dear Mother, when we die,
Be Thou our comfort, Thou our succor nigh;
So, when our days of exile all are told,
Joyful we may with thee our God behold,—
Blessed Mary!

A Voice from the Dead.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.



FROM time to time God raises up in His Church men who keep steadily before them the higher ideals of holiness and form their lives on a level far above that of the ordinary Christian. They never hesitate between the good and the better. The more perfect way is to them the more Christlike; and if all do not follow it, they at least will. It is well there are such men; for without them ideals would sink and the daily struggle against evil would lessen; strenuousness of life would depart and Christian manliness and heroism would no longer be found on earth.

Among these great seers of the things of God stands Henry Edward Manning, the second Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. He was, in sooth, one of those men who took the fire from the altar of heaven and poured it forth upon the earth, to kindle that great flame which Christ, the Head of the Church, came to spread over the face of His new creation. It was ever the higher and more perfect way that Cardinal Manning pointed out to his flock; and we his priests felt that he never called unto us to go in any direction where he did not go before us with gigantic strides as our leader and model.

* In imitation of a mediæval rhythm printed in "Varia Preces" (Solemes, 1892).

He saw the curse of the age was worldliness eating out the heart of Catholicity; and he met it by insisting, in season and out of season, that the weapons of our warfare were not carnal but spiritual. The worldly could be met only on its own ground by the unworldly, the material by the spiritual. And the temporal needs of the Church in England could be supplied only by a genuine charity which enriches the giver as well as those upon whom it is bestowed. He would have nothing to do with that worldly spirit which makes use of the sweet guise of heavenly charity to find out a new excitement, a new diversion or enjoyment for the jaded and enervated lovers of fashion. Hence it was that he set his face, sternly against such things as bazaars and discouraged to the utmost of his power certain ways and methods, much in vogue, of raising money for the work and service of the Church. He held that these were bastard forms of charity and robbed his people of the only true motive for all work—the love of God. The Church, he felt, should be above such things, and should preach a spirituality higher and more noble than that approved of by the sects.

Seventeen years ago, when I was a young priest, I remember he sent round a private, printed letter headed with the significant words, *Æmulamini Meliora*—"Be ye zealous for the better gifts." These words of the Apostle struck the keynote of the great Cardinal's teaching. As I do not think this letter *ad clerum* has ever been reproduced, wholly or in part, I feel I shall be doing a service to the readers of THE AVE MARIA by submitting to them the substance of this remarkable document. It is veritably "a voice from the dead" and is for all time.

The Cardinal's object in writing this letter was to let his clergy know the reasons which had governed him for twenty years in dissuading both clergy

and people, and in withholding all sanction, from the practice of holding bazaars, musical exhibitions in the church, dramatic representations, and balls. On the present occasion I purpose to touch only on his teaching as regards bazaars. He observes:

"Let me here say at once that I do not condemn bazaars as things intrinsically unlawful. They may indeed be attended by circumstances intrinsically wrong, in which case I hardly think any would commend them. But that I may, once for all, cut off the imputations of rigorism and the like, I will rest the resistance that I have steadfastly offered to the holding of bazaars upon the principle laid down by the Apostle: 'All things are lawful to me, but all things are not expedient. All things are lawful to me, but all edify not.' I will, therefore, grant that bazaars when free from circumstances intrinsically wrong are lawful; but in my judgment—not hastily formed, nor without reason, which I can assign—I must affirm that they are neither expedient nor edifying; and upon this ground I rest all that I am about to say."

He then states what it was that first made him examine and judge the question. When he was in Rome about 1860 some influential French ladies extorted an unwilling permission to hold a "sale of work" attended by music and short exhortations to piety. Such a work was unknown in Rome and it was difficult to obtain sanction,—which, however, was granted. "Four pious addresses on the subject of the Cross were delivered, and it fell to my lot to give one of them. Little as I liked it, it was not easy for me to refuse; but I shall never forget the strong and measured expressions of disapproval from the highest ecclesiastics in Rome. And I especially remember the words of Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of Propaganda, deploring this departure from the old traditions of Roman charity

and Roman piety, and the introduction of modern fashions in religion which he ascribed to the Parisian world."

After that time Cardinal Manning had nothing more to do with such medleys or religion and the world. He proceeds to give his reasons against these "festivals of unreason in town-halls and public places," which cause "inverted relations and excitements arising from the grotesque and anomalous employments of those who are not accustomed to stand behind the counter."

"They have been and they always may be occasions of much that is at least unseemly and sometimes even scandalous.... I have in my memory instances which are not consistent with the gravity of priests or the reserve of women or the dignity of Christians or the piety of Catholics. I do not say that these things *do* always happen, but that they *may* always happen; and that when people for many hours, sometimes for three successive days, place themselves in new and false positions, it is certain that in the long run such results will follow.... I have not yet met with any one who has such an indiscriminate approval of bazaars as to encourage them, with all their risks and their not infrequent improprieties. There must be in the minds of some good people reasons higher or more specious than the need of getting money to reconcile them so easily to the practice of holding bazaars."

He meets the objection—"specious" he calls it—"that we ought not to restrict Christian liberty; that what is not sin may be freely practised," by calling it a wide and ungenerous theory, upon which no priest would direct his own conscience or that of others. It is the question of expediency and edification; and in his judgment "no amount of debt and no amount of money ought to prevail over reasons of so high an order."

But he strikes a higher key in the following words, and with the tip of

his finger, as it were, touches the central spot of the difficulty:

"I am thoroughly convinced that Catholic bazaars diminish the respect of the English people for the Catholic religion. I am aware that every year bazaars are held, under the most illustrious sanction and with the most honored names of our upper classes; and that in such bazaars large sums are realized for all manner of good works. But I must say at once that the charitable persons who patronize and promote those bazaars, or who frequent and countenance them, are English indeed but not the people of England. By the words 'the English people' I mean the millions in every class who have not as yet perceived any relation between works of charity and bazaars. The experience of half a life justifies, I think, the confidence I feel in this conviction. I could enumerate not only individuals but large classes of the most truly Christian people in this land who instinctively regard this mixture of religion and excitement with antipathy....

"The English people do us the homage of looking for higher things from Catholics; and their respect is founded upon the belief that Catholics aim at a higher standard, and, in all matters of piety and of charity, aspire after a more excellent way. They are not indisposed to confide in us so long as they believe us to live under stricter rules and higher aspirations of religion than themselves; but they have no attraction toward a religion lower than their own. I can declare, on the evidence of long years, that I have found a feeling of disappointment in such persons when Catholics fall short of the higher maxims and instincts of their religion. The beauty of our churches, the majesty of our ritual, the gravity of our preachers, have no doubt a powerful effect; but all these have less attraction, and less subduing power upon the mind and will of the

English people, than the belief that Catholics live by a higher law of detachment from the world and all its ways and fashions than themselves. Imperfect as the Christianity of our non-Catholic countrymen may be, many of them are powerfully drawn by the desire to gain a higher spiritual state. They are chilled and repelled by whatever seems to them less perfect than their own aspirations."

The good Cardinal was no Puritan: he did not want to take all "cakes and ale" from life; but he would not have them invade the province of the soul. To him our three baptismal vows whereby we renounced Satan, his pomps, and works, were grim realities, and it was impossible to be loyal to God when the very first conditions of the contract were systematically broken. After some special reasons which concern the clergy, the great pastor goes on:

"It appears to me that all such ways of raising money mislead our people by lowering and even perverting their conception of charity....What are the motives in a masquerade? And is not the *motive* the very soul of charity? They must be very perfect souls who sustain the motive of charity under such trying conditions. I hope I shall not seem too austere if I doubt whether such persons would be found to keep a stall. I doubt also whether the poor widow who in a time of famine made a little cake first for the prophet, or another poor widow who put into the treasury two mites that make a farthing, would have understood the charity of bazaars. And yet these are the examples that have been divinely chosen for special benediction, because they bring out the purity and singleness of the intention—of love to God and to man—like a ray of light."

The Cardinal refers to the gifts laid in secret at the foot of the altar, and says he is sure that many prevalent ways of raising money for the service of the Church induce a mistrust in the

Providence of God. "I have no hesitation in writing the two following sentences: I know of no great good done by bazaars. And I know many of the greatest that have been done without them by simple trust in our Divine Master." He mentions many of the local charities which have depended only upon the help which comes from hands unknown and sources that could not be foreseen; and he concludes: "Twenty years have taught me a lesson which I trust never to forget, and have justified the confidence which has never failed me: that what is done for Our Lord, Our Lord Himself will do....I believe that we may trust in the generosity of the faithful who laid their offerings at the Apostles' feet, and in the promise of our Master who fed the multitude when they had nothing to eat, even by a miracle. If we do not swerve from this trust in Him, we may be often tried indeed, and almost out of hope, but in the end the help will never fail."

I have thought it well to rescue this precious teaching from oblivion; for the more materialism increases—and it goes by leaps and bounds,—the more necessary is it that we should be men of firm trust in the Providence of God.

Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

MEN may not assail God even with the impetuosity of their prayers: their business is to adore. Otherwise the gracefulness of submission is gone. The right to more intimate union with God is forfeited. The waters of grace in their soul become shallow, and their spirit of prayer thin, peevish, vexed and wailing. All this is because, in their prayer, they have had the habit of being something before God, instead of being nothing. It is melancholy to see how apt spiritual persons are to be impertinent to God. Perhaps the fewness of the saints is attributable to this.—*Faber.*

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

X.

DAULNAY ate his dinner quickly. He had returned a little earlier than usual, to find Richard, who was generally engaged at this hour, talking to his wife at the door. He had not remarked the occurrence at the first moment; now, however, the words he had heard Louise utter—"Good-bye and God be with you!"—seemed to him full of meaning. But more than this, the glance of affection he had intercepted lingered in his memory. He began to feel very angry. When a man is jealous it takes very little to exasperate him. It did not matter to him that Louise was old enough to be the mother of Richard; that, to the eyes of any ordinary, unprejudiced observer, she regarded him as she would have regarded her own son. Daulnay had no such delusions—or what he would have considered such—regarding the young man. He nursed his wrath in silence until the children had gone to bed and they were alone in their own room.

"Louise," he said suddenly, "what little story is there about Richard?"

She looked at him in surprise, and, perhaps, confusion. It was too soon to tell him the truth, and she had not imagined that he suspected it. "Why is he going away?" he continued harshly. "What is the cause of it? What has happened?"

"I do not know,—I can not tell you," she answered in a faltering voice, which added to the suspicion already awakened in the mind of her jealous husband.

"You do not know!" he exclaimed, disdainfully. "For three years he has been coming and going here as freely as he pleased,—too freely, it seems to me; and yet when he suddenly resolves to take his departure you are ignorant of

the cause. I do not believe it. You have been crying. I saw the traces of tears in your eyes when I came home this evening. I insist upon knowing what is the matter."

Poor Louise! She looked at him helplessly. From the first day of their marriage he had always terrified her.

"Speak! What have you to say about the departure of that—fellow?"

He spoke contemptuously. His wife trembled; yet the thought of Richard, in his brave young manhood and innate goodness, reacted on her weak nerves. She grew a little stronger.

"I have nothing to say," she rejoined. "I hardly know what you mean. If his visits have displeased you, they are over: he may never return,—we may not see him again. His mother loved me; she was my friend; I closed her eyes in death. Since then I have in some sense taken her place with him."

"Acknowledge at once that you have always been delighted to see him come to this house—in your rôle of mother!" answered Daulnay, with a sneer.

Louise grew crimson under his ferocious gaze, but she refused to understand his meaning. She was thinking of her daughter, and resolved to do nothing which might prejudice the cause of Aliette's lover.

"Yes," she admitted, looking steadfastly up at her husband: "Richard has always been welcome here. His visits have pleased me very much. Has it never occurred to you that he might have fallen in love with one of our elder daughters?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Daulnay. "That is good, very good, Louise! It is a fine thing for you that you can use your daughters as a shield. I had not thought you so cunning, my little Louise!"

The poor woman turned to the open window. She knew not how to answer such insults, and had no desire to do so.

Suddenly from the open window of the Professor's apartment, directly opposite,

came the witching strains of a violin, cleaving the silence of the night. Some one was playing the old song *Plaisir d'Amour*.

"Ah!" cried Daulnay, violently pushing his wife from the place where she was standing, as he closed the inside shutters with a great noise. "There again! Don't think I am blind or deaf, you fool! A young man upstairs and an old one across the way! I have been quite well aware of the fact that your ancient admirer opposite is fond of serenading you in the still hours when all respectable people are, or should be, asleep."

"This is too much!" said his wife, all timidity vanished at this last stroke of cruelty. "I can not endure it any longer. For twenty-three years you have made my life miserable, and no quarrel has ever ended without some utterly false and mean accusation like the one you have just made,—the very worst weapon with which you could wound me. And why? Because you were disappointed that the fortune for which you married me failed you. It was not my fault that it was so,—neither mine nor my poor mother's. I knew nothing of life or the world when I married you, and I believed that you loved me for myself. My heart revolted against the mercenary manner in which, it seemed to me, French people arranged the marriages of their children. I wished to choose my own husband: I wanted to marry and be married for love. O my husband, I did love you and hoped that you loved me in return! But now for many long years have I lived in the knowledge that my hope was but a dream—a delusion."

"Hush, hush, you crazy woman!" said Daulnay, in a loud whisper, as her voice broke into anguished sobs. At the same moment he seized her wrists and pressed them fiercely together.

"Let me go! You hurt me!" cried Louise. "You shall not inflict physical injury upon me, though you have

trampled so long on my heart. I thought that you married me to protect me, to help me, to love me. You swore it before God and man, and you have not kept your word."

Daulnay had dropped her hands. Her tone of revolt amazed him. At heart he was a pitiful coward.

"What do you want of me?" he asked, in a voice which betrayed his astonishment.

"I want that you should not be eternally reproaching me for things of which I am not guilty. I want that I shall be allowed to live, not merely to exist. After twenty-three years of marriage I can truly say that there has been but one cause for your conduct toward me—the loss of my fortune. And for that I am not responsible."

He was about to interrupt her, but she made a gesture which kept him silent. He could scarcely believe it was his meek Louise who stood there before him; accusing him, asserting herself as she had never done in all the years of their marital unhappiness.

"And I was *not* a beggar, after all," she continued, with vehemence. "You have had the care of money which was mine, and I have never personally derived one sou from the interest of that money. I have earned my own living; I have brought in money—plenty of money. In this very account which I made up to-day, Aliette and I have earned two thousand francs since the beginning of the year. Yes, I have earned my living, and you know it. But I failed you in not having been the heiress you thought me, and you have never recovered from the disappointment. I have always obeyed you, I have lightened your burdens, I have been a true and faithful wife in deed and word and inmost thought; and you have never shown me anything but indifference, contempt and aversion. Thus from the first day of our marriage I have lost everything and gained nothing."

While Louise had been pouring forth her soul Daulnay had regained his composure.

"Now that you have finished your ravings," he said, with the greatest coolness, "will you return to the subject under discussion and tell me what happened? What about Richard? What did he want? Why did he come here yesterday, the day before, and the day before that? It is all very well for you to attack me with a volley of feminine weapons—words—meaningless, senseless words; but you can not evade the real question in that manner, however subtle you may think yourself in devices. And why did you and that young man have the air of a couple suddenly surprised in contriving some scheme or guilty plot? That is what I want to know, and I *will* know it."

Louise looked at him calmly. Whatever hope she may have had of moving that stony heart vanished with the sound of his cold, cruel voice; but all the motherhood of her affectionate heart awoke in her at his words. She was resolved not to precipitate by a single act of hers the catastrophe that would probably ensue if Daulnay became aware of Richard's intentions regarding Aliette. He met her gaze with an imperturbable stare of his evil eyes which she knew too well.

"There is nothing to tell," she said, in a calm, even voice. "When there is anything of importance going on in this household you are always told of it, but I am not going to invent stories to amuse you."

"You are trying to defend yourself," he said. "What I wonder at is that you do not try to shift the responsibility on one of your daughters."

"And if it were the case that some one should ask for them in marriage, what would you do?" inquired Louise.

"Some one? It would altogether depend on who that some one should happen to be. A man chosen by myself,

whose faults and virtues I knew, who had means to support a wife,—such a person might find favor in my eyes, which are of the sharpest, I assure you. But a white-livered fellow like that Richard would have no chance here,—never. He had better not try it."

Louise did not answer. Her indignation had spent itself for the present: she did not desire further recrimination. But Daulnay was not yet through with his reproaches.

"Do you know, Louise," he said coolly, "what has been the greatest mistake of my life?"

She looked at him with timorous eyes.

"It is that, after some of those somnambulistic feats of yours, I did not put you in a sanitarium. Once in such a place, I believe you would be all right—soon become sane."

"Sane!" echoed the poor wife. "Do you, then, think me crazy?"

"Not exactly crazy, but a little idiotic. There is imbecility there certainly; and, as things have turned out, that can be the sole excuse for your conduct with regard to that young man. But if it continues after he has gone, if you correspond with him and I find it out, as I shall, I will certainly put you in a lunatic asylum."

"Aliette,—O Aliette!" screamed the unfortunate woman, throwing herself on the sofa in an agony of terror.

The door of the adjoining room opened immediately and Aliette appeared. She wore a dressing-gown over her night robe; and, with one reproachful glance at her father, she clasped her mother in her arms.

"She will end by being confined in an asylum," growled Daulnay.

"Father!" retorted Aliette, "all that she needs is respect and kindness. Let her have a little, or I fear her life will not be long."

She went to a small cupboard, poured some medicine from a tiny phial and gave it to her mother.

"Come, mamma," she said,—"come and sleep in my room. You will be quiet there."

"I am sure I shall be glad to be rid of her," said the brutal father. "I shall enjoy one peaceful night at least. Go quickly, so that I may get to bed."

Almost carrying her mother, Aliette left the room. Louise dropped to sleep immediately, exhausted as she was; but her daughter sat by the window almost till the dawn.

When Madame Daulnay opened her eyes, her first feeling was one of surprise at finding herself in her daughter's room. Aliette was ready with a cup of chocolate, which she brought to her mother's bedside.

"Good-morning, dear little mother!" exclaimed the young girl in her sweet, sympathetic voice. "I need not ask if you have slept well."

"Yes," replied her mother. "I do not know when I have had such a good sleep,—not for years."

Suddenly her face changed: she had begun to remember what had occurred the evening before. She was about to speak but Aliette interrupted her.

"Dear mamma," she said, "do not think of those things. Be happy to-day."

"But what if he should put me in a sanitarium?" Louise replied, in terrified accents. "What if he should do that?"

"He will not dare to do it. Let him try it! He has no intention of such a thing. He was only tormenting you."

"But why does he torment me?"

"Why, indeed?" sighed Aliette.

"Perhaps I *am* a little crazy," continued her mother, thoughtfully. "I tire him; I can neither please nor amuse him. I am of too melancholy a nature for your father—"

"Ah, mamma, you have the sweetest and loveliest disposition in the world! Everyone that has ever met you says so too. How I thank God for having given us such a mother! Let us pray for papa and try to forgive him."

"My precious Aliette! what a comfort you are to your poor mother! But why is the house so still, dear?"

"It is late, mamma: it is ten o'clock. The children are at school; Albert has gone out to look for a situation; papa went to the bank long ago."

"I hope Albert will find something. He has so much talent."

"Yes. Richard could have helped him, I think. He has a great deal of taste and is very clever."

"Well, Richard is going away," said the mother. "When he is gone I shall feel better. Your father does not like him. We must not mention his name before papa, Aliette; but you and I can talk of him sometimes."

Aliette did not answer. Something seemed to deter her from continuing the subject.

After Louise was dressed, and seated in the rocking-chair Aliette had brought from the sitting-room, she reverted to the former subject:

"You don't think, then, my child, that my mind is affected? Your father has told me so often I had no sense that I am beginning to believe it must be true. Often the past and present seem to mingle together in such a confused way; and at times I can not tell whether certain things have happened or whether I have dreamed them. Remember one thing, my darling: whatever may come to pass, my children have been all the world to me. And remember also, Aliette, that whatever your father may do, whatever he may say, I have always loved him truly. But since my poor mother was taken, and my dear doctor, you are the only one, Aliette, who has ever really loved me."

"Lucie loves you dearly, mamma," said the girl.

"Lucie? Yes. I believe she would remember me if I should be taken away. But Lucie is only a child. Listen to me, Aliette. It is not wise to marry very young. And try to be sure that your

lover is disinterested—that he does not want you for your skill in embroidery but for your sweetness, your loveliness, your beautiful disposition. My heart aches when I think of the possibility of your life being like my own. If you should marry Richard, though, I believe you would be happy.”

“Poor little mother!” replied Aliette. “I wish you would not trouble yourself about those things. I do not want to marry. For no one, no one, would I ever leave you!”

But the mother went on as though her daughter had not spoken:

“I do not fear for Elise. She has a will of her own; she can take care of herself. She will take from life all that it can give her, and hold her own. She will never be imposed upon. Albert is the same. But Lucie,—I am not sure about my poor little Lucie.”

“But, mamma darling, you speak as though you were not going to be here!” said Aliette.

Louise smiled sadly.

“My task is nearly done,” she said. “I feel it, I know it. But I do not want you to be miserable, Aliette. There are tears in your eyes: wipe them away. See, now, I am going to try to be very happy. It is eleven o’clock. It is time to get ready for our journey. And the embroidery, my child?”

“Elise took it this morning on her way to school. She promised to be very careful with it.”

“I shall not present the bill until after our return from Cherbourg. It would not be wise to take so much money with us, nor to leave it here during our absence. And banking hours will be over before I could get it to-day. The bill is in my desk, child. Remember to collect it—if anything should happen to me.”

“Mamma dearest, *don’t!*” said Aliette, clasping the poor weak form in her arms. “Be happy. We love you—oh, so dearly! And we are going to have a holiday.”

(To be continued.)

The Convent.

BY KATHLEEN MONICA NICHOLSON.

THERE stands in the midst of a busy street
Where throngs pass up and down,
The low gray walls of a still retreat,
’Mid the city’s turmoil and dust and heat,—
A song in the noisy town.

A song that rises by night and day
From the restless city’s heart,
Are the quiet lives that the walls so gray
Shut in from the fret of the world away,
That have chosen “the better part.”

Stalk in its shadow dim forms of sin,
Dark souls in the battle’s strife,
That night and day, in the world’s deep din,
Like figured warp, weave out and in
Dark blots in the woof of life.

Though ever against its low walls gray
The tides of human strife
Beat with their fury, no fleck of spray
Over or under its walls may stray
From the sea of common life.

In moonlight waves, as an angel bright
Guarding the city dim,
It rises from earth with a lustre white,
Sounding the songs that an angel might
In a low, perpetual hymn.

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain.

FIFTH WEEK.

SUNDAY.—This morning, opening a work of that elephantine master of rugged English, Thomas Carlyle, I met with a passage which, as it bears some analogy to my subject, I will here transcribe:

“Several months ago some friends took me with them to see one of the London prisons. An immense circuit of buildings; cut out (girt with a high ring-wall) from the lanes and streets of that quarter, which is a dim and crowded one; gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages

to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges about one thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment."

So far it is rather like our workhouse. Now he describes the denizens:

"Twelve hundred scoundrels—miserable, distorted blockheads, the generality; ape-faces, imp-faces, angry dog-faces; heavy, sullen ox-faces; degraded, under-foot, perverse creatures. Stupidity intellectual and stupidity moral had produced this progeny; base-natured beings, on whom, in the course of a maleficent subterranean life of London scoundrelism, the genius of darkness (called Satan, devil, and other names) had now visibly impressed his seal, and had marked them out as his soldiers, appointed to serve in his regiments."

In this Carlyle truly depicts many an inmate of a workhouse. Many indeed are not so, especially those that have come from the country; but, on the other hand, many are as infamous-looking and as diabolical as it is possible to imagine. These are especially from the courts and alleys of cities—its moral sinks and gutters.

How does this philosopher say they should be reclaimed? Let us hear him. The governor, it seems, has complained that the magistrates have deprived him of the use of the "treadwheel," and he is to endeavor to reclaim them by kindness.

"To drill twelve hundred scoundrels by the method of kindness! Hopeless for evermore such a project! These abject, ape, wolf, ox, imp, and other diabolic animal specimens of humanity,—who of the very gods could ever have commanded them by love? A collar round the neck and a cartwhip flourished over the back,—these, in a just and steady human hand, were what the gods would have appointed them. And now when, by long misconduct and neglect, they had sworn themselves into the devil's

regiment of the line, it were doubtful whether even these would be of avail....

"Away you—begone swiftly, ye regiments of the line! In the name of God, and of His poor struggling servants who are put to straits in these bad days, I mean to make short work of you....To feed you in palaces, to hire captains and schoolmasters and others to expend their industries on you? No, by the Eternal! The world is not your inheritance. Who are you, ye thriftless sweepings of creation, that we should be forever pestered with you?"*

That is pretty plain speaking; it is the doctrine of this latter-day world, put in the most forcible language by its representative philosopher and apostle. It is what most of the world would advise. Against him let us press into evidence another great and typical English writer. Says Father Faber:

"Now let us picture to ourselves an imaginary philanthropic city. Its great palaces shall be hospitals,—hospitals for every form of disease which is known to medical science. Its business shall not be politics, but the administration of benevolent societies.... The strangest successes shall be attained with the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the insane. Moreover, in this city, which the world has never seen, the philanthropy shall be the most genial and good-humored of all the philanthropies which the world has had the good fortune to see. Yet who that has ever seen the estimable, easy-going and conscientious board of Poor-Law Guardians can doubt but that, on the whole, considerable dryness, stiffness, woodenness, theoretical pugnacity, benevolent pertinaciousness, vexatious generalizations and irritable surprise at the unmanageable poor, would characterize this philanthropic city? Misery can not be relieved on rules of distributive justice. Masses will not organize themselves under theories.

* "Latter-Day Pamphlets."

Hearts will not attain happiness through clear convictions that they ought to be happy. Individual misery has an inveterate habit of dictating its own consolations....Machinery for men gets soon choked up by multitudes....There are few who can handle a large army; yet that is easy work compared to the question of the management of the poor....

"I am far from saying that Christian charity is perfect, or that the duties of Catholic mercy, whether monastic or secular, leave nothing to be desired. Everywhere the breadth and activity of human misery are baffling and out-running the speed and generosity of charity. Nevertheless, I verily believe that one convent of Sisters of Charity or one house of St. Camillus would do more actual, more successful work in a huge European capital than would be done in the whole of such a philanthropic city as we have been imagining. Out of the love of Jesus comes the love of souls....The love of individual souls is purely a Christian thing. No language can describe it to those who do not feel it....Evidently, then, the manners and gestures of charity in action are wholly different from those of philanthropy in action. The one succeeds with men, and the other does not; and the success of charity is owing to the spirit, which it imbibes from the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ."*

It is not without its lesson that the simple story is told of the blessed Francis of Assisium. A wolf was committing great ravages in the neighborhood of one of the Italian cities. The saint and his friars had a convent in the town, and the people were complaining that they were losing their lambs and sheep by this wolf, and that sometimes even their children were carried off and devoured by him. St. Francis was moved by their complaints, and, calling one of

his friars, he said: "Come, my brother, and we will go out to the wood and talk to our little brother the wolf about these things." And so they went, all the time singing praises to God. When, however, they had gone some distance the saint's companion began to express his fears of the beast, and tried to dissuade the blessed man from holding an interview with the savage outlaw of the forest. But the saint reassured him, and they continued their journey.

On entering the wood, they soon saw the wolf; whereupon Francis went up to him and, stroking him on the head, began to lay down the law of God with regard to things lawful and things unlawful even for a wolf, at the same time chiding him for his transgressions. The dumb beast wore a penitent look; and then the saint invited the wolf to go with him into the town, promising to do his best to bring about an agreement between this ravenous creature and the townsfolk. The wolf accepted the invitation and accompanied him. Having entered the market-place, and the whole populace being gathered around, the saint addressed himself to the wolf in this fashion: "My little brother wolf, do you now promise not to harm any of these people, their possessions, cattle or children, if they promise to supply you with the necessities of life?" The wolf looked up in the saint's face, and raising his paw laid it in the saint's hand. "My dear brothers and sisters," then said the saint, "you have heard what our little brother the wolf has agreed to. Do you on your part consent to give him meat when he calls at your door?" They answered: "We do." And both sides kept the compact.

That wolf was, it may be, emblematical of Carlyle's scoundrels, or of Disease and Poverty in later days. Like the wolf, they hide in their lurking places, and prowl about when night or opportunity offers. Who will tame them? Who as a peacemaker will go between? It is the

* "The Precious Blood," p. 67.

hand of religion alone that can make them friends of society."

It is well, perhaps, that I have moralized. I may have little time for it henceforward. If I only "stick to my last," I shall in all likelihood have plenty to do. The days are getting short and the weather has become cold, and that means "work, work, and nothing but work," in the hospital.

This afternoon there was a sick call. The sun shone out between showers and between the drifting clouds that a high wind was hurrying across the heavens. I went to the fever hospital. The patient was a little boy sick of measles. He had been removed from the general hospital in order to isolate the case, and was just now lying in a vacant ward in the fever hospital. He was asleep as I looked in; and, not wishing to disturb him, I concluded to call again after finishing my rounds. All the rest of the patients are now well or recovering, with the exception of one young girl who came in last night. On my return through the hospital the little fellow was awake. He had never made his first confession, though he was now about eight or nine years old, and was well instructed. I did not anoint him nor give him Holy Communion as yet.

As I reached the door on my way out, I heard in the darkness the sound of a woman crying. Turning about, I asked: "Why do you cry?"—"Ah, Father, my poor mother is dead! Oh! oh!" and she wept more vehemently than before. Poor girl! a few minutes later I saw her seated on a cart; beside her was a deal coffin, and I heard her say: "O my mother, my mother, how little I thought when I was bringing you here that I'd be taking you home in this way!"

Monday.—This morning there was a biting north wind, with an occasional pour of sleety rain. The day, however, cleared up. After Mass there were no sick calls. Later on there were plenty of them.

My first visit was to the little boy I had been with yesterday. He was no worse. Two calls—old women—were waiting for me. The ward where they were was so out of the way and *un-get-at-able* that I was reminded of a game we used to play on the slate when boys at school. It was called "The Walls of China," and consisted in tracing lines through a crowd of "noughts,"—one boy ordering his opponent to connect one nought with another, and in the end trying to hem in one nought so completely that it could not be reached except by crossing over the line, which was "forbid." I soon found the poor creatures, however. They were in a long ward, with a stove at one end. The sun shone in through the window; but it was a deceptive sun: there was no heat where it fell.

While giving Holy Viaticum to one of the old women I was puzzled sorely. She was very stupid; first she would not open her lips, and then when the Sacred Particle was laid on her tongue it was as difficult to get her to close them. I asked the nurse to watch her for a few seconds until I finished the prayers; then I came and knelt beside her. The Sacred Host had clung to her tongue. It was adorable; angels, too, were there—but, oh (if it be pardonable to use human words), how low and common It seemed,—devoid of majesty, devoid of splendor; humbled to littleness, feeble to utter inability! And yet this was God! So He had stood in His rags and ignominy before the Roman governor; and that functionary, half in mockery, had said to Him: "Art Thou the King of the Jews?"—as if ridiculing the idea that so wretched a creature as this poor unfortunate "worm" before him should be King of the Jews. And the adorable lips replied, "Thou hast said it"; and furthermore made answer that he would see Him one day coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty, and all the angels

with Him, to judge the living and the dead, albeit He was now so mean. *Credo, Domine!*

I next went to the general hospital. There was a man to be anointed—it was marked “urgent.” I hastened on. I found a young man in the prime of life lying on his bed. The blades of grass on a summer morning were not so covered with dew as his face was with beads of perspiration; you could easily have drawn your hand down his face and wiped the perspiration in a stream before you. The nun had spoken of him as a big-hearted, innocent poor fellow, who was very anxious to receive the sacraments. When his hands were drawn from under the clothes to be anointed, I found that he had linseed meal on his chest; and of course from the first I suspected it was the lungs (pneumonia) he was complaining of. I am afraid he will hardly pull through, poor fellow!

There were two other men waiting for Holy Viaticum. I had anointed one of them last week: a young man also,—a victim of the ruthless destroyer, consumption. He had handsome features and a sweet, innocent expression.

There were patients waiting for me in the women’s hospital. The first I went to was a poor woman who complained of the head and side. Her cheek and face were swollen as if she were suffering from an attack of erysipelas. The head was bandaged, and I saw the cotton wadding peeping from under the cloths. When I was anointing her she could not suffer to be stirred, so I had to be satisfied with anointing the lobe of one ear and the palm of one hand. It was heart-rending to hear her speak of her pain; and all borne so patiently.

A poor dying girl was wrapped up in her bed as a baby might be in its cot. She could not eat and could hardly be persuaded to drink. She had already been anointed, and so I only heard her confession. Both of her feet are being eaten away by a fearful cancer.

Tuesday.—This was a very dry, hard morning, with frost in the air. The sun shone clear and keen on the hilltops, and every shadow was cast with a distinctness and richness as full and deep as if it were a summer morning.

The words “summer morning” make me think of a sunny spot in the country, golden, golden years ago. I was then but a child. Something like an atmosphere of innocence and guilelessness hangs over it in my memory. Why is it that the recollection of our young days seems to make us sad? I can not tell. Perhaps I could if I were to analyze,—but I will not attempt it. The figure that is at present before my mind—“the gay, light-hearted boy,”—could not analyze. Children have no idea of analysis; and if I began to analyze, that sweet figure, with its surrounding golden sunshine, would all melt away; and dearer, far dearer, to me is that sweet sunshine and that memory of long ago—at least at this moment—than the proudest triumph of analytical reasoning.

Now for a record! After breakfast this morning I went to see how my little boy of the scarlatina was getting on. I found him progressing favorably. Then I went to the fever hospital. The poor young girl of whom I made mention yesterday was lying heavily on her bed; her hair was shaven; and her face, though pleasant, wore a semi-unconscious look. However, when I spoke to her I found that she was in the full possession of her senses; so I sat down and “prepared” her. She was a brave girl, with a beautiful face and delicate skin; and, oh, the fever gave such a lustre to her eye! There were seven cases in that particular ward: this poor girl and three others on the same side; and opposite them, on the other side, a mother in one bed, and her two daughters occupying beds on either side, though at some distance from her.

In the men’s fever ward there was

only one patient in bed—the man whose wife died a week or so ago. Through the convalescent wards there may be about a dozen, but these are all up and able to walk about. On returning through the men's general hospital, the nun sent me to an old man. She had not as yet spoken to the doctor about him, but remarked: "It will do him no harm to go to confession." I went and sat beside him and heard his confession. He began to urge on me to anoint him, declaring that he could not lie down during the night because—and he whispered into my ear—*quod pudet stylum dicere*—one of the ills of poor humanity.

I have just returned from the hospital. It is long after dark; here I sit and look at the merry, crackling fire and muse upon the world. All my life long nothing has seemed to be so indelibly stamped and "red-hot-ironed" into my soul as the thought, *It will all end!* Sooner or later it will all end,—everything! Grasp at any living hope, nourish, adorn, indulge it; let it be to you as a first-born baby in a mother's arms. Ask it how long it will remain with you. It may perhaps answer, 'Always!' Remind it of the grave, of the narrow home, of the silence and stillness that reigneth underground, and ask it if it will be with you there.

Oh, this short, short span of life! "Surely man passeth as an image."* What is there lasting, what is there unfading, that I may lay my hands upon it and hold it? One thing—one thing alone: *Unum necessarium*. And my poor heart could build foolish, airy castles! I could dream! I could hope! I could nourish, adorn, fondle, cherish, consecrate! Away ye dreams! Ye tell me ye are living things! Ye are not. Ye would win me by all ye know my natural heart holds dear—seclusion, study, friendship, flowers, fruit, trees! And here I am—a pauper's chaplain! Thank God for it! The poor will surely go to heaven; and,

by every law, the chaplain must be in attendance somewhere near.

God, bless you, old men and old women,—broken, bent, tempest-tossed old fabrics that you are! I could laugh at you but for the grace of God within you and angels standing by. God bless you, young men and young women, consumptive and "accidented"! God bless you, darling little children, hunch-backed, pale and sickly! Heaven is made for such as you. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land!" As the Psalmist says: "They shall be inebriated with the plenty of Thy house, O Lord; and Thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of Thy pleasure!"*

(To be continued.)

The Hassert Will.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

TO some good people whose Boston associations date back three generations, Pinckney Street still represents substantial gentility, if not aristocracy. True it is dusty, dreary and treeless; and its long blocks of red brick houses exteriorly present an appearance of mild decay, often confirmed within. But if the street is "going down hill," the declivity is still "Beacon Hill" and eminently respectable. The particular house upon which our interest centres might have been picked up out of eighteenth-century London and set down here half a century later. Five years ago Joseph Hassert, a sexagenarian, who had made a fortune in the West India trade, lived here, attended by an elderly housekeeper.

On a pleasant afternoon in late October the old man sat in an armchair in his library (which would have been ordinarily the drawing-room), beside one of the windows that overlooked not only the thoroughfare but the desolate exclu-

* Ps., xxxviii, 7.

* Ib., xxxv, 9.

siveness of the neighboring Louisburg Square, whose sparse elms, ending in scanty autumnal foliage, reminded him of spectral arms stretching forth to the skies, the hands filled with yellow gold, as though seeking to bribe the keepers of Heaven's gates. Although up and dressed, Joseph Hassert knew he had at most but a few days—perhaps, indeed, not many hours—to live; and to his gloomy Calvinistic creed life and all its past ambitions seemed but as a handful of withered leaves. What did his wealth avail him now?

His sombre reflections were interrupted by a ring at the house-door, and a few minutes later his nephew, a handsome young fellow about twenty-six years of age, entered the room.

"Well, sir, you are better, I see," he said cheerily. "You will be out in a day or two."

"Richard, I shall never get out again; and it is not to talk of such nonsense that I have sent for you!" exclaimed the invalid, irascibly. "I want you to stay with me. Norah has prepared a room for you; will you remain to-night?"

"Certainly, sir, since you wish it."

"Very well. There is something else. Bring me that desk."

As he spoke he pointed to a brass-bound mahogany box on a small table by the chimneypiece.

Richard crossed the room, lifted the little stand and placed it beside the armchair.

Joseph Hassert fitted a key into the lock of the desk, threw back the lid and, touching a hidden spring, exposed a shallow receptacle, the existence of which Richard had not suspected.

"I have surprised you," said the uncle, with a dry chuckle. "These hiding-places were common enough in the times before 'safety deposit vaults.' Ah, this is what I want!"

Selecting a document from a thin packet of folded papers, he handed it to the young man, adding:

"Boy, this is my last will and testament. Guard it well until after I am gone. Since I once revealed the secret of the desk to your cousin Walter, I prefer to give the will into your own keeping; for I have named you my heir."

"Uncle, I do not know how to thank you for what you have already done for me. How, then, can I express my gratitude for the kindness that reaches thus into the future?" stammered his nephew, overcome. "I trust, however, that for many years this will may not be worth the foolscap it is written on."

"I believe you are fool enough to be sincere, Dick," replied the elder Hassert, with a grim smile. "Remember me kindly in days to come, and follow my instructions as expressed in the will. Close the box; you may as well take the other papers too. Your room is next to mine. Norah will summon you when dinner is served. I'd like to be alone a while. I'm—I'm a little tired."

He leaned back in his chair, exhausted.

Richard's eyes filled with tears; but, knowing that Joseph Hassert would not be opposed, he silently did his bidding; pausing only to lay the last edition of the evening journal close to his uncle's hand.

As he mounted the stairs the house-keeper, who had been in the family service for thirty years, appeared in the upper hall.

"Have Mr. Walter and Miss Marian been sent for too, sir?" she asked, with an eagerness that implied something more than curiosity.

"I do not know," he answered sadly. "Norah, it may be well for you to look into the library. My uncle ordered me away, but he may be in need of something. He seems weak."

"Like enough,—like enough," she muttered, and went down at once.

Left alone, Richard took from the breast of his coat the papers he was to guard. A man of less delicate instincts would have hastened to read the docu-

ment that concerned him so nearly. But, noting only the few words written on the back in a neat, antiquated chirography, he opened a drawer of the dressing-table, deposited the packet in a corner of it, and, locking the drawer, put the key in his vest pocket. Then, having dressed for dinner, he went down, to discover that he was to dine alone.

"The old gentleman will take nothing. He is drowsy and does not wish to be disturbed," Norah said, as she waited on the solitary guest.

The latter spent the evening in his room with a book. The silvery voice of the clock on the chimney shelf called out the hour of twelve, yet he had not heard his uncle come upstairs. Quietly he took his way to the library. The light from the bronze lamp on the reading table filled the centre of the room with a soft glow; but the shadows had gathered around the armchair by the window where Joseph Hassert still sat, his head resting upon his hand.

"I came in to say good-night, sir," said Richard, approaching.

There was no reply, and something in the attitude of the figure filled him with an undefinable dread.

"Are you asleep, uncle?" he inquired softly, but the next moment called aloud to Norah.

For there in his chair by the window sat Joseph Hassert, dead of heart failure; while in the old Square outside the stars looked pityingly down upon the swaying trees stretching aloft their withered hands, from which the night wind had snatched their scanty horde of gold.

II.

Walter Hassert and Marian Mason came to the funeral,—one from New York, the other from Maine. Walter promptly took up his residence in the house, as if it belonged to him. But Richard could afford to be forbearing.

"Poor old Walt, he has been wild, but I hope uncle has left him a legacy!" he soliloquized. "If not, I must do some-

thing for him. By the way, I'd better have the will at hand, since everyone who can claim kin to the old man is coming to-morrow to hear it read."

Since Richard had put the papers away he had not had occasion to open the drawer of his dressing-table. Now, to his astonishment, he found that the drawer was not secured. He pulled it open, but a glance within banished his uneasiness; for there was the packet just where he had placed it.

"Bah, I'm getting nervous!" he ejaculated as he caught it up.

Presently, however, an exclamation of dismay escaped him. The most important of the papers was missing. Who had broken open the drawer? Who had stolen the will? Richard pulled the bell-rope (there were no electric bells in the house), and when the housekeeper responded to its summons she found the young man pacing the floor of his room in a frenzy of excitement.

"Woman, I have been robbed!" he cried. "My uncle named me his heir. I locked the will away, but the drawer has been tampered with. Who has had access to this room?"

"Only myself, sir; and sure I have no knowledge of your papers," was the confident reply.

"You know that if the will is not found, Walter gets everything. You have always been devoted to him, while I am a stranger," continued Richard, pausing abruptly and fixing his eyes sternly upon her.

"True for you. Ever since Mr. Walter was a lad I've been fond as a mother of him, notwithstanding his wild ways," said Norah, bursting into tears. "But as for doing anything for his sake that would wrong you, Mr. Richard,—how dare you say it?"

Her eyes blazed with anger, and the young man regretted his suspicion.

"I *don't*!" he declared shamefacedly. "Yet this disappearance of the will is certainly very strange."

"It is that, sir," assented Norah; "and I'll make it my business to discover who is the thief in the house."

The next day when the family connection assembled in the library, Richard's story of the last scene with his uncle and of the missing will was received with cold silence.

"Possibly there is a mistake about there having been a will among those papers," suggested the lawyer as he looked over the packet that Richard had placed in his hands. "Now" (and he took from his green bag another document), "here is Joseph Hassert's last will, as far as we know. Ah—eh—this one of which you speak, Mr. Richard? Probably you can inform us who were the witnesses and what are the bequests?"

"I did not even glance over the paper," Richard acknowledged, lamely. "I can say only that my uncle declared he had named me his heir."

A smile of incredulity passed over the faces of the assembled kinsfolk. Even Marian Mason looked at him as though she thought he must be laboring under an hallucination.

The will produced by the lawyer was then read,—the will made before Richard Hassert had come from the West and made himself known to the testator as the son of the latter's youngest brother,—before Richard had become to the old man all that Walter had a chance to be and was not. But although this document gave the bulk of the estate to Walter, it contained a surprise for him also. The house in Pinckney Street was left not to him but to Marian Mason, the niece of Joseph Hassert's dead wife.

(Conclusion next week.)

It is sometimes easier to weep with those that weep than to rejoice with those who rejoice.

Do not try to alter the development of a young mind: try to direct it.

With the English Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

BY THE REV. RICHARD HOWLEY, D. D.

III.

SATURDAY.—To-day another excursion for our pilgrims—this time to Cauterets, a pretty village on the Pyrenees. On this occasion also I remained at Lourdes, spending the morning in rest and dreams on my terrace. In the afternoon, going down to the fountain to bathe my eyes, I overtook on the square the Bishop of Tarbes, who resides at Lourdes. Seeing my badge, he awaited me. He is a well-set man, quite in his prime, with German features, comporting with his name, Monseigneur Stoepfer. But he is an alert, vivacious Frenchman for all that. We talked a while, and he called to him every child he saw, to kiss his ring and hear a few caressing words.

Returning from the fountain, I entered the Bureau, where there were no "cases" but only Dr. Cox, urbane as usual; and the great Dr. Boissarie, of the benevolent head and brusque, sombre manner. He is a man of about sixty-five. What a life the curious, chattering visitors must lead those two devoted men! On the table was a copy of Dr. Boissarie's great work, "*Les Grandes Guérisons de Lourdes*,"—a chronicle without equal in medical literature. Dr. Cox is engaged in translating it into English. The latter gentleman and I talked much about Lourdes literature. He gave great praise to Estrades' "*Apparitions de Lourdes et Souvenirs Intimes de Bernadette*,"—the sole contemporary history of the apparitions by a friend and intimate of Bernadette and the Soubirous family.

At this point a fine-looking French priest entered, accompanied by a physician. They came to tender the home certificate of Mademoiselle Marie Ange Clement, of Agen, daughter of General Clement, who was cured last Wednesday

and has returned home. For seventeen years she had been suffering from coxalgia, which ended in the shortening of the left leg by six inches (four *centimètres*). The report, given me by the priest and certified by the physician, was that "on Wednesday, September 16, in the morning, *after Holy Communion*, the sick person experienced a thrill [*frémissement*] in the leg, and at that moment could sit down. In the afternoon, *at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament*, she began to walk without help from any one. On examination next day there was found no shortening of the leg, and all its movements are now free and painless. Mademoiselle Clement is quite well." Here follows the confirmatory document, presented then and there to the doctors of the Bureau by the home doctor and the priest. I omit it as technical and unnecessary. Thus ended my experiences of this day, and also all my researches into the marvellous cures effected during our pilgrimage. In the four days that had now elapsed they amounted to eighteen, as recorded in the official journal.

I do not assert that all these cures (or any one of them) were miraculous, nor do I deny that they were. It is sufficient that they were marvellous to show that at Lourdes there abides and operates, through some special presence, a spiritual agency that overrules the ordinary powers and processes of nature. And this agency is beneficent, personal, intelligent, for it remedies the ills of men, hears their prayers, knows their needs, and comforts their afflictions. To this agency the multitude gives a name and affixes a story. It is the name of Mary and it is the story of Bernadette. In that name and in the truth of that story all these good things are done at Lourdes, year by year and day by day, to poor suffering humanity. And it is not only the good things that are seen and recorded by men that are done here,

but the far greater and better things that are never seen by mortal eye and seldom told by mortal lips. "It is impossible," wrote to me a few days ago the present good and amiable Rector of Propaganda, "to return from that sanctuary without spiritual benefit. I also went there one time and experienced the happiness of being at the feet of the Madonna."

It is these unrecorded healings of the soul, that attest to the thoughtful the efficacy and the glory of the shrine at Lourdes and mark the true end of its institution. The removal of physical ills is a kind concession made by God and His pitying Mother to the weakness of mortality; a heavenly lure to attract the spirit, enveloped in the material and absorbed in its cares and woes, to this centre of sublime truth and faith, this source of regeneration. For what is the mending or burnishing of the paltry casket compared to the restoring of its lost or clouded splendor to the priceless jewel stored within! Apropos of all this, let me here present the story told us publicly from the altar in the Chapel of the Crypt by one of the English priests of our party. Nothing I saw there affected me so much. At my request, he afterward wrote out the account for me, and I give it in his own words, over his own signature:

Probably I am the only pilgrim present who had the pleasure of knowing personally the Abbé Peyramale, who was parish priest here during the time of the apparitions vouchsafed to Bernadette Soubirous. I came here for the first time about thirty years ago; and Father O'Reilly, the spiritual director of this pilgrimage, tells me that what happened then will, he feels sure, be of interest to yourselves. At his request, therefore, I venture to repeat to you what I have already mentioned to him privately.

I had been a student at St. Bernard's Seminary, Alton, Birmingham; and on the evening before the day I had hoped to be promoted to the subdiaconate, my Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, informed me that the letter of the physician, under whose care I had been for some months, was so unsatisfactory that he could not assume the responsibility of ordaining me. I left the

Seminary, consequently; and shortly afterward, through the kindness of Father Thomas Pope, I was asked to take up my abode for a time at the Oratory, Edgbaston; a proposition which met with the warm approval of "the Father,"—as we were then privileged to call him, now better known as his Eminence Cardinal Newman.

Whilst I was at the Oratory, a gentleman, who held an official position in Birmingham, was accidentally struck in the back by a ball of twine, which had been thrown by one of his clerks, in fun, at another. Mr. D., the gentleman referred to, subsequently experienced great pain in the back. By the advice of his doctor, leeches were applied to the injured spot; and, being allowed to remain there longer than the time prescribed, they tapped the spine, with the unfortunate result that Mr. D. lost the use of his lower limbs. He suffered at times intense pain, and one day, confiding in Mr. Roger Pope, of the Oratory School, declared that his sufferings were beyond endurance. He had, if I remember rightly, no definite religious belief at this time; and wondered why, if there were a God, this Omnipotent Being could permit a creature to be tormented as he was. Mr. Pope called upon him shortly afterward with a copy of Father Faber's "All for Jesus," and begged of him to read it. Mr. D. read and reread this book; its contents were a revelation to him. He borrowed more books, ultimately desired to be instructed in the Catholic Faith, and in due course was received into the Church.

Among other graces granted to him was that of an ardent devotion to our Blessed Lady; and when he was told of the miraculous cures which were being wrought at the shrine of Lourdes, he resolved to go there and implore her to cure him, as his sufferings were extreme and constant. It was under these circumstances that I was asked to accompany him. His wife also had been received into the Church by this time, and I consented to go with him to Lourdes provided she came too, as he was then practically helpless. The journey was a very anxious one and added considerably to his sufferings. On arriving at Lourdes, we took rooms in the house of the deputy mayor, where we found a French lady from Tours who had been cured at the Grotto of an internal cancer, and came each year as an act of thanksgiving.

Now, the Abbé Peyramale, having heard of Mr. D.'s case (probably it was the first instance of an English invalid seeking a cure at Lourdes), took a keen interest in him; and on one occasion, when he dined with us, he told us that when Bernadette first came to him with her story about the apparitions, he treated her with considerable harshness, and threatened to box her ears if she came again with such nonsense. He went on to say that he soon bitterly regretted his unkindness to her; and that whatever doubt had existed in

his mind as to the truth of her story was removed by the fact that shortly after, when giving her Holy Communion, she was surrounded by a marvellous light which almost overpowered him.

Day by day, I regret to say, Mr. D. grew worse instead of better. He bathed, I think, twice, and then became so ill that at his request we returned to England without delay; in fact, I was afraid he should die on our way home, and made up my mind for the worst. His wife shared my alarm, and implored me to make all the haste possible. He reached home and lived on in agony for some weeks. At Lourdes, as well as after his return home, his devotion to and confidence in Our Lady increased; he was to the end full of resignation, and more than once remarked that if Our Lady had not cured him it was because she had won for him some greater grace; and in this blissful hope he passed peacefully away. May it be that the grace of restored health which he at first sought for himself he obtained for me? At any rate, I was shortly afterward recalled to the Seminary, ordained, and last year kept my Silver Jubilee.

Not the least remarkable sequel to Mr. D.'s case was this. His daughter, who had ridiculed his becoming a Catholic and sneered at the idea of his going to Lourdes, informed me a week or two after our return that she herself intended to become a Catholic. For a moment I wondered if she were in earnest, and I exclaimed: "You—a Catholic!"—She answered: "Yes, with God's help."—"What on earth," I asked, "can have brought about such a change?" She quietly remarked that if her father could retain such unbounded confidence in Our Lady, after all he had gone through, the religion he had embraced was very different from what she had supposed it to be, and that the step he had taken was one well worthy of her imitation.

One word more and my story is told. A few days before Mr. D.'s death he said that he wished to reveal to me a secret of his life known only to himself and his confessor. It was that before he thought of becoming a Catholic and when he doubted whether there was a God or a future beyond the grave, his sufferings were so intense and such a burden to him that he resolved to commit suicide. He purchased poison for the purpose and kept it in a secret drawer of his desk, feeling convinced that not a creature but himself was aware that any such drawer existed. Twice he shut himself up in his room intending to drink the fatal dose, but his courage failed him. The third time he took an oath that he would drink it, and on opening the drawer he found in the place where he had secreted the poison—*no bottle but a small crucifix.*

THE REV. ALFRED HALL.

THE PRESBYTERY,
Warwick, England,
Oct. 28, 1903.

There indeed was a miracle—a tender miracle of divine love,—unspeakable in the wisdom of its design and execution. There must be hundreds, thousands, such (though few, perhaps, so touching) effected every year at Lourdes.

But Lourdes itself is the greatest visible miracle at Lourdes. Its existence and its phenomena can not be accounted for on any but supernatural grounds, unless we hold that the chief portion of the Christian world, of divers nations and divers temperaments, has gone mad. And the Supernatural itself can not account for it unless the Supernatural be real, operative, conscient of the concerns of man and pitiful of his wants and woes.

One thing notable in these cures, and before referred to, is the fact that, though their initial process occurs usually in the waters of the piscina, their completion takes place through the efficacy of the Blessed Sacrament either during Holy Communion or the Benediction at the procession. This I find noted in almost every case recorded in the official journal. What does this denote but the design of Heaven's Queen to conserve in simple souls the due order of faith and worship,—to safeguard the glory and honor due to that Increate Majesty from whom all creature power proceeds,—to make known to the world at large, believing and unbelieving, that it is the Mighty One who has mercifully endowed her with strength to succor and holiness to save?

There were many things to rivet the eyes and take away the breath in the great throb and storm of life that encircled Lourdes as those days passed by, but nothing else could compare in solemnity with each evening's torchlight procession. Before this living mass, this lengthened coil of humanity, moving upon itself like a great, glittering serpent creeping away into the distant darkness, the ordered pomp and pageant of the great religious processions in the Papal

days of Rome arose to memory as mere theatrical spectacles. Here was Nature unadorned writhing under the sway and surge of an emotion that struck to its very core. Here was a multitude sixty thousand strong, each unit of it merged with the monstrous mass under the shadow of the dead-dark sky, yet each one limned out and made luminous as it bore and followed its own particular "pillar of fire by night." And the long line of light quivered exquisitely over the valley, just as I have seen at night the moonlight cut its gleaming pathway to the horizon along the rippling ocean. I never before saw or dreamed of such a sight on this dull earth. This "golden path of rays" swayed in and out upon itself, making curves and loops of light, yet never becoming bunched and never breaking at any point. It formed an endless starry chain, every link alive, woven here and there into fantastic folds, yet never losing its regularity and continuity.

But how describe the glowing face behind each torch! How convey the echo of those voices ringing out upon the night in tones that sounded, not entreaty but command,—a command to Heaven to open its gates and deliver up the treasures of its citadel! *O Seigneur, vous le pouvez si vous le voulez: veuillez le donc!*—"Thou canst if Thou wilt, O Lord: will Thou, then!" It was as the voice of "the daughter of the horse-leech" crying, "Give! give!" It was as the peal of the olden cry of Prophet and Psalmist: *Exsurge Domine! Festina! Quid moreris! Quare obdormis!*—"Ask, and you shall receive," teaches the sweeter Covenant. But here was no "asking": it was the plain, uncompromising demand. "Seek, and you shall find." But here was no mere seeking: it was the sacking of the city of God in threat and intent. "Knock, and it shall be opened." This impassioned crowd did not merely knock: they

battered at the portals of grace. I have heard of "storming Heaven," but I never saw it done till now. The military temperament of this people seemed stirred from its depths, in their wild enthusiasm of religious emotion. They dashed again and again upon the heavenly stronghold, and again and again they returned fiercely to the assault.

But there were tender chords, too, that sweetened this hoarse clamor of passionate persistence. Here it was the noble strain of the *Magnificat*, there the pious outpouring of the *Ora pro nobis*! Elsewhere, from numberless points, in bright jets of melody, rose the serenade of the loving throng, *Salve, Salve Regina*! Everywhere, like the mighty ocean's sob that rises and falls gently and regularly from the very nether depths, undisturbed by the fretful storm that sweeps the surface, rose and fell the resistless refrain, *Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Ave Maria!* Such is the *ratio orandi et ratio credendi*—the method of praying, the method of believing—of the warm, impulsive Catholic heart of France.

Sunday.—This was a quiet day. All were early away to celebrate or hear Mass. I observed the Cistercian Abbot of Roscrea, County Tipperary, celebrating at the side altar of the Basilica. I afterward heard that the abbots of Mount Melleray (Ireland) and New Melleray (Iowa) were also here. It was thought they were in France on business for their Order, expelled like all the rest.

At last I plucked up courage to take a bath in the piscina. I can not account for the strange reluctance, the downright cowardice, wherewith I delayed this act, asking all sorts of questions about their experience of those who had bathed before. Here was I, born within ten yards of the deep Atlantic, soused in its waters every summer morning since I can recollect, and before I can recollect anything,—I, to whom the sea, its strong reek and cool embrace, has been a life-

long passion,—afraid of the tank that held the water of Lourdes! I knew well, however, that I should bathe in it before I left.

The great square, the Grotto, and the piscina were nearly empty at half-past ten this morning when I reached my destination. The guardian of the piscina, a venerable Spanish priest, bade me enter at once; and, unlike the other gentlemen of our party who had been there, I was left alone and unassisted in one of the bathrooms. The water in the tanks is sufficiently deep, and I took two good sidelong plunges down to the bottom and became immersed from head to foot in the water. Some of our party had told me that they were not allowed by the assistants to bathe the head, but only to stand in the water and be washed, as it were. But there was no one to prevent my doing as I liked.

On emerging, I did not at once feel the glow I had heard so much about,—perhaps because I had been in a great heat when I entered the place and had allowed myself to cool off too much when undressed, waiting, as I believed I had to do, for the assistant to come to me. However, the glow soon came; and after I was dressed I felt I should like a good long walk. The very first property of the water I noted was its faint but unmistakable fragrance of ocean,—that odor of the vague, the infinite, the mysterious that the sea has always held for me. It has come to me even when I was far away in prairie land, or on the shores of the great fresh-water lakes—seas themselves in everything but the sea's briny breath,—and drawn me back resistlessly to the breast of Mother Ocean.

This was no mere imagination: I smelt the sea in the water of Lourdes. I was too cold and too anxious to get dressed (no one dries himself first) to weave webs of fancy. The water of Lourdes is of the essence and the refined ooze

of ocean; not as all other water is, but in a special, peculiar way. It is filtered by some mysterious supernatural process, but retains the nature of its parent source.

Later on I went, with two gentlemen from Dublin, to see Bernadette's house and her two brothers, Pierre and Jean. The house has often been described. My object in seeing and talking to the brothers was to ascertain by direct questioning the truth or falsehood of a rumor current in certain quarters of Lourdes, and that has even gone abroad, to the effect that they were indifferent Catholics, if not atheists; that they had no concern with their sister's story except to make material profit out of it. They have, indeed, two large shops for the sale of religious objects in Lourdes. Jean is small, pale, and what the French call *chétif*—insignificant-looking. Pierre, the older, is about fifty-two, robust, homely,—a pure peasant, dressed in a neat blouse. They are both dull and phlegmatic for Frenchmen. Pierre was seven years old, Bernadette fourteen, and Jean not yet born at the time of the apparitions. Jean knew Bernadette only after she had entered the convent at Nevers, at the age of twenty-one. Pierre was with her constantly till he himself reached the age of fourteen. They have a nice chalet, with a garden, just over the old house, in which no one now lives. They take a few visiting boarders.

I questioned Pierre closely and directly as to the truth of the rumor aforesaid. He did not break out into noisy denial (of which I was glad), but, gently and sadly shaking his head, he said: "Ah, Father, it is not true, all that! It is all jealousy of those Jews, who envy me my distinction, that comes solely from Bernadette, and the profits that have come to me on that account. Let them talk!" We then bade him good-bye. I myself had given no credence to the rumor, but I am pleased to be able thus to contradict it. I think he used the

word "Jews" in the figurative sense—as of persons unscrupulous in their methods of money-making and envious of the prosperity of others. Thus it is used in Italy and the Latin nations generally, and by the English too at times. But many of our party were persuaded that the best shops here were owned and managed by real Jews. I did not trouble to investigate the matter.

Monday, Sept. 22.—This was the day fixed for our departure. There was a special farewell Mass for us at the Grotto this morning. At one o'clock in the afternoon the whole company were photographed in a group in the garden at the Hôtel de la Grotte. Afterward our Bellevue Brigade had a special picture of their own taken on "Our Terrace," and were very near losing the train in consequence.

At half-past two we were off. Travelling all night, we reached Paris about eight the next morning. Some went back to England at once; others delayed a day or two. All are gone at last except your correspondent, who sought out a quiet room in a quiet house to gather his thoughts together and, from the favored soil of France, to send this record of Lourdes to THE AVE MARIA.

(The End.)

-In Reality a War against Religion.

THE contention that the persecution of the Congregations in France is at worst only the lopping off of religion's superfluous branches, that the vitality of the tree itself is not imperilled, is becoming more and more indefensible. Some of the persecutors, it is true, still wear the mask of hypocrisy and protest that they desire merely to reform abuses, not to attack religion itself; but others, whose numbers are increasing, have thrown aside all disguise and frankly proclaim their atheistic programme.

M. Aulard, quoted by many French

papers, declares: "No equivocation. Let us no longer say, 'We do not wish to destroy religion.' On the contrary, let us affirm, 'We *do* wish to destroy religion.'"

M. George Ether, a typical lay professor of the anti-clerical brand, recently published this flamboyant declaration: "If I entertain no hatred for individuals, I do detest all religions: I hate them with all my love of truth, with all my passionate desire for justice, with all my faith in life. I detest religion because it is a codification of the absolute, a limitation of the infinite, an obstacle to the flight of human thought." Only the other day a deputy, M. Maurice Allard, published such monstrosities as these: "Every religious man is either hallucinated or downright mad. The believer who gets upon his knees and communes with an imaginary being such as Jesus Christ, the Virgin, or St. Peter, is as insane as the patient who in a lunatic asylum spends his time in listening to voices and answering a questioner who does not exist. We must combat religion as we combat alcoholism, tuberculosis or the bubonic plague."

We have quoted at sufficient length to demonstrate just what sort of belief or of unbelief the enemies of the Church in France are preparing for the youth of that unfortunate country. The Law of the Associations was apparently aimed at the Congregations only, but it was the first attack in a war against all religion, all belief in God or worship of His infinite attributes.

St. Teresa's Answer.

St. Teresa one day brought to a priest who desired to wash his hands a bowl of perfumed water. "Why this luxury?" asked the priest. — "Being unable," replied the saint, "to render this service to Our Lord, I desire to proffer it to the hands that touch Him."

Notes and Remarks.

That Canada should both feel and express considerable dissatisfaction at the outcome of the Alaska Boundary Commission is natural enough. Rightly or wrongly, she is convinced that the decision was predetermined,—that England simply wouldn't imperil friendly relations with this country by opposing our claims to the disputed territory. That Canadian dissatisfaction, however, is so deep-seated and so permanent in its nature that there is a probability of its becoming crystallized into a serious movement for either independence or annexation, is, we think, the reverse of the truth. The natural discontent is rather ephemeral than lasting, and will wear away like most other local sores or bruises. Independence is not as yet a question of practical politics in the Dominion; and a Canadian really in favor of annexation to the United States is nowadays like a white crow,—not absolutely undiscoverable perhaps, but a genuine rarity, nevertheless.

What is probably the opinion of a great many of our countrymen, Republicans as well as Democrats, on the subject of the Panama affair is expressed by the *Chicago Examiner*. We give only an extract from the article, but we hope to see it widely quoted in its entirety:

We have done a thing compared with which the freebooting of other nations looks comparatively decent. Now we have gone into the grabbing business. Now we have thieved from the weak as infamously and brazenly as the worst. And as bad as the thing we have done are the excuses we make for it. One of the thick-and-thin Republican organs affects to rejoice because "the President has trampled upon the nonsense of international law."

We can imagine no ground of rejoicing for decent men in that kind of trampling. There is no cause for rejoicing when the burglar breaks into a house and steals. It is no palliation for the burglar that he is very strong or that the house he robbed was very weak or that he coveted

very much the thing he stole.... How can there be any difference between national morality and individual morality? How can we be a country of honest individuals and commit burglary as a nation? Why should the government at Washington do what as men we should be infinitely degraded and mired and beslimed if we should do?... Henceforth it will be impossible for an American citizen to think that his country does not oppress the weak; does not attack the defenceless; does not steal, cheat or defraud, or seize the territory of inferior States.

The whole civilized world will doubtless regard the action of our government as infamous. The United States of Columbia would not come to terms with us about the interoceanic canal, so the inhabitants of Panama were encouraged to revolt, and we promptly recognized their independence. The canal question is settled perhaps, but settled to our everlasting disgrace.

Discriminating readers who followed with more than momentary interest newspaper accounts of the late political campaign in New York will probably modify their opinions as to the influence of the press. With practically all the journals of the greatest of American cities continuously denouncing the Tammany Hall organization for weeks before election day, the organization, nevertheless, swept its opponents from office with a thoroughness inexplicable to all who have not learned that the rarest of mortals is the partisan editor who can publish the impartial truth during a campaign. The press wields a mighty influence, no doubt; but it is strongest when it merely reflects public opinion. When it antagonizes that opinion, its power is practically nil.

No one has ever accused *L'Economiste Français* of being a clerical journal, or of being overburdened with clerical sympathy. It is a purely statistical magazine, in which figures rule supreme. Even figures, however, are occasionally eloquent; and the statistician who

reviews, in *L'Economiste*, Louvet's fine work on Catholic missions can not refrain from declaring that "Catholic missionary work is a great consolation for the Catholic Church in the midst of the trials to which she is subjected in this century. But it is more than a consolation: it is a veritable glory, for it represents the very action of civilization and the guidance of humanity by Providence."

* *

Here are a few of the figures which extorted from the undemonstrative political economist the foregoing declaration. In missionary countries there are about 13,300 Catholic priests, 4,500 Catholic Brothers, and 42,000 Catholic Sisters, exclusive of about 10,000 native Sisters. According to L'Abbé Louvet, two-thirds of the priests are French, and to France belong four-fifths of the Brothers and Sisters. These figures refer to a period prior to the dispersion and laicization of the Congregations in the home land, and are accordingly below the mark at present.

As we noted at the time, the Catholics of Boston recently celebrated the centenary of the dedication of the first church built by the faithful in that city. It was not, however, the first regular place of worship for the Catholics of the Hub. William Tudor, in his "Letters on the Eastern States," wrote as follows in 1819: "Their first place of worship was a small chapel, since taken down; and it was a singular circumstance that this chapel was originally built by French Protestants who fled from Catholic persecution. In its commencement the congregation was small,...it gradually increased by emigrants from Ireland." To us, living at a time when Boston has a Catholic mayor, this early impression of the beginnings of the Church in that city is of extraordinary interest: "The foundation of a Catholic church in Boston could be surpassed only by

devoting a chamber in the Vatican to a Protestant chapel." Remembering the burning of the Charlestown convent, one realizes that Tudor's graphic words are very near the truth. Yet it ought to be gratefully recalled that when the Catholics of Boston, grown too numerous for their little chapel, began to build their first church a century ago, there were contributions from individual Protestants, "whose liberality on the occasion," as Tudor records, "was not merely of purse but, considering the previous hereditary prejudices, of the mind."

A leading Chicago paper is authority for the following incident. Recently a poor Portuguese immigrant was lost in the streets of that great city. He was alone and friendless, and could find no one who was able to understand him. Finally, overcome with grief and fatigue, he sank down upon the steps of St. Peter's Church—the Franciscan church—in the thickly settled district inhabited by all sorts and conditions of men,—chiefly, sad to say, not of the best class. "Mary, Mother, help me!" he cried appealingly; and there he was found in a short time by the only Portuguese policeman on the Chicago police force, who gave him care and obtained employment for him.

If this was but a coincidence, it surely was a remarkable one.

The fall of a quantity of masonry from the roof of the Pantheon in Rome, one of the most perfectly preserved of all ancient buildings, created consternation not only in the city but throughout Italy. The whole world would deplore the ruin of this monument of antiquity. Says the London *Tablet*: "Rome now seems threatened with the loss of one of its most cherished features in the danger assailing the Pantheon itself,—sacred in classical Rome to the worship of all the gods; in Christian Rome,

to Our Lady and the Martyrs; and in neo-pagan Rome, to the memory of the Kings of United Italy. On October 18 the edifice gave symptoms, it was feared, of imminent collapse, as a rumbling noise was heard from its walls, accompanied by the emission of clouds of dust; and the rumor spread like wildfire through the city that it had crumbled into ruin. Examination by experts showed that the actual damage consisted of three cracks in the masonry, not alarming if it were an ordinary building in which they had taken place, but giving grounds for serious uneasiness in the case of one dating from 26 B. C. The foundations may, perhaps, have been injured by recent inundations of the Tiber by which they have been submerged. Its dome-shaped structure would seem to render any displacement in the walls more critical."

Discussing the school question recently, the *New York Sun* instanced the strong appeal to decency that was being made in the municipal campaign then going on in the metropolis as an evidence of a high degree of morality, for which the public schools are responsible. Whereupon a correspondent quietly retorted in this fashion:

Does it not occur to you that the sheer fact that an appeal to decency has to be made is evidence of exactly the contrary? When common decency has become an issue in politics, and the President of the United States goes out of his way to preach a crusade against dishonesty, the vast quantity of morality which overloads the country is a thing which you see with your prejudices and not with your eyes.

The overwhelming defeat of those who made the appeal to decency has in the meantime still further played havoc with the brilliant metropolitan journal's contention.

The first adequate history of the fine old edifice usually known as "Shakspeare's Church" has just been afforded by J.] Harvey Bloom, rector of Whit-

church, near Stratford-on-Avon. The building has an interesting history altogether apart from England's great dramatist and other worthies buried within its walls. We learn that a monastery was founded at Stratford some three centuries before the Conquest. Of the church of Norman date, which probably stood on the old site, there are now no remains; but there is sufficient left to show that an early thirteenth-century church was constructed on a large and imposing cruciform scale, with a central tower. There is much work of this period extant in the north and south transepts of the present edifice. Its whole story in stone, from the dawn of the thirteenth to the close of the nineteenth century, is interestingly told by Mr. Bloom. Among the quaint inscriptions to be found in the celebrated Gild Chapel of Stratford-on-Avon is the following quatrain on a ledger stone in the north aisle, to one Samuel Shottery, who died in 1688:

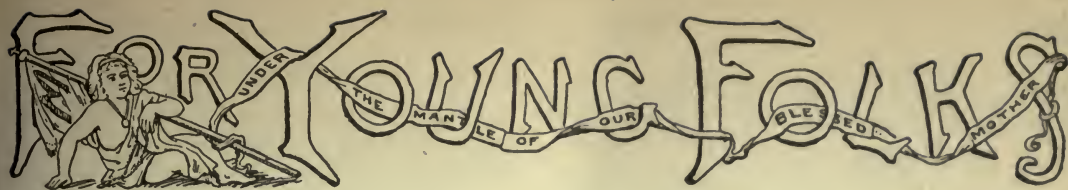
Death oft doth cut ye thread that is New Spun
As Wel as that which waring hath undon.
Looke but in lime pits and you Find therein
The young Calves as the oxes skin.

Mrs. Deland, whose novel, "John Ward, Preacher," attracted some attention about fifteen years ago, contributes to the *Independent* an article on church-going. She treats of course entirely of non-Catholic congregations, and says thereof: "The scattered congregation seems to be made up of two classes: old, anxious, conservative souls, who scold the empty pews; and young, rebellious, careless souls who come because parental authority requires it, but who promise themselves freedom at the earliest possible moment." As an explanation of the fact that, instead of going to church, so many people read the Sunday papers, play golf, write letters, or lie in bed dozing over a novel, Mrs. Deland submits two main causes: the ideal of personal liberty which

demands that each individual shall receive God for himself,—a logical extension of the principle of private judgment; and the growing tendency to detach religion from the church atmosphere—to find "the worship of the Eternal far outside the walls of any church." The gist of the whole article seems to be: 'If you judge it best for your own soul, go to church; if not, stay away,'—which, by the way, is an entirely unnecessary bit of advice, as non-Catholics have been following it ever since the Reformation.

A model convert was Mr. Henry L. Richards, who passed away last week at Winchester, Mass., in his ninetieth year. A prominent Episcopal minister in Columbus, Ohio, for many years, his zeal was increased, not diminished, when in 1852 he became a Catholic layman. The gift of the true Faith was to him so precious that a whole life of service seemed too cold a gratitude; membership in the mystical Body of Christ and the free access to the sacraments were blessings so priceless that he counted no labor hard if it put a single soul in possession of these spiritual boons. There is no knowing how many souls owe their conversion, under God, to his virtue and his enthusiasm. The story of his conversion was graphically told by himself in these pages some years ago. A man of sunny temper, of extraordinarily devout habit, of boundless zeal, he has left an example which the "born" Catholic may meditate with profit. May he rest in peace!

It is not generally known that the final series of frescoes painted by Sargent for the upper corridor of the Boston Public Library will have for its theme the life of the Blessed Virgin. Catholics will await its appearance with interest. The Byzantine treatment of the second series was somewhat disappointing, and it is hoped that the projected one will make amends.



The Campers.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

III.

WALTER had never camped before; but his father had, and understood perfectly all the arts and devices which make camping a delight to those who by nature or inclination are fitted for such a life. The stage passed slowly down what Walter called "Camp Street," with rows of tents about fifteen feet apart on either side; Martino distributing packages all the way—groceries, meat, and letters.

"This is my daily job," he observed. "Martino is liked very much by the campers—ah, there is Domingo! He is my brother-in-law, Señor Hale," he added, as a handsome, middle-aged Mexican stepped forward.

"You are welcome, Señor," Domingo replied to the salutation of Mr. Hale; and he began at once to assist in taking some groceries from the vehicle.

When all that belonged to him had been removed, he said:

"Where will you like to place your tent, Señor? There are places where it will not be crowded."

"I should prefer that," answered Mr. Hale. "There seem to be many delightful spots hereabout."

The spot indicated was on a grassy level fringed by cottonwood trees, with an occasional sycamore.

"Oh, this will be a fine place, father!" exclaimed Walter. "We can swing the hammock between these two trees: they are just far enough apart, and they are so beautiful!"

"Yes—that is so," said Domingo.

"And there will be plenty of room for a large tent."

"Ours is not so very large," observed Mr. Hale: "only seven by fourteen; but it will do, as we expect to spend most of our time out of doors."

"We can build you a brush house, in which you can cook and eat," said Domingo.

"Thank you, sir! That will be very desirable, I think," rejoined Mr. Hale.

"Come now, unload, Martino," said Domingo. "This is the place chosen. It is the best spot in all the camp."

It was the work of a few moments to take the baggage out of the stage. When they had finished, Domingo suggested that they have dinner before completing their work. Mr. Hale and Walter were both hungry after their journey, and soon found themselves seated in a large tent which had been converted into a dining-room, where they were served with an excellent meal by two kindly Mexican women.

When they returned to the camping place, they found Domingo and Martino measuring off the ground, and in a little while their pretty, new tent—chosen by Walter because it was red and white striped—was ready for occupation. They had expected to be able to obtain flooring, but there was no lumber on the ground. Domingo, however, told them he would find a substitute, and left them for a few moments. Very soon they saw him returning, followed by a stalwart Indian, who carried on one shoulder a roll of matting, and on the other some paper carpet-lining, which he proceeded to lay under the matting on the floor of the tent. It made a soft carpet, keeping out the damp as well as insects. The two cots were placed at either end of the tent; a folding table and three

folding camp-chairs completing the furniture. There were hooks in the tent poles for clothing.

Walter was now in a hurry to unpack, and soon had the valises empty, with their contents neatly hung up in the most convenient places. On the table he spread a bright red cover, before the beds a couple of rugs, and when all was arranged the tent presented a very comfortable appearance. With the aid of Martino he fastened the hammock between two high trees, and was soon swinging to and fro, watching Pedro the Indian and Martino construct the brush kitchen. First, four stout, even limbs were stripped of their leaves and placed at regular distances in the ground. The roof and sides were made of boughs placed close together and tied with strips of bark from the osiers which grew plentifully along the road. The kitchen was about twenty feet from the tent.

When it was finished Walter jumped from the hammock, spread on the floor a small piece of matting which had been left over, and opening another folding table, placed it inside the brush kitchen.

"This end is our dining-room," he said; "and I am going to hang all the pots and pans on the ends of the boughs that are sticking out everywhere."

Having unpacked the box whose contents had eluded the custom-house officer's watchful eye, he turned it up on end, and, with the assistance of the Indian, made two shelves, speedily converting it into a convenient cupboard.

The three Mexicans smiled at Walter's ingenuity, and Domingo remarked:

"Now you have all the place filled, but there are no chairs. What to do?"

"If we had two soap boxes they would answer," replied the boy.

"Then you shall have all you wish," said Domingo. "You can find use for them, I am sure. But I have over there two chairs I can give you."

"Where are they? Let me get them!" exclaimed Walter.

"Come along, then," said Domingo.

When the chairs and boxes had been brought Domingo asked:

"And what about your stove, Señor? You have no camping stove?"

"Was it not among the other things?" inquired Mr. Hale. "I saw it at the station before we started from town."

"It was not there when I put the things in," said Martino.

"Then it has been forgotten," replied Mr. Hale. "What shall we do?"

"Father, I have a plan," said Walter. "Over there where we got the boxes there is a large gridiron lying on the ground. It is rusty, but that won't matter. It will do for a stove."

"I don't see how," replied Mr. Hale.

"I'll show you," said the boy. "Come, Pedro; and bring your spade."

The Indian followed him. About ten feet from the kitchen the ground sloped abruptly, forming a little bank.

"First let me get the gridiron," said Walter.

He ran away, and soon returned with it in his hands.

"Now, Pedro," he said, "dig into the bank about three feet, and leave the opening about a foot and a half wide."

"He does not understand," observed Domingo. "I will tell him."

Pedro soon had the hole arranged to the desired shape. Walter placed the grating over it, gathered some dry wood, which he put underneath, and exclaimed:

"See, father, isn't that a fine stove? You have only to light a match now to have a grand blaze in a moment. And there is room on top for a frying-pan, a coffeepot and little saucepan. We can cook all we need here."

"Yes, there could hardly be a better stove for all we shall want," said Mr. Hale. "We can not bake bread there, however."

"We have plenty of good, homemade bread which we sell to the campers; biscuit also," said Domingo.

"We are well equipped, then," said Mr. Hale.

"What are those boys carrying?" asked Walter, as Martino's son, accompanied by little Xavier, emerged from the trees.

"It is a 'cooler,'" said Domingo, who, with Martino, was about to take his departure, after receiving warm thanks from Mr. Hale for his kindness in assisting them to put their camp in order. Money they all declined, with the exception of Pedro, who placed a silver half dollar in his pocket with a smile and grunt of satisfaction.

"It is a cooler," repeated Martino.

"What do you mean by a cooler?" asked Walter.

"You will see," replied Domingo.

The boys were now in front of the kitchen and deposited their burden on the ground. It was a pine box, perhaps three feet in length, set up cupboard-wise on the ground. It had three shelves made of thin pine wood, while a framework of fine wire netting, swung on leathern hinges, formed the door.

"That is for keeping your butter and milk and any food you wish to have cool," said Domingo. "I was going to make you one."

"My father sent it," said Xavier. "He will be glad if you will use it. We have two. You hang it on a tree in the shade. There is a ring in the back, and I have brought a strong hook to fasten on the tree."

Both Mr. Hale and Walter were very grateful for the neighborly kindness of the rabbi and his son, and Pedro soon had the box hanging on a large tree at the side of the kitchen, not far from the impromptu stove. It sagged a little at first, but Pedro fastened it with two or three nails.

"Come now, Pasqual," said Martino to his boy: "we must be going home. Mother will wonder why we are so late."

Xavier lingered after the others had gone.

"What a pretty tent!" he said. "And how much lard you must use! We never use any."

"Why do you think we use so much lard?" asked Walter. "I don't think we have any,—have we, father?"

"No," replied Mr. Hale. "I don't care for it in cooking."

"It is because of the many tin buckets. You are Hebrews, then?"

"Oh, no! We are Christians. The lard buckets are for cooking. I like them in camping. They are very useful."

Xavier sighed.

"I hoped you were Hebrews," he said. "The other boys around here make fun of me sometimes and call me Jew. But I am not a Jew."

"Is not your father a rabbi?" asked Mr. Hale.

"Yes, but I am not a Jew. My father says I am not. If I were one I should be proud of it; but I am not."

"That is right," said Mr. Hale. "I do not think this boy will make fun of you, as you say, or call you a Jew. I should be very much ashamed of him if he did. Still, if your father is a Jew, I can not see how you are not one."

"I don't know," answered Xavier. "But it is true. When you speak to my father, perhaps he will tell you."

The subject was dropped; and the boy, apparently pleased with his new acquaintances, remained talking for some time longer. Suddenly a little bell tinkled in the distance.

"My father wants me!" he exclaimed. "That is the signal. Good-bye! I will come again."

In a moment he had disappeared through the trees, at the edge of which his father's tent was located.

(To be continued.)

WHEN a farmer starts to milk a cow he says "Soh!"—little knowing that he does it because a similar word in Sanscrit is the imperative of the verb "to keep still."

Four-Footed Policemen.

There are sixteen accomplished and clever dogs duly enrolled on the police force of the old town of Ghent in Belgium. They are obliged to go through a regular course of training; and when that is done, these four-footed policemen, or police dogs, are perfectly well able to distinguish a scamp from an honest man and to capture him without delay.

They are trained by means of dummies which are constructed so as to look as much as possible like the criminals who infest Ghent. These dummies are hidden, and the dogs are taught to find them; and, most difficult of all, to hold them without injuring them. The dogs are inclined to look upon the figures as enemies, and at first do not seem to understand why they must be so gentle with them after having taken so much trouble to locate them. But they learn at last. After the dummy figure has been used a while a living man takes its place; and for fear that the captor will get too much in earnest, he is closely muzzled until he learns how to be careful and merciful.

It takes about four months to complete this training, and at the end of that time the dog is given his uniform and regularly enrolled on the force. He wears a fine leather collar, bound with steel and armed with sharp points; and from it hangs a medal recording his name, address, and the date of his birth. On rainy nights he wears a nice waterproof coat; and at the police station there is a pleasant dressing-room, where collars and coats all hang in orderly rows. The room is in charge of a kind old lady, of whom the dogs are very fond; and when they fall ill their own surgeon attends them.

They are what are known as sheep-dogs and have all the traits common to their breed, being watchful, trustworthy, and of tireless patience. During the day

they rest in comfortable and roomy boxes; but as the ten o'clock chimes ring out from the belfry they begin to bark and are impatient to set out on their nightly rounds. Each one accompanies a regular policeman, patrolling his beat with him until the coming of morning sets both at liberty.

The Clock Plant.

One of the most wonderful plants in the world is what is known as the clock plant, so named on account of the strange action of its leaves when the sun shines upon them. It is a native of Borneo and never grows more than three feet tall. It has three leaves,—a large one extending forward, and two smaller ones pointing sideways. These move like the hands of a clock,—the larger one traversing the space assigned it in forty-five minutes, the smaller ones going forward and backward in the same length of time. An American college is the possessor of a number of fine specimens of this unique plant, and will present some to the United States conservatory at Washington, to replace those lost last winter by the rigor of the cold.

A Famous Acrostic.

An acrostic is a series of lines, usually poetry, where the first letters spell a word. Among the famous ones extant is that formed from the names of the Napoleon dynasty. Do not forget that *I* and *J* were formerly the same letter:

Napoleon—Emperor of France.

Joseph—King of Spain.

Hieronymus—King of Westphalia.

Joachim—King of Naples.

Louis—King of Holland.

The initial letters form the word *Nihil*, which, when translated, means *nothing*, and plainly stands for the Napoleonic dynasty of to-day.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new edition of Archbishop Ryan's famous lecture, "What Catholics Do Not Believe," is published by the C. T. S. of Chicago. From the same energetic society we have received "Tributes of the Press to Leo XIII.," a pamphlet made up of extracts from articles on the late Pontiff appearing in English and American journals.

—We welcome the new edition of "Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish," bound in green cloth. It is a charming book and should have a host of readers, every one of whom will be sure to recommend it. But sixty-five cents is too high a price for so slim a volume. M. H. Gill & Son; Benziger Brothers.

—No doubt many friends of little folk will be interested to know that Mr. W. W. Denslow's "A B C Book," with colored illustrations and comical rhymes, is issued separately, like all the old classics and new animal stories in the two volumes lately noticed by us. Nothing could be more attractive than these picture books. Letterpress and illustrations leave nothing to be desired, and the paper and binding are just what they should be for children. Price, 25 cts.; mounted on linen, 50 cts. each.

—To stimulate love for the Mass by showing how it was valued in the Ages of Faith, and what was willingly suffered for its sake in penal times, is the aim of "The Mass and its Folklore," a little book by John Hobson Matthews, published by the English Catholic Truth Society. There are many popular English books on the Mass, but this is the only one, we believe, that treats of its folklore and minor antiquities. We quote a few lines from the chapter on the Elevation:

In the Middle Ages the faithful were accustomed to look at the uplifted Host and chalice before bending in prayer, and there is abundant evidence that importance was attached to this observance—so much so, indeed, that attendance at Mass was often spoken of as "seeing God."

There is much more of the sort in the book; in fact, it is full of interest and edification.

—We shall be surprised and disappointed if the Paternoster Books, a new series of devotional treatises from the works of saints and other ascetical writers, published by the Art & Book Co., do not achieve wide popularity. They are delightful, the form being both choice and convenient; and the low price places them within reach of everyone. We have already noticed "The Four Last Things," by Blessed Thomas More; and "A Spiritual Consolation and Other Treatises," by Blessed John Fisher. Later issues are: "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," by Cardinal Bona; and "The Divine Office, A Letter to a Priest." These companion volumes are edited by

the Rt. Rev. Ildephonsus Cummins, O. S. B. Both are of great excellence. Those who secure the Paternoster Books will be delighted with them. For sale in the United States by B. Herder. Price, 30 cts.

—"Worldly Wisdom for the Catholic Youth" by "Mentor" (forty-four small octavo pages, paper-bound), is a collection of counsels for young men on a Christian rule of life. The counsels are wise though not strikingly delivered as a rule; and they look toward the material as well as the spiritual interests of the reader. Joseph H. Wagner, publisher.

—A brochure of much value and interest is "Santa Barbara Mission" (California) by John J. Bodkin, printed and published by the *Tidings* Co., Los Angeles, Cal. This mission was founded in 1786 by Father Fermin Lausen, of the Order of St. Francis, and has remained in charge of Franciscans ever since. Mr. Bodkin presents a careful outline of its history and a few interesting pictures.

—There can not be too many books like "What the Church Teaches," by the Rev. Edwin Drury, which sets forth very satisfactorily, yet briefly, the essentials of Catholic Doctrine. It is just the book to put into the hands of inquiring Protestants. They will be impressed by the author's spirit of charity, piety and zeal, as well as by his style, which is clear, direct and simple. The book is well printed and of convenient size. We must thank the publishers (Benziger Brothers) for stitching it with thread instead of wire. Some Catholic books, it would seem, were not intended to be opened.

—Two collections of sacred song have found their way to this office from far-off Goa, the Portuguese settlement in the west of India. Both are the composition of Pedro Antonio Lopes, director of music in the Patriarchal Seminary of Goa, and denote musical skill and taste of the highest order. Most of these numbers, notably three *Salve Reginas*, have the familiar Latin words, but a few are accompanied by phrases in the vernacular. By the same author we have a fine Hosanna Patriarcha (vocal) and a March Pastorale (instrumental). Only masters of the piano will undertake to render the latter, but they will find it well worth their pains.

—We can thoroughly recommend "Where Saints have Trod," by M. D. Petre. It is a series of studies in asceticism, to which Father Tyrrell contributes an important preface, "necessary to be read" (as used to be said of old-fashioned prefaces) in order to understand the purport of

the book. The two chapters entitled "Devotion and Devotions" and "Catechism and Catechists" are of special value. Referring to the qualities most essential in a religious teacher, the author observes:

It is, at long last, the catechist and not the catechism, that really signifies. . . . What we need in order to make our religious instruction efficient is that it should be living and strenuous.

"Where Saints have Trod" should be welcomed by those who are attracted by the Church's vigorous modernity as well as by the champions of her conservatism. Published by the Catholic Truth Society, London. What a pity it has no agency in the United States!

—The strong address on "The North American Indian and the Catholic Church," delivered by the Rev. H. G. Ganss before the American Federation of Catholic Societies, has been republished as a pamphlet by the *Messenger*. It is an impressive restatement of the cruelty and neglect of which the Indian has been the victim for more than a hundred years, and an earnest appeal to the Federated Societies to supply the religious and educational needs of the surviving Red Men. The Federation has thus ready to hand a work in every way worthy of it, involving (according to Father Ganss' plans) no political action, and of the highest importance. For the sake of the Federation as well as of the Indian, we hope the work will be done; and the distribution of this excellent address is sure to help toward it.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Where Saints have Trod. *M. D. Petre.* 50 cts., *net*.

What the Church Teaches. *Rev. Edwin Drury.* 30 cts.

Worldly Wisdom for the Catholic Youth. *Mentor.* 35 cts.

The Mass and Its Folklore. *John Hobson Matthews.* 10 cts.

Humpty Dumpty and Other Stories. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.

One Ring Circus and Other Stories. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.

Light for New Times. *Margaret Fletcher.* 50 cts., *net*.

The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service. *Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J.* 50 cts., *net*.

Some Essentials in Musical Definitions. *M. F. McConnell.* \$1.

English History for Catholic Schools. *E. Wyatt Davies.* \$1.10.

Instinct and Intelligence. *Rev. E. Wasmann, S. J.* \$1.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Bernard Smith, of the diocese of Northampton, England; and Rev. Nicholas Doran, diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Philomena, of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Mr. J. A. Brown, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Frederick Kettler, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. Patrick Cunningham, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Ellen Buckley, Taunton, Mass.; Mrs. Jane Young, Faxon, Minn.; Mrs. Thomas Haverty, Everett, Mass.; Mr. John Madden, Ireland; Mrs. Martha Brooke and Mr. George Duning, Washington, D. C.; Mr. H. L. Richards, Winchester, Mass.; Mr. John Kays, San Pierre, Ind.; Mrs. Margaret Murphy, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Charles Ackerman, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Philip Sheridan and Miss Mary McGune, Galena, Ill.; also Mr. Joseph Wells, Allegheny, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Wraiths.


BY RODERICK GILL.

WHERE beat the ages on the shores of Time,
The pirate Autumn crouches 'mid the gold
That bursts his coffers,—spoils of magic clime
And sunset agosies of days of old.

But hark! The ominous winds upon the strands
To blight his greed! In scorn his treasures flow
Like phantoms sifting through his palsied hands;
And through his beard there play the drifts of snow.

Thoughts upon Purgatory.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

N monasteries of old, as a chronicler relates, "rolls of parchment, transmitted by special messenger from cloister to cloister, received the names of those who had 'emigrated,'" to use the consecrated expression, "from this terrestrial light to Christ." And the object of these messages was to remind the brethren of their duty of praying for the departed. Nor is such a reminder in all cases unnecessary. Father Faber says: "We are apt to leave off too soon [praying for our parents, friends and relatives]; imagining, with a foolish and unenlightened fondness, that our friends are freed much sooner than they really are." In this connection it is not amiss to recall a revelation made by one of the saints: that many persons, and some of them holy religious, were condemned

to spend from thirty to sixty years in devouring flames. But as the means of relieving those departed are so various, and as St. Thomas teaches that prayer for the dead is more readily accepted by God than prayer for the living, the term of their purgation may be shortened by the loving remembrance of the living. It is well, therefore, to recall from time to time the innumerable methods by which relief may be extended to the poor suffering souls, or their complete deliverance procured.

Theologians are unanimous in teaching that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is incomparably the most efficacious for the attaining of this end; and a learned writer declares that "the application of all the good works which have been performed since the beginning of the world would not afford so much assistance to the souls as is imparted by a single Mass." St. Jerome is authority for the opinion that the souls suffer no pain while Mass is being offered for them, and that some souls are released after every Mass that is said in their behalf. Hence has it been the practice in all ages and in all countries of the world to have Masses offered for the departed. Our pious ancestors usually made foundations of Masses for themselves or for those dear to them. Many instances are related in the lives of the saints wherein souls were seen to ascend to heaven after Mass was said or heard devoutly on their account.

Holy Communion is another powerful means of relieving the departed. St.

Gertrude relates that she once asked Our Lord why she felt so happy upon those days when she had communicated in behalf of the suffering souls, and He deigned to reply: "Because it would not be right for Me to refuse the fervent prayers which you, on these days of My visits, pour out to Me for the relief of My suffering spouses in purgatory."

Again, the Stations of the Cross, with almost innumerable indulgences, are a powerful means of aiding the departed. Our Lord Himself revealed to St. Mary of Antigua that the Stations were of the greatest advantage in procuring relief for the dead, and causing them to become intercessors and protectors before the justice of God. He bade her tell her religious 'to rejoice at having so splendid a capital upon which to grow rich.'

The Rosary is also a mine of wealth for the holy souls. "To say the Rosary for the departed," writes a learned Redemptorist, "is to offer up to God for their relief all the labors, fatigues, prayers, tears, contempt, sufferings, blood and death,—all the merits of the life of our dear Saviour." Next to the Mass and the worthy reception of Holy Communion, no more efficacious offering can be made to God than this. Our Lord taught St. Magdalene of Pazzi often to make this offering of His blood and merits for the suffering souls; and she accustomed herself to make it fifty times a day. Our Blessed Lord showed her repeatedly multitudes of souls then delivered from purgatory. As we know that the name of Mary alone affords relief to the suffering souls, this is another reason why the Rosary is so powerful in their behalf. A soul once appeared to St. Dominic, "shining like a star, and told him that the Rosary is one of the chief sources of relief to the dead, and that when they reach heaven they pray specially for all who have applied it to them."

The wearing of the Scapular is another means of assisting the departed, because of the many indulgences attached to

the practice. Those who wear the Blue Scapular, which is probably less known than the Brown, can gain innumerable indulgences each time they recite six "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys."

Then, again, there is the Indulgence of the Portiuncula, which, however, occurs only once a year. From First Vespers on the 1st of August till sunset the next day, a plenary indulgence may be gained every time one enters a Franciscan church—or, in places where the sons of St. Francis have no parish, in any church enjoying the Portiuncula privilege—and there prays for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. This is the famous "Pardon," which the Seraph of Assisi, the gentle St. Francis, asked of Our Lord Himself.

Moreover, the number of short ejaculatory prayers to which indulgences applicable to the dead are attached is almost endless. There are indulgences likewise for various good works, such as visiting the sick, giving alms, spiritual reading, communicating on festivals of the Church, teaching catechism. In fact, the indulgences are so numerous, and the means of obtaining them for the dead so very simple, that, as a learned Jesuit once remarked, "it is a wonder there are any souls in purgatory at all,"—that the prison gates are not opened forthwith to convey the loved ones of earth to everlasting blessedness.

Speaking of this inexhaustible treasure of indulgences, the author of a quaint old book, "Purgatory Surveyed," which was reprinted and edited by Father Anderdon, S. J., thus expresses himself: "Certainly there are thousands who deserve to be in purgatory were it only for this strange neglect: that having so rich a treasure in their hands wherewith to ransom poor captive souls, they were so careless as to make little or no use of it, but let slip a thousand occasions in which they might have released them; and all for want of a little pains to gain indulgences. And they are the less to be

excused because it is very probable that they may gain indulgences, which are applicable to the dead, whether they be in the state of grace or no, so they do but the work prescribed."

It was revealed to St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi that her sister entered almost immediately into heaven because of the numerous indulgences offered for her. Pervent prayer for the departed is always efficacious for the solace of the holy members of the suffering Church; and Our Lord declared to St. Gertrude that the number of souls released is always in proportion to the fervor of the devotions offered in their behalf. St. Vincent Ferrer having prayed very fervently for the soul of his sister, offering up thirty Masses and many penances, saw her released; but was assured in a revelation that she would have been compelled to remain in purgatory till the end of time had it not been for his assistance. "According to the earnestness of the prayers we say for them," writes the late Brother Azarias, "and the measure of good works we do for them, will the intercession of Mary and of all the saints be efficacious with Jesus in their behalf. Furthermore, every prayer we say, every sacrifice we make, every alms we give for the repose of the departed ones will return upon ourselves a hundredfold."

Almsdeeds are likewise a powerful means of solacing the members of that "silent, suffering Kingdom of Purgatory"; and, as a French writer has beautifully put it, the glass of water which we give in the Name of Christ may entitle some beloved soul to a seat at the eternal banquet of the Lamb.

Then there are purgatorian societies to which those devoted to this great work of "mining" in purgatory may belong; and very specially, in some cities, that community of "Helpers of the Holy Souls," to which lay persons may be affiliated: forming a species of Third Order, and offering up all their prayers,

labors, and sufferings for the dead; or offerings can be sent to the convent in New York, for instance, to aid those devoted religious in their works of charity among the living and to obtain a share in all that they do for the departed.

Of course the intercession of Mary is immensely powerful for the dead. In that familiar hymn of Father Faber's he addresses our Heavenly Queen in their behalf:

Oh, turn to Jesus, Mother,—turn
And call Him by His tenderest names:
Pray for the holy souls that burn
This hour amid the cleansing flames!

The intercession of the saints and angels may likewise be invoked, as we are assured on high authority that they are directly interested in the relief of the suffering souls.

As to the efficacy of prayers for the dead in general, it is unnecessary to mention here that consensus of the Fathers and the doctrine of the Church in all ages; but it is consoling to glean from many sources a few thoughts upon the subject from the wise or the holy of all times, both as to the efficacy of prayers with regard to the dead themselves—

Masses on the earth and prayers in heaven
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most High,

as Newman makes the angel declare in his intensely solemn and dramatic "Dream of Gerontius,"—and also as to their effect upon the living. St. Francis de Sales tells us that assisting the dead by Masses, prayers or suffrages of any sort, contains in itself all the works of mercy, corporal and spiritual; and he proceeds most beautifully to develop this thought. He used to lament that "we do not sufficiently remember our dead, our faithful departed." St. Gertrude relates that Our Lord once made to her this wondrous declaration: "If a soul is released from purgatory, I accept it as if I Myself had been delivered from captivity." "You have the ell in your

hands by which you may measure out your own happiness," cries a devout writer. "Be charitable to others and they will not be less so to you."

"What I have wanted to show you is this," writes Father Faber: "that each of us, without aiming beyond our grace, without austerities for which we have not courage, without supernatural gifts to which we lay no claim, may, by simple affectionateness and the practices of sound Catholic devotion, do great things—things so great that they seem incredible—for the glory of God, the interests of Jesus, and the good of souls....I may almost venture to say that if we can advance the interests of Jesus on earth and in heaven, we can do still more in purgatory....God has given us such power over the dead that they seem to depend almost more on earth than on Heaven....Purgatory is simply a field white for the harvest of God's glory. Not a prayer can be said for the holy souls but God is at once glorified, both by the faith and charity of the mere prayer. Not an alleviation, however trifling, can befall any one of the souls, but He is forthwith glorified by the honor of His Son's Precious Blood and the approach of the soul to bliss. Not a soul is delivered from its trial but God is immensely glorified....The quicker the souls are liberated from purgatory, the more is the beautiful harvest of His blessed Passion multiplied and accelerated."

He points out that the Empress-Mother Mary and the saints are interested; and the angels, notably that "bold and magnificent spirit" St. Michael, who is specially invoked in prayers for the dead and dying. "Oh, that we had the charity to work, with the sweet instrumentality of indulgences, for the holy souls in purgatory!" he continues. "Every satisfaction offered up to God for these suffering souls, every oblation of the Precious Blood to the Eternal Father, every Mass heard,

every Communion received, every voluntary penance undergone—the scourge, the hairshirt, the prickly chain; every indulgence gained, every Jubilee whose conditions we have fulfilled; every *De Profundis* whispered, every alms doled out to the poor, if offered for the intentions of these dear prisoners,—the interests of Jesus are hourly forwarded in Mary's Kingdom of Purgatory."

Cardinal Manning, in his "Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost," likewise makes a most touching appeal for the dead: "Look back upon those who made your home in early childhood, the light of whose faces you can still see shining in your memories, and the sweetness of whose voices is still in your ears. Do you forget them because they are no longer seen? Is it, indeed, 'out of sight, out of mind'? What an impiety of the heart is this!... Have mercy upon those whom we have known in life! There are those who have been grievously afflicted, and those who have been very sinful but, through the Precious Blood and a deathbed repentance, have been saved at last. Have you forgotten them? Are you doing nothing for them? There may also be souls for whom there is no one to pray on earth; there may be souls utterly forgotten by their own kindred,—outcast from all remembrance; and yet the Precious Blood was shed for their sakes. If no one remembers them, now you at least, if you have the gift of piety, will pray for them."

St. Catherine of Genoa, who is so high an authority upon the subject, and who devoted her life to this work, declares that, despite those cruel torments, so fearful that we scarce dare think of them at all, "excepting only the bliss of heaven, there are no joys comparable to those of the souls in purgatory.... For when they consider that they are in the hands of God and in a place deputed to them by His holy Providence, and just where God would have them,

it is not to be expressed what a sweetness they find in so loving a thought." And she applies to them some of those beautiful expressions of Holy Writ which God, by His prophets, applied to His chosen people: "Rejoice, My people; for I swear unto you by Myself that when you shall pass through flames of fire they shall not hurt you. I shall be there with you; I shall take off the edge and blunt the points of those piercing flames. I will raise the bright aurora in your darkness, and the darkness of your nights shall outshine the midday. I will pour out My peace in the midst of your hearts, and replenish your souls with the bright, shining light of heaven."

This, then, is a gleam of hope in the incomparable suffering, the darkness and desolation of that place of exile. Yet it should only increase our desire to relieve the "prisoners of the King" and to hasten their entrance into the perfect bliss of Paradise. It will be for the glory of God that they be released, and they will immensely help by their prayers those who have assisted them. Cardinal Baronius tells an incident of a person who at the hour of death was grievously tempted, when suddenly he saw the heavens open and some eight thousand champions, clad in white armor, came down to give battle for him with the enemies of his salvation. And when he begged to know who they were who had thus aided him, the reply was: "We are the souls whom you have saved and delivered out of purgatory; and now, to requite the favor, we are come to convey you instantly to heaven."

Now that the Month of the Dead has almost passed for another year, these few thoughts may serve as a reminder that during all the months and weeks and days of this earthly pilgrimage much spiritual profit may be gained by prayers, Masses, good works, trials or sufferings offered for the relief of these souls, who endure torments so cruel and who long for the sight of God. The

following beautiful prayer from the Syriac Liturgy may fitly conclude these reflections:

"Deliver them from gloom and darkness, and snatch them from sorrow and grief. Enter not into judgment with them, nor too severely examine their past life; but whether in word or in deed they have sinned, as men clothed with flesh, forgive and do away with their transgressions."

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE [AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XI.

WHEN Jean Daulnay returned that evening he found every preparation made for departure. He was in unusually good spirits, chatted with the children, and even went so far as to pat Lucie on the cheek as he passed her at the table where she was helping Aliette to clear away the dishes. He did not make a single sarcastic remark during the next two hours. As he sat reading his paper, now and again Louise would find him regarding her with a reflective air, as though his mind was occupied with something in which she was concerned. All retired early, as they were to leave for Cherbourg immediately after breakfast.

Daulnay was the first to break the silence after he and his wife were in their own apartment.

"Louise," he said, "I hope you will conduct yourself to-morrow as the wife of a respectable citizen and the mother of his children. I observed to-night as never before what an extremely good-looking family we have."

"I have always known that," replied Louise. "But pray what do you mean, Jean, by asking that I conduct myself properly? Do I not always behave as I should?"

"No, not always. In the first place, it is an unheard-of thing that a woman of your age should cry out in the night, disturbing everybody, as you do. It is obvious that you have no self-control,—have never made an effort to exercise any. You were badly brought up, Louise. Your mother—"

"Spare my mother!" interrupted Louise, imperiously. "She is in her grave. With my unfortunate proclivity my mother had nothing to do. Say no more of her!"

"What a spitfire you are getting to be! What an evil temper you are suddenly beginning to acquire! I have read somewhere that certain inherited tendencies sometimes do not develop until about or after middle age. Was your father bad-tempered, do you know?"

"He was a very amiable person, I am sure," said Louise. "He did not live to middle age, or he might have developed those tendencies which you so deplore. There are persons, moreover, who do not wait till the season of youth is past before manifesting them. Indeed, some of us seem to be born with them."

"You are becoming sarcastic, Louise. But that is an attribute of ill-temper. They go hand in hand. Is there no way by which you can arrange things so as not to give bad example to your family?"

"Yes, there are several ways. I have two or three at my command from which to choose. But as yet I am not resolved as to which I shall choose."

She stood with her hands clasped in front of her looking up at him. He could not penetrate the meaning of her words, uttered in a listless tone. But a moment ago she had been all fire: now her gaze was almost vacant, her attitude hopeless. He did not understand her moods in the least,—so he told himself.

"I will change the subject. You can reflect later on what I have said. But there is something else far more important at present, to say the least. To-day,

at the ticket-office, I ran against that—that—fool Richard. He also bought a ticket and he avoided my gaze. It looked very suspicious."

"What did you suspect, Jean?"

"That the fellow intended to follow in our wake with the hope that sometime during the day and evening he might, accidentally as it were, attach himself to us. It was very transparent. I wish it to be understood that the moment he makes any overtures of friendliness during the trip I shall turn my back upon him,—I shall ignore him. He had better not try it. The thought of it exasperates me. You are appearing in a new rôle, Louise, and it is most unbecoming. Understand me, it shall not be continued!"

"Jean," said Louise, very slowly, "I know but little of Richard's movements or intentions. But I do know he does not mean to attach himself to our party. If he appeared embarrassed to-day it was doubtless because lately your own manner has been so forbidding toward him. He is young and inexperienced, and is somewhat lacking in the *savoir-faire* which would be natural to an older man. Put your mind at rest about him."

"What does he want at Cherbourg?"

"Probably what everybody else wants, or thinks he wants; or he may be going to Rome by that route."

"Rome? You wish to throw me off the scent. But, my good lady, I shall watch you—I shall watch you,—and I assure you that if I see anything reprehensible in your conduct it will go far toward convincing me that you are not of a sane mind,—that you would be far better off in some retreat than you are in your own home."

Her eyes were full of terror as she turned quickly toward him.

"If I am not sane it is your fault, Jean," she said. "You will have to answer to God for me, in that case. Remember it! But I swear to you that

sooner than be forced to leave my home I would—"

"Kill yourself, perhaps?" interrupted Daulnay. "That is what you were about to say, wasn't it, Louise? What better proof of insanity could there be than such a threat."

"No, thank God,—no!" she cried vehemently. "The life that was given me by my Creator I shall never voluntarily destroy. Do not fear—do not hope that."

"Heaven forbid it!" said Daulnay, leaning back in his chair, while he endeavored to catch her glance, which was listlessly fixed on vacancy. "What a heritage for any woman to leave her children! What a shame, what a disgrace! I am glad you do not contemplate it. They are unusually fine children; and if they had a mother of ambitious parts, each and every one of them—except perhaps Aliette, who is very like you—might cut a figure in the world."

"You mean that I hold them back, perhaps, Jean?"

"I am certain you do."

"And if they were left to their own resources, you think they would accomplish more than they would be likely to do under my influence?"

"There is no doubt of it."

"And if I were not here you would be kinder to them than you are?"

"I am kind enough to them. If they had not you, I should probably feel it my duty to interest myself more in their daily life. I should bring them forward; I should not keep them tied to apron-strings as you do; I should certainly not encourage the visits of such namby-pambies as that fellow Richard. Now, that is my last word. I am sleepy and we must rise early."

Louise made no reply. For a long time she sat in the darkness plaiting and unplaiting her still beautiful and luxuriant hair. Then the clip of the scissors was heard at long intervals,

as though she feared to awaken the sleeper. Very softly and noiselessly she moved about the room, while Daulnay slept calmly on. Dawn was breaking when Louise, covering herself with a large shawl, lay down upon the lounge for an hour or two before awaking the household for their holiday.

After a hurried breakfast and a most exciting half hour they set out and soon arrived at the station. Daulnay made his way through a dense throng at the ticket-office in an endeavor to secure the seats he had been promised.

"I wish six seats—together," he said.

The functionary behind the pigeonhole shook his head.

"That will be impossible *now*," he answered. "It is late,—the train is about to start. If you had come earlier you could have had them together, but not at this hour, Monsieur."

"But I was assured of them," shouted Daulnay. "I should never have brought my family otherwise. We can not be separated. We are not accustomed to travel that way."

"I can not help it, sir. You should have been here in time. On an occasion of this kind there is always a crowd. First come, first served. Now you can not get into the first-class carriages: you will have to take the second-class."

"First and second class carriages on an excursion like this!" retorted Daulnay, the crowd angrily surging up against him, and growling fiercely at the man who was taking up the ticket-agent's time. "Give me six second-class places, then—*together*,—and let me out of this. I promise you'll never see me or my family in such a fix again."

"No—not *together*, Monsieur. I have already told you that. You will have to arrange yourselves as best you can."

"Put on another car!"

"For six persons!" laughed the railroad functionary, while the crowd jeered.

Jean said no more. He had come to the end of his reproaches. Holding out

his hand, he received the six tickets; and, after extricating himself from the crowd, looked about for his family.

"Here, Louise, take this ticket and one for Lucie, and go on ahead," he said when he reached them. "We can not travel together—that is, in the same seats. Climb up in that forward car, with Lucie, and we will follow."

Louise and Lucie had been standing side by side. The mother took the tickets without a word, gently pushed Lucie nearer her older sister, at the same time putting one of the tickets in her hand. Then, before the child could comprehend what she had done, she darted quickly through an opening in the crowd and was soon lost to sight.

"Mamma, mamma, wait for me!" cried Lucie; but her mother had already disappeared.

"Let us follow her quickly," said Aliette, to whom her father had given another ticket. "Mamma is hurrying on to get seats for all of us. That is just like mamma,—always thinking of others."

Daulnay, Elise and Albert kept as close to the two girls as possible. When at last the family found themselves in the car, Lucie and Aliette were together in one seat, the three others being separated from them by five or six compartments.

"But where is mamma?" asked Lucie, looking around in great anxiety.

Aliette glanced up and down the length of the car.

"I can not see her," continued Lucie. "We must find mamma. O Aliette, where is she,—where is mamma?"

"Be quiet, dear! She is safe. There is such a crowd, and no doubt she is helping papa to find a good place for us."

The train started; people began to settle themselves for the journey. Daulnay, steadying himself by the ends of the seats, came slowly and laboriously to the place occupied by the girls.

"Where is your mother, Aliette?" he inquired.

"Oh, where is she, father? Go at once and look for her!"

"Were you not with her, Lucie?"

"No, father. When you gave her the tickets she put one of them in my hand and started away. I could not follow her, the crowd was so great. When we got in we expected to find her keeping seats for us, but she is not here."

"Idiot!" cried Daulnay. "She has probably gone to the ladies' compartment ahead, where she will have to pay an extra fare. I saw several women from our building there, while the men and children are here. I wonder if she had any money with her, Aliette?"

"I can not say. She usually carries her purse," replied Aliette. "It will be all right, father, except she will be lonely travelling that way. Poor mamma!"

"She deserves it for being so stupid," said Daulnay, preparing to return to his seat. "We shall have to look out for her at the terminus, that is all. Be sure you keep close to me when the train arrives. In this tremendous crowd one must be ready for anything."

Daulnay went back to his little party. Lucie and Aliette, somewhat relieved of their painful anxiety, soon began to enjoy themselves looking at the landscape through which they were passing; though the older sister was inwardly deploring the absence of the mother, who would have found the time so much pleasanter with some one to converse with.

At the other end of the car, Albert, after having looked out of the window till he was tired, turned to his father.

"Papa, did you see Richard at the station?" he asked.

"Richard? No," replied Daulnay. "I met him at the ticket-office yesterday, however; and supposed he would be on the train. Did you see him?"

"Yes: he went on ahead. He took a first-class carriage. I wondered at it,—a fellow like him putting on such style!"

"Don't you like him, Albert?"

"Not much. He is a stingy person. Too much like a girl."

"I did not think they allowed gentlemen there unaccompanied by ladies."

"Oh, yes, if they pay!" said Albert. "If Richard is there, mamma will be well taken care of. She has often told me that he is more like a son to her than I am."

"Son be hanged!" exclaimed Daulnay, angrily,—to the utter astonishment of the boy, who, to do him justice, was entirely unaware of his father's attitude toward Richard, and had not intended to do any mischief. As a matter of fact, he had been altogether mistaken with regard to the young man. Richard was not in the ladies' compartment. He had taken his place in the express which had left about ten minutes before the excursion train. Albert had seen him hurrying forward as they arrived at the station, and concluded he had gone first-class to escape the great crowds.

But to Daulnay the situation was full of possibilities. There had been connivance between them: it had previously been arranged that Louise and Richard should travel together. In his mad jealousy he took no account of the fact that they could not have foreseen what had occurred with regard to the places; that his wife would be the last person in the world to compromise herself in such a manner. Even if she had been inclined to do so, he might have known that her timidity and lack of self-assertion would have made such a thing impossible.

But reason had no part in his angry reflections. He fumed and fretted to himself, vowing vengeance on both when they should have reached the journey's end. He would take her by the arm and lead her from her impudent companion; he would at once return with his whole family on the outgoing train, without enjoying the holiday which had been planned; he would shut her up in her own room on bread and water for

a month; he would, perhaps, do that which he had already threatened but never really contemplated,—have her confined in a sanitarium as an incompetent person. But, before performing any of these extraordinary things, he would flog Richard to the ground with a blow of his fist, leaving him there an abhorrent and disgraced spectacle to the assembled multitude of pleasure-seekers.

Knitting his brows and gnashing his teeth, Daulnay took no note of the passage of time. The remarks of his children fell unheeded on his ears; the glances of his travelling companions were of no moment to him, albeit they expressed wonderment at his angry countenance.

"Look at papa, Aliette dear!" said Lucie, who, though at some distance, sat facing him. "What can be the matter with him?"

"I am afraid he is displeased about mamma. Poor mamma! I fear he will make it anything but a holiday for her."

"I almost—do not like him, Aliette!" whispered the child.

The older sister pressed Lucie's hand in token of disapproval.

At that moment a murmur ran through the train. Doors flew open and shut again. The officials ran hastily forward. Heads were thrust out of windows, and a loud and terrifying cry of "Fire! fire!" brought everyone to his feet, as the train suddenly came to a stop.

(To be continued.)

The Dark before the Dawn.

BY S. R. C.

IS it light or is it shadow
That is creeping o'er thy soul?
Ah, the waiting hour of daydawn
Soon to glory full shall roll!

And the darkness of the Advent
Shall be lost in morning light,
When thy Child, the Sun of Justice,
Breaks upon thy eager sight.

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse
Chaplain.

FIFTH WEEK.

WEDNESDAY.—It appears we have got into a "spell" of fine weather: we have another dry morning to-day, God be thanked!

After Mass the "master of work" came and told me that one of his men was "very bad," and that he wished to see me. I directed him to summon the doctor, and have the man sent to the hospital—unless he was so ill that he could not be removed; and in that case I should go to him instantly.

A little later I saw him in the hospital. He was a large man, about six feet two or three, and built in proportion. He was sitting with some other men by the fire. His hair and short side-whiskers were dark grey rather than white; his face was fleshy, but the flesh had a livid color, and seemed to hang on the cheek-bones and chin. His large hands and his whole frame trembled; it was, however, from nervousness rather than sickness.

While I was speaking to him the nun in charge came up. Evidently she knew his foibles well. Taking him in hand, she said kindly: "Never fear, Mr. S.: we'll take care of you. I'll get you a nice bed immediately and a hot drink, and the Father will come later on to hear your confession." The old man raised his face toward heaven. "I pray to God, ma'am, that you may be nursing the sick in heaven!" and he shook his head with satisfaction at the devotion of the prayer.—"Sure there are no sick in heaven, Mr. S.," said the nun.—"Why, ma'am, mayn't there be some a wee bit *donny* [sick] like me?" The Sister and I smiled, and moved away to let the man be put to bed.

The little scarlatina boy was much better to-day. All the patients in the fever hospital were decidedly improved, except the poor girl I anointed. She,

however, was not worse. All the rest in that ward, with the exception of two more and the girl, were up and allowed to go to the convalescent ward. The sun was shining beautifully through the windows, and casting a bright glow on bed and wall and floor. I was thankful to it for peeping in and cheering up the loneliness of a fever ward.

I visited the general hospital, and the nun begged me not to pass down through one of the women's wards. The remains of a poor old creature were being laid in the second cradle, and returned once more to the common mother's breast. "The poor woman suffered a great deal," said the nun; "and the odor of the place is anything but pleasant." The nun herself was, as I knew well, a great sufferer; but she was ever patient, resigned and unselfish. I was reminded of another holy nun—Saint Teresa. •

In the evening I found a poor man wrapped around with a shawl and sitting upright on his bed. "Ah, your reverence, this very way I'll have to stay until morning!" And we go to bed and hardly dream of the thousand and one sufferers in this vale of tears that can not even lie back on their pillows and forget the ills of life!

Thursday.—This morning I felt very dull and tired, and had no inclination for my work. Fortunately, I did not get a great deal. I suppose I was ill. Poor old Oona, that takes care of me, seeing me dull and hanging over the fire, and not smiling at her, and, as she would say, "not having a word to throw at a dog," was much concerned. After a while the good soul concluded to "docthor" me. "Now, I'll make an eggflip for you," said she, "and it will do you good."—"Very well," said I. She brought it to me, and I took it, but found it bitter—very bitter. "Why, Oona," said I, finishing it with a grimace, "there was something in that!"—"There

was to be sure!" said she, with triumph. "What good would it be *without it*?" Oona has absolute faith in "a drop"; I am a lifelong teetotaler!

After Mass there were no sick calls, neither were there any after breakfast. It was a bright morning with a high wind, that sent the fallen leaves like a frightened lot of young goslings or ducks running clattering along, seeking shelter.

I went to see the little scarlatina boy, and found him out of danger. After that I went to the fever hospital. The poor girl I had anointed was unconscious and raving. I could not say if she recognized me. All the others were up. Going through the men's fever hospital, I found the only patient that was there laughing heartily to himself as he sat on his bed. I smiled and said something.

"Begorra, I'll tell your reverence! When I was for a while in the south of Ireland I was engaged there by a man jarveying [driving a car for hire]. One of his hands fell sick this way in the morning; and I 'patrowling in,' he axed me would I take a job. One of the first that came to hire a car was a gentleman that wanted to drive in haste for the priest. The man's son was dying,—he himself was a Protestant, the son was a Catholic. We took up the priest and drove on out into the country. Across the car the old man said to the priest: 'That young fellow bates his wife, sir, and I'll be bail he'll go in for denying it all. But just lave me outside the door to hear; and if he doesn't tell every word, I'll be in to you in a jiffy, and *leather* it out of him.'"

As I was passing through the women's hospital I saw great hurry and confusion. A woman seemed to be taking leave of the rest. This was quite a common thing, and so I moved on. One of the nurses came up to me and said: "Oh, glory be to God, Father, wasn't it great luck?"—"What was it?" I

asked.—"That poor woman's husband went to America, and she had to come here, with her children.* On account of being separated from the poor children and from her husband, she was very lonesome and low-spirited. She would sit in a corner day and night, and would talk to no one, but always crying. The nun—God bless her!—took a great interest in her, and induced her to make a novena to our Blessed Lady. We all made it with her, but nothing came of it. After a time again the nun encouraged her to make another novena. The poor woman asked us to pray for this one thing: that some one might give her husband money enough to send for her and her children. We made the novena, and no account, no letter. Last week a letter came to her from America. It was dated the very day after the novena ended; and it told that the man's master came to him on the previous day and said: 'Denis, I am so satisfied with the way you have worked for me, here is money and send for your wife and children.' And now she's going out, the happiest woman in the land." She did indeed look "the happiest woman in the land." I said nothing, and kept pondering these things in my heart.

At night I had three confessions to hear, two men for Holy Viaticum, one for Extreme Unction—my old friend in the shawl that had to sit up all night long.

* When a parent and children enter the work-house, the children are removed from the parent and put in the children's portion of the house. They can not see one another except by special leave, or at rare times during the week. But the loneliest thing of all is when a poor old couple—man and wife—enter. The two have lived so many years together that it is almost like the separation of the grave when they are put into different portions of the house. For all the walls and doors and locks, they might as well have the Atlantic Ocean between them. The chapel is the only place where they might meet; and here I have seen them before Mass sitting or kneeling beside each other, whispering. Of a frosty morning I have seen them after Mass having a hurried word outside the door before parting.

Friday.—This morning was very cold and biting. After breakfast the rain fell. I went to the fever hospital first, as the doctor had told me there was a critical case there. A young man, "brave and strong," with bushy red hair and unkempt beard, lay on his bed. Poor fellow! he looked ill enough to be anointed, and so I "prepared" him.

I then went to the women's ward. Oh, there was great woe! The Sister in charge seemed very much distressed. Her poor girl—the only serious case in the ward—the pleasant-looking girl that I anointed a day or two ago—was given over to-day by the doctor. She has paralysis of the artery between the spine and the brain, at the back of the neck. She was unconscious; her eyes were staring vacantly; her handsome, delicate features, unrelieved by any "wealth of hair"—for her head was white and shaven,—seemed to claim your pity. She did not recognize me. I had nothing to do for her at present except to give conditional absolution and pray for her. "Won't you pray for her, Father?" said the nun sorrowfully. "I will try, Sister," I answered, and then turned to go away. But as I left, the girl uttered such a moan as of disappointment that I came back again and stood by her bedside. I did kneel down by the bed: I could not resist the appealing expression of the features and the stony gaze of the eyes. I did pray to our Blessed Lady, the Health of the Weak; and we all joined in a litany for the poor thing, that God might have pity on her.

On my return to the general hospital, there were two sick calls to the women's wards. One of the patients, the nun said, had a very sore hand. She was a large woman, sallow and majestic-looking. When I was anointing her I saw the hand, or rather a part of it. It was covered all over with a poultice, and nothing was observable but the tips of two or three fingers, which seemed swollen to three times their ordinary size.

The other patient was a neat little old woman. She was tucked together in the bed like a chaffinch in its nest. Her fair hair was smooth and slim; her cap was spotless; her features were still soft and wore the impress of gentleness. When she put out her hands that I might anoint them, they were as small and soft as those of a child. She was a bit deaf and heedless,—a thing which to my mind was not redeemed by her small hands. She seemed pious, however.

I turned to the chapel in order to hear some confessions, so that there might not be too many for the morrow. I was struck,—struck by the thought of the revelations that the Last Day will make. If even one priest were permitted to disclose the things he has heard,—only one priest's experience! The sins and crimes, the enormities natural and unnatural, coming often from lips that speak the sweetest, from faces that look the mildest. In this case the book certainly must not be taken by the cover. Nothing is an index. My heart was full and sad thinking over the wickedness of the world, and I repeated to myself Longfellow's pathetic lines:

O blessed God, how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way!
So many hands that, without heed,
Still touch Thy wounds and make them bleed!
So many feet that day by day
Still wander from Thy fold astray!
Unless Thou fill me with Thy light,
I can not lead Thy flock aright;
Nor without Thy support can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway!

Let me pause. It is night, fast on toward eleven o'clock as I am writing this. There is a cry breaking in on the silence. It is not a wail—it is a voice raised in anger. It is a woman's voice,—it is a drunken woman's shriek. O God, pity her! Is she a mother or is she but one of the abandoned ones? I know not, but God pity her whichever she be! Again and again there is the shriek! Now it is stopped,—I hear it no more.

At midday to-day I was sitting for some time in the confessional, when a messenger came saying that one of the nuns wanted me in a hurry at the women's hospital. I went. Far away in one of the inner wards and in the inmost corner, a woman was lying. There was a yellowish hue over her white features. Her breath and voice also occasionally faltered, as if there were something interfering with the action of the heart. She smiled and welcomed me. "I thought she was gone a moment ago," said the nun; and then she added in a low voice that she wished I would also hear the confession of the woman opposite. "She was anointed outside, Father, but I fear there is something on her mind." I gave both of them Holy Viaticum before leaving.

I returned to the confessional, and was there hardly half an hour when another message came from the women's hospital. A poor old creature seemed dazed and dying. She had been "prepared," so I gave her absolution. Another nun met me as I was returning to the chapel. "Father, a poor man has been removed from my ward to the fever hospital, and he tells me he has not been at confession for a twelve-month. Will you kindly see him at your evening rounds?" I said: "Yes, Sister, to be sure."

In the evening I went earlier than usual. I directed my steps first of all to the fever hospital to shrive the nun's *protégé* of twelve months' standing. He was a strongly-built man and a widower. To-morrow will tell whether he is to be anointed or not. He himself has high hopes.

I went to see the poor fever girl. The Sister was in cheer,—qualified cheer: the poor girl was no worse. She attributed it to the priest's "good prayers"; but I am sure if a recovery takes place, it is her own fervent appeals, her own hourly sacrifices, that have moved the mercy of Heaven.

Saturday.—This morning opened like summer. Golden sunlight flooded the landscape everywhere. It was such a scene! Lonely, *lonely*; for as yet the busy world was not astir, so that it all seemed absolutely one's own to enjoy. Rich and gladsome with its glorious radiance, it was such a scene as a dreamer could enjoy or a saint grow enthusiastic over. I, being neither—if anything, more of the former than of the latter,—gave myself up to the natural beauty of the scene.

After Mass there was a sick call to the men's hospital. This, of course, meant an urgent case, and I went immediately. I found a red-haired man, full-bearded, lying on his bed; the clothes were cast away from his chest. It was some stomach attack. I did all that was possible under the circumstances. He seemed choking or suffocating. His hands lay cold and damp, and there was such a huskiness in his voice that, although you heard him speak, you could with difficulty distinguish what he was saying. There he lay, a strong-looking man of about fifty, within "measurable distance" of death, and with a longing to die. "O Father, won't you pray that God may take me to Himself soon?" I whispered: "May the will of God be done!"

As I was about to leave him the nurse came and said I was wanted higher up the ward. I found waiting for me a young boy, dark and handsome-looking, with coal-black hair, short tufty mustache and beard, a pair of tender honest eyes, and a candid expression of features. I felt he was such a one as a mother would love or an only sister be proud of. There was a basin full of blood beside him. "You see, Father, I have been spitting up blood, and I got afraid." So I sat beside him and gave him an opportunity of easing his conscience, poor boy!

After breakfast my first call was to a poor withered old man in the skin-

diseases ward. His face, hands, feet, and body (so far as I could see) were covered all over with yellow flakes. It was, I suppose, from impoverishment of the system. His eyes were red around the lids, his hair was sparingly laid on—or rather had sparingly remained on. I “prepared” him. All the time while I was hearing his confession and engaged with him, there was a tot of four or five in a neighboring bed intently watching me. Occasionally the little lips would part and you could see as lovely a set of teeth as ever appeared in a child’s mouth. There was something very winning and attractive in the poor boy’s looks. A swollen cheek, alas!—abnormally swollen—gave explanation of his being there.

After giving Holy Viaticum to another poor man, I passed on to the women’s hospital. The nun was busy preparing one of her patients for “the priest.” I waited until she had done, and then sat beside the infirm woman. On leaving her, I was taken to a real old “Trojan.” Her face had the look of a certain apple called a “wilding,” that gets sweet in frost, which we used to gather in the windy days of October, going to school long, long ago. There was the same elongated shape of the face, and the same reddish cast on the cheek which, when transferred to the rind of an apple hanging on an outer bough of some crab tree, makes the hungry schoolboy’s “teeth water” as he wends his way homeward. I heard her tell the nurse, in reply to a suggestion from that official to “hurry on,” as the priest was waiting for her: “Let him wait, then, till I put on me *bordhered* cap!” I anointed her; and when I had finished she cried: “Have you done me up now, Father?” I answered in the affirmative.—“Do you think is there any chance I’d go out and see the ould place again? Begonnees, I’d like to see it once afore I die.” I was moved by

the pathetic way she spoke; although, there was such a gleam in her eye, I could hardly divest myself of the feeling that if a wattle, or a stocking with a stone at the end of it, was put in her hand, she would be likely to have a share in a “bruss” (faction-fight) at a fair. Yet serious moments would come to her as to us all. Her dying heart yearned, it may be, to see the haunts of her childhood once more. And I thought a solemn shade came over the face, as if to indicate the sadness of the lonely heart; and I parted from her in sorrow.

I was taken to two old women to give them Holy Viaticum, after which I was summoned to the women’s incurable ward. From that I was called to the lunatic asylum. Oh, the gibberish of the poor inmates in “the lunatic”! One ran over to me complaining bitterly that they were all going to kill her. I laid my hand on her head and told her that she could not be killed now. She believed me, and I passed on. The sick patient was an old woman, deaf as well as weak-minded. I gave her conditional absolution and anointed her.

In the evening, as I was returning from a walk, I saw a jarvey car, with some persons on it, and a coffin on “the well,” drive in through the gateway. The porter asked: “Where are you going?”—“To the fever hospital,” was the reply. It was for the poor girl, and this was the first intimation I had of her death. From my heart I cried: “May she rest in peace!”

On entering the hospital, I found there was another death also—in a far-in ward, and in the farthest-in bed, the nice, fair woman that I was called to in a hurry yesterday. *Requiescat!* “The most edifying creature,” said the nun to me, “that ever entered this hospital was that poor woman. No one ever heard a complaint from her in all her sufferings. I declare I could almost pray to her.”

The Hassert Will.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

III.

"WALTER is infatuated with Marian, and now, of course, she will marry him," Richard reflected bitterly, when he was again alone. "When uncle told me I was to have his fortune, my first thought was that I would beg her to share it. Now, with so little of this world's goods to offer, how can I ask her to join her fate with mine?"

Richard, indeed, gave the case of the missing will to a detective, who followed up various pretended clues; but nothing came of these, and the loss remained involved in mystery. So perforce, leaving Walter in possession of the wealth that he knew to be his own, he went West once more, and was so fortunate as to obtain a desirable position with a mercantile firm in Chicago.

But love, like necessity, can overcome many obstacles. Before a year had passed Marian Mason found a way to make it plain to Richard that his cousin Walter was not the man of her choice, and soon after Richard sought and obtained the agency for his firm in Boston. The Pinckney Street residence was closed; Marian was keeping house for her brother, Dr. Frank Mason, in an apartment in the Back Bay District. Here, after a short courtship, Richard won her promise to marry him.

When they returned from their wedding trip, Marian expressed her wish that they should begin their life together in Joseph Hassert's old home.

"And—perhaps you do not know, dear, that Norah has lived with me ever since uncle's death, and I want to have her with me still," urged the young wife.

"Why, Marian—" objected Hassert "I understand what you would say, Richard," she interrupted eagerly. "But Norah knows no more about the missing will than we do; and she has refused all presents from Walter, lest she might seem to have profited by the accident to which he owes the enjoyment of Uncle Joseph's fortune. Yet, even supposing she did purloin the paper, might it not be wise to give her a chance to restore it? What if she hid it somewhere about the old house? Might she not repent and give us a chance to find it some day?"

"Well, well! Have your way, my dear!" assented her husband, reluctantly. "Only keep the woman out of my sight as much as possible."

So Norah was installed in her former place once more.

"Sure, Miss Marian, I hope Mr. Richard has come back to find what is his own," she said, as she found herself amid the old surroundings. "I know he thinks I stowed away the paper he is always hunting; but God knows I did not; and every day I pray that the will may be discovered, and justice done to all."

"Keep on praying, Norah. I have much confidence in your petitions," said Marian, daughter of the Puritans, laying a gentle hand upon the arm of her humble friend.

Perhaps Richard Hassert had worked too hard; perhaps he had fumed too much over the loss of the wealth that was rightfully his. At all events, a few weeks later, having been told by his brother-in-law that he was decidedly "run down," he accompanied the latter upon a fishing trip to the Rangeley Lakes.

The day after the return of the disciples of Isaak Walton, Richard was still listless. Dr. Frank dropped in at the Pinckney Street house for dinner; and after the meal the two men went up to the billiard room,—the room that in the

days of Joseph Hassert had been the guest chamber.

Marian, remaining in the library, by a touch of the bell-rope summoned Norah to a conference upon household matters. The door was ajar. Half an hour passed. As Mrs. Hassert sat in her favorite rocking-chair by the reading table, and Norah stood near, a slight sound caused both women to glance hastily toward the hall. The next moment Marian sprang to her feet, too alarmed to cry out.

"Did any one ever see the like!" ejaculated Norah, in a frightened whisper, as she stretched out her hands in astonishment.

What they beheld was only Richard Hassert coming down the stairs. What they feared was the unnaturalness of his appearance—the strange spell that was upon him. He was not asleep, yet he appeared as though in a dream, as, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, he moved slowly from step to step.

Again an exclamation of amazement rose to the lips of the young wife; but at that instant she saw her brother stealing down after Richard like a shadow, and in dumb show enjoining silence upon the watchers. Like a lightning flash the truth became clear to Marian; and with the knowledge came a greater uneasiness, together with hot indignation. Dr. Mason was an eager student of the possibilities of medical science. Taking advantage of the passiveness induced by her husband's illness, he had hypnotized him. Were Richard in his usual health, her brother could not have obtained this ascendancy over his mind, she felt sure. But had Frank done this thing only as an experiment? If so, she would find it hard to forgive him.

"The Lord between us and harm!" murmured Norah under her breath.

On came Richard. What was that he grasped so rigidly? A letter? As Marian waited, leaning for support against the

table, every second seemed an eternity. Now he reached the last step; now, crossing the hall in the same measured, absorbed manner, he entered the room and took his way directly toward her. He seemed to see nothing, yet she intuitively understood that he knew she was there; and when he extended to her the folded paper he held, she felt that he wished to give it to her.

Norah was watching him in silent fear; Frank waved his sister a command to take the paper. Trembling in every limb, Marian accepted it from the unresponsive hand of her husband. When it was at last within her clasp, Dr. Mason breathed a sigh, as though a great burden had been lifted from his shoulders. Involuntarily glancing at him again, Marian saw that he was pale as death and beads of perspiration were upon his forehead.

For a moment Richard stood motionless; then, like one groping in the dark, he crossed the floor, sank into his uncle's armchair, and rested his head against its cushioned back as though overcome by sleep. His wife was about to move to his side but her brother interposed.

"He will awaken presently," he said. "See—the paper!"

Absently she looked down at it; but as her eyes caught the words written at the top of the folded sheet she felt that she too must be dreaming. In a tremor of excitement, she opened it and read the beginning of the first paragraph:

"In the name of God, I, Joseph Hassert, being of sound and disposing mind—"

"The will,—it is the will!" she cried in a tense, low tone; and quickly remembering the woman beside her, whose years of service had been repaid by a cruel accusation, she added: "Norah, Norah, the will for which we have searched so long is found at last!"

"Praise be to goodness!" exclaimed the faithful servant. "How wonderful are the ways of Heaven!"

Dr. Mason, with a glance at the

patient in the chair, drew his sister into the hall, and made a sign to Norah to follow.

"Marian," he said abruptly, "have you known your husband to walk in his sleep?"

"No," she answered laconically.

He looked at Norah.

"Did you ever see Mr. Hassert like this before?"

"No, sir, not like this; but once, when the old gentleman was ill and I was sitting up taking care of him, I saw Mr. Richard come down the stairs and go up again. I thought he acted queer, but it never came to my mind that he was not in his waking senses."

Again the Doctor turned to Marian.

"It is very curious," he said, with the enthusiasm of one whose theory has been demonstrated. "Richard himself undoubtedly stole the will he was so anxious to secure against robbery. One night while we were away, as we chatted together in our log cabin, the conversation turned upon the missing will. After we retired Richard grew restless, and I soon discovered him to be, under strong excitement, a somnambulist. This evening when we went upstairs, instead of taking a cue at billiards, he excused himself on the plea of indisposition, threw himself on the divan, and, absently fixing his eyes on me, lapsed into a reverie. All at once a thought occurred to me. I tried to hold his gaze by hypnotic influence, and to my surprise succeeded. Fixing my own mind intently upon the subject, I spoke of the incidents connected with the death of Joseph Hassert as he had described them, until, under the power of old associations, he rose to his feet and stood before me, thinking and acting as he did when, after the shock of his uncle's death, he went to his room toward morning to seek an hour of much-needed rest. 'Richard,' I said in a low, firm tone, yet scarce daring to count upon the effect of my experiment,—

'Richard, I want you to get for me the paper which, while you were asleep, you took from the drawer of your dressing-table and hid away somewhere else for safekeeping.'

"For a minute he wavered, and I feared my attempt to unravel the mystery would prove a failure. But anon his mind caught up the thread of thought that he dropped a year ago,—a thread of thought evidently deep hidden from his waking senses.' Slowly he advanced, now to the cupboard beside the fireplace, now feeling along the edge of the carpet with the caution of one who has something to secrete. Finally he turned and walked straight to the clothespress at the farther end of the room—"

"The unused press that he would not have put in order, saying it contained only odds and ends belonging to Uncle Joseph," interjected Marian.

Frank nodded and continued:

"Taking down a shelf and running his fingers between the shelf rack and the wall, Richard drew forth a paper—the same that he brought to you."

"And you were certain it was the will?"

"Yes—almost certain, but I waited anxiously until you made assurance doubly sure."

They were silent, scarce daring to believe the reality, as they read the document together; but Norah gave voluble utterance to her grateful joy.

"Glory be to God!" she exclaimed. "I trusted in Him that some day it would be shown I had nothing to do with the disappearance of the old man's will; and now, in this strange way, all is made plain!"

(The End.)

"WE have apparitions of souls from purgatory," writes Faber, "complaining of the long years in which their friends have left them in the flames, when the sun of the day on which they died is not yet set."

A Pilgrimage in Olden Times.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

RELIGIOUS pilgrimages were indeed different in days of yore from what they are at present, when special trains convey the pilgrim smoothly and speedily to his destination, where he is lodged in a comfortable hotel and takes his seat at a well-appointed table. We have only to look back to the period immediately preceding the Reformation to behold our forefathers, on their way to some hallowed shrine, trudging wearily, with staff and wallet, along rough, uneven roads; or, if more well-to-do, mounted on a sturdy horse or mule. The destination of the pilgrim band of whom Chaucer sang—who rode forth, “a merry cavalcade, with full devout courage,” in the freshness of an April morn, from “famous London town,”—was not one of the sanctuaries of Our Lady, then so numerous in England, but the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, whither for the space of three centuries thousands of pilgrims used to flock, when the fame of the wondrous miracles wrought at the scene of his martyrdom spread far and wide.

The passage of these caravans journeying slowly along has left its mark on the places they passed through. Their memory survives in the ruined wayside chapels which sprang up in their track, and the local names still in use even in this prosaic age. Pilgrim’s Ferry, Palmer’s Wood, Paternoster Lane,—these and similar terms still linger on the lips of those who know not their meaning, and recall to the better-informed the procession of pilgrims once a common sight, wending their way over lonely woodlands and through green lanes to pay homage at some celebrated shrine, to implore some grace from her who is ever the consoler of the afflicted, and

the channel of all blessings to those who venerate her.

Thus the pilgrims used to journey along, going from church to church, from hostelry to hostelry; if their pilgrimage took place in summer, enjoying the fresh air and leafy shades. They lingered, we are told, at the village fairs, and stopped at the larger towns to rest, eager to hear and tell the news; for the pilgrim of medieval days was, as Dean Stanley reminds us, a traveller with much the same tastes as travellers now, although the circumstances of modern life are so widely different. The pilgrim of old, however, undertook the journey in the first instance from devotion—in the hope of obtaining some miraculous bodily cure or much-needed spiritual grace; but not unfrequently, we may believe, other and secondary motives crept in: curiosity, love of change and adventure doubtless actuated many amongst the less serious and less devout crowds who thronged the roads leading to some celebrated shrine at certain seasons of the year and special festivals.

Chaucer’s company of pilgrims was a motley crew, including men and women whose characters were as varied as their rank and state of life: knight and merchant, scholar and lawyer, Prioress and Wife of Bath, yeoman, priest and friar; besides others of a humbler class. And with such bands of pilgrims there oftentimes came a troupe of jugglers, minstrels and story-tellers, who beguiled the way with music and laughter as they walked or rode along; so that, we are told, “in every town they came through, what with the noise of their singing, the sound of their piping, the jingling of their bells, and the barking of the dogs that ran after them, they made more uproar than if the king came there with all his clarions.”

But we have to do with more devout and pious pilgrims, so we will accompany the travellers to the shrine of the martyred Archbishop at Canterbury.

On climbing the last hill on their approach to the ancient city, they found themselves close to the lazaret-house founded in 1084 by Archbishop Lanfranc, for the reception of ten men and seven women. The devout pilgrim never failed to visit this ancient leper-house; many royal personages and distinguished strangers paused before its walls and contributed an alms for the benefit of its afflicted inmates. Here, we read in contemporary records, Henry II. came on his first memorable pilgrimage to do public penance at the Archbishop's tomb; Richard I. on his return from captivity in Germany; the Black Prince, accompanied by his prisoner, King John of France.

A little farther on, the pilgrims first caught sight of the grand cathedral; they fell on their knees when they saw the golden angel that in bygone days crowned the central tower, and knew that their goal was nearly reached. Here Chaucer's company made their last halt, and merriment gave place to a grave and serious mood as they pressed round to hear, not a tale, but a sermon from a venerable ecclesiastic.

On entering the town, the poorer class of pilgrims made their way to the ancient hospice founded by St. Thomas to receive poor wayfaring men. In the fourteenth century it was repaired and statutes drawn up for its government; and from that time it was devoted to the use of poor pilgrims, for whom beds were provided and their wants supplied at the rate of fourpence a day. The religious houses were open to all comers; and while royal visitors were lodged in St. Augustine's Abbey, the monasteries of the mendicant Orders were largely frequented by the poorer classes. A considerable portion of the buildings was set aside for their reception, while the prior himself entertained distinguished strangers, and lodged them in a splendid suite of rooms overlooking the monastery garden. For ordinary visitors

there was the guest hall, near the kitchen, under the charge of a cellarer appointed to provide for the needs of the guests. There were, besides, numerous inns in the town, one of which possessed a vast chamber for the accommodation of pilgrims, known as the "dormitory of a hundred beds."

Twice a year—at the summer festival of the translation of the remains of the saint, July 7; and at the winter festival of his martyrdom, December 29—Canterbury was crowded with pilgrims, and notices were posted up in the streets ordering the due provision of beds and entertainment for strangers. On the jubilee of the translation, in 1420, no fewer than a hundred thousand pilgrims are said to have been present. On such occasions every available corner was occupied; the numerous inns, hospices and religious houses were thronged; and many travellers had to camp out in the meadows surrounding the city. The lanes and streets leading to the cathedral were lined with booths and stalls for the sale of pilgrimage souvenirs, such as are still seen in the vicinity of all famous shrines on the Continent of Europe. Brooches bearing the image of the saint's mitred head were eagerly purchased; also leaden bottles, or *ampullæ*, containing water from a miraculous spring that welled up where his blood was shed.

It was on the 29th of December, 1170, that the four knights, acting on the exclamation rashly uttered by Henry II., in his irritation at the determined opposition of the Archbishop to his attempted inroads on the privileges and rights of the Church, crossed over from Normandy, where the court then was, and made their way to Canterbury. Entering the cathedral, they threatened the Archbishop, calling him a traitor. Standing upright before a pillar, he confronted them with unflinching courage; they threw him down, dashed his brains out upon the pavement, and fled hastily. Three hundred years later he was

canonized by Pope Alexander III.; after that pilgrims flocked from all parts to Canterbury.

But we must go back to our little company, who have turned off from the main street of the town into a narrow, picturesque lane; and, passing through the beautiful Christchurch gate leading into the cathedral precincts, now gaze with admiring wonder at the majestic structure, beautiful and graceful when seen from without; whilst within, its riches and magnificence—before the hand of the despoiler wrought its fatal work, and the martyr's ashes were scattered to the winds—filled all hearts with joy and amazement, as the ancient chronicler tells. We can imagine the pilgrims lingering in the chapels and chantries that lined the nave, resplendent with painting and gilding; or kneeling before the statues robed in cloth of gold and covered with jewels.

After passing along the lofty nave—now, alas! stripped of all but its architectural glory—first of all the pilgrims were led up a vaulted passage and “many steps” to the transept of the martyrdom, where the altar at the foot of which the saint fell remained to show the actual place of the murder; and its guardian priest—the *custos martyrum*—displayed the rusty sword of Richard le Breton, which struck the fatal blow. Next, descending a flight of steps, they were led into the dark crypt, where other priests received them, and presented the saint's skull, encased in silver, to be kissed; besides showing other relics, including the girdle and hairshirt the Archbishop wore.

This *Caput Thomæ* was one of the chief stations at which offerings were made; and the altar on which it lay marked the site of the original grave where the saint was hastily buried by the frightened monks on the day after the murder. This tomb acquired a miraculous virtue; the name of the cures and wonders wrought there spread far and wide. It was the

scene of the penance of Henry II., and the central object of interest to the pilgrims who came from all parts of Christendom. The sums of money offered here, until the translation of the saint's remains to the new shrine, reached in one year the amount (enormous in those days) of a thousand pounds—equal to twenty thousand at the present time. The head and other precious relics were held in deep reverence until after the Reformation.

From the dark vaults of the subterranean chapel the pilgrims were led up the steps to the north aisle of the choir. There they were allowed a glimpse of the relics—almost countless in number,—set in gold, silver or ivory caskets; and of the magnificent ornaments and sacred vessels kept under the high altar. After this they mounted a long flight of steps leading into the Trinity Chapel; there before their eyes was the goal of their journeyings—the shrine, covered by a painted canopy of wood, beneath which the body of the blessed martyr reposed.

Up the worn steps, which still bear the marks left by thousands of feet and knees, the pilgrims climbed, murmuring words of prayer or chanting the Latin hymn to St. Thomas:

Tu, per Thomæ sanguinem,
Quem pro te impendit,
Fac nos, Christe, scandere
Quo Thomas ascendit.

At a given signal the canopy was drawn up, and the shrine itself, embossed with gold and sparkling with gems, was revealed to the eyes of the pilgrims, who all fell on their knees; whilst the prior with his white wand pointed out the priceless jewels which adorned the shrine, and told the names of all the royal personages by whom those and other gifts had been presented.

Then the pilgrims went their way,—some to view the convent buildings with their gabled roofs and stained windows; others went out to see the

city. The knight and his son in Chaucer's tale went to look at the walls and fortifications; the Prioress and the Wife of Bath to walk in the herbary of the inn. But for more distinguished personages there was another sight in store,—one which the devout pilgrim would not willingly forego, and of which we must not omit to speak in these pages.

Returning to the crypt, by the light of lanterns the prior led the way into the chapel of Our Lady of the Undercroft, which was divided from the rest of the crypt by iron railings. Here was to be seen what Erasmus called "a display of more than royal splendor." Surrounded by exquisitely carved stonework screens, and a beautiful reredos with delicate traceries and mouldings, richly colored and gilt, was the altar of Our Lady, twinkling with hundreds of silver lamps. In the central niche, under a pinnaced canopy, stood the famous silver image of the Mother of God, before which many a sufferer had sought and found relief. Below it was a jewelled tabernacle, fronted with the portrayal of the Assumption worked in gold; on each side the magnificent candelabra wherewith the Black Prince enriched his favorite shrine.

Looking back over long centuries, we kneel in spirit with the pious pilgrim, who at the time of which we speak little thought that the glorious shrine was before long to be destroyed, and only the broken pavement and the hollows made by the pilgrim's knees in the stone floor left to mark for future generations a spot hallowed by the prayers and devotion of ages.

But while we lament over the havoc wrought by heresy in the past, let us rejoice that there are yet many favored spots where God is pleased to dispense extraordinary graces through the intercession of His Holy Mother and His saints,—graces, moreover, which are not only bestowed on the pilgrims themselves, but not unfrequently on those

who are spectators of their confidence and piety. In concluding our sketch of a pilgrimage of the past, we can not refrain from relating an incident which occurred recently, in proof of the blessings that may be derived indirectly as well as directly from pilgrimages.

In the parlor of an inn in the vicinity of the shrine of Our Lady of Kevelaer, in the Rhine provinces, two English travellers were seated over their wine in earnest conversation. Suddenly the elder of the two, whose snowy locks betokened advanced age, broke off what he was saying and went to the open window, through which the sound of singing met his ear. The voices were those of a party of English Catholics on their way to the sanctuary. As they came nearer, the words as well as the tune were distinguishable; they sang the well-known hymn:

Hail, Queen of Heav'n, the Ocean Star,
Guide of the wand'rer here below!

The old man stood leaning upon the window-sill, listening attentively; the changed expression of his countenance showed that unwonted emotions were evoked in his soul; tender memories of his childhood crowded in upon his mind. As the words,

Pray for the wanderer, pray for me!

died away on the evening air, his agitation increased. Turning to his companion, who had preserved a respectful silence, he said, with tears in his eyes:

"My young friend, that hymn recalls to me my youthful days. I sang it at school, I sang it in my parents' house. I have never heard it since. And why? Because when I left home to take a situation in a Protestant house of business, I was ashamed to acknowledge my creed, and, out of human respect, I dropped the practice of my religion. Alas! I have indeed been a wanderer. How many years have passed since then! My parents have long been dead, but the strains of that melody have never

been forgotten. I never thought to hear it again. Now that hymn, sung in the spirit of faith by those pilgrims, comes to me as a voice from heaven, recalling me from the paths of unbelief into which my feet have strayed; reminding me of my early home, the promises I made at my First Communion. Would that I had never forsaken the 'Guide of the wanderer here below'! How singular a coincidence that my fellow-countrymen should be here on this very day!"

Shortly afterward the old man left the inn and repaired to the church to make a general confession of his past life. Tears of gratitude and joy filled his eyes when, on the morrow, after receiving Holy Communion, 'homage he paid on bended knee' at the feet of the blessed Advocate, by whom he had been so graciously saved from peril and from woe everlasting.

A Crying Abuse.

AMONG the cares and worries of life, "the whips and scorns of time" enumerated in Hamlet's famous soliloquy, Shakespeare did not fail to mention "the law's delay"; so there is excellent reason for believing that at least three centuries ago the long protraction of legal proceedings was recognized as a crying abuse. That modern procedure is characterized by more promptitude and dispatch is a claim that will scarcely be made: matters have, in this respect, grown rather worse than better. "In civil jurisprudence," says Colton, "it often happens that there is so much law that there is no room for justice.... The whole civil code is now become a most unwieldy machine, without the least chance of being improved; for to those who manage its movements, its value rises in precise proportion to its complication, and to *them* it is most profitable when it performs the least. This machine

devours an immensity of paper in the shape of bank-notes, and returns to its customers other paper in the shape of legal documents, from which on examination nothing can be learned, except that the parties have been regularly ruined according to law." In this country more especially, the wellnigh interminable series of appeals from one court to another is now regarded by many able jurists as detrimental to the very end and purpose of the law.

Lynching, one of the foulest blots on the escutcheon of American civilization, would never, we venture to say, have attained anything like its actual prevalence had our criminal trials during the past half century been conducted with the business-like celerity that marks such trials in other lands,—in Canada for one. We know, of course, that this opinion is dissented from by many. The *Evening Post*, of Chicago, for instance, said recently: "That the law's delays and technicalities are responsible for the lynching evil is a notion evolved out of the inner consciousness of certain pedantic theorists who know little and care less about the facts around them." But the writer of this bumptious statement fails to show why his assertion is worth more than that of any other Sir Oracle who supersedes argument by assuring his opponent that he is mistaken.

In the meantime Justice Brewer's contention, that "the early end of every litigation should be one of the great objects of all judicial proceedings," will be accepted by the average citizen as correct; and any modification of court procedure by which justice may be meted out to criminals more speedily than at present is sure to be welcomed by all save those whose pockets or whose necks are benefited by long-drawn processes and repeated postponements.

Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but often enough the vanquisher of justice.

Notes and Remarks.

A question that seems destined soon to enter, if indeed it has not already entered, the domain of practical politics in France, is the proprietorship or dominion of the church edifices—cathedrals, chapels—existing in the country. The anti-clericals pretend that even the churches built prior to the Revolution are the property of the State, and base their pretension on the expression employed in the organic articles of the Concordat—"placing at the disposal" of the Church the buildings judged necessary for worship. That this point is not well taken, however, is manifest from the fact that the law of November 2, 1789, by which the State seized the *biens du clergé* (ecclesiastical property), uses the very same expression: "Ecclesiastical property is *placed at the disposal* of the nation." Clearly, if the expression does not mean proprietorship in the organic articles, it does not mean proprietorship in the law of 1789; in which case the Church never lost her real dominion over the edifices in question. If, on the other hand, the phrase implies in the law of 1789 real proprietorship on the part of the State, then it must imply in the organic articles equally real ownership on the part of the Church. As is evident, the argumentative strength is not with the anti-clericals; but should the question arise, it will, we doubt not, prove a case in which might makes right. Combes and his colleagues are not likely to let so trivial a matter as their having the worst of an argument interfere with their campaign of injustice and irreligion.

The declaration of Lord Kelvin that "Science positively affirms a Creator" has drawn attention to the fact that many scientists whose earlier writings betrayed the irreligious temper came completely round to the opposite point

of view in their later days. Romanes, once an outspoken materialist but a devout Christian before his death, is a famous example; and Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" embodies a long complaint against the defection of eminent confrères who once stood with him against religion. Virchow's pronouncement that materialism is as far from proving its point as ever it was; Du Bois-Reymond's reaffirmation of the soul in man; Wundt's confession that the book in which he resolved man into mere brain functions was 'the great crime of his youth which it will take him all the rest of his life to expiate,'—these are some of the "perversions" which Haeckel laments. Prof. Tait, like Lord Kelvin an eminent Scotch scientist, furnishes another striking instance. Dr. Orr, a distinguished Scotch professor, who recently visited the United States, declares that "Tait, before his death, came across an article in which there was a lot of this claptrap about all men of science being sceptics, and it rather set up the good man's back. He wrote an article in which he simply asked the question, 'Who are the greatest men of science of our time?' He went over the list of them and then he asked, 'How many of them are sceptics?' And he could not find a sceptic in the whole list."

The announcement is officially made that seven hundred and seventy-two persons took their own lives in the city of Greater New York last year. These figures show a discouraging increase in the tendency toward self-destruction; and yet there are four other cities in the United States whose suicide statistics are even larger, in proportion to their population. Practically, no precautions are taken to control this shocking tendency; though, as the *Independent* remarks, "an epidemic of typhoid fever that carried off two hundred persons would be considered to justify the enforcement of the most stringent pre-

cautions. Surely the suicide epidemic is worthy of quite as much attention." The measures proposed by our contemporaries are the withdrawal of carbolic acid (the favorite weapon of women) and of firearms (the favorite weapon of men) from the common market; and, secondly, a reform in the newspapers which publish sensational reports of suicides. So much at least could be done without great effort, and so much ought surely to be done to suppress an epidemic which in a single year and a single city destroys more lives than were sacrificed in a late "glorious" war. Yet these measures, however successfully applied, would be only a partial preventive: the medicine against this plague must be administered internally. Barring the comparatively rare cases of mental aberration, suicide is the result of the decay of vital faith. It is the sin of those who lose sight of two truths: first, that mental and physical pain, borne patiently here, is an earnest of reward hereafter; and, secondly, that the gates of mercy are by his own hand forever closed against the man who, in the full possession of reason, violates 'the Almighty's canon 'gainst self-slaughter.'

A clear-headed correspondent of the *New York Sun* pays his respects to the clergymen who took so active and public a part in the recent election in that city, and suggests that an excellent field for clerical effort is the reformation of the morals of their own parishioners. There is in the following paragraph much that is applicable to most large cities, as well as our metropolis:

It is from the neighborhoods where churches are most numerous, and from the class that supports these clergymen, that there comes the greater part of the demand for vice which causes, and must cause, a supply of it in this city. Little mental grasp is needed to understand that the support of vice can not come in any great measure from those who have little money to spend, and whose work and worry leave them little opportunity and less inclination for the costly luxury

of licentiousness. Where vice is most prevalent is not among those who could not be called respectable if they were immoral. The majority of the licentious have a social or business position which assures them of a certain amount of respect, no matter what their moral character may be.

Of this last sentence one is forced to say: "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

There is a certain appropriateness in the appointment of the first Sunday in Advent as the day for a general collection in behalf of the Catholic University of America. The needs of the institution are set forth in a letter addressed to all the bishops of the United States by Cardinal Gibbons. His Eminence is of opinion that it would not require such an extraordinary effort to "make good what has already been done, by adding such endowments as will complete the faculties, meet extraordinary expenses, and place the institution on a self-sustaining basis." Bishop Spalding is persuaded that "the University can never rightly prosper until the mind and heart and conscience of the whole Catholic people become actively interested in its welfare." The degree and extent of their interest will be shown by the amount of the general collection. That it will exceed the annual collections for the Indian and Negro missions and the work of the Propagation of Faith seems too much to expect.

Miss Mary Jackman, of Roxbury, Mass., remembers the saintly Bishop Cheverus of Boston (afterward Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux) well enough to give this description of him:

I met him frequently at home and in the street. He was a short, rather spare man, with long gray hair. But, though his figure was not impressive, his face was saintly, and his manner was so charming that he fairly captivated the town. I assure you for a Catholic to be popular in Boston in those days was remarkable.... Being around the church and the convent so much, I heard a great many stories of the amusing differences which the Bishop and Dr. Matignon had about who

should be first in this thing or that. The Bishop insisted that the pastor should be superior in his own house, but the pastor, in his turn, insisted that he was under the Bishop. When I came to know Bishop Cheverus he was both pastor and prelate. There was a single room in the parish house which served as sacristy, reception-room, parlor and dining-room; so that sometimes when I went to the house expecting to enter the reception-room, I found it being used as the dining-room, with the Bishop at the table. He frequently received visitors while he was at his meals.

Miss Jackman, who is a convert, was baptized by Bishop Cheverus in 1823. She is now in her ninety-fourth year, and her recollections of the pioneer days in New England, as recorded in *Donahoe's Magazine*, are remarkably fresh and interesting. One of her most treasured possessions is a "Following of Christ" from which Bishop Cheverus often read in the pulpit.

The encyclical of the Sovereign Pontiff having apparently persuaded a portion of the anti-Catholic European press that Pius X. purposes eschewing all politics, the *Osservatore Romano* publishes this little paragraph: "Every Pope must be both a religious man and a politician,—religious, since he is the infallible master, the supreme chief, the guardian and the jealous avenger of religion; a politician, because the Church being a perfect and a universal society destined for men, and living among men, he must necessarily keep in touch with the princes and governments upon whom depend the tranquillity, peace, and independence of the faithful all over the world in the free profession of their belief and the free practice of their duties."

The degree of realism permissible to the dramatist who sets out to portray vice is a moot point among the men on the street and the critics in the newspaper offices. In a recent case, one of the critics makes the point that the average citizen of this country is unable "to view

lechery and libidinous conduct with that equanimity which leaves only the artistic side of it prominent.... No matter how triumphant the artistic effect, nudity is still the most striking element in a picture of the nude." And so with dramas. "They may hold the mirror up to nature and depict life as it really is; but when the moral tendencies and the regenerative influence are accented through immorality pictured in the varying degrees of rawness and degeneracy customarily sought in the half world of society, the purists are naturally aroused." Not merely the purists but the ordinarily decent have every right to be aroused by such downright pruriency, be it labelled "effective realism," "artistic delineation," or any other high-sounding, euphemistic phrase. The crowds who frequent theatres where this species of realism prevails see, not the recondite lesson of morality which the dramatist possibly had in mind, but the obvious, concrete immorality that defiles all who look upon it. If there are some things which, according to St. Paul, should not be even mentioned among Christians, such things should assuredly not be paraded on the public stage for the delectation of the lewd-minded.

If Pius X. can not go out among the people of Rome, he wants them to come to him. For several Sundays he has been receiving them—twenty thousand at a time—in one of the large courts of the Vatican; and there, in the open air, he has preached to them a sermon just as though he were a simple parish priest. The Roman populace has been credited with being indifferent to the Pope, but if this were so there has been a wonderful revulsion of feeling.—*The Casket*.

The people of Rome have been misrepresented, like all other Continental peoples. Nothing could be more false than the statement so often repeated—sometimes by Catholics—that in Europe there is a general indifference to religion, that Sunday observance is everywhere disregarded, and that men as a rule do not go to church and

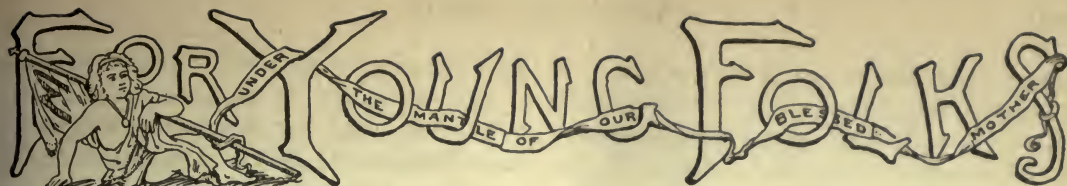
never hear sermons. The fact is that the vast majority of Catholics the world over are sincerely attached to their religion, and, as a consequence, loyally devoted to the Pope. They are the best church-goers in all the countries of Europe. So far as Germany is concerned, this is frankly admitted even by Protestant ministers. Writing of Europe in general, the Rev. A. P. Curtis says: "It is not true that in Europe men do not go to church and to the sacraments. The Catholic churches are everywhere filled." And he adds: "The men who are the enemies of the Catholic Church in Europe are the enemies of Jesus Christ and His Gospel."

If Sunday is not observed as it should be in Continental countries, it is because most of them are dominated by rulers that are opposed to the authority of the Church. Her attitude on the subject of Sunday rest and worship is sufficiently well known. The Puritan Sabbath, however, was never her ideal, needless to say. A day of rigid observance and unbroken gloom, forever associated in our mind with the longest faces and the coldest food. The life of a favorite dog was threatened, we can remember, because his small master played with him on the Lord's Day. The "Continental Sabbath" goes to the other extreme; but, then, it is well to remember that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

San Francisco, too, has had its Golden Jubilee. The archdiocese was erected July 29, 1853, when that great Dominican, Joseph Allemany, was transferred from the See of Monterey to become the first Archbishop of San Francisco. The Catholic population of the new archdiocese was then something under twenty thousand: now it is almost a quarter of a million. The story of rapid development is not, of course, peculiar to the Golden Gate: it is the story of nearly all our American dioceses. What

does call for special admiration, however, is the splendid organization of the archdiocese, and the resources at its command for religious education and especially for charitable work. It has five orphan asylums, one infant asylum, three industrial and reform schools, a protectory for boys, an asylum for deaf-mutes, three hospitals, and five homes for the aged poor, besides other charitable institutions. Lately we have heard of the foundation of an agricultural school, which shall undertake the important work of preparing poor boys to settle on farms and to employ the latest and best methods of agriculture. The credit for this superb development goes by general consent to Archbishop Riordan, who has been, since 1884, a model shepherd to his flock and a tower of strength to the Church along the Pacific slope.

Not all the plans and schemes and theories of the advocates of women's rights are commendable, but it must be confessed that a good many of the means adopted for improving the conditions of the working girl are both praiseworthy and fairly successful. Mlle. Rochebillard, of Lyons, France, is the leader of a movement in this direction that has attained very satisfactory results. Her work is so notable that she was recently invited to address the Congress of Social Economy, in Paris, and explain to an auditory of all opinions the genesis and plan of her prosperous undertaking. We rather like the moral courage with which this Catholic young lady informed her mixed audience that: "Above the question of wages and salaries and tariffs, in the face of all the impossibilities that oppose themselves here below to an equitable solution of the social question, I saw God, I understood the 'Our Father,' I have never despaired..." Mlle. Rochebillard is a firm believer in syndicates of women; and if the women resemble herself, so are we.



Winter Longings.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

"THERE'S a good deal of fun to be had in each season,

If only you know how to look at it right;
Some are duller than others, but that is no reason
Why boys shouldn't always be merry and bright."
That's the gist of the talk, far as I can remember,
Our schoolmistress gave us the last rainy day;
But I'd just like to see, at this end of November,
For goodness' sake, *how* one is going to play.

For the roads are so muddy you can't think of wheeling,

The meadows so wet there's no chance to play ball,
And the skies look so bleak that you can not help feeling

That Nature's in mourning—boy-nature and all.
So I wish that old Winter would wake up and hustle:
I'm longing for snowballs and coasting and ice;
With a blizzard itself I'd enjoy a sharp tussle,
And think, for a change, that 'twould be awful nice.

The Campers.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

IV.

WALTER had not been many days at Agua Caliente before he had explored the neighborhood, in company with Xavier, who, though rather quiet, was very clever and entertaining. The boy had travelled all over Europe with his father, and had lived some years in London, where his mother had died. The rabbi and Mr. Hale had also grown to be very good friends. There were other boys in the camp, but most of them were rough and uncompanionable.

Walter had a great desire to kill a rattlesnake, in order to be able to say he had accomplished a deed of prowess,

and also to secure a belt of the skin. To this end he asked Domingo one morning if there were any in the neighborhood.

"Are you afraid of them?" inquired Domingo. "They will not hurt you unless you frighten them."

"I have never seen one," answered the boy.

"You have not? Well, perhaps you may before you leave; though there are none just here in the camp. They do not go where there are many people, and they like not low ground. Over there, on the side of the dry hills, we find them sometimes; and at the top of the mesa; but you need not fear any where we are."

"I'm not at all afraid of them," said Walter. "I'd love to see a lot of them."

"For why?"

"So that I could kill several, and make myself a belt or two, and a hatband for my big sombrero, and have a few to hang up in my room at home."

"You do not want much, Walter!" laughed Domingo. "And you seem to be very brave. Now, I have never yet seen a man who would like to come upon a lot of rattlesnakes in a bunch. Most people are content with one at a time; and even from that one, eight out of ten will run away."

"But you said, Domingo, that they would not hurt me unless I frightened them. I would not do that. I would come on them quietly, and they would never know until they were dead."

"You can not come so quietly on a rattlesnake that he will not know you are there," rejoined Domingo. "You may not mean to frighten him, but he thinks you do, and that is where the mischief comes in. Still, many boys of your size have killed them; you may

also be fortunate enough to do it. If I should see one—as I do sometimes when I am driving along the mesa,—I will kill him for you, if he does not get away too soon; and also show you how to cure the skin.”

“Thank you, Domingo. If I did not want to do it myself, that would be all right,” replied Walter. “But I am awfully anxious to kill one. Xavier and I are going hunting snakes this morning.”

“It will only be a chance that you see one, then. Go over on the hillside. Do not go into the cañons, because there, in the dry brush, one might come out and bite you before you could get away. On the hillside all is clear, and there is plenty of room to run. And yet they are very hard to see even there, being much of the color of the short, dry grass and stones, and running so fast through them to get away when they hear the sound of human feet. When do you mean to start?”

“This morning—pretty soon.”

“Very well. I will give—or rather lend—to you two boys some thick sticks with knots at the end. They are good for killing rattlesnakes, when one does not shoot them. But you must be sure to crush them on the head,—you will remember?”

“Oh, yes, Domingo; and thank you very much! I will run and tell father we are going. Halloo, Xavier!” continued Walter, as the boy came in sight. “We are going off to kill rattlesnakes.”

“When you can catch them,” said Domingo, going into one of the bath-rooms for the stick, which the boys seized eagerly; then each ran off to tell his father of their intention.

The older people were not at all alarmed for their safety, as rattlesnakes in that immediate neighborhood had always been few and far between; although occasionally a stray reptile had been killed on the hillside.

“So long as they do not go into the brush there is no danger,” said Domingo,

as the pair started off. “They will have a long hunt, and it will be not a rattlesnake but tired legs that they will bring home to dinner. But it will amuse them, and the exercise is very good.”

Mr. Hale, lying in the hammock with a book, watched the two boys trudging along the hill until they had passed beyond the range of his sight. A soft, cool breeze was playing through the trees; the sun filtered a golden shower between the leaves. In a short time the book fell from his hand—he was fast asleep.

He was aroused by gleeful shouts, and presently saw Walter and Xavier approaching, dragging something along the ground, followed by a small army of boys, yelling and whooping at the top of their lungs.

Domingo ran hurriedly across from the bath-house, bringing up the rear of the procession, from which he quickly sprang to the front.

“What have you there, boys?” he exclaimed. “Oh, what a rattler! And dead! Where did you find it?”

“Ha, old Domingo!” cried Walter, flinging his trophy on the ground and stretching it to its full length. “What have you got to say now? Isn’t that a beauty?”

“The finest, the largest I have ever seen!” replied Domingo. “But where did you get him?”

“On the side of the hill down yonder, just opposite that old empty house in the valley,” said Xavier.

“And you killed him yourselves?” asked Mr. Hale.

“Ourselves?” queried Walter. “I should think we did, father! There was no one else to do it. But we had a hard time of it; hadn’t we, Xavier?”

“Indeed we had. Walter hit him the first blow, and then I *stood on him* so that he couldn’t get away, and we both hit with our clubs till he was dead.”

“But didn’t he rear his head when you stood on him?” asked Mr. Hale.

"I have heard that a rattlesnake will rear half its length in the face of a foe."

"That is not true, Señor," answered Domingo, calmly. "But the sight of this fellow would frighten many a man, and these boys finished him."

"I told you I shouldn't be afraid, Domingo; and I wasn't," replied Walter. "Neither was Xavier."

"He measures all of six feet," observed Domingo. "He is a monster. Come here, Pedro. See this snake,—the largest you ever saw. Eh?"

"Si!" replied the Indian, adding some further remarks in Spanish.

"He says it is the father of the rattlesnakes; and it may be. There is a story, but I never believed it. The Indians tell it."

The boys, however, were too full of their achievement to think of anything else at that moment; though usually a story was most welcome.

"I'll tell you how it happened," said Walter. "We were just getting discouraged, for we hadn't found even a toad. We sat down for a moment, and thought we'd better come back, as it must be near dinner-time. Just then that fellow sprang out of the ground, from under a stone, and I saw him. I couldn't help making a little noise, and he heard it. He was already his whole length away from us, but he turned in a circle—a perfect circle,—and that brought his head our way. I tell you he rattled, and stuck out his ugly tongue. But I lifted my club and gave him a thundering blow. That stunned him, and Xavier stood on him then. So we whacked at him till he was dead. And here he is! What must we do next, Domingo?"

"Wash your hands and set about dinner," interposed Mr. Hale. "You have done enough for one day in the rattlesnake line."

"But, father, the snake must be skinned and cured," said Walter. "It won't be good if we don't do it right away. I'm not hungry—"

"Pedro will skin it for you," said Domingo. "That takes only two or three minutes."

"All right," said Mr. Hale. "Dinner can wait to-day. We will dispose of the snake first."

Domingo spoke to Pedro, who had joined the crowd. With a cheerful grunt, the Indian took a large knife from his pocket and opened it. It had a long, sharp blade, with which he first cut off the head of the snake; then turning back the skin of the neck very carefully, so as not to break it, he rolled it from the firm white flesh like a stocking. After flinging the carcass and head far into the bushes, he turned the skin back very gently and deftly to the right side. It was beautifully marked in regular diamonds of grey and black, with a rich streak of brown at the edge of every diamond. There were fifteen rattles and a button, indicating that the snake was in its sixteenth year.

"Now, Walter," said his father, "if you wish, you can keep the rattles just as they are,—that is, if you want to retain this skin as a souvenir of your first experience in snake-slaying. In that case, I presume you would want to hang it on the wall somewhere. But if you desire to make a belt of it—that could easily be made into two belts—you will be obliged to remove the rattles."

"But, father," said Walter, "you forget that it is not *my* snake. Half of it is Xavier's. We can each have a belt and divide the rattles."

"No, no!" exclaimed Mr. Simonson, who for some moments had been standing on the outskirts of the group. "It would be a pity to cut that magnificent skin in two. Xavier does not care for it. Let Walter have it."

"Yes, that is what I was going to say," added Xavier. "It was only for fun that I went. I would not divide it. But I should like one of the rattles."

"Walter shall have one mounted in

silver for you," said Mr. Hale. "When you have a watch you can wear it as a charm."

"I already have one," replied the boy. "It was my mother's. I do not wear it yet, but some day I shall."

Walter was elated at the way things had turned out, and thanked both Xavier and the rabbi.

"I won't cut up this fellow," he said. "I'll wait till the next for my belt. I'm going to keep Mr. Rattlesnake—or his skin—as long as I live."

"Now to cure it," said Domingo. "We must do that at once."

"How do you do it?" asked Walter.

"There are two ways. I don't say we can do as well as those who know the trade; but it is as the Indians have always cured them, and the Indians are clever. Either you cut the skin open and soak it in alum water and pin it to a tree, where it is left till it is dry; or this way that we are going to do. You fill the skin with wood ashes, tight like a sausage, and so leave it for several days. Then you cut open the skin and empty the ashes. It makes a better shape that way."

"But where are the wood ashes?" asked Walter.

"Over yonder where some campers made a brush fire every night," said Domingo. "Come!"

Leading the crowd, in which neither Mr. Hale nor the rabbi joined, Domingo strode quickly through the trees till he came to an open clearing where lay a large pile of ashes. In a few moments the "father of the rattlesnakes," stuffed from end to end, was brought back in triumph by Walter and hung up to dry on the limb of a tree in front of the tent. Pedro went off grinning with a "quarter" in his pocket, and Walter hurried to wash his hands. The eggs and bacon which his father had prepared during his absence smelt very appetizing after the adventure of the morning.

(To be continued.)

A Dog that Can Read.

We hear of a collie dog belonging to an English nobleman of which it may be truly said that he has learned to read. Three cards were provided, marked respectively "Food," "Drink," and "Out." The first he would lay at his master's feet when hungry, the second when thirsty, the third when he wished to take a walk. He was trained to do this trick in less than a month. The food card was placed over his food which he was not allowed to touch until he took the card to his master, and similar methods were used with the requests for a drink and a ramble. The cards were alike as to shape and color, so Master Doggie must really have learned to read.

The Children's Procession in Hamburg.

About four hundred years ago, when the city of Hamburg was besieged, as a last resort the children of the city were sent to ask mercy of their enemies. They went out from the city walls, clad in white, singing, and bearing cherry blossoms in their hands,—conquering their foes by their innocence. To this day the city annually commemorates this appeal of the children by processions in which the little ones have chief place, singing and carrying branches as in the days of old.

A Curious Circumstance.

In a graveyard in Germany there is a grave covered by a large stone upon which are inscribed the words, "Let no human hands open this sepulchre." But the stone cracked slightly: a seed found a resting-place in the crevice, and, sprouting and developing into a large tree, opened the grave. The tree is now dying. When it has entirely decayed the stone will close again.

With Authors and Publishers.

—This month's obituary includes the name of M. Paul Mame, the well-known publisher of Tours. The firm of which he was a member was founded about a century ago by his grandfather and is of world-wide celebrity. M. Mame was in his seventieth year. The reverend clergy everywhere, who are indebted to him for so many excellent liturgical publications, will not forget him in their prayers *R. I. P.*

—Devout persons who relish the Holy Rosary, and especially the heads of families in which that beautiful devotion is still the common evening prayer, would do well to supply themselves with the meditations of the Very Rev. Arthur Canon Ryan on "The Holy Rosary." They are so brief that one of them might be read before each mystery without noticeably prolonging the exercise. Published inexpensively by the C. T. S., San Francisco.

—"Felix Æternus; or, The Christmas Bride," is an operetta by A. F. Klarmann and G. L. Hahn, published by Pustet & Co. The tone is religious and the argument has to do with a sick child, a poverty-stricken mother, charitable friends, and, as the title indicates, with "Felix Æternus." Libretto and music are in keeping. From March Brothers, (Lebanon, Ohio) comes a song for boys, a pathetic composition entitled "Don't be so Rough, Jim: I can't Play To-night."

—The Catholic Truth Society, London, send us a new publication which is sure of a good reception—The Acts of the Apostles, with numerous excellent notes. The plan of publishing the Gospels and other portions of the Bible in separate volumes is much to be commended. The Book of the Acts illustrates the spirit of the Church, affords an insight into her constitution, and shows the expansion of her hierarchical system. It is rightly called the key of the Gospels. The present edition is very acceptable in every way.

—In "A Catholic Ideal" (published by R. & T. Washbourne, and in this country by Benziger Brothers) Mr. Charles T. Gatty explains the meaning of human life as interpreted by the Church. He starts out by assuming that we exist upon a material planet, that the testimony of our senses is valid for practical purposes, that we have come into a society of beings like ourselves, with traditions inherited from a remote past, and that in due season we, like our predecessors, shall pass away. Assuming these simple verities, Mr. Gatty proceeds to consider the testimony they reveal concerning the meaning of existence. In explaining his own convictions he is at pains not to wound those of others. The Meaning of Human Life would, perhaps, have been a better title for

this address, which was given last year to the members of the Ancoats Brotherhood. Mr. Gatty is a convert to the Church, and well known in England as a lecturer on antiquities, etc. This pamphlet should be widely circulated, but we fear the price asked for it by the American agents will militate against its success.

—The name Hartvig Nissen is one to conjure with in physical culture circles. His late work, "Rational Home Gymnastics," published by E. H. Bacon & Co., Boston, Mass., will be of service to teachers of gymnastics, as well as to students in physical training. The movements are carefully graded, and throughout the suggestions of Dr. Nissen justify his use of the term "rational" in the title of his book.

—"The Mercy Manual," containing the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin and the Office for the Dead, and the prayers used daily by the Sisters of Mercy, has been compiled by "Mercedes," and published at St. Xavier's Convent, Beatty, Pa. The book is practically a *vade mecum* for all Sisters of Mercy, and has many features which commend it to nuns in general. The size is convenient; and the binding, artistic as well as durable, makes it a delight to handle the book.

—Dr. Maurice Francis Egan has edited Newman's great poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," for use in schools. Dr. Egan is always thoroughly Catholic in spirit, and the publishers (Longmans, Green & Co.) have been well-advised in selecting an editor so completely in sympathy with his text. The introduction (20 pp.) affords a quantity of information about the poem and its author, and the annotation is abundant enough. The proofreader is doubtless responsible for some eccentricities of scansion on the last page. It would be an advantage, too, if the Litany and Prayers for a Departing Spirit were published in full as an appendix. Price, 30 cts.

—The late Theodore Mommsen is entitled to a place among the great historians of the world. His intellect was extraordinarily keen and active, his erudition vast and varied, while his power of analysis and correlation was the admiration of his most distinguished colleagues. He was, besides, a man of affairs, and played a conspicuous part in the drama of modern German politics. Naturally a man of such intense concentration and preoccupation was absent-minded, and droll stories are told of his failure to recognize his own children and of his being obliged to ask them their names when they came to speak to him. "It is authentic," says the Springfield *Republican*, "that he put his first baby into

the waste-paper basket and covered it up because it cried." In spite of his own great learning and experience, however, Prof. Mommsen lacked breadth and tolerance. He protested against the appointment of Dr. Spahn to a chair in the University of Strasburg on no better ground than that Spahn, being a Catholic, could not possibly be an impartial student of history. In other ways, too, he showed partisan spirit where Catholic interests were concerned.

—There is no one now living, perhaps, who had the honor of figuring in Newman's "Apologia." Probably the last was the late Canon Bernard Smith, who is referred to merely as "B. S." in that great book. Canon Smith was in his ninetyeth year when he died and had been a priest for fifty-three years. He was rather closely identified with the Tractarian Movement, and it must have been a big sacrifice for one in his position to give up \$3000 a year and a free house when he became a Catholic in the early Forties. But Canon Smith belonged to a sturdy stock of men. Despite his advanced age, he steadily refused the assistance of a curate until three years ago. *R. I. P.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- Rational Home Gymnastics. *Hartvig Nissen.* \$1.
Where Saints have Trod. *M. D. Petre.* 50 cts., net.
What the Church Teaches. *Rev. Edwin Drury.* 30 cts.
Worldly Wisdom for the Catholic Youth. *Mentor.* 35 cts.
The Mass and Its Folklore. *John Hobson Matthews.* 10 cts.
Humpty Dumpty and Other Stories. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.
One Ring Circus and Other Stories. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.
Light for New Times. *Margaret Fletcher.* 50 cts., net.
The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service. *Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J.* 50 cts., net.

- Some Essentials in Musical Definitions. *M. F. McConnell.* \$1.
English History for Catholic Schools. *E. Wyatt-Davies.* \$1.10.
Instinct and Intelligence. *Rev. E. Wasmann, S. J.* \$1.
Monasteries and Religious Houses of Great Britain and Ireland. *Francesca M. Steele.* \$1.75, net.
Christian Apologetics. *Rev. W. Devrier, S. J.—Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer.* \$1.75, net.
The Same. In Two Volumes. *Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J.* \$2.50, net.
Short Sermons on Christian Doctrine. *P. Hehel, S. J.* \$1.50, net.
Sermons from the Latins. *Rev. James J. Baxter, D. D.* \$2.
Oxford and Cambridge Conferences. Second Series. *Joseph Rickaby, S. J.* \$1.35, net.
The Ecclesiastical Year. *Rev. Andreas Petz.* 40 cts., net.
Memoirs of a Child. *Annie Steger Winston.* \$1.
The Untrained Nurse. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Vincent Bertolino, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. T. J. Whalen, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Charles Bollian, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Father Timothy and Brother Conrad, O. S. B.

Sister M. Nicholas, of the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word.

Mr. M. B. Garcia, of Laredo, Texas; Dr. William Keenan, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Stephen Streuber, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. John Hickey, Pretty Prairie, Kansas; Mr. J. B. Myers, Creston, Iowa; Miss Catherine Shea, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Mr. Richard Collins, Grass Valley, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Clifford, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Matthew Loftus, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Boyle, Newport, R. I.; Mr. J. R. May, Norfolk, Va.; Miss Bridgett McDermott, Chicopee, Mass.; Mr. Roger Hines and Mrs. John McGee, Pittston, Pa.; Miss Rose Kleiber, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McAvoy, and Mr. James Roach, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Catherine Synan, Fall River, Mass.; Mr. Eugene McGann, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Joseph Dickgeisser, Derby, Conn.; Mrs. Agnes McCann, Bunker Hill, Mich.; Miss Mary Holloway and Mr. Patrick McGrath, Muskegon, Mich.; Mrs. Anna Eggert, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Patrick Carey, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.; Mr. Albert Smith, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. John Hynes, Mrs. Mary Harrington, and Mrs. Mary Walsh, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. John Niland, Jr., Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Anne Sarstelle, Manchester, N. H.; and Mrs. Edward King, Stamford, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Sunset.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

BATHED in a glory lie the hills. Afar
The brazen shafts leap up to heaven's gate.
Low lying in the sky a crimson bar,
Sapphire-tipped and filmy. One bold star
Gleams out, then dies before the sun's fierce hate.

Reluctantly the monarch sinks from view
In sullen pomp. His blood-red robe aglow
Like wine that's spilled. Upon its edge a few
Shy diamonds glitter, glowing like the dew
When moonlight shimmers and the winds are low.

An azure sea out in the western sky.
Dun-colored boats are drifting here and there;
No helm nor rudder, fashioned carelessly,
So quickly to dissolve before the eye,
And leave us wondering why they ever were.

The firefly lights his lamp down in the glen;
The glowworm's lantern gleams upon the sod;
While shadows gather over field and fen.
And closed in sleep the weary eyes of men,
And over all the sleepless Eye of God.

Thoughts on Our Patronal Feast.

ONE day when Moses led his flock toward the desert of Mount Horeb, the Lord appeared to him in a burning bush surrounded by flames. Seeing that the bush burned without being consumed, Moses said: "I will go and see this great sight—why the bush is not burnt." (Exod., iii, 3.)

A daughter of Adam, the child of a fallen and sullied race, appears before us, in the language of the heavenly

spouse, all beautiful and spotless. Let us examine this wonderful privilege: it will be well to consider it first in itself and in its nature, and then reflect for a moment on its reasonableness and propriety.

The mystery of the Immaculate Conception is that exceptional privilege by which the Virgin of Nazareth was, from the moment of her conception, preserved immaculate, or uncontaminated by original sin. A daughter of Adam, Mary was subject to the common law, and exposed to that stain which falls as a malediction on all the posterity of a guilty father; for it is written in the Sacred Books that Adam begot sons and daughters after his own image and likeness; so that all men must say with the Royal Prophet: "I was conceived in iniquities; and in sins did my mother conceive me."

But was the degradation of such an origin compatible with the mysterious destiny of Mary? No. From all eternity the Incarnation of the Word and His great work were foreseen in the divine counsels, together with the fall of man; and from all eternity, also, Mary was specially predestinated to give the Word Incarnate His virginal flesh. But before being the Mother of the Son of God she was the privileged daughter of the Father, who had her eternally present in His mind, who begot her mysteriously before all creatures. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything from the beginning." The Holy Ghost, on the other hand,

made her His mystical spouse, reserving to Himself the day marked for the Annunciation, on which He would descend on her, and operate what Clement of Alexandria calls "that divine prodigy, that divine novelty—a virgin-mother."

Who does not understand the reasons, the propriety, which claim for the Blessed Virgin an existence altogether pure, an immaculate conception? She alone is not here in question, but God Himself. It is God the Father, that can not consent, by delivering Mary over to the evil spirit through original sin, to deliver to His mortal enemy the privileged daughter of His eternal tenderness; it is God the Holy Ghost, that can not suffer in the heart of His mystical spouse that stain which would most afflict His heart; it is God the Son, that would come forth like a ray from the Morning Star; it is the august Trinity, who, in associating Mary to their greatest victory over the demon, could not for a single instant leave it in the power of the prince of darkness to call her his slave.

In the wars of France with the Emperor Charles V., the Constable de Bourbon went over to the Emperor. The Marquis of Vilane, one of the great lords of the day, being asked by the Emperor to lend his palace to the Constable for a time, answered: "Sire, I can refuse nothing to your Majesty; but if the Duke of Bourbon lodges in my palace, I will set fire to it as soon as he has left, as to a place contaminated by treason, which can no longer be inhabited by a man of honor." How could the Son of God, Himself true God, dwell in Mary if she had been, even were it only for a single instant, the dwelling-place of Satan? For the honor of God, as St. Augustine says, we must exempt the Blessed Virgin from the general law; and when there is question of sin we can not mention her.

Without doubt, admitting the transmission of original sin to all mankind,

and the human generation of Mary, the Immaculate Conception is a mystery the secret of which surpasses our understanding. We may ask how Mary escaped a stain which belonged to her very origin; but the secret of this preservation is not more mysterious than the secret of the transmission of the original taint. Explain the rule in virtue of which original sin infects all mankind, and then, as a Christian philosopher declares, we shall be able to explain the exemption of Mary. Whether we suppose that Mary was separated from the general mass of humankind by a special disposition of the Creator, or whether we represent her to ourselves as forming a part of the general mass but distinguished from it by a special grace, it always remains true that the divine honor, which was concerned in her origin as well as in her destiny, does not permit her to be involved in the universal malediction; and what the honor of God demands, His supreme will and power can effect. In other words: without taking upon ourselves to argue with the divine will and power against what it was becoming that God should do for Mary, let it suffice for us to say that God did it, and the fact in this case is not less striking for its truth than for its propriety.

The truth of the Immaculate Conception is written on the first page of the Sacred Books with the history of the original stain: "I will put enmities between thee and the Woman, and thy seed and her seed," said the Lord God to the demon, who had disguised himself in the form of serpent; "she shall crush thy head." Either this oracle has no reference to Mary, notwithstanding the entire series of prophecies in regard to the Messias, which are but its development,—notwithstanding the interpretation of the Church and of all commentators,—or it implies the privilege of the Immaculate Conception. It we suppose Mary to have been for one

THE AVE MARIA.

instant subject to the demon by original sin, then their radical opposition and enmity disappear. That the oracle be fulfilled, it is necessary that, as soon as the serpent attempts to raise his head against Mary, she should crush it: she should escape his empire entirely; and even before breathing the breath of life—in her mother's womb—she should make him feel that natural enmity which is ever to exist between them.

Under what a countless number of figures is Mary Immaculate presented to us both in the Old and in the New Testament! She was prefigured by the Ark of Noe, which escaped the general deluge uninjured; by the closed garden mentioned in the Canticle of Canticles, the enclosure of which nothing could violate, and into which no artifice could introduce corruption; by the virtuous Esther, who by a solitary exception was not comprised in the decree of death issued by her spouse against the entire Jewish race to which she belonged; by that new tabernacle, not made by the hands of men, through which St. Paul beholds the Pontiff of future blessings, Jesus Christ, enter; by the new Jerusalem, which the prophet of the Apocalypse beheld descending from heaven like a spouse awaiting her husband, and which a voice from the sanctuary declared to be the tabernacle wherein God wished to dwell amongst men.

Who does not know of the glowing words of the holy Fathers proclaiming the same belief throughout the Church? Irenæus, Ephrem, Ambrose, Augustine, Bernard, Justin, vie with one another in calling the Blessed Virgin a lily among thorns, a virgin earth, an incorruptible mass, which the leaven of sin never spoiled; the fountain of grace; the immaculate sheep, Mother of the Lamb without spot.

We must also remember that living book called Tradition, which proclaims as loudly as the Sacred Books the belief in the Immaculate Conception. To those

who one day asked in what book the Salic law was written, the answer was returned: "In the hearts of the French people." If, laying aside the Scriptures and tradition, any one should ask, where is the dogma of the Immaculate Conception written? we might in like manner reply, in the hearts of Christians; that is to say, in that epistle of Jesus Christ spoken of by St. Paul, which is written not with ink but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone but in the fleshy tables of the heart.

But what sets the seal on the testimony of the Scriptures and the Fathers and Doctors, and on the faith of the generations that have gone before us, is the authority of the Church; it is that solemn decision of the successor of Peter, the Vicar of Christ—of the immortal Pius IX., of glorious memory, when, surrounded by two hundred bishops, and arising in all the plenitude of his infallible authority, he decreed that "the doctrine which holds that the most Blessed Virgin Mary was, by a singular grace and privilege of Almighty God, in consideration of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the human race, preserved from all stain of original sin, was revealed by God, and is therefore to be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful."

And we still remember with what enthusiasm, with what outpourings of joy and jubilation, this decree electrified the Catholic world from one extremity to the other. What meant those transports of joy and those feasts celebrated in honor of Mary? What signified those crowns and garlands of flowers and lights with which the statues and pictures of the august Virgin were surrounded on that day, in the humble village chapel as well as in the grand basilica? What but that myriads of voices and of hearts were united in proclaiming, with the great and saintly Pontiff, that Mary was conceived without sin?

[The Heart of a Woman.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XII.

A YOUNG woman had been warming some milk on a small alcohol stove for her infant child, and, unfortunately, the stove had overturned, setting fire to her light dress. Crazy with fright, as were nearly all the occupants of the car—consisting almost entirely of women,—she had dashed up and down the aisle, communicating the flames to all with whom she came in contact. Before assistance could come from the outside the woodwork of the car was on fire, and it was soon in ruins. We shall not dilate upon its horrors.

When, after fighting through the crowd, Daulnay reached the burned car, from which the others had been detached and shunted backward to a siding, he found shrieking and hysterical women, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, running all about, wringing their hands like a company of lunatics. It was with great difficulty he had forced his way so far. "My wife is there," he would say to the officials who wished to hold him back; and at the words the crowd would endeavor to give him passage through their undisciplined ranks.

"Have any lives been lost?" asked Daulnay, when at last he stood beside the blazing fragments.

"So it is said," replied a porter. "The woman whose confounded alcohol stove caused the fire is missing, with her child, and I believe several others. However, I do not think there were many. Some of the missing ones, no doubt, have run out of sight in their terror, and will return. But it is probably true about the first woman."

Daulnay, removing himself from the crowd, sat down on a bank to consider what he should do. His wife had been in the burned car,—of that he was

convinced. Helpless as she was at the very sight of fire, however distant, he felt satisfied she had been a victim. But hours must elapse before he could ascertain the truth. Meantime he would return to his family and send them home, if it were possible that it could be done,—if the uninjured portion of the train was returning. He did not think it likely that any of the excursionists would feel like continuing the journey.

Once more retracing his steps, he found the train making ready for departure. It would be impossible, said the officials, to clear the track in less than three hours. By that time the review, the chief incident of the day, would be over. All were advised to go back,—their money would be refunded. The majority were in favor of this step: they had lost all heart for enjoyment. Yet, strange to say, there were those among the pleasure-seekers who, grumbling that their holiday had been interrupted, were clamorous that they might be permitted to pursue their journey.

When Daulnay reached the compartment where he had left his children, with strict injunctions not to stir from their places till he returned, he found that Albert had disobeyed him; but the girls, huddled together in one seat, awaited his arrival in a tremor of anxiety.

"Where is mamma?" cried Lucie as he approached. Aliette could not utter a word.

"I have not found her," he answered, as calmly as he could. "There is a great crowd down there near the burned car. It was full of women. Most of them ran out when the alarm came; three or four jumped off while it was still running."

"Mamma would have done that," said Aliette. "Did you see any of them, papa? Where are they? Oh, let me go and find my darling mother!"

"She was not one of them," said Daulnay. "She has probably gone across

the fields, in her fright. You must all go home. Where is Albert?"

"He went almost as soon as you were out of sight," replied Elise. "We do not know where he is."

"Well, he will have to do the best he can if he misses this train," said Daulnay. "I am going back, and shall take a later train—with your mother, I hope."

"Surely yes," said Aliette. "She would never go so far that she could not be found. As soon as she came to herself she would return."

"I don't know about that," rejoined Daulnay. "She becomes so terrified at the very thought of fire that she might go a long distance before realizing what she was doing, and I think it unlikely that she would return of her own free will. But I must go back and look for her. Do not be alarmed: she will be found,—if not to-day, certainly to-morrow. There are a good many farm-houses in the neighborhood; she will be sure to have taken refuge in one of them."

Daulnay was very pale; his hands were trembling; there was a new intonation in his voice. His children had never seen him so gentle; he looked sorrowful; they felt nearer to him than ever before.

"Papa, let me go with you," pleaded Aliette. "Mamma will be so exhausted, so discomposed! Let me go with you to find her. Elise can return with Lucie."

"No, Aliette," replied Daulnay. "It may be a day or two before your mother is found. Everything is in confusion down there. You must go home. Take care of your sisters. Albert will be somewhere about. If he does not return this afternoon, you may rest assured he is with me."

Aliette said no more, but her heart was almost breaking. Elise, dry-eyed and pale, sat rigidly looking out of the window. Lucie was weeping on her sister's shoulder,

"The train is about to start: I must go," said Daulnay, turning abruptly away to hide the tears which had risen to his eyes.

Accustomed to obey, the girls silently watched his departure. He remained in the vicinity till the train was out of sight, then went back, with several others, to the scene of the catastrophe, from which the greater portion of the spectators had melted away. He found Albert close to the wrecked car; and, preoccupied as he was, forgot to reprove him. The sight of the boy was welcome, for he felt greatly perturbed.

"Father," said Albert, "several women were burned. They have found them."

"Your mother?" exclaimed Daulnay in terror.

"Oh, no, no! I think it is certain she is not there."

Daulnay went over to the spot, around which a curious group had assembled, but speedily turned away. He saw in a few swift glances that his wife was not among the charred wrecks of humanity there lying. He heaved a sigh of relief.

"Come, boy," he said. "Let us make our way up to the road and see what we can learn there. She has fled in her great fright, and we shall have to look for her."

Albert followed his father. Climbing the bank, they reached a low stone wall surrounding an orchard. A path ran through it toward a low-roofed stone farm-house in the distance. A group of men were standing under a large apple tree, conversing. There was no need of inquiring the nature of the topic that had brought them together. Daulnay and his son stood on the outskirts of the group. The men nodded and went on with their conversation. One of them at least had been on the burning car.

"Were you there?" inquired Daulnay. "Were you a passenger?"

"Yes," responded the other. "And if that woman had not been sheer crazy

she would have been alive at this moment. But she ran like a lighted match up and down the aisle, setting fire to everything."

"Why did not the men do something?" asked Daulnay.

"They did all they could. They beat out the flames from the clothing of all the women they could get hold of. There were only four of us in the compartment."

"I am looking for my wife. She was there, and I can not find her," said Daulnay.

The men looked interested.

"What was she like?" asked the first speaker, with some reserve. "You know—down there—there are some who—" He hesitated.

"Yes," answered Daulnay. "I have looked. She is not among them, thank God! She is very timid. An accident by fire has made her so. If she could do it, she got away, and is wandering about distractedly somewhere. I thought perhaps she might have taken refuge in yonder farm-house."

"That is my house," said another of the group. "She is not there. I have just come from home. I have understood that everyone is accounted for."

"She is not," replied Daulnay. "You may perhaps have noticed her," he went on, turning to the man who had been in the car.

"What was she like?" said the other.

"Small, delicate, refined—quite pretty."

"How dressed? In white? I am in the dry-goods business, Monsieur, and observe those things."

Daulnay looked at his son. If his life had depended upon it, he could not have told what Louise had worn.

"She was dressed in white," replied the boy. "She wore a yellow straw-hat trimmed with black lace."

"I saw her," said the man at once. "She came in alone and found a seat at the very end, near the door. She looked sad, and I found myself com-

passionating her loneliness. She had not the air of a pleasure-seeker, and I wondered—"

"You were presumptuous, Monsieur, to wonder!" flashed Daulnay, the dark blood rising to his brow. "Did she invite your criticism by any act or look of hers, may I inquire, Monsieur?"

"You must be crazy, man!" replied the other, tolerantly. "Your anxiety has sent your wits astray. I am a family man myself, Monsieur, and have a good little wife at home, who—"

"I beg pardon!" answered Jean Daulnay, hastily. "I really did not mean to be rude."

"No harm done,—no harm," said the dry-goods clerk. "I will merely add that at Charnier I observed that lady looking out of the window, and after that I saw her no more. I presumed she got off there."

"No, she did not," said Daulnay. "We were going to Cherbourg on that accursed excursion. Probably she changed her seat about that time."

"Yes, that may be," said the other.

"I have not the least idea what to do or where to go now," said Daulnay, abruptly turning his back on his new acquaintance. "Come, Albert: we will go down the bank again. We may learn something there,—see some stragglers returning from their flight. Come, boy,—come!"

Albert bowed politely; the man returned his salutation, saying to his companions as the pair walked away:

"I'll bet you that poor woman will catch it when he finds her. I don't wonder at her running as far as possible from such a churl as that."

Daulnay's mood had already suffered a revulsion. Fully satisfied now that Louise had not met her death on the train, he began to accuse her, as he had always done, of a lack of self-possession, of a culpable timidity, which was about to give him more cause of complaint than ever.

Albert walked on beside him, equally perplexed but not equally disturbed.

"Father," he said after some moments, "what became of Richard? Did you see him the first time you went up to the wreck?"

"No, I did not."

"What could have become of him?"

"That is true,—what? He was in the same compartment as your mother. There was a great crowd: I did not see everybody."

"But if he was in the same compartment, he would have looked after her. Find Richard and you find mamma."

"What do you mean, boy?" exclaimed Daulnay, turning fiercely upon him.

"What do I mean? Just that. He would have taken her somewhere."

Daulnay stood halfway down the embankment, undecided; at length he turned back, vaulted the stone wall and in a few long strides presented himself before the group of men.

"Did you see a young man about twenty-six years of age talking to my wife on the train?" he inquired abruptly.

"No, Monsieur," was the reply. "She spoke with no one, but sat alone, as I told you."

"Was there such a young man there?"

"It is possible. I can not say."

"You are not so observant of your own sex, Monsieur, as of the fairer," rejoined Daulnay, curtly. "There was such a person there as I describe."

"If it were not, as I remarked before, that your wits have gone astray by reason of your anxiety, Monsieur, I would treat you as you deserve."

(To be continued.)

The Immaculate Conception.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

PRaise God the Holy Ghost, whose breath
Creates the dwelling undefiled,
Whereto the Lord of Hosts will come
In likeness of a little Child!

Gerald Griffin.

THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

THE twelfth day of the twelfth month of this present year of Our Lord, 1903, is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the good and gifted man whom Ireland is fond of calling, with unconscious alliteration, her gentle Gerald Griffin. He was born December 12, 1803. Only a hundred years ago. How far even one poor century exceeds the average span of human existence! How long it seems since Gerald Griffin departed from this world! Three other gifted souls were born into it that same year, 1803: John Henry Newman, Orestes Brownson, and James Clarence Mangan. Cardinal Newman lived on till 1890; Gerald Griffin had gone to his eternal reward fifty years before. Mangan indeed survived Griffin only seven years; yet, somehow, one thinks of the author of "Dark Rosaleen" as belonging more to our own time, perhaps from his connection with Young Ireland, which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy (who has only just left us) strove so strenuously to the last to keep before the memory of his countrymen and the world.

Nevertheless, however it may be with some readers of this page, the writer of it has no excuse for placing Gerald Griffin so far back in the forgotten Past. When I made his birthplace my home for some happy years about 1860, there were many reminders of him in Limerick. There was no "Gerald Griffin Street" then, as there is now; but they might rather, one should think, have given that name to Brunswick Street, in which Gerald lived till 1810. His brother and (quite unusual for a brother) his very successful biographer, Dr. Daniel Griffin, was the physician of our community; and his youngest son, another Gerald

Griffin, was one of the first pupils of the newly-founded Jesuit College.*—By the way, was this son of Patrick and Ellen Griffin the first of the family to bear that baptismal name? For his sake it has become universal among the Griffins.

No doubt it was a fortunate circumstance for our young poet, though arising out of business misfortunes, that in his seventh year the family removed to a country place called Fairy Lawn, on the bank of the Shannon, twenty-eight miles nearer to the Atlantic. The best of his literary work shows the vivid impressions made upon him by the scenes and the people among whom his boyhood was thus passed. Ten years later his father and mother went much farther to the west and crossed the Atlantic itself; settling first in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, at a place to which they gave the beloved old name "Fairy Lawn"; just as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy called his Australian home "Letnamard," from the Monaghan village in which his mother was born.

Remembering where these lines are to be printed, I will add a few particulars about this little American colony. The eldest daughter of the household had preceded them. After her marriage with Mr. Edward White of Limerick, the young couple went to the United States, where their son James became Judge White. His wife, Rhoda Waterman, became a fervent Catholic. From her "Life of Jenny White del Bal"—her saintly daughter, who married Don Bernardino del Bal, of Santiago de Veragua, in New Grenada, and died young—we learn that of Gerald Griffin's American nieces Ellen, the eldest, became

a Sister of Charity, like that aunt at home in Ireland to whom the poet addressed the beautiful lines that are best known of all his poems; Anastasia and Kate entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville; and Anne and the youngest girl, Geraldine (we know where she got her name), found their happy home in the Visitation Convent, Georgetown. It is plain that Gerald Griffin's eldest sister had carried her Irish faith and piety from the valley of the Shannon to the valley of the Chenango.

Gerald himself was not among these Irish exiles. The world would have lost much if he had been, no matter how he might have prospered; though he might have lived longer and died a richer man. We think that everything happened best for his fame, even his early trials and his premature death. The emigrants left behind them in the dear old land William Griffin, who had just qualified as a doctor and had settled at Adare; and with him were to stay, besides Gerald, two sisters—one of them very delicate,—and the youngest brother, Daniel.

This sojourn at Adare was another stage of the young poet's education. There are few more interesting spots in Ireland than this Limerick village. Through the richly wooded grounds of Adare Manor the river Maigue flows on to the not distant Shannon. Well preserved churches of the Franciscans, Augustinians, and Trinitarians cluster together. Two of them have been restored for divine worship, and others are ivied ruins. These sacred associations may have had some influence in predisposing some of those who breathed this air to return to the old Faith. Lord Dunraven and his brother-in-law, the first Lord Emly, became Catholics; and so did the three brothers, Sir Vere de Vere, Stephen de Vere, and the poet Aubrey de Vere.

There is in Gerald Griffin's poetry many a fond allusion to "sweet Adare,"

* In after years he became a barrister; but we suspect that the fact that he was Gerald Griffin's nephew had as much to do as his legal standing with his being chosen from among many competitors for the post of Resident Magistrate by Mr. John Morley when Chief Secretary for Ireland. Gladstone's biographer loves literature more than politics.

though he did not long enjoy its peaceful charms. There was question of his becoming a doctor also, like his elder brother, and like his younger brother afterward; but his literary vocation was too strong. It took at first, as with many another, the form of journalism. At an age which to us nowadays seems pathetically and yet ludicrously premature, he was not only reporter but leader-writer and editor of a Limerick newspaper. He had gone through this experience before his London life began; and *that* began in his twentieth year. With a little money in his pocket—as much as his brother, the young country doctor, could make up for him,—and with a tragedy or two in his trunk, he boldly faced the great, cruel world of London, in the autumn of 1823, before his twentieth birthday.

Two years younger than our Irish youth, Thomas Chatterton had entered London fifty-three years before him, in 1770; two years older than Griffin, David Gray came to London thirty-seven years after him, in 1860. England, Ireland, and Scotland,—all the three on the same errand and just as scantily equipped. The “marvellous boy” from Bristol poisoned himself in despair after a few months; the weaver’s son from near Glasgow had three true friends, but he died, not of poverty but of consumption,—so rapidly that the first proof sheet of his poems reached him only the day before his death—December 3, 1861. Our gentle Gerald Griffin went through just as great hardships, but he made a braver fight and triumphed.

It was the fault of his own sensitive delicacy that he suffered so long. Even on the spot there was one who would gladly have come to the rescue. John Banim, who is now remembered for his simple song “Soggarth Aroon” rather than for his powerful tales, was anxious to befriend his young countryman; but poor Gerald, in the depth of his distress, carried his spirit of independence to

extravagant lengths and would not let his privations be known. Even to his mother, solicitous about him in her exile, he could not bring himself to write at all till he should be able to give a somewhat better account of himself; and that was not till he had spent five wearing, wasting years in London. October 12, 1825, he writes from 15 Paddington Street to his “dear, ever dear father and mother” a long, affectionate letter, confessing at last what he had gone through:

“Until within a short time back, I have not had since I left Ireland a single moment’s peace of mind,—constantly, constantly running backward and forward, and trying a thousand expedients, only to meet disappointments everywhere I turned. It may perhaps appear strange and unaccountable to you, but I could not sit down to tell you only that I was in despair of ever being able to do anything in London, as was the fact for a long time. I never will think or talk upon the subject again. It was a year such as I did not think it possible I could have outlived, and the very recollection of it puts me into the horrors.”

While he was actually enduring these horrors, he kept up with (may I say?) heroic untruthfulness a hopeful tone in his letters to his brother William; all the more because Dr. Griffin was in ill health at this time. “At present let me distinctly say that I am not in want of money.” But his almost broken heart found vent in these pathetic lines:

My soul is sick and lone,
No social ties its love entwine;
A heart upon a desert thrown
Beats not in solitude like mine:
For though the pleasant sunlight shine,
It shows no form that I may own,
And closed to me is friendship’s shrine.
I am alone,—I am alone!

Why hath my soul been given
A zeal to soar at higher things
Than quiet rest,—to seek a heaven,
And fall with scathed heart and wings?

Have I been blest? The sea-wave sings
 'Tween me and all that was mine own;
 I've found the joy ambition brings,
 And walk alone! and walk alone!

I have a heart. I'd live
 And die for him whose worth I knew;
 But could not clasp his hand and give
 My full heart forth, as talkers do.
 And they who loved me, the kind few,
 Believed me changed in heart and tone,
 And left me, while it burned as true,
 To die alone,—to die alone!

And such shall be my day
 Of life, unfriended, cold and dead;
 My hope shall slowly wear away
 As all my young affections fled.
 No kindred hand shall grace my head
 When life's last flickering light is gone,
 And I shall find a silent bed,
 And die alone,—and die alone!

(Conclusion next week.)

In All the World Alone.

BY ALICE RICHARDSON.

"NO, we shall board," Mrs. Hamlin explained to her friends, after the wedding journey. "Household cares are stupid and narrowing. Nature intended woman for a broader life."

And the so-called broader life passed pleasantly throughout the winter, in social diversions and care-free days.

One morning, when the earth was warm with love, giving forth of its inward springtime beauty in fragrant flowers, tidings were borne to what should have been Mrs. Hamlin's heart; but her "broader life" had not been conducive to heart-growth, and there was nothing in her soul to respond joyously to the message that should have thrilled her with awe.

Rebellious thoughts crowded fast into her mind.

"How unfortunate!" she muttered. "It will spoil our charming life, and must not be!"

And the coming winter found her still an empty-armed favorite of society;

and no one knew that in the depths of her soul there was a spot that could never be washed away.

The months passed onward. One afternoon, with merry companions, she was yachting upon the bay. The sun flashed brightly upon the water. Sea-gulls flew lazily overhead. The flapping sails made a pleasant undertone to the laughter and joyous words of the congenial yachters.

The vessel was near the shore, where close to the water's edge was a little drab-colored house with green shutters and mossy roof. This home, with the brown hills behind and the sun-touched bay in front, made a harmony of colors attractive to one alert to life's better things.

At the door, with her baby in her arms, a woman in a neat purple gown was standing. She was watching her tanned, rubber-booted husband rowing from the landing in a weather-worn boat. Her face, her attitude, and her husband's responding gesture of affectionate waving of the hand, showed a spiritual beauty, in humble setting, that appealed to an artist upon the yacht.

"A pretty picture of cottage-love, Mrs. Hamlin; don't you think so?" he said impulsively to his companion.

She laughed derisively.

"You artists are such queer people! You see beauty in rags, and nobility in a fisherman's soul."

He did not answer.

The vessel lurched suddenly, and Mrs. Hamlin, with her hand lightly resting upon the railing, was thrown into the bay. A boat was hurriedly lowered; but the fisherman, with strong, swift strokes, was first to reach the sinking woman. When she came to the surface, his brown, roughened hands dragged her into his muddy boat. With a call of explanation to the other boat, he pulled hastily to the landing, and carried her into his home.

His wife had already placed the baby

in its cradle, and was busily preparing restoratives when he entered. Patience and homely skill at last revived the unconscious woman, and she was placed in the fisherwife's bed till she should regain her full strength.

As she was going down to death in the waters of the bay, a picture of her life was flashed before her. In that moment she saw the blackness of her soul. Now, as she lay in the humble home, half sleeping, half waking, she could see through the partly-opened door of the bedroom the mother in the purple gown moving quietly about the tidy kitchen. The baby, bright-eyed and vigorous, lay in its cradle, its glance following her wherever she moved. And the mother, though busy with her household duties, smiled often at the little creature, and crooned some mother-speech, her voice soft with tenderness.

In the sunny window-seat was a wise-faced cat with her two white kittens. She seemed preoccupied with weighty thoughts, but her kittens were not forgotten. Now and then she carefully inspected them, moistened their fur with her tireless tongue, and, seeing that all was well, returned to her meditations.

These glimpses of peaceful motherhood in that wind-swept cottage aroused the dozing woman from her lethargy. Reproachful thoughts came fast. She had missed the best of life, she bitterly understood. She remembered the vision in the waters, and she moaned.

The grace of her motherhood was in the voice and in the touch of the woman in the purple gown, as she came quietly, and, holding the soft, limp fingers of the woman whose life had been for self, asked what she might do.

A sudden longing seized the childless woman, and she answered timidly:

"Will you let me hold your baby?"

The mother proudly brought it, holding it with close embrace, as she would some precious thing. The woman yearningly held out her arms; but the

baby shrank against its mother's breast, and glared as if it knew. The woman clasped her long, slim fingers over her eyes, in misery.

"The baby is right," she thought. "How dare I touch it! I am not worthy."

She returned to her "broader life," but the memory of that day was ever with her. That vision of her soul could not be crowded out by merry words and social pastimes. Day by day it haunted her with fiercer vividness. Everything she saw enhanced it. In the streets accusing sights of motherhood confronted her; at home her conscience tortured her.

Her depression could not be lightened by those about her, who knew nothing of the sorrow of her soul-depths. At last they sent her to the mountains, to seek in quiet, simple life the rest they thought she needed.

She went passively, but there it was the same. Everything reproached her with mother-love and mother-duties. The hens scratching for their little ones; the colt beside its mother, the calves, the birds, the pigeons,—nowhere could she look without the accusing sight to torture her.

One day she sat listlessly upon the porch. Her host, an enthusiastic naturalist, called cheerily from the garden:

"Here's a pretty thing, Mrs. Hamlin, I'd like to have you see."

With momentary forgetfulness of her sorrow, she stepped to him. Through the glass top of an artificial ants' nest, he showed her the motherly ants carrying their larvæ to the brightest corner of the nest, to sun them.

"Interesting!—interesting!" he said. "And here's another thing I love to see. Do watch those wise old ants helping that pupa from its cocoon! See how tenderly they smooth its wings and straighten out its legs. Doesn't it remind you of a mother helping her baby to walk?"

She turned away with haggard face.

"I am an accursed thing!" she thought. "In all the world I stand alone."

In her room were stimulants, and she drank deeply.

Again and again, in the after days, she resorted to the same perilous remedy to seek forgetfulness, until at last she became a miserable, unshapely semblance of her former self, and was forsaken by everyone.

One winter morning she was found, dying, in the street. Hands of strangers, with quick human helpfulness, carried her to shelter, where sweet-faced Sisters moved silently about the beds of pain. Upon the wall, at the foot of her bed, was a picture of the Holy Mother and Blessed Child. A Sister noticed her looking at it, then covering her eyes to hide it from view.

Her movements, and the few words she spoke, told pathetically of a lost refinement, and made the Sister wish to say some comforting thing.

"How blessed it is," she said reverently, when she saw the woman looking again at the picture, "that redemption came to us through a little Child! It makes it easier for us to meet our God."

The woman's face showed misery.

"Always a little child!" she moaned. "I can never, in all the world, escape its eyes upon my soul!"

She lay, exhausted.

After a time she suddenly brightened. She stretched out her arms eagerly, as if to clasp some one whom she saw.

"Come!" she pleaded.

Then her hands dropped heavily, and she sobbed:

"Oh, it has gone, just when I was going to touch its little hands! O God, have mercy on my soul!"

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain.

SIXTH WEEK.

SUNDAY.—Doctor Johnson in his dictionary has no definition for the word "poorhouse"; for "poorhouse," in our acceptance of the term, did not exist in his time. Had he lived in our day, he might have described it as "a colony of wretchedness."

You enter at the gateway, gate-porter there with entrance-book. The first buildings you meet are generally offices, or officers' quarters. Then there are the hospital proper and the "body" of the house. In the hospital proper are the sick. The nuns have no relation with any other part of the establishment except the girls' schools. It is a pity, but they have refused further responsibility, as too foreign to their vocation, and likely to lead to trouble.

In the "body" of the house you have the two wings, almost corresponding with each other. The able-bodied men (those who are not fit for hospital) are placed on one side; the able-bodied women on the other. The washing of the house and of all the linen and bed-clothes—which, considering the hospital patients, is an immensity—is done by the able-bodied women; whereas all the work of scavenging and cleaning, disinfecting clothes, running errands, driving horses, and burying the dead, is done by the able-bodied men.

You ask how are poor paupers buried? In a moment I will tell. But first let us pass through the principal divisions of the house.

Besides the able-bodied patients, there are the lunatic or idiotic men, and the lunatic, epileptic, and idiotic women. There are, moreover, the children,—the boys under lay teachers; infant boys under women; the girls under the nuns. Then, there are the maternity wards,—some for married, some for unmarried

A MAN ought to act as if he could do all, and to be resigned as if he could do nothing.—*Joseph de Maistre.*

mothers; there are wards for poor abandoned families; and finally the casual wards, which are reserved for vagrants or tramps.

Of all in that house, my uncharitable heart was hardened against none but some of the unmarried mothers and the tramps. The great majority of these two classes—the tramps almost without exception, and the unmarried mothers who had fallen a second time—are at present irreclaimable; and, under the system as it is now worked, are certain to continue so. Oh, for the heart of a St. Vincent de Paul going among the convicts in the galleys, or drawing with cords of love the fallen to their Redeemer! A stern hand, I used to say to myself, should be used with tramps. Again, I would have every tramp found outside of his own barony treated with great severity,—unless he could show a character of good import. Tramps are exceedingly dangerous in more ways than one when allowed to roam through the country at will. Every man who is able to work should be made to do so, and not be allowed to live upon society. Oh, for the heart of a St. Vincent de Paul!

Unmarried mothers are not, I think, treated in a proper manner. I believe there is a good deal of philosophy in what Dr. Primrose says in "The Vicar of Wakefield": "The first fall is the child of innocence, the second is the offspring of guilt." The mother of one and the mother of two children are different beings. Passing casually along by their portion of the house, I have seen them using cruelty toward their babies and children of one or two years that I could attribute only to temporary insanity: I concluded that they were under the influence of hysteria or madness. At times my presence had no effect on them, except to make them declare with a strong, rasping expletive, that 'they didn't care for priest or parson.' Their sad, sad position—duplicated,

betrayed, and rejected—would lead any compassionate heart to expect and overlook these ebullitions, if they were occasional; but the customary atmosphere of the place is one of cruelty, violence, and bitter hatred. I repeat, it has been so, and must be so while the present system of treatment is unchanged,—while no difference is made between a first and second fall. Once more, oh, for a St. Vincent!

I confess I could always feel it more easy to go even to the hospitals where the poor outcast "Magdalens" are sheltered. These were wisely divided into two classes. In one ward were "the casuals,"—those who came in, or were brought in, after an accident—a beating or a fall—with bandaged heads or broken limbs. In the other ward were those who had not stirred out for years, and who were leading within the workhouse walls lives of penance and edification. I have frequently attended cases in both wards; and if I were asked what was the cause of their fall and their shame, I should answer that, in nine cases out of ten, it was drink. Some of the poor casuals, having made their confession, and mistrustful of their constancy, would implore the priest to intercede for them that they might be taken in at the Magdalen Asylum, conducted by the charitable nuns of the Good Shepherd. The priest generally obtained the favor; and then priest and penitent might be seen treading their course through by-streets, one a little in advance of the other, on their way to the asylum.

Some stay at the Magdalen, some leave and go out. Did you ever know a man who took the "pledge" and afterward broke it? What made him break it? God keep you and me from ever knowing, from ever actually experiencing, the terrible, overwhelming thirst for drink that comes upon the man at those times! It is that same thirst, I believe, that brings the poor fallen ones out of the asylum,—lowness of

spirits, depression, desperation,—desperation more than despair. It is a gnawing of the vitals; it is a mad tearing of the heartstrings; it is fallen, original-sin-stained humanity struggling in its bonds; it is Samson shorn, with the Philistines upon him. Oh, for God's sake do not speak harshly of them! They were somebody's child; and heaven only knows how much heredity, license, and drink have had to do in bringing them thus low. O St. Vincent de Paul, how much do we not owe to your charitable teaching!

In the other ward of the Magdalens I have anointed and prepared many; and the piety, not only of the dying but of the living, is most edifying. The patient's confession has been heard; the table is laid, so clean, so adorned; and the eight or ten or twelve others, who once trod the streets in shame, now kneel in adoration while the Blessed Sacrament is administered, and bow down in prayer while their dying companion is being anointed. O St. Mary Magdalen! "There is joy in heaven," said our Divine Lord, "over one sinner that doth penance." Oh, yes, dear Lord, and joy on earth too,—joy in the penitent, joy in the priest, joy in the companions! "Indeed the Lord is in this place," said Jacob, "and I knew it not.... This is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven."*

A sick call does not come from the "body" of the house, where the able-bodied abide,—unless a person becomes suddenly ill. As a rule, they are sent to the hospital before they become dangerously ill. That is the case both in the men's and the women's quarters. But now, as we have time, I will take you to the able-bodied men's portion, lest another opportunity may not offer.

All grey walls; one or two mud or sand strewn yards. There is not a green thing in sight; there is not so much as

a blade of grass. It is a dry, sunny day. The men are lounging about,—some sitting on the ground with their backs to the wall, some walking idly, some lying flat on the earth. Grey caps, grey jackets, nondescript corduroys. Grey heads and black heads; sallow, bloodless, expressionless, unattractive faces; clothes (as if all of one size) too large for some, too small for others. Oh, the grey, grey greyness of everything! Grey buildings, grey boundary walls, grey uniforms. The very air is grey, and the moral atmosphere of the place also dull, and grey. What need for all this maddening grey? What need for all this dulness, idleness, apathy? Let me don that grey jacket and those corduroy pants, and set myself to look at those hideous surroundings, and to herd with that pitiable crowd—pitiable, because they can not make their choice nor help their fate,—and I fear I should be, in less than a week, a babbling idiot. And, O my God! shall I not have pity for them?

Come into their wards—long, dim, dingy. A few very old men are gathered around the fireplace; the blood is cold in their veins,—and here, where the sunshine is not, it is cold. A cold draught steals along the length of the ward, and on frosty days the weather is very severe. Then you would see the poor old men, who are too quiet to assert themselves, go about with a stoop, their arms clinging tight to their sides, and their withered fingers held to their mouth to get warmth from their breath; while the sturdy and the bold hold their place securely by the heat.

Here in numbers are to be found those who have been "soured" by their lot in life,—man-hating, God-hating, sullen, bitter and gall-full. O my heart, do not blame them! It is better to pray for light to know how to treat them. Remember the words of the Psalmist: "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the evil day."

* Gen., xxviii, 16, 17.

And, on the other hand, there are holy souls among these men in numbers quite as great. You see them in the early, early morning, when it would have been more pleasant to remain in bed. You see them at the early Mass; and not in summer only but in winter as well. You see them in the chapel during the day reciting the Rosary or making the Way of the Cross; and in the evening you see them gathering the other poor men and saying the Rosary,—sometimes amid the mocking, scoffing, or distracting talk of the irreverent. If the “waters roared and the mountains were troubled,” it is written also, “the stream of the river” (that is, the peace of the meek) “maketh joyful the city of God.”*

When one of the poor people dies, the remains are brought to the chapel, and the priest reads the burial service. The relatives then take away the coffin; but if no relatives appear, it is interred in the poorhouse cemetery. A cross of wood at the head of the grave tells the name of the tenant below.

Monday.—This morning opened bright and with a promise of fair weather. After breakfast work began with a call to the “men’s lunatic.” As I entered, a terrier dog made some wicked growls; but one of the patients, with as wicked a growl, very quickly stopped him. “When Greek meets Greek—” said I to myself, and passed on.

I was introduced into a short ward containing about a dozen of beds. The man occupying bed No. 3 was pointed out to me as the person needing my ministrations. I took in at once, from his answer to the officer who had announced me, that he was for the present in the enjoyment of his senses. When I came beside his bed I leaned over him and said I had come to see him. He answered: “Your reverence is welcome!” Then I added: “Do you think I had better prepare you?” He

replied: “Oh, do, your reverence,—do, and God bless you! Oh, thank God! thank God!” he went on to murmur. He was an old man. His hair was grey and his face shrivelled. I do not know how he came there. Indeed there was no one to tell me if I had inquired,—and I had no intention of doing so.

While hearing his confession I shaded my face with my hand, and had thus an opportunity of scanning my neighbors unobserved. In the very next bed to me was a huge porpoise of a man. He seemed to be about middle age; his hair was coal-black and curly, and his face was florid and fat. He hardly looked like an Irishman—he may have been, however. Judging from his appearance, the chances are that he will some day be “taken” suddenly by a rush of blood to the head. Full, florid, short-necked,—no worse symptoms.

There were one or two more, who did not strike me very particularly. But the last on my line was sitting up in the bed. There was an idiotic stare on his yellowish, dismal-looking face; and, as if to make him hideous, they had clipped his hair to the skull in a gapped, uneven way. He looked around with the dull stare of the idiot. From my heart I pitied him.

Opposite him—the last man on the other line—was indeed a strange-looking creature. He was resting on his elbow on the bed. The bedclothes were wrapped around him in a careless manner. His eyes were the most attractive portion of the features. They blazed—actually blazed; and had I seen the man elsewhere I should have taken him for a person full of burning thought and intelligence. They were fixed intently on the priest and his penitent, and the eyes of a certain portrait seemed hardly as steady or unwinking. The likeness which occurred to me was that of Byron in his gay, modish fashion, with open shirt front, carelessly regulated mantle, and brilliant, steady eyes.

* Ps. xlv, 4, 5.

Near myself, and in a bed at the other side of the old man whose confession I was hearing, was the only other person that particularly arrested my attention. I can not say that I have seen much of the world, and least of all the fashionable portion of it that spend their lives in the gayeties of London or Parisian society; neither could I swear to a voluptuous face; but, to my notion of the thing, here was one presented visibly in the flesh. I can hardly dream of sketching the *tout ensemble*,—that appearance in the eyes, cheeks, looks, and lips that seemed to make me think he was such a one. I never for a moment concluded that the man before me was a *voluptuaire*. Poor man,—poor, patient sufferer! He may have been cradled in poverty for all I knew. But peace to him!

After I had anointed the old man I turned to the general hospital. One of the nurses left me a message to come to ward No. 10. There was an old man lying on the bed. He was evidently near death; he had been anointed, but he was not rational at times, and the nurse wanted to know if he could receive Holy Viaticum. I found that for a moment we could rally him into consciousness, but he relapsed again almost immediately; so I thought it better not to give him Holy Communion but to confine myself to absolution.

In the same ward were two others—one for Holy Viaticum; I anointed him some time ago. He was an old man covered all over with skin disease. The other was in the next bed. He was a middle-aged man; his brown hair and beard showed as yet no intermingling of grey, but his eye was bandaged. Cancer, so the nun told me, had eaten it out completely. At the anointing I had to be satisfied with one eye and one ear. And when I was done he said to me so pleadingly: "O Father, will you pray God to take me or to give me patience?"

Tuesday.—To-day there was a sick woman waiting for me. I was going out through the men's hospital, and the nun in charge was with me. She asked me to give absolution to the poor boy I had been with a night or two before. I did so and we passed on. Something made me look back—just in time to see the discharge. The poor boy had turned on his side; both hands were raised to his face, but out through the fingers the blood gushed in torrents. I lifted my hand and once again blessed him. His hands fell from his face as we approached his bed—he was dead! God have mercy on him! Praise be to God! The last day alone will justify Almighty God. His mercies are without end. If a priest could speak! But God will not permit it even to justify Himself. Let God's reputation suffer, man's may not; such is the law.

We said the prayers for the dead and then I went on to the women's hospital. A woman about thirty or thirty-five years of age lay half propped up with pillows. The redness of the face and the head swathed in wadding bespoke erysipelas. "I thought," she said, "I saw them there now—my husband and my child. Ask them what brings them there. If it is to be drugged as I have been, tell them go away. I don't care for priests! What do I want with a priest?"—"No, my dear, you don't," I replied. "You have always led a good life."—"Father," she said, turning to me, "I put my life into your hands from this till to-morrow morning." We got her quieted down, and then she consented to make her confession and be anointed. She will have a hard run for life: the odds are desperately against her. She seemed so nice and respectable, like the wife of a well-to-do artisan.

In the evening "an anointing" was waiting for me at the women's hospital. "She is a convert, Father," said the nun; "and though I do not see any immediate danger, she herself is so

desirous to be 'attended' that I thought it better to call you." So I sat down to my work. She was somewhat past the meridian of life; and when the nurse removed the covering in which her head was wrapped so that I might anoint her, I was struck by the intellectual appearance of the face,—the brow and dark grey hair wearing that air of distinction that would grace a lady of the first rank. To me she was only a pauper lying on a workhouse bed,—with a soul, however, as priceless and dear to the Lord Jesus, who died for us all and will judge us all, as the most distinguished lady of *la belle monde*. And perhaps she did belong to a higher class in other days. "Poverty makes strange bedfellows." Indeed I saw a young man to-day whose father filled an honorable and representative position in society; the young man himself had been educated at one of the first schools in the land, was graduated from the university, passed his examination as engineer—and came here to die in a workhouse! Such is life.

One of the nuns wished me to give absolution to a poor old man whom I had anointed, and who would "scarcely pass the night." Another nun wished me to see an old man who evidently had "some trouble on his mind." Thus closed a sad day.

(To be continued.)

TIME is the most important thing in human life—for what is pleasure after the departure of time?—and the most consolatory, since pain, when pain has passed, is nothing. Time is the wheel-track in which we roll on toward eternity. In its progress there is a ripening power; and it ripens us the more, and the more powerfully, when we duly estimate it. Listen to its voice; do not waste it, but regard it as the highest finite good, in which all finite things are resolved.—*Von Humboldt*.

Homemade Gifts.

BY CONSTANCE FULLER MCINTYRE.

THE Arts and Crafts movement is, I suppose, indirectly responsible for the present craze—surely an admirable one this time—for hand-made as opposed to machine-made articles. Impossible prices are now paid in the stores for anything neatly made by hand, especially where some originality or ingenuity is displayed in its construction. That an article has been deftly or ingeniously made by hand has always been an especially desirable quality in gifts; and of course it enhances so much their sentimental value to be wholly or in part the handiwork of the giver and not merely a bit of purchased cleverness.

Quite a new idea for presents may be adopted by any one who paints; not necessarily one who paints well, but even a very little. It consists in procuring one or more tiny sacred images in plaster—inexpensive little things which can be had almost anywhere. In their original condition they are of no particular value, but when tastefully colored by hand they look very beautiful sometimes, the coloring lending a distinctive touch of individuality. One or more of these, from six to eight inches in height, to place on a priedieu in one's bedroom is a gift that would be used and valued by some men as well as women.

Suppose, then, that you have procured a devotional plaster image of the Blessed Virgin. If not already provided with a box of paints (and any one who is unaccustomed to painting need not, if clever with her fingers, be afraid to undertake this), small tubes of the following oil-colors will be needed: flake white, vermilion, transparent gold ochre, brown pink, cobalt blue and Vandyke brown; also a tiny bottle of some good gilt paint. Besides these you will require

a fine camel hair or sable paint brush, and a rather small-sized bristle brush. A palette and palette knife, while preferable, are not absolutely necessary, as the back of a plate may be used in place of the former, and a thin-worn dinner knife used to mix the colors together.

As everyone knows, a face is not ordinarily an easy thing to paint; but it is largely the shading that constitutes the difficult part. Here that is all unnecessary, as the solidity of the image makes its own shadows, and it has merely to be evenly covered with one shade of color. Mix together a very small quantity of flake white, vermilion and gold ochre (the colors used in oil-painting for flesh), adding a little more of one or the other until you have a good flesh-color. Then paint the face and hands all over, leaving the lips and eyeballs bare. Take the fine sable or camel hair brush with the tiniest speck of Vandyke brown on it, and paint the eyebrows as delicately as you can; and, if you are not afraid of smudging, indicate the eyelashes also with a tiny streak. Then paint the hair, if any is showing, either with the gold ochre and a touch of Vandyke, if you want blonde coloring; or all Vandyke brown, if you want brunette,—letting it soften in a little around the face with the flesh-color. Paint the lips vermilion with a suspicion of brown in it, the eyes either cobalt blue or brown. If you have only the two brushes, they can be washed in turpentine while in use, and with soap and water before laying aside. Should you by accident smudge the face, dip a soft piece of rag in turpentine, wipe off all the paint before it has time to dry in, and begin over again.

Use cobalt blue, with a little flake white mixed in it, for the cloak or mantle; and apply the paint evenly with the larger brush. The exquisite blue which one sees in the distance of Raphael's paintings, as well as in the foreground, may be obtained by mixing

a very little brown pink with the cobalt, but not enough to make it green. The cloak may be edged with a narrow strip of gilt. Sometimes the little images are made with a raised patterned edge, which makes it easier to get a pretty gilt border. This should not be put on till the paint is dry; and the small brush, of course, is used. If the lining of the cloak shows a little, it may be either a creamy yellow made of white and gold ochre, or a rich crimson made of vermilion and brown pink; or, if preferred, a faint salmon pink made of the three colors used for flesh, with the vermilion slightly predominating. The robe itself is prettier painted a creamy white, with gilt border if any is showing. The crown, too, would of course be gilded.

Almost any color mixed with flake white will dry in a day; but red always takes a long time to dry—longer than any other color,—so where that is used allow plenty of time. If the surface seems a little uneven, a second coat of paint may be added to the cloak and robe after the first is dry. Nothing but paint should be used for the first coat, but the second may be very slightly thinned with turpentine, which gives a dull rather than a shining finish.

A tiny plaster image of St. Francis of Assisi looks very nice when tastefully colored. In mixing the flesh-tint for this subject scarcely any vermilion should be used, as the object is to make the complexion rather pale; sepia, with a touch of burned sienna, for the habit and cowl.

Of course such statues would be much more artistic if one were able not only to paint them but to model them also by hand; but very few people could do this; and the being able to get them ready-made makes painting a comparatively easy matter.

Those who have been so kindly dealt with by Divine Providence as to have talent and leisure ought to employ

both scrupulously for the comfort and happiness of others as well as of themselves; and such personal offerings as I have described are one way of doing this. One need not say that an act of charity which relieves the poor or comforts the afflicted will yield still more satisfaction and merit than the embellishment of plaster statues for friends and relatives.

A Want in Modern Life.

THERE are so many who still regard the idea of auricular confession with suspicion and even horror that it is good to think of the Lutheran as well as the Anglican press correcting perverted notions and allaying ghosts. "Whoever has a long experience in the care of souls," observes the Lutheran *Reichsbote*, "knows that our church is full of people who should go to confession, and also of such as would gladly go." The *Reichsbote*, which is sometimes described as the official organ of the Prussian government, thinks that the practice of private confession would be a priceless boon not only to great criminals but to "thousands who are persecuted by their past life as by a spectre," to weak souls struggling daily and almost despairingly against sin, and to young people in peril of their virtue; and it concludes: "The right thing would be a house of retreat where one could retire for a time, and where there would be a pastor who, himself a holy and sanctified person, would understand the spiritual wants and cares of every stricken soul; in whose discretion one could have full confidence, and to whose silence one could entrust one's past life as unto a tomb."

The Anglican Professor Knight, LL. D., in his "Christian Ethics" testifies to the moral influence of the confessional, not only in Ireland but in all Europe and even in the entire world. The distin-

guished scholar says: "The moral debt which the world owes to the Roman Catholic Church is immeasurable; but perhaps none of its ceremonies have done more for the preservation and elevation of European morals than the practice so much misunderstood, so often misrepresented, of confession. Many Protestants imagine that the Catholic is taught to confess only to the priest, and that he is by the priest absolved. On the contrary, he makes confession only to the Unseen and the Infinite, the priest being merely the channel through which confession is made, and who has himself to confess to others, to the Unseen; and the custom which, with all its humiliation, Catholics come to feel so helpful, that of periodically practising confession, has unquestionably been an aid to the higher life during the centuries in which it has been practised.

"The turning of the eye inward, scrutinizing the springs and motives of conduct; and after the discovery that one has erred this way or that, confessing it all, not to any human medium but to the Infinite, through the guarded and gracious channel of the finite; and after confession—keeping nothing back and genuinely penitent for all—receiving absolution in the sense of finding the burden lifted from the back and a new step forward made possible, with the sense of freedom gained and life renewed, not by forgetfulness of the past, but by rising on stepping-stones of the dead self to higher things,—all that has been an immeasurable blessing to the world....

"The gain of confession to penitents is fourfold: 1. That of self-knowledge. 2. The demand of thorough sincerity, or absolute truthfulness, in unfolding to the eye of the Infinite what has transpired in the depths of the personal life. 3. Repara-tion for wrongs done to others is made easier and more natural. None who make a practice of genuine confession can continue to harbor grudges or cherish hatreds against their fellowmen. 4. A

fresh start is given to the moral life, a new beginning is made, and an impulse forward received, aspiration quickened, upward movements made easier, and the ideals of life developed in every direction under happier auspices than before. †

"To have familiarized the masses with the duty of absolute sincerity in this matter of confession; to have educated the organic conscience of the Church; to feel that reserve on one hand and exaggeration on the other is a sacrilegious act; to have taught that in the presence of the Unseen, the Divine, and the Infinite, all disguises and pretences, as well as trifles, must be laid aside, and after unreserved explicitness a new departure in the higher life may be taken, is surely service of the highest value to humanity at large.... And if the aim of confession has been to give self-knowledge, release, and rest, to give hope and new impulse in well-doing, as well as a glimpse of larger ideals of conduct, the result of the practice, tested by historical fact, has surely coincided with those aims. The practice has tended to raise the moral life of Europe. It is needless for a Protestant to quote statistics. The point to be noted is the influence of confession as a moral safeguard, and I think that all open-minded historians will admit that it has tended in an upward direction."

One might properly quarrel with some expressions in this long quotation, but the spirit and the general truthfulness of it will pass unchallenged. It recalls some paragraphs by the late Mr. Lecky, who attributes the phenomenal purity of the Irish people to the influence exerted by the priesthood, and chiefly through the agency of the confessional.

The increasing modern departure from Orthodox Christianity has been attributed to the changed conception of the nature and effect of sin. Many of our readers will remember an article which appeared in one of the magazines a few years ago from the pen of Mr. Gladstone,

in which he dealt with certain theological difficulties then much discussed in connection with a widely circulated work of fiction. The most remarkable thing in that article was the assertion of the writer's conviction that the great majority of all such difficulties have their origin in an inadequate sense of sin. In a conversation with a friend, reported in print soon after his death, the same great thinker went even further and declared most deliberately that, in his opinion, this absence of a due sense of sin was "the great want in modern life." "Ah," said he slowly, "the sense of sin—that is the great want in modern life! It is wanting in our sermons, wanting everywhere."

The one true Church alone has power to preserve our sense of the meaning of sin, and this she does especially by the Sacrament of Penance. Her one sole aim is the salvation of souls, and her ceaseless cry is this: "Be converted and do penance, that your sins may be blotted out!" It has been well said that if the Church were a mere human institution, and were her theology the outcome of human ideas and feelings, the confessional would never have been instituted, seeing how repugnant the whole thing is to the natural man.

There is little likelihood that confession will ever become popular in either the Lutheran or the Anglican communion. Priests who have experience of perversions and conversions know that the Sacrament of Penance is the first thing an outgoing pervert rejects, and the last thing the incoming convert "cottons to," as Lincoln used to say. Auricular confession will certainly never become a society fad: it demands too much faith, humility, and contrition for any but the most vital Christianity.

SOMETIMES reiterated folly makes it necessary to explain even the plainest facts.—*Anon.*

Notes and Remarks.

Whether or not the "drunkard's black list" would work effectively in large cities may be doubted; but there is good reason for commending it as an excellent preventive of inebriety in smaller cities, towns, and villages. There is a black-list clause in the new license law of Manchester, N. H., and the chief of police of that city evidently purposes making the clause effective. All saloons, hotels, and druggists have been supplied with a list of persons to whom liquor must not be sold under penalty of loss of license. The chief's original list contained only one hundred and eighty names, but applications from friends and relatives of immoderate drinkers have increased the number to four hundred. To offset the obvious weak point in this black-list plan, the chief will add to the list the name of any one whom he has reason to believe has bought liquor for a black-listed person. The plan is said to be productive of good results in another New Hampshire town, Antrim, where it has been in operation for some time; and, with trustworthy officials to carry out the system without fear or favor, it should on the face of it prove of genuine benefit to those smaller communities all over the country in which the sale of liquor is licensed at all.

The following item has been going the rounds of the newspapers in this country:

Out of the thirteen and a half millions of people in Mexico, less than two millions can read, though the first printing-press in the world was set up in Mexico.

One is at a loss to know whether this is ignorance or malice; in either case it has been so widely circulated that we feel obliged to give currency to the comment made upon it by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, in his magazine, *Out West*:

As for Mexico, there is a public school in every hamlet; besides the hundreds of academies, training

schools, technical schools and colleges. And it is not out of place to add the well-known fact that there are, in proportion, ten times as many people born in Mexico who speak two languages as there are in the United States. Of course vast numbers of our foreign-born citizens learn our language here; but it is as uncommon with us as it is common in Mexico that native-born professional and public men—and, in fact, everyone claiming to be educated—shall learn to use fluently at least one foreign language. Nor have we any such provision in our public schools as that by which Mexico makes it compulsory even for her children to learn a foreign tongue.

If the Mexican people were in the least concerned about the good opinion of Americans, they would probably erect statues to Lummis and Guernsey, the two men in this country who—in spite of differences of race and creed—have done most to offset the calumnies spread by "missionaries" and travellers.

The fact that the alms at the disposal of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith are altogether inadequate to meet the demands of the missions throughout the world which it helps to support, should be an incentive to the charity of all Catholics. If only it were commensurate with the self-sacrifice and zeal of our missionaries in foreign lands! Every Christian worthy of the name should feel it an obligation to co-operate in the fulfilment of the divine command to "preach the Gospel to every creature." This year the sum applied for by the various chiefs of missions, some of which are in sore need, amounted to \$4,000,000, whereas the Society had for distribution only \$1,245,537.98.

We are informed that the apportionment of the funds of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is entrusted to two councils, composed of ecclesiastics and laymen distinguished for devotedness and experience in administration. No doubt all claims submitted to them are carefully considered and the distribution of monies impartially made. But we venture to suggest that such an

organization should have an official whose duty it would be to learn, by personal visitation, as far as it could be done, the condition and prospects of the various missions applying for help. We are far from thinking that any of them are not in actual need of assistance, but we happen to know that some are incomparably more destitute and deserving than others. At the risk of being misunderstood and of giving offence we will add that the religious Orders in countries like our own might do more than they are doing for the support of their own members who labor in foreign fields, and thus enable the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to extend its glorious work. Religious of both sexes should be in constant dread lest money with which a vast amount of good might be done in one place be burned in another.

The discussion of the school question in the columns of the *New York Sun* has brought out any number of pleas, contentions, arguments, explanations, and statements; some of them wise, most of them—otherwise. A point to which one correspondent recently called attention is, however, worth noting: "The high percentage of alleged believers among the prison population, as against unbelievers (agnostics, infidels, and so forth) is an old gag among secularists, but there's nothing in it." The explanation offered for this statement is that the profession of religious belief among prisoners, and more especially those serving a second or third term, is very often a mere matter of business. Attendance at religious services is an agreeable break in the deadly monotony of convict life; and the profession of piety is likely to result in occasional privileges, in securing the interest of chaplains, governors, and other officials, and in a possible remission of a portion of the convicting judge's sentence. A reverend friend of ours who has had some experience as a prison chaplain tells us that

it is a very common occurrence for the infidel or nothingarian of the dock to become a Catholic or Episcopalian in the cell. The routine of the convict's existence is wearisome enough at best, and no criminal will deprive himself of the distraction afforded by attractive services regularly held in the prison chapel through any scruple about professing a creed that he never really held.

When Mr. Booker Washington was in Europe lately an inquisitive Frenchman asked him why white men and black men drank liquors in the same barroom but could not drink the communion wine together in the same church. It is curious, when one reflects upon it, that race prejudice should more abound among church-goers than among the frequenters of the saloon, who make no special profession of charity. In conversation with a leader of the colored people recently, we were assured that the intervention of Pope Leo XIII. on behalf of the persecuted Russian Jews, the notable absence of race hatred in Catholic communities like Porto Rico and Cuba, and of race discrimination in Catholic churches, have made a deep impression on the Negro. Even in the Black Belt there are not wanting signs that the field is white for the harvest.

The *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia has done good service by bringing together the documents that passed between Pius IX. and Jefferson Davis in the early years of the Civil War. The statement is still often made that the Pope recognized the Confederate government and that he would have been glad enough to see the Union disrupted. What the documents (published in full by the *Records* from the original manuscripts in the Library of Congress) show is this: Pius IX. wrote touching letters to Archbishops Hughes of New York and Odin of New Orleans, urging them to

exhort clergy and people to pray and labor for the restoration of "tranquillity and peace." Jefferson Davis thereupon wrote gratefully to Pius IX., "the Most Venerable Chief of the Roman See," and directed Mr. A. Dudley Mann to present the letter to his Holiness. The Pope politely addressed his reply "To the Illustrious and Honorable Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America," and in the course of his letter expressed satisfaction that "you [Mr. Davis] as well as the people whom you govern" desire peace. This is the ground on which rests the clumsy falsehood that Pius IX. "recognized" the Confederacy. Mr. J. P. Benjamin, its Secretary of State, did not regard the Holy Father's letter as a recognition. "This phrase of his letter," Benjamin wrote to Mann, "shows that his address to the President as 'President of the Confederate States' is a formula of politeness to his correspondent, not a political recognition of a fact."

Renan's fame was greater and less sullied before the recent celebration in his honor than it has been since or is ever again likely to become. M. Brunetière has been writing of him lately, and asks: "What lessons did this old man teach to youth? What use did he make of the prestige acquired by his forty years of work? What account did he take of the responsibility imposed on him by his origin, his entrance into life, the admiration which he excited, and the respect due to his work, his reputation, and his glory? 'Having amused myself very little when I was young, I like to see others amuse themselves. Those who take life so are perhaps the true philosophers.' That is the prime, the supreme advice of this master,—the one that comprises all his other counsels. And, lest there should be doubt as to what he means by 'amusing oneself,' he takes care to specify that he does not exclude from the

number of amusements either debauchery or drunkenness or 'women' or alcoholism or morphinism." Verily, this was a hero to whom statues should be erected! a patriot whom the youth of France should reverence and imitate! a teacher whose influence should be perpetuated! His only appropriate monument would be the statue of the drunken god, Silenus, surrounded by a group of nineteenth-century satyrs and bacchantes.

It would be a lamentable violation of the fitness of things if the spiritual care of Catholic deaf-mutes in public institutions were neglected. As the Rev. Patrick M. Whelan said in an address recently delivered in Philadelphia: "The first systematic attempt at the instruction of deaf-mutes was that of Pedro Ponce de Leon, a Spanish Benedictine, in the year 1570; and the first formal treatise on their education was written by another Benedictine, also a Spaniard. Thus to the monks and to Spain belongs the honor of having produced the first practical method of teaching the deaf and dumb." The occasion of Father Whelan's remarks was the jubilee greetings addressed to Archbishop Ryan by his "silent children."

Miss Mabel —, a prominent young lady of — who has been one of the operators in the office of the — Telephone Company, has resigned her position and next month will enter St. — Academy and will take holy orders to become a nun.

This item from a daily paper recalls Haeckel's definition of a Catholic: "One who regards as true exercises of Christian religion the adoration of old clothes and wax dolls, or the thoughtless repetition of Masses or rosaries,...and purchases pardon for sins by means of indulgence-money, or Peter's Pence." Haeckel is a great scientist; the editor-man is great too.

"A Protestant Business Man," who has evidently had wide experience of boys, writes to a New York newspaper

to say that "parochial school boys are, as a rule, preferable as office boys to those from our public schools." The reasons on which this judgment is based are interesting:

His arithmetic has a commercial value in rapidity and accuracy; his writing is uniform and, as a rule, good; he can read with reasonable rapidity and accuracy; and he can—this is where he is far ahead of the other boy—understand a message or instructions; and follow them intelligently. I am sufficiently familiar with the methods used in both schools to be able to see the reason for the differences. In the parochial schools the boys get a thorough training in the fundamentals—reading, writing and arithmetic. They are taught to spell by rote, they learn their tables by rote, and devote a sufficiently long period to writing to be able to write at least decently. They may not be able to weave parti-colored watch-fobs or make baskets or design book covers, but what they do they do thoroughly. I am a firm believer in the value of manual training in moderation; but, in my opinion, we are spoiling a lot of very good material, not only in paper, water-colors and wood, but also in boys.

We could wish that all our parochial schools were so well graded and so well taught as fully to deserve this sparkling eulogy. Such as it is we commend it to those "canny" Catholics who send their children to the public schools in the hope of advancing their prospects in life.

In bequeathing to Harvard University a very large sum of money for the establishment of a school of applied sciences, the late Gordon McKay showed forethought for the future teachers in the proposed school. One clause of his will runs:

I direct that the salaries attached to the professorships maintained from the endowment be kept liberal, generation after generation, according to the standards of each successive generation; to the end that these professorships may always be attractive to able men, and that their effect may be to raise, in some judicious measure, the general scale of compensation for the teachers of the University.

Teaching, whether in the university, the smaller college, the academy, or the common school, is not the most liberally

remunerated of professions, although the average teacher's duties are surely arduous enough to entitle him to generous compensation. It is a blessing for the Catholics of this country and Canada that the overwhelming majority of the teaching staff in colleges and convents are religious, bound by the vow of poverty, and receiving for their work no other salary than board, clothing, and lodging. Their practically gratuitous services alone make possible the very low terms at which Catholic boys and girls are educated,—*educated*, be it remarked, and not merely instructed, the cheap sarcasm of some ultra-liberal Catholic critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

By general and pressing request there was a repetition of Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* in New York, and the audience was so large as to crowd Carnegie Hall. We believe this is the second oratorio to be repeated by request in this country in twenty years. The other was Dvorak's *Stabat Mater*. Which is not bad for Catholic musical talent, or—for the metropolis. A correspondent who attended the repetition of *Gerontius* writes: "The impression of the former rendition was intensified and heightened by the repetition. The audience was sensibly moved, displaying an emotional enthusiasm more in harmony with religious exaltation than mere musical pleasure."

Humorists sometimes express very serious truths. Bob Burdette's impression of Brother Dowie, for instance, after he had looked him over carefully, was this: "It's a thousand times easier to invent a new religion than to live up to the old one." A faithful saying, and applicable to a good many founders of "new religions." It is good to know that Mr. Burdette did not lose his sense of humor on becoming a Protestant clergyman.

Notable New Books.

Glimpses of Truth. By the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Contact with sublime souls is what is most to be desired, above all for youth. It is capable of producing in them a higher quality of being, of making them something more and better than otherwise they could have become." It may be news to some that the truth of these profound words is nowhere more fully apprehended than among the "youth" of whom the Bishop writes. With some exceptional opportunities for measuring the influence of Mgr. Spalding on the young men of America, we may say that it has been a constant source of surprise and delight to us to observe the zest with which he is taken up by college boys, the spell he throws over them, the depth and endurance of the impressions he makes, and his power to inspire and encourage. And we are not sure that this last quality is not the Bishop's best one. Each new book shows a growing mellowness, a steady progress toward optimism,—not the easy toleration of shallow or frivolous spirits, but the enlightened optimism of the wise and virtuous man who thinks and lives deeply. Happy the young man who yields himself eagerly to such ennobling influence! And happy the sower who goeth forth to sow his seed in a field so vast, so fruitful, and so peculiarly his own!

Moral Briefs. By the Rev. John H. Stapleton. The Catholic Transcript Press.

The ninety-nine moral "briefs" which make up this practical and solid volume are printed in response to requests of readers who read them on their first appearance in the *Catholic Transcript*. We are not surprised at their popularity. The subjects treated are just those matters on which nine out of ten Catholics desire the direction of a learned and experienced priest; and Father Stapleton's manner of treating them leaves nothing to be desired—unless one may express the hope that some of the briefs may be elaborated in the second edition. "A concise, reasoned and popular exposition of Catholic morals" is the subtitle, and it fits the volume well.

The Life and Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. By P. Justin O'Byrne. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

If Leo XIII. is not well known to posterity, it will not be for lack of biographies: this is the sixth to come to us for review since the death of the Holy Father a few months ago. The author has some experience in bookmaking, and his studies for "The Lives of the Cardinals" have been an excellent preparation for the writing of some of

the chapters in this work. As we noted when the earlier pages first appeared as a serial, Mr. O'Byrne devotes less space than other biographers to the ancestry, boyhood and youth of the Pontiff, the bulk of his volume being devoted to a record of the activities of Leo XIII. as diplomat and pope. In this it bears closer resemblance to Mr. Furey's text than to any of the other biographies. It is readable rather than exhaustive,—a rather happy compromise between the popular volume of anecdotes and the judicial, scholarly biography that will appear after ten years, perhaps. Some enemy of Mr. O'Byrne's must have done the proofreading of this production.

Under the Cedars and the Stars. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. The Dolphin Press.

The versatility of Father Sheehan is a surprise even to his warmest admirers. Besides the four delectable books of fiction which have had such a remarkable vogue, he has given us a volume of poems, a volume of tender and thoughtful Marian sermons, and now a book of literary and philosophical reflections. It is clearly the work of a man who reads with pencil in hand and who works out thoughts as they come to him. In all that Father Sheehan has written there is evidence of wide reading among the poets and philosophers, but nowhere are the culture and discipline of his fine mind more evident than in these desultory paragraphs. The present edition, which is reprinted from the page-plates of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, is "not for sale," but we are confident that so attractive and suggestive a volume will not long be withheld from the market. The word *irreparable* on page 62 should then be changed to *irrefragable*.

The Venerable Mother Jeanne Antide Thouret. Adapted from the Italian by Blanche Anderdon. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

We read the meagre outlines which make up the published biographies of men and women who have been instruments for good in God's hands, and carry away but a faint impression of their personality. The human element is too often carefully eliminated from the written record. But fill in the outline, let the color of life touch the picture, and immediately is sympathy possible.

A happy medium is preserved in the biography of the Venerable Foundress of the Sisters of Charity of Besançon; and the picture of the saintly religious is that of one who knew and felt the same joys and sorrows that come to all of us. Consecrated to the religious life in 1787, Jeanne Thouret had just begun her work in the service of God when the French Revolution swept over her country and the community was scattered. The faithful Jeanne returned to her village home, where for some time she was an apostle. In 1799 her desire

to live within cloister walls prevailed, and she founded a community known simply as Sisters of Charity. The success of her labors may be judged from the fact that to-day her Congregation numbers four hundred and thirty-two houses in Italy, ninety-three in France, nine in Switzerland, sixteen in Malta, and one in England.

The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII. With Preface by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

To commend the words of the Holy Father to Catholics would be at once presumptuous and unnecessary. It is sufficient to say that this excellently published volume contains thirty of the most important letters, encyclical and apostolic, issued by Leo during his great pontificate. It will commend itself to all sorts of tastes,—to theologians as a manual, almost, of theology; to parish priests as a pastoral treatise; to statesmen as a handbook of statesmanship; to sociologists as a text-book of their science; and to scholars as an enlightened and inspiring program of study. The volume deepens one's impression of the many-sidedness of the lamented Pontiff, and one's conviction that his letters are of permanent and not merely ephemeral value. The translations have been well selected and are comfortable reading; but we miss an index,—a very serious defect. Father Wynne introduces the letters with a few fit and thoughtful words.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. By M. Gavin, S. J. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

The purpose of the author is to afford an explanation of the doctrine, rubrics and prayers of the Mass. This volume is in no sense profound or abstruse, but treats in simple language the elementary topics suggested by an analysis of the Holy Sacrifice. Almost every word in the Mass has its explanatory or devotional comment, which, though necessarily brief—fancy what a field for instruction the *Credo* alone offers!—is often uncommonplace. The preliminary chapters on the doctrine and essence of the Holy Sacrifice are admirable, and the author's enthusiasm for the supreme act of worship ought to be contagious. It is a genuine pleasure to us to note that earnest, solid works on the Mass are multiplying.

The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century. Apparitions, Revelations, Graces. By Bernard St. John. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

In his brief introduction to this well-printed volume, the Rev. Edmond Thiriet, O. M. I., declares that "the subject is treated not from the point of view of a devotee, . . . but from that of an historian bent on a careful examination of facts that may be called contemporary." It is hard to believe that these words

were written after an examination of the work. The subjects treated are the Miraculous Medal, Our Lady of Victory, La Salette, Lourdes, Pontmain, and Pellevoisin; and the spirit in which the author writes is intensely devout and—wholly uncritical. Of course we do not mean to cast discredit on all of the six subjects treated in the book—any regular reader of *THE AVE MARIA* need not be told that,—but the book as a whole is of a sort not badly wanted. However, we hope it may make new clients of our Blessed Mother.

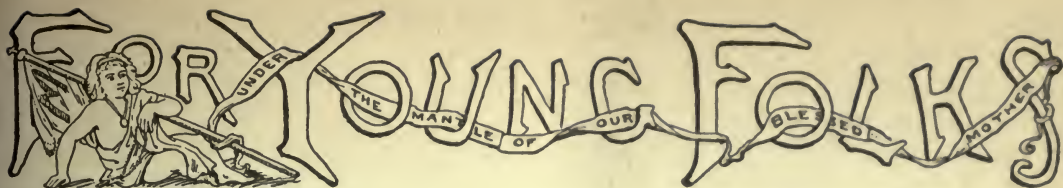
St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. His Life as told by Old English Writers. Arranged by Bernard Ward. B. Herder.

The plan of presenting a biography by means of extracts from old authors is not altogether original with Monsig. Ward, as he himself reminds us; but he is at least entitled to the credit of adjudging it the most suitable method for a life of St. Edmund. The saint was a favorite theme of devout writers in the Middle Ages, and the list of printed and manuscript biographies in Appendix A of this work will come as a surprise to the general reader. It was a task of no small difficulty to select the right extracts; and, so far as we can judge, Monsig. Ward seems to have performed the task with almost perfect success. The single exception seems to be a passage on page 19, which might better have been left unpublished in a book intended for general, and perhaps public, reading. Obviously, the work is not a critical biography; and, in pursuance of the compiler's plan, no attempt has been made to separate legend from fact. The antique flavor of the narrative, however, will be a delight to bookish-minded folk.

Famous Children. By H. Twitchell. Lee & Shepard.

This is really an admirable book for boys and girls; and, like all that is of genuine interest to the young, it holds a charm for children of an older growth. We have, in this collection of sketches, biographies that are portrayals and interpreters of other times, and biographies that record individual life and individual character. The classes of children represented are grouped under the following headings: Royal Children, Child Artists, Learned Children, Devoted Children, Mysterious Children. It is a good thing that girls are generous; for they will enjoy the book even though more than thirty of the stories are about boys and only seven are of girls.

The illustrations are worthy of special notice. They are fine photogravure copies of historical paintings such as "The Dauphine," by Greuze; "The Princes in the Tower," by Millais; Van Dyck's "Family of Charles I."; Puvis de Chavannes' "St. Genevieve"; and the "Singing Boy," by Franz Hals.



Footsteps.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

"HOW many days, O father?
And how many, mother dear?
Oh, I wish it were to-morrow!
Oh, we wish the day were here!"

This is the cry in the morning,
This is the cry at noon,
This is the cry in the twilight:—
"Is Christmas coming soon?"

But, children, wait a little,
And think of the Advent time;
Joy cometh after sorrow—
Joy and the Christmas chime!

The Advent days are footsteps,
Each with a mission sweet;
They, loving and tender, lead you
On to the Christ-Child's feet.

The Campers.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

V.

DOMINGO was out early next morning, looking for a stray mule. The boys were with him. After some time they came to a large flat stone on the hillside.

"Domingo," said Xavier, "under there is where the rattlesnake came from."

"There may be a nest," answered Domingo, stooping to lift the stone. "There may be a perfect army of snakes here. Look out, boys!"

The boys, however, were not afraid. He lifted the stone, but there was nothing beneath it except a hole which seemed to extend to a considerable depth.

"I can not see the bottom of this," he said, lighting a match. "It seems to

go down, down, down. Hand me that stick, Xavier."

Xavier brought him a long stick which lay near. But it did not touch bottom. The boys then each took a turn.

"It may lead to a subterranean cave," said Walter. "Come up here and dig it out a little, Xavier. Then maybe we can slide down and come out at the end of a cave. The hole does not go straight down: it slopes."

"I believe you are right, Walter," observed Domingo, after he had lighted another match and held it in the opening. "It seems to slope down hill. It is too large for gophers to have made it. It is very curious."

"Huh! huh!" grunted a guttural voice behind them.

They looked up and saw Pedro the Indian. Shaking his head as though displeased, he made some remark in Spanish to Domingo, after which the two held a short but animated conversation. At length Domingo turned again to the boys.

"Pedro says," he began, "that we have disturbed the home of the rattlesnakes, after having killed the great father. It is unlucky, he says. The hole must be closed and the stone put back, or something dreadful will happen to us,—especially you boys, who were the first to find it. He is very angry about it."

"Huh! huh!" grunted the Indian once more, making violent gestures for the boys to go away.

"That is foolish, Pedro," said Walter. "We are not afraid. We are going to dig the hole deeper."

"No, no!" cried Pedro. "No good."

"It is better to pretend to come away," whispered Xavier. "Then he will not watch us. This evening before

it is dark, after he has gone down the valley, we can come again. I do not think we ought to make him angry with us. Indians are dreadful when they get angry."

"All right," rejoined Walter.—"We are coming, Pedro."

"What are they saying?" asked the Indian of Domingo.

Domingo explained, and Pedro smiled.

"Good boy, good boy!" he said, as he rolled the large stone in place and sat down beside it, leisurely filling his pipe.

"This will not find my mule," said Domingo to the boys. He knew Pedro well, and was aware that he would not stir from the spot till they had left it.

The boys followed him, occasionally looking back. Pedro remained in the same position. Half an hour later when they returned with the mule he was lying near the stone, apparently asleep.

The next morning Pedro did not come to the Baths, and Martino, who had brought the stage, went to look for him at Domingo's request. His wife admitted reluctantly that he had come home the night before with a jug of mescal which he had bought from some Indians who had been in town, and had gone off into the mountains on a carouse with his friends.

"That is the trouble with Pedro," said Domingo when the news was brought to him. "Many times I have dismissed him for that, but I always take him back, because he is good to carry and split wood, and so strong. When this is over, for a month he will be all right. But it is too bad."

"It will be a good chance for us to explore the rattlesnake hole," said Walter. "You don't care if we do it, Domingo?"

"No: it is no matter to me. But what do you mean to do?"

"First let us tie three or four long sticks together and push them down as far as we can. That way we shall

be able to measure the depth, perhaps."

"It would be better to nail them together," said Domingo. "Here behind the Baths are some long laths."

Fetching a hammer and some small nails, he soon had a pole about forty feet long. The boys dragged it carefully after them by a path through the marshy reeds behind the Baths, then drew it slowly up the hill, and along the narrow path till they came to the large stone. This lay between two elevations on the hill, and hence they were invisible from the camp; though but for these occasional elevations travellers on the hillside were quite plainly to be seen from the valley below.

Walter lifted the stone and peered in, but immediately drew his head back, dropping the stone over the hole again, as he exclaimed:

"Xavier, there is a light in there! I saw it. Some one had a match or a candle. And I heard a voice."

"You must have imagined it, Walter," said his companion. "No one could be in that narrow place."

"See for yourself, then," rejoined Walter, trembling with excitement. "Lift the stone and peep in."

He withdrew to one side, while Xavier took his place. He was cooler than his friend; his head penetrated farther into the opening than Walter's had done. Walter, shifting from one foot to another, impatiently awaited results. After what seemed to him a very long time, Xavier withdrew his head, carefully replacing the stone.

"Yes, Walter," he said slowly; but his eyes were shining and there was a pink glow on his cheeks. "There is surely some one there—way down. It is a man. He came up pretty close and he said: 'We are hungry, Pedro: give us something to eat.'"

"Did you say anything to him?" asked Walter, eagerly.

"No. I did not know what to say."

"Let me go there again," said Walter,

"Pedro is hiding some one down in that place,—maybe a robber. I am going to find out."

"But how did he get the man in? And there must be two, Walter; for he said 'we.'"

Walter got down on his hands and knees and once more removed the stone. "Pedro! Pedro!" called a voice, in a loud whisper.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Walter. "Wait a while. I will see."

Hurriedly putting the stone in place, he beckoned to Xavier and scrambled down the hill as fast as he could, followed by his less agile comrade. When they reached the Baths they found the porch occupied by a number of men, to whom Walter did not propose to reveal the momentous secret. He was not desirous of sharing either the glory or labor which, with the eye of hope, he foresaw would be the portion of the discoverers. Xavier, always willing to let his friend take the lead, bided his time also. One by one the men went slowly away to their tents, till there was no one left but Domingo, who sat on a bench, calmly smoking a cigarette.

"What's the matter, boys?" he asked. "Have you found another rattlesnake?"

"Oh, no!—something else," answered Walter. "Robbers, we think."

"Robbers! Where?"

"Come over to the tent. Father and Mr. Simonson are sitting there. Come, Domingo: we have found out something that is really wonderful."

Domingo smiled incredulously, but accompanied them to where the two fathers were seated in front of Mr. Hale's tent.

"Father," cried Walter as they drew near, "we have found a robbers' cave, and Pedro is feeding them!"

"What are you saying, Walter?" exclaimed Mr. Hale. "A robbers' cave and Pedro feeding them! Nonsense!"

"It is true," said the boy. "Wait till you hear all about it."

"Tell us what you mean, Walter," said the rabbi.

Then, with an occasional interruption from Xavier, Walter told the story without embellishment.

"There is *something*," said Domingo, when the boy had finished. "And it would explain Pedro's strange actions. Shall we go and see, Mr. Hale?"

"Yes,—let us go at once."

"I will remain here," said the rabbi. "I can not climb that hill. But all of you others go."

In a few moments the party were ascending the hill. When they reached the spot Walter said to Domingo:

"You lift the stone this time and see what will happen."

Domingo bent down and removed the stone. Within all was silence, no light shone. One by one the different members of the party reconnoitred, but without success.

"You must have been dreaming boys," said Domingo. "There is nothing there."

"There is *some one* there," rejoined Walter, positively. "We both heard the voice and saw the light. Perhaps the person is afraid, because he must know it is not Pedro. And he may have heard us talking."

"No doubt, if there is any one inside," remarked Mr. Hale. "We have not been very cautious."

"I will try again," said Domingo.

This time he put his head in as far as the shoulders, which were very broad.

"Walter," he said, as he withdrew it, "your shoulders are narrow. Work yourself a little farther into that hole, and pull at a long stick which I have just seen there. The first time I did not notice it."

Walter was not slow to respond. He was very desirous of convincing his father and Domingo that he and Xavier had not been mistaken. It was not very long before they saw him reappear, drawing something after him. In his hand he held one end of a clothes-pole

about six feet long. The other extremity had been thrust roughly through the end of a tin tray, or box, fashioned in a very primitive manner from sheets of tin bent to form four sides.

"Well, what is this?" cried Domingo, as the long narrow tray appeared through the opening. "My best clothes-pole that I could not find; and some of the tin I had laid aside to mend the roof of the Baths! Pedro has done this."

They all bent curiously over the find. There were crumbs of bread and meat on the bottom of the tray, also drops of candle grease. A long rope had been attached to the other end.

"Some one is down there, sure enough," said Mr. Hale. "There can be no doubt of it. Now, what shall we do?"

"First let us not cause them to suspect that they are discovered," answered Domingo. "And we will all keep silence about it. It is best to get some bread and meat, and send back the provision box. There must be a cave and another entrance, which we must find. I will run down quickly and get something."

Accompanied by Walter, Domingo soon made his way to the kitchen, where he found biscuits and ham,—both hot, as they had been prepared for dinner. These, with a bottle of milk, he brought to the rendezvous and placed in the box, which he restored to the narrow gangway where they had found it. For some time he lay flat on the ground, waiting to see if there would be a movement within. He was soon rewarded by a slight noise below; the flicker of a candle was seen, the top of a man's head appeared, and in another moment the tray was slowly pulled out of sight.

"This will be something to investigate," said Domingo, as, silent but excited, the party moved away; "though I already have a suspicion who is down there. After dinner I will tell you what I think."

(To be continued.)

The Little Advent Mothers.

During Advent a most peculiar custom, dating back many hundreds of years, is still in vogue in Elbing, in the western part of Prussia. As the holiday season approaches, there appear upon the streets of the busy manufacturing town old women most curiously clothed. They are called the *Adventsmütterchen*, or "little Advent Mothers." In spite of December's cold and snow, they wear upon their grey heads large straw-hats of antique pattern, trimmed and tied beneath the chin with bright red ribbons. Over their dark woollen dresses and linen aprons fall snow-white bedspreads, or counterpanes, which are pinned across the shoulders shawl-fashion. Each one bears upon her arm a covered basket, and carries in her hand a sleigh bell and an almsbox.

Thus singularly garbed they go from house to house, ringing their bells and soliciting contributions for the Elbing Hospitals. Nowhere do they knock in vain, for the door of every house and of every heart is opened to them. Even children greet them with delight; for well they know that the visits of these white-haired, white-cloaked women herald the coming of the long looked-for Christmas festival.

With gentle dignity, the little Advent Mothers inform themselves, as they enter each household, as to the behavior of the children. Those who have been diligent and obedient are commended and the wayward are admonished. Many letters addressed to the Christ-Child are given into their keeping by the little ones, who confidently expect to find their wishes fulfilled on Christmas Eve.

How or when this quaint Advent custom originated is not positively known. It is a well-established fact, however, that it has been observed within the walls of this old Prussian town for hundreds of years.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The astronomical and chronological allusions in the Old Testament are learnedly discussed in a recent work by Giovanni Schiaparelli, of Milan.

—A new book by Bishop Hedley is a gratifying announcement. It is made up of pastoral letters addressed to his own flock; however, the instruction they afford is of general application. One may be sure that "A Bishop and his Flock" is a good book, well written.

—The Late Professor Mommsen certainly bequeathed an invaluable tradition of devoted, persistent energy. Fifteen years ago his publications had reached one thousand in number; and if some of these, as one of his admirers remarks, were little things, others were folios that take serious lifting.

—William J. Fischer, whose "Songs by the Wayside" has just come to us, is evidently a fluent writer of verse. He has not gone down into the depths of life either in seeing or in feeling; still his book contains much that is wholesome, sweet and reverent. The themes are varied, many of them being religious. Published by Richard G. Badger.

—"Aus dem Deutschen Dichterwald," by J. H. Dillard, and Madame de Foa's "Le Petit Robinson de Paris," edited by Louise de Bonneville, are among the late publications of the American Book Co. These supplementary language books are recommended by the Committee of Twelve; and Professor Dillard's collection of German poems includes all those prescribed for "memorizing" by the University of the State of New York.

—The poems of Charles J. Kickham are being collected for publication by a member of his family. Kickham, who is best known as an Irish patriot, was a novelist of some note, and new editions of his "Knockagow" and "Sally Cavanagh" still appear from time to time. Though comparatively small in bulk, his verse is rich in the Celtic qualities, and some of his pieces—notably "Rory of the Hill" and "The Irish Peasant Girl"—are household songs among his people.

—It is curious that while the United States publishes more magazines in proportion to its population than any other country, it is out-ranked by Germany, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Great Britain and Russia in the annual output of books in proportion to population. From the fact that Germany publishes four times as many books as we do per million inhabitants, while we publish almost four times as many magazines as Germany, the editor of the *Publishers' Weekly* concludes that "Germany is the land of thinkers, the United States the land

of readers." Considering the enormous circulation of some of our periodicals there does appear to be a mysterious connection between our national temperament and the magazine habit.

—"Where Believers may Doubt; or, Studies in Biblical Inspiration and other Modern Problems of Faith," is the title of a forthcoming book by Father Vincent McNabb, O. P., which should receive adequate recognition.

—Twentieth Century Christmas Exercises for schools, arranged by Archibald Humboldt, and published by March Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio, will be a help to busy teachers. The selections include dialogues and simple recitations, and are varied as to subject-matter, though all have reference to Christmas.

—The Catholic Truth Society, of San Francisco, has added a convenient little prayer-book to its list of publications, and we think its merits would justify a durable binding. It contains the essential Catholic devotions, emphasizing those that are liturgical. In the Litany of Loreto the invocation to the Mother of Good Counsel is omitted, and we question whether it is well to have the feast-days and days of fast and abstinence at the end of the book. Usually one turns to the opening pages for them.

—"A Calendar of Prayers by Robert Louis Stevenson" is one of the most artistic time-records for 1904 that have come to our notice. Each long panel page of parchment paper, with its decorated border, contains a characteristic extract from the reverent optimist, whose beautiful dispositions are manifest in these words—"Re-create in us the soul of service, the spirit of peace; renew in us the sense of joy." Lovers of Stevenson should send at once to Mr. Alfred Bartlett, Cornhill, Boston, Massachusetts, for one of these inspiring calendars.

—Mr. Edward H. Cooper, writing in the *Fortnightly*, bestows strong commendation on Catholic prayer-books for children. The circumstance is so unusual that we venture to quote what he says about some particular publications:

Among the children's manuals which I have discovered in Burns & Oates' shop are some most admirably illustrated books, such as the "Child's Pictorial Mass Book," and a manual compiled by Rosa Mulholland containing a delightful "Hymn for a Child who can not sleep at night," and prayers "For a Child who has spent a good day," "For a Child who has fallen into a great fault," and "For a Child whose Mother is dead," which are charming in their simplicity and devoutness; the same book containing instructions for fitting up a "Holy Corner" in the nursery, which leaves nothing to be desired. Other admirable Roman Catholic manuals are *Der Kinderfreund Jesus*, written throughout in the form of a conversation between Our Lord and a little child; Mgr. de Ségur's "Manual of Instruction for Little

Children," and an American illustrated prayer-book for children, whose pictures are novel and unusually well printed.

We are glad that Mr. Cooper's experience has been so happy—he considers our prayer-books in general nearly perfect—but we fear his investigation did not cover the whole ground. For our part, we should urge pastors and parents to make a critical examination of prayer-books before putting them into the hands of children.

—In examining Myers' "Modern Age" (companion volume to "The Middle Ages") one gets the impression that the author has tried hard to be fair in dealing with the Reformation and the acrid controversies that sprang from it. The question of indulgences, for example, is stated more satisfactorily than in any similar text-book by a non-Catholic author. On the other hand, Mr. Myers' estimate of Luther's character differs radically from that made by nearly all modern scholars; and some *obiter dicta* referring to the causes and results of the Protestant revolt will be resented by Catholics wherever the book is used in the schools. It is one of the embarrassments arising out of our public school system that it is almost impossible for teachers or text-books to touch the controversial period without giving offence. Ginn & Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Glimpses of Truth. Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. 88 cts.

Moral Briefs. Rev. John H. Stapleton. \$1.

The Life and Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. P. Justin O'Byrne. \$1.35, net.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. Bernard Ward. \$1.60, net.

The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII. Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. \$2, net.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. M. Gavin, S. J. 75 cts., net.

The Venerable Mother Jeanne Antide Thouret. Blanche Anderdon. 75 cts., net.

Famous Children. H. Twitchell. \$1, net.

A Calendar of Prayers by Robert Louis Stevenson \$1 50.

Rational Home Gymnastics. Hartvig Nissen. \$1.

Where Saints have Trod. M. D. Petre. 50 cts net.

What the Church Teaches. Rev. Edwin Drury. 30 cts.

Worldly Wisdom for the Catholic Youth. Mentor. 35 cts.

The Mass and Its Folklore. John Hobson Matthews. 10 cts.

Humpty Dumpty and Other Stories. W. W. Denslow. \$1.25.

One Ring Circus and Other Stories. W. W. Denslow. \$1.25.

Light for New Times. Margaret Fletcher. 50 cts., net.

The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service. Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J. 50 cts., net.

Some Essentials in Musical Definitions. M. F. McConnell. \$1.

English History for Catholic Schools. E. Wyatt Davies. \$1.10.

Instinct and Intelligence. Rev. E. Wasmann, S. J. \$1.

Monasteries and Religious Houses of Great Britain and Ireland. Francesca M. Steele. \$1.75, net.

Christian Apologetics. Rev. W. Devrier, S. J.—Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer. \$1.75, net.

The Same. In Two Volumes. Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. \$2.50, net.

Short Sermons on Christian Doctrine. P. Hehel, S. J. \$1.50, net.

Sermons from the Latins. Rev. James J. Baxter, D D \$2.

Memoirs of a Child. Annie Steger Winston. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Herman Diederich, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia.

Sister M. Genevieve, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Mr. George Rand, of Keokuk, Iowa; Mr. John Neeson, Cleveland, Ohio; Hannah M. O'Brien, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Sarah Thomas and Miss Margaret Lynch, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. Joseph Rempe, Fort Madison, Iowa; Miss Mary Davey, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. James McElearney and Mrs. Bridget Fay, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. Robert Hooper, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Ellen Carney, Belleville, Canada; Mr. J. C. Keast, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Furlong, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. Catherine Boland, Scranton, Pa.; and Mr. William Haugh, Newton, Conn.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LVII.

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NO. 24.

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Hymn to Our Lady at Vespers.

(*Præclara custos virginum.**)

TRANSLATED BY R. O'K.

HAIL, model and crown of virginal troth,
Mother of Mercy, Babe without wrath,
Gateway of Paradise, furnace of love,
Joy of the blest in the realms above!

A flower among thorns, spotless in heart,
Mild as the turtle-dove, Maiden, thou art.
Forth from thy virgin stem, mystical Rose,
Buds the adorable Cure of our woes.

Tower ever dreaded by Lucifer's host,
Hope-star of mariners shipwrecked and lost!
We are the mariners, life is the sea:
Blest is the ocean-path lighted by thee!

Life is, O Mother! a voyage of woe,
And many a rock lies hidden below;
But thy-gentle light and Christ's blessed Cross
Will save from the outer darkness and loss.

Praise to sweet Mary, the Rose without thorn!
Praise to the Child that of Mary was born!
Praise to the Godhead, the Father and Son,
And Spirit of Love,—three Persons in one!

In the Light of the Apostolate.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

NO part of our public life to-day presents the aspect of youth. We have undoubtedly grown old; with glory, perhaps,—deliberately in the bitter and unprofitable business of moral indifference. Our progress was once memorable, not through craft of intelligence, but by virtues yet untainted and by convictions that were inflexible

and sound. In our projection toward the glittering vistas beyond, we have lost sight of these precious possessions. We are moving with bold *élan* toward what may be called a national mid-life; against terms where triumph or defeat will make or mar our honor in the calculated sentence of history. In this advance we are companioned with some virtues and not a few vices. In the coming noon these two forces, more than pole-opposite in interest and desire, will dispute our destiny with a bitterness beyond guess. Even now, in more than one point, the grapple is being closed. And the danger lies not in the shape nor continuity of the siege, nor yet in thrust and parry as the day wears on, but in that first flight of arrows where death may find us quickly through some crevice of an armor worn thin by much content.

It is one thing, being fortified with experience and method, to make good against encroachments from without; it is quite another, even in the sanctuaries of active faith, to overcome the foe within. Emissaries are everywhere tip-toeing about the enemy's business,—an affair of no slight legislation and with few executive flaws. From reserved citadels, as from thick tents of social life, defection is notable. Here is a formidable array: discontent of toil; unchristian rivalry of masters; delusions from a tactile gospel of gold; and, most startling of all, an immorality which—in

* Sung at Vespers on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and several other feasts of the Blessed Virgin.

bold and broad parade, with the smirk of edged diplomacy upon its features, and with surprising contempt for the sacredness and meaning of life—gathers suffrage from prince and commoner for an election that will be an advent to the end.

In this impetuous rush toward what we are told is to be the highest level of civic and intellectual achievement, are we not sinning on the side of confidence? Are we not mistaken in our estimate of the moral *esprit de corps* of our natural recruits, whose training is so broadly questioned? Are we not a bit lax in our reconnoitre? How does the promised day appear in the shadow of a discredited application of justice, of a misused ballot, of a secularized Sabbath, and especially of that great scourge—divorce? To make good our march with such diseases feeding not on the irregular fringe of society but in the very point and centre of its being; to send our voices toward the mutable horizon of the ideal while the noise of passions rises from a muddy footway; to strive for memorable statehood, yet detach ourselves from interest in home and family and the preservation of sacred vows,—here, indeed, is an anomaly to be recorded in the secular page, a situation to be pondered, an escalade of barriers that mental culture can not reach nor natural strategy accomplish.

There are those who think these dangers overvalued, therefore beyond the scope of immediate convention. Is such tolerance quite free from cowardice? May we brook an evil, yet deny it a certain mastery? In the moral order, we should possess or pursue. The ideal is not apparent from any standstill: it is seen only in flights that grow ever longer and more difficult. That is a questionable patriotism which permits an individual to pass, unaltered, to posterity the imperfections that were his own inheritance. He is bound by every rule of honor to take quickened part in the business

that confronts him on the highway. From the hour of his impressment till death muster him home, he is not free of responsibility. He is called upon to face the issue squarely; to embrace it as an intimate and integral part of his social or civic duty; to weigh it with conscience; express its good or its evil, with no regard to the sanctions of men. This—and there is no better way to insure true advance—is the only method consistent with genuine citizenship, which is keenly alive to the heroic call of ideals, thoroughly opposed to languid mediocrity and dependence. Such a process makes as much for immediate repute as it does for the available pronouncements of posterity.

The honor of life is not passive. There can be no merit in a mode that accepts dishonored compromise, or entertains silent truce, with forces that abide the open stroke till hour and opportunity arrive. As a people of broad and comprehensive intellect, with an eye to each day's advantage, careful of national repute, quick in apparent service to honor, touchy of judgments,—where lies the reason of our carriage toward courses leading nowhere but to the dead opposite of these considerations and desires? Is it so very difficult to put finger on the pulse of such misadventure?

"Convince me," writes a Prince of the Church,—“convince me that there is a Providence who seeth my thoughts as well as my actions; that there is an incorruptible Judge, who can not be bought with bribes nor blinded by deceit, who has no respect of persons, who will render to every man according to his works, who will punish transgressions and reward virtue in the life to come; convince me that I am endowed with free will and the power of observing or of violating the laws of the country, and then you place before me a monitor who impels me to virtue without regard to earthly emoluments or human applause, and who restrains

me from vice without regard to civil penalties; you set before my conscience a living witness who pursues me in darkness and in light, and in the sanctuary of home as well as in the arena of public life."

Here is not simply the pulse but the very heart of our perversion, the cause of its being and the source of its power. Here, too, is pointed out with no small emphasis, and with no word in arrears to truth, the mode and possibilities of our retrieval. By no fortuitous art will the merit and significance of life be disclosed; by no brilliant signature of sophistry are they to be acquired. Mastery advances, if at all, only in the face of unconditional surrender to the teachings of Him who was at once the ideal Citizen and the ideal Man. Then, and then only, will the note of true progress be sounded; coalition of act and honor possible.

We are not a public moral unit. On the one hand are those that believe mental culture to be the pre-eminent defence against the disordered rectitude of our social life: that natural justice is the only sure star on the high seas of commercial and political life. On the other are those that declare God and His law may not be left out of human calculations and designs: that mental culture may, in part, suppress publicity of evil, but that religion alone insures the removal of its cause,—that natural justice is an undeveloped sense of faith and rectitude, in whose refracted light our honor will be seduced if not destroyed.

Beyond this sharp division, beyond the picket lines of these two great camps, wander the mass of indifferent and confused, among whom, no doubt, are many with the stuff and fibre of heroes. And here is where a lay apostolate may do valiant service. For in the neutral business of mere existence, where meetings are dispassionate, there is opportunity of splendid regard and

promise. Here is a condition where common fellowship in journeying interests may disclose in no offensive manner the glory and advantage of a faith, the splendor and the virtue of a cause, the silent but all-powerful magnetism of a life bonded by justice and charity, and ordered not with regard to the immemorable plaudits of man but to the irrevocable sanctions of God. And this apostolate will attract and prevail by the silent acting of its creed,—an acting which, the First Encyclical declares, "consists altogether in observing with fidelity and in their entirety the divine laws and precepts of the Church, and in the free and open profession of religion; in works of charity of all kinds without any consideration of self and worldly advantages."

We should, then, adventure not so much in word as in deed; and, having once set a forward foot in the matter, allow no sudden sally of doubt or fear to unnerve or frighten the heart. Let us not trespass the field with announcements of desire, with parade of opinion, with subtle and inoperative speech; but, with full control of heart and mind, with eyes fixed on the main purpose and intent of life, with conviction warming us through and through like rare cordial, let us rise to the task not as defenders chiefly but as exponents; for not in defence alone are we made perfect, but by the virtue and in the light of deeds accomplished or essayed.

The millennium is not for us. It can not arrive till we have liberated our social life from the evils that enchain it, and made impossible their re-welding. The desired day is still enwombed; we, at best, can only subserve its advent. And is there any Catholic layman blind to the glory of such immortal servitude, uncertain of his duty or the field of his labor? If we are not to hear the shout of triumph, what of our children—those natural recruits for our death-lessened ranks? Toward the little ones straining

against barriers that divide cool dawns from scorching sands, what should be our method, what our duties and desires? Toward those not yet able to support the rigors of the march, should our method not be proofward to the merit of our cause; conformable with standards we ourselves proclaim; consistent with a faith for which we fight, would bleed and die? Not by any spirit of bravado, nor by sudden spurt or feint, can we permanently strengthen and inspire our substitutes for the battle of right. It is only by acting our creed with heroic constancy, not only in nights of repulse and treachery, but in the liberal light of day when ridicule and mockery and silent, patronizing sufferance hang upon our passage in hopes to touch us in patience or the charity we boast,—only thus are we true to the object of our vocation, and to the best interests of those watching us from ports of youth.

And our desire toward the younger ranks should be this—that, fortified against retreat and its dark alarms, sure of their destiny and the virtue of their cause, they stand intrepid and serene in the shock of battle as in the shadows and the silence of the guard. And who would not have them mindful of us gone before, bearing weapons and a shield like theirs, and showing, let us hope, no pause nor hesitancy at the close of day, and in an hour so largely fraught with instant and sinister surprise? Again, who does not desire that if there be any recollection of us by those at the far end of the field, it be a specific memory that will make for an honorable similitude of our constancy and courage from dawn, through noon, to dusk?

Our duty is to secure, or at least make possible, their perfection, and so the perfection of the State. This we shall not accomplish by trusting them to their natural sense of justice, nor to the irrelevant dicta of mental culture; but

by the inseparable education of their mental and moral capabilities,—an education not otherwise governable than in schools where faith and morals find commitment, and where God and His laws are known. It will have been an honor for us to have held steadfastly to the principle that it is *quality* and not quantity of knowledge that advances civilization; and to have kept clear in the mind's eye that quality is one at heart with morality and faith, which alone answer the questions of life. But it will have been something more to have added sacrifice to effort in the support and furthering of this belief.

As Catholic citizens our way is without a turn—long and straight, and dusty to the end. With the true interests of our country at heart (and these everywhere and always concordant with our faith), we may not tolerate traffic with forces that besiege it for spoil or ruin. Not in controversy and intolerance, nor by a "zeal that is bitter," but well armed in the practice of faith, and moved always by the call of charity, we should exemplify rather than declare the merit of our course and convictions. Outside the dead level of Christ's teaching we shall find no true means of retrieval, no source of genuine triumph, nor pledge of its continuity; still less perfection for our social system now big with undischarged duties and forgotten relations. Culture and the sense of natural justice are historical failures. They can not induce us to equitable co-operation, nor make clear our duties of citizenship. Spurning the Perfect Law, I fancy we are doubly seditious—largely to the warrants of Cæsar, immeasurably to our own honor and to the destiny of our children.

Not otherwise than through the teachings of Christ can we give proper respect and obedience to rightly constituted authority, nor seek justice and true enfranchisement for ourselves. Strike God and the life to come from

your calculation, and—as was somewhere written — “the condemnation of after ages will not disquiet you, the censures of future generations will not disturb your ashes reposing in the tomb.” Of us, the Catholic laity, is required the fulfilment of the Christian law. With its accomplishment begins order. Against secret and sleepless forces that now tease us to lamentable commitments we shall be permanently and securely sentried. Acting our faith, we shall prove its vitality and efficiency,—two qualities that move the neutral heart from lassitude to admiration, from desire to understanding, from knowledge to a partisan support.

From those near the white camps of peace and the solvency of death, we may always look for a certain counsel; but this will be lustreless, indeed, beside the glimpse of battered shields still flashing bravely at us from the far dusk. For these—though judgment shape our course and prudence tame desire,—these are what we fain would see among our forbears: loyalty to standard and to cause; an inimitable poise where ranks grow thin; zeal and courage up to and in embrace of death. These are what make for that immortal comradeship, than which nothing more encourages and sustains. For this the heart endures. And who shall say how many, mindful of this fellowship in effort, have known victory in some powerful and terrifying camisade? None ever passes quite beyond its thought, nor yet is one impartial to its cry. We, too, the brunt and shock bequeathed to another day and youthful rank, will pass out and onward toward twilight and the assembling stars. Will it not be well with us if, remembering this association in arms, we also can send a cry backward through the level light to regiments under fire? And shall a certain glory not be ours if, mindful of the inviolate honor of our corps, we, in turn, can flash, without reproach, a shield where no stain appears, but one

deep-angled from the shock of many spears?

The day and cause thus positioned, who will not see what honors and possibilities await the Catholic laity, whose regard is for the secular and eternal interests of a posterity, as well as toward present peace and security? With our endowment in faith and intellect, does it become us to be jerked open-eyed against the truth—and by the enemy? Such an awakening will disclose nothing but the chagrin of neighboring defeat. Nor will there be any secret pass by which we can return unscathed to intrenchments, now abandoned if not with deliberation, at least without foresight of the result. Reiterated avowals will not avail us. They, at best, will be as signposts pointing our way through the valley, when it is clear that our true course is a staggering path up and over the hill. We shall have no need of indices that way: they will be plainly evident in every hard-won foothold; in the deep, long slide where repulse was imminent; in the thick dust upon our shoulders, and in scars we may not escape on so stern a mission. But—and here is one object of our ascension—if, as the day wears on, we find ourselves one degree nearer the crest and the lights, we have made memorable our effort. We may not have attained, but we have shown the road to achievement; and this—*this* is a particular glory of our Catholic life: not to be faithful merely, but compelling; not simply to convince but to inspire.

—♦♦♦—

THERE are some men and some women in whose company we are always at our best. While with them we can not think mean thoughts or speak ungenerous words. Their mere presence is elevation, purification, sanctity. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls that was never there before.

—Drummond,

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XIII.

WHEN Daulnay saw that Albert was following him, he turned abruptly and forbade him to do so.

"I wish to be alone," he said angrily. "I have much to think of, and your presence hinders me. Oh, that I should have lived to see this day!"

Accustomed to obedience, the boy once more climbed the high bank at the side of the railroad cutting, and seated himself where he could observe his father, who, rapidly walking up and down, seemed beside himself with the emotions that tore his soul. His was such a nature that if Louise had suddenly appeared, alone and unattended, he would have declared that some untoward occurrence, or consideration of ways and means, had foiled the preconcerted plans of herself and her supposed paramour; that her return was not voluntary; that at some future time she would undoubtedly carry out her wicked intentions. It would have required months, perhaps years, to divest his mind of its base suspicions; it is possible he might always have retained them.

But she did not make her appearance before her tyrant and tormentor, either then or at any future time. In one swift moment their already divided lives had been irrevocably cleft in twain; the years of torture and anxiety had come to an end for the gentle, amiable soul so long confined in the dreadful thralldom of her husband's tyranny.

Daulnay had paced up and down for about half an hour when the noise of an approaching train made him pause. It was an "extra" sent from the city to the relief of those who might have been injured or left behind in the confusion. Retracing his steps, he soon reached Albert's side. The boy had made

another visit to the wreck, and now advanced hurriedly to meet his father. He held in his hand two long braids of chestnut hair, charred at one end.

"Father," he said, "this is mamma's hair. I know now she is dead,—burned in the wreck."

Daulnay regarded the braids with loathing in his eyes.

"Don't you see, Albert," he replied, "that this hair has been *cut* off, and not burned? It has been a damnable plot. More than ever I am convinced that your mother and that detestable Richard have been planning this affair for a long time. It would not surprise me to learn that the whole thing—the setting fire to the train and subsequent catastrophe—is due to this same conspiracy of theirs. These braids were severed from the head of the one to whom they belonged, for a purpose—a sinister purpose. It was thought that, being found, all suspicion might be diverted from the culprits. Ah, one never can trust those Madonna-faced, meek-eyed, low-voiced women! Never look at one of them, never marry one, my son: they will deceive and disgrace you."

Clinching his hands and gritting his teeth, he looked at the boy with the eyes of a maniac. Then snatching the long, beautiful braids from his hand, he flung them into the smoking débris. The next moment the boy found himself pushed toward the train, on which they were soon rushing homeward.

Daulnay sat motionless during the journey, his hat drawn over his eyes, his head averted from the gaze of his son, who now had no doubt that his father was losing his reason.

A drizzling rain had set in when the train arrived at its destination. The wretched man refused a fiacre, though Albert pressed him to take one. They trudged silently side by side through the fast darkening streets till they reached the Maison de Bronville, where their apartments were situated.

When Daulnay suddenly opened the door of the salon, usually dark at this time of day, he found several lamps lit and an unusual gathering of people. Besides Madame Lambert, big and ponderous in his own easy-chair—which it irritated him at all times to see occupied by any stranger,—Madame Mornaud and her daughter were seated near Aliette on the sofa. Elise was standing in her favorite position at the window; while Lucie sat with her arm about the neck of her older sister.

“O papa, what news?” cried Aliette, springing to his side and taking his hat, drenched and limp, which he was about to throw on a chair.

“No good news,” he replied brusquely, throwing himself on a fauteuil, with a savage glance at Madame Lambert and a contemptuous one at the unsuspecting occupants of the sofa. “It would seem that you have been entertaining visitors this afternoon. Will you extinguish a couple of those lamps, Elise? Under the circumstances, it does not seem in good taste to have such an illumination.”

Elise, usually rather impertinent even to her father, of whom she did not at all stand in awe, silently did as he bade her. It was Madame Lambert who had taken it upon herself to light the lamps, with the view of making things as cheerful as possible. To do her justice, she had been so overwhelmed by the magnitude of the catastrophe that she had not shown her usual volubility during the hour she had devoted to the consolation of her young neighbors. Naturally obtuse, she had not taken the remark of Daulnay as a hint to shorten her visit, though he had meant it as such. On the other hand, the Mornauds, daughter and mother, at once arose, feeling that their company was not desired by the master of the house. But before taking leave, Madame Mornaud felt it incumbent upon her to show some interest in the fate of her friend, even though the manner of the husband

invited neither question nor sympathy.

“Have you not learned something, Monsieur?” she inquired in her gentle, courteous tone. “Relieve our suspense, I beseech you. These poor children have spent a dreadful afternoon.”

“And what kind of an afternoon do you suppose *I* have passed, Madame?” retorted Jean Daulnay, with an unmistakable sneer. “You heard what I said just now, did you not? I have no good news to communicate,—no news of any kind except what concerns myself and family only. Her friends and neighbors will never see Madame Daulnay again. That is all I have to say. Albert, close the shutters: this should be a house of darkness. Madame Lambert, I think I hear your husband walking overhead.”

Madame Mornaud, full of sympathy for the unfortunate man, whose acquaintance she had scarcely made during the time of her residence in the neighborhood, now began to attribute his peculiar conduct to the same cause to which Albert had attributed it. Silently pressing Aliette’s hand, she bowed politely and took her departure.

Even Madame Lambert, who had believed Daulnay capable of almost any brutality, could not on this occasion ascribe his remarks to any other reason than the terrible misfortune which had overtaken him.

“God rest the soul of your departed wife, Monsieur!” she said in a mournful tone as she emerged from the depths of the easy-chair. “God pity you and your poor children!”

“Amen!” said a low, soft voice ending in a sob; and then, as Madame Lambert quietly took her departure, the three girls threw their arms around one another and broke into bitter lamentations.

Daulnay removed his coat, handed it to Albert, and threw himself into the chair which his neighbor had vacated.

“Lock that door,” he said to the boy,—“lock that door, and do not open it to any more sympathizing friends

to-night. It is well, perhaps, that these curious neighbors believe now, and always will believe, what is, however, far from the truth—that the miserable woman whom for more than twenty years I have called wife, and whom her children have adored as a saint, has gone to her heavenly reward. But for us who know better, it is another matter."

"Father, what do you mean?" cried Aliette, disengaging herself from the embrace of her sisters and throwing herself on her knees beside him. She thought, as they all did, that grief and remorse had affected his mind. There could be no other explanation for his mysterious conduct.

"He is crazy," whispered Albert. "He does not know what he is saying."

The whisper reached his father's ear.

"I may be crazy!" he said. "It would be no wonder if I were. I have had enough to make me so; that is certain. But I am sane enough at least to command that the name of the woman who was until to-day at the head of this household shall never be mentioned here after to-night. She has disgraced us, deserted her husband and children, chosen her own way. Let her go,—let her go, I say. I, for one, will not lift a finger to learn *where* she has gone, though probably it is to South America. I believe that scoundrel gave out he was going there. That, however, may only have been part of the plot—to throw people off their guard."

"Father, what are you saying?" pleaded Aliette, laying her hand upon his arm.

"I am saying what I know to be true," he replied, striking his fist violently on his knee as he spoke. "It would be well for your mother if she were dead, destroyed in the manner she dreaded all her life—burned to ashes, scattered to the four winds of heaven. But she *is* not dead,—oh, no, she is not dead! She has gone, disappeared, *eloped* with that filial

young man who has been wont, for several years, to play the part of son to her and brother to her daughters. She has made a fool of herself and disgraced her family. Let her name be, I say, as though she had never lived."

"Father!" exclaimed Elise wrathfully, "how dare you assert such a thing?"

Aliette, sitting on the floor, with her head in her hands, was sobbing bitterly. Not for one moment did the poor girl doubt that they had lost father and mother in one blow,—that Daulnay's brain had succumbed to the dreadful catastrophe of the morning.

"Mother is dead,—she was burned in the wreck," said Albert, before Daulnay could reply. "I found—I found two braids of hair—her hair, I would swear it—long, thick, and chestnut brown."

"Where are they?" exclaimed Lucie. "What did you do with them, Albert?"

"I took them from him and threw them back into the smoking ruins," said Daulnay. "She cut them off to deceive us. It was part of the plot. I believe they had a hand in setting fire to the train, so that they could go off together without exciting suspicion. What do such a pair of abandoned wretches care for the lives of their fellow-creatures? Nothing,—I say nothing!"

The children were now all convinced that Daulnay had indeed lost his senses. Suddenly he rose and began to walk about the room.

"Tell me," he said, "if you can, what has become of your Mr. Richard? He was seen at the station—no one saw him again. Why did your—that false woman leave her family and hurry alone to another part of the train,—she that was so timid she scarcely went out alone,—she who could not pass even one hour away from her home and children? They have both disappeared. They have gone together."

"They may both have been burned," rejoined Albert.

"They were not. There was not a

single man injured in that accident. If they did not connive at it, they took advantage of it," said his father. "See here, girls! To-morrow you pick up all the clothing and trinkets that belonged to her and remove them from my sight. I do not care what becomes of them—only remove them from my sight. I want to see nothing in this house that will in any way suggest her or remind me of her. She is, to all intents and purposes, dead. Do you hear—do you understand?"

"Yes, papa dear," answered Aliette, thinking to humor the vagaries of a half-crazy man.

Albert left the room. Marianne, who had been hidden behind one of the portières, stole away to the kitchen to prepare the evening meal. Lucie was crying softly on a corner of the sofa. Even Elise, who while her mother lived had not always been as tender and affectionate to her as she should have been, now with difficulty restrained the sobs that filled her bosom. She did not know for whom she felt the greater pity—the poor mother so suddenly called from the scene of her sorrows and anxieties, or the father whom her loss, joined to the memory of his neglect and unkindness, had thus pitifully deranged.

But when, after a few days, the household had assumed its usual routine, Daulnay returned to the bank, and in every way seemed to take up his life where the tragedy had left it; appearing normal in all things, morose as ever, but not quite so sarcastic, since the victim of his temper was no longer there. His children now began to realize that the crowning act of his tyranny had been the base suspicion and accusation of the mother whom they all knew to be truth and purity personified. The theory of insanity was soon set aside; and, with its dismissal, indignation and aversion increased in the hearts of the stricken children against the father who by his present significant silence, as

much as by his past allegations, threw obloquy upon the memory of their mother. Not for a single moment did any of them dream that those accusations could be true. But to Aliette, more especially, the thought that the mother, persecuted during life, should be falsely suspected after death, rankled deep and sore.

She continued her embroidery work. Elise went to her classes daily, and Albert had obtained a position with an architect. Lucie remained at home with her sister, studying somewhat, and learning from her the beautiful stitches which had made Madame Daulnay's work so much admired.

The Mornauds had gradually become aware of the character of Daulnay, and never visited the home while he was there. But the intimacy continued. Cécile and Aliette were fast friends. Madame Mornaud exercised a maternal care over Aliette and Lucie. The other two, more independent and self-sufficient, shared but little in this friendship. Lucie, who had a talent for music, began to take lessons from M. Mornaud, with the consent of her father, who acknowledged that it might become a source of revenue to the household in the future. He demanded and received every cent of the money Aliette earned. She was too like her mother to think of resisting his selfish commands, though she knew his salary at the bank to be considerable. The name of their dead mother was never mentioned in his presence; it was only Marianne, Lucie and Aliette who spoke of her among themselves. Albert and Elise seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Louise had read the characters of her children with wonderful acuteness on the eve of the fatal day which had deprived them of her care.

(To be continued.)

THE great danger of criticism is lest, while engaging in discussion, the critics should forget to act.—*Creighton*.

to-night. It is well, perhaps, that these curious neighbors believe now, and always will believe, what is, however, far from the truth—that the miserable woman whom for more than twenty years I have called wife, and whom her children have adored as a saint, has gone to her heavenly reward. But for us who know better, it is another matter."

"Father, what do you mean?" cried Aliette, disengaging herself from the embrace of her sisters and throwing herself on her knees beside him. She thought, as they all did, that grief and remorse had affected his mind. There could be no other explanation for his mysterious conduct.

"He is crazy," whispered Albert. "He does not know what he is saying."

The whisper reached his father's ear.

"I may be crazy!" he said. "It would be no wonder if I were. I have had enough to make me so; that is certain. But I am sane enough at least to command that the name of the woman who was until to-day at the head of this household shall never be mentioned here after to-night. She has disgraced us, deserted her husband and children, chosen her own way. Let her go,—let her go, I say. I, for one, will not lift a finger to learn *where* she has gone, though probably it is to South America. I believe that scoundrel gave out he was going there. That, however, may only have been part of the plot—to throw people off their guard."

"Father, what are you saying?" pleaded Aliette, laying her hand upon his arm.

"I am saying what I know to be true," he replied, striking his fist violently on his knee as he spoke. "It would be well for your mother if she were dead, destroyed in the manner she dreaded all her life—burned to ashes, scattered to the four winds of heaven. But she *is* not dead,—oh, no, she is not dead! She has gone, disappeared, *eloped* with that filial

young man who has been wont, for several years, to play the part of son to her and brother to her daughters. She has made a fool of herself and disgraced her family. Let her name be, I say, as though she had never lived."

"Father!" exclaimed Elise wrathfully, "how dare you assert such a thing?"

Aliette, sitting on the floor, with her head in her hands, was sobbing bitterly. Not for one moment did the poor girl doubt that they had lost father and mother in one blow,—that Daulnay's brain had succumbed to the dreadful catastrophe of the morning.

"Mother is dead,—she was burned in the wreck," said Albert, before Daulnay could reply. "I found—I found two braids of hair—her hair, I would swear it—long, thick, and chestnut brown."

"Where are they?" exclaimed Lucie. "What did you do with them, Albert?"

"I took them from him and threw them back into the smoking ruins," said Daulnay. "She cut them off to deceive us. It was part of the plot. I believe they had a hand in setting fire to the train, so that they could go off together without exciting suspicion. What do such a pair of abandoned wretches care for the lives of their fellow-creatures? Nothing,—I say nothing!"

The children were now all convinced that Daulnay had indeed lost his senses. Suddenly he rose and began to walk about the room.

"Tell me," he said, "if you can, what has become of your Mr. Richard? He was seen at the station—no one saw him again. Why did your—that false woman leave her family and hurry alone to another part of the train,—she that was so timid she scarcely went out alone,—she who could not pass even one hour away from her home and children? They have both disappeared. They have gone together."

"They may both have been burned," rejoined Albert.

"They were not. There was not a

single man injured in that accident. If they did not connive at it, they took advantage of it," said his father. "See here, girls! To-morrow you pick up all the clothing and trinkets that belonged to her and remove them from my sight. I do not care what becomes of them—only remove them from my sight. I want to see nothing in this house that will in any way suggest her or remind me of her. She is, to all intents and purposes, dead. Do you hear—do you understand?"

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that he did not finally "leave the world" till the autumn of 1838. He entered the novitiate of the Christian Brothers in North Richmond Street, Dublin, on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8, 1838. Or, rather, on Our Lady's Birthday he asked leave to enter; and after a short probation his petition was granted, and he received the religious habit as a novice on the Feast of St. Teresa, October 15. No doubt he had caught some of his brother-poet Crashaw's enthusiastic devotion to that "undaunted daughter of desires."

The schools in which the author of "The Collegians" first tried his prentice hand in teaching the young idea how to shoot (to quote the poet of "The Seasons" rather unseasonably) were those which are still, after nearly eighty years, called the O'Connell schools, because Daniel O'Connell laid the foundation stone the year before Catholic Emancipation. That *magni nominis umbra* stretches far,—that "mighty name" casts a very long shadow.

Very probably Gerald Griffin has gained and not lost, even as regards earthly fame, by his sacrifice of earthly ambition. I think he had already given to the world his best. If he had pursued his literary career to the end, even though the end had been much further off than it proved to be, he might have added little to the legacy of his genius. There are many writers who would have ranked higher if they had stopped sooner. Would Longfellow or Tennyson have suffered much if the dramas of his later years had remained unwritten? Our poet, who had not kept the drama for the end of his career but had begun with it, added a halo to his name by spending his last years in bringing the poem of his life to a beautiful and solemn close. He might well claim a share in Cowley's apostrophe to Richard Crashaw:

Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven.

In his letters to his friends, and in his talks with his brother when Dr. Daniel Griffin visited, Brother Joseph—for that was now the novice's name—was never tired praising the lot he had chosen. "No one," he wrote, "has or can have an idea of the happiness of life in a religious community without having actually experienced it." At another time: "I would despair of giving you any idea of the perfect liberty of mind and the perfect happiness one feels in the religious state (when it is not one's own fault), and which it is in his power to increase every hour." And again: "The more I see of religious life, the more I feel the truth of what is said by one of the spiritual writers: that if God did not please to keep its happiness secret, the whole world would be running into it."

In June, 1839, the novitiate of the Institute was transferred to the North Monastery, Cork. The chronicler of the Munster Festivals was even more at home in the Munster capital. The Lee was nearer than the Liffey to the Shannon, his "own beloved river." No doubt he thought years of humble and useful toil were before him; but God, as He often does, took the will for the deed. Gerald Griffin, who had never fully recovered from the effects of his early privations, was unable to resist an attack of typhus fever, and died a happy death June 12, 1840, in his thirty-seventh year. His grave in the little cemetery of Cork has ever since been a place of pilgrimage, and the shamrocks and daisies growing upon it have been carried away as relics to the ends of the earth.

"May God bless our beloved Gerald, is the prayer of his fond mother, Ellen Griffin." One of Mrs. Griffin's admirable letters ends thus; and our centenary thoughts may end with an echo of this prayer as if breathed again by his loving mother, Erin, on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. Blessed be the holy and amiable memory of our gentle Gerald Griffin!

Light and Shadow.

SOMETIMES feel that festal days
 When joy-bells loud are ringing,
 Are sadder than the days when grief
 Around the heart is clinging
 Like cold gray mists that wintry seas
 Along the sands are flinging.

For in the sad days memory sleeps,
 Lulled by the gray unending;
 The long, still stretch hath not a touch
 Of light and color blending,—
 While not a gleam of joy that shines
 But hath its shades attending.

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse
 Chaplain.

SIXTH WEEK.

WEDNESDAY.—This morning was foggy and cold, but dry. An easterly wind blew. Going against it, one felt it biting enough; but going with the wind, it was rather pleasant.

There were no sick calls in the early morning; after breakfast, however, there were plenty of them,—on account of the fog, I suppose. There were six in the old women's ward. These old women are all so like that scarcely any one of them is distinguishable from the others. They are doting or stupid or blind. The nun in charge went before me through the ward, waking them up to the living present from their heedlessness or their dreams of the past.

"Mrs. M., here is the priest now," observes the nun in her gentle tones. "You were asking for the priest, and here he is. He has come to see you, dear, and to give you a blessing, and to forgive you your sins. Oh, isn't it well to have our sins blotted out and our conscience cleared and our soul at peace with God?"—"Ah, *aweenach*, it's thrúe for you," replies Mrs. M.; and she starts up in the bed, and her hands get outside the clothes; and, altogether,

this does not coincide with the nun's idea of becomingness. "Oh, tut, tut, now! Put your hands inside the clothes, dear! For shame! My, my!" Mrs. M. is ashamed. "Oh, I will, ma'am!" And she tucks the clothes hard about her.

Then the nun goes on to Mrs. B. "Mrs. B.!" she calls. There is no answer. "Mrs. B.!" a little louder. "Mrs. B.!" still louder. At last Mrs. B. wakes up. "Mrs. B., here's the priest, dear."—"He's welcome, ma'am. God bless him!" She moves on to Mrs. S. But Mrs. S. is deaf; she has grievances of her own, and she goes on crooning. "Hush, hush, Mrs. S.!" Oh, hush, dear! The priest is hearing confessions in the ward." The creature misses the meaning of the words, and she continues; then the nun has to command her, when she at once obeys.

Over here is a blind old creature, thin, pale, and open-eyed. She is almost buried in the bed, having slipped down from the pillow. The nun raises her up, smooths the pillow, and softly lays the poor old head upon it. Mrs. T. is as "deaf as a stone." The nun has been endeavoring in a quiet way to prepare her for confession. "Eh, *aroo*, what is it?" There is a nicety, for all that, about the poor old woman, which is in keeping with the "dress-cap" tied up in a handkerchief and hanging over her bed. I lay her hand on the crucifix; she runs her fingers along it, presses it to her lips, and then breaks out into a wail of prayer and of sorrow. She knows it is the priest.

My next business was to the consumptive ward. Down at a far end lay a girl with high-colored cheeks, brilliant eyes, thin features. "She is getting very deaf, Father," said the nun. "She has the priest every week, and every week receives her Lord and God." What a happy way to prepare to meet that same Lord and God! Her long hair lay in full, rich wreaths on the pillow. She made her confession, and smiled an innocent, grateful smile as I was leaving.

About the middle of the ward was a woman, young, modest-faced, preparing for confession. She had been in the hospital before. Within a few beds of this patient was another woman, closely muffled up, as if in disguise. Both these cases came in from the city last night; they are suffering from pneumonia. Oh, who will write the history of city life?

I went to the men's hospital. The nun in charge was busy with a poor child of about four years. His little face was covered with bandages, as were also his hands. He had a toothache, and the nun put cloves into it; but the little patient declared that bad as the pain was, the burning was a good deal worse. In his estimation, I suppose she would pass for little more than a quack. She handed me a list of her sick that needed the priest—four men. Directing my attention to one old man sitting up on the bed, with a red counterpane about him, the nun remarked: "That old man, Father, has not been to the sacraments for the last ten months." He was elderly and worn and poor. He coughed a hard, stubborn cough. Sad that so old a man, "with one foot in the grave," should have been so careless. *Humanum est*. "This poor man, Father," she added, indicating a name on the paper, "goes weekly. This other, Henry T., is very deaf. And this young boy, George S., has not been to confession for years."

My work there done, I returned to the sacristy, and found a baptism awaiting me. A coffin was in the chapel for burial service: it contained the remains of an artisan, a poor old waif and stray.

In the evening I was called to the men's hospital. The old man with the horrible skin disease was dying, and the nun wished that I should see him once again. I was bending down and whispering some aspiration into his ear when a scream far up in the ward startled me a little. I raised my head to listen. The lamps that hung from

the roof burned pale; a stillness was over the place; there were hurried steps in the neighborhood of the scream. Once again it came. And now I saw two men at either side of a bed, and two or three others standing near, as if ready to give help. Then the voice began to talk wildly and incoherently. The situation dawned upon me: it was a man in delirium tremens.

In another ward there was a poor boy lying quite stiff on the pillow, as if he had on a neckcloth that belonged to some ancient gentility. The child had, indeed, a neckcloth: his neck was swathed in flannel; he was complaining of lumps in the throat. The nun gently removed the covering, and the whole throat felt as hard as if it had been ossified. I anointed him. Poor child! He was about thirteen or fourteen. The features were regular and pleasing, the eyes round and expressive, the forehead high and intelligent, and the crisp hair gathered in a merry way toward the middle of the head. The son of a nobleman might look such on his bed. There was a quick, intelligent answer to every question; and that *gaucherie* which characterizes the majority of the poorer classes was entirely wanting to him. And yet he was only a street Arab.

Oh, when will there be proper laws that every child wandering without father or mother shall be taken into some home of education conducted by religious, to be "committed" on the signature of magistrate or clergyman? Prithee, Sir Public Economical, would not society be the gainer in the long run? We but nibble at it now; we but dabble at it, and hence we have not that satisfaction or advantage which we ought to have; nor shall we while we continue neither fish nor flesh.

There was a confession to be heard in another ward; and on leaving I was told there was a sick call in the women's hospital. She was a poor old creature that had just been brought in from

town. Her chest was evidently affected: her breathing was quick and very labored; so I heard her confession, gave her Holy Viaticum and anointed her.

It is well to die old and poor. I have never seen such deathbeds as those of the old and pious poor. I have never seen such resignation, such absolute trust in God, such a willingness to change this earthly abode for an unending one. I am not rich and I do not know that I should like to be poor; but, at any rate, may my death be like theirs! *Et anima mea cum illis!* "Blessed are the poor," saith the Lord; "for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven!" This is the first in order of all the Beatitudes, as it is in degree the parent as well as the inheritor of all. For "whosoever shall have despised worldly things, truly he shall attain to eternal things; nor can any one deserve to merit an eternal reward who, tied down by his desire of an earthly one, has not therefore the liberty of flying forth."*

Thursday.—This morning dawned grey and mysterious upon the world. What was there up in those high, luminous clouds which endeavored to reflect the sub-horizon beams of the coming sun? What was there in the dusky red of those midheaven clouds that spoke so pathetically to my inner soul? When I was at college I could see the evening beams of that same sun decorate as with molten brass the rugged ridges of the distant hills. That evening glow appealed to my soul,—appealed, I confess, with a surge of wild and daring liberty. Oh, for the wings of a bird, to light on the tips of those distant hills, to enjoy the farewell beams of the glorious sunset; but above all to feel that, like the eagle in its unapproachable eyrie, *I was, free*—solitarily free,—free from man, free from the world, free from what my angered heart called the low baseness and littleness of humankind,

from its servility, its hatred, and its knavery; free with the freedom and purity of the bold, wild winds of heaven!

Yes, those mountains in their evening glow, their solitary loneliness, appealed to me, and I could understand them. But here I gazed,—here was a mysteriousness that I could not translate; here was a silent communing that I could not understand. Was it that I wished to be up there free and lonely, as long ago on the mountain-tops at silent eve? No, no! What, then? Those reddish clouds of the queenly dawn seemed to speak to me in a vague way of silent, solitary happiness. My breast heaved and tears came to my eyes; and, oh, I wished that I could make myself a paradise! Alas! those struggling beams but lighted up the grey prison-like walls of a city work-house; and I was walking along, one of its officials, with my keys—the insignia of office—in my hand. I hung my head. A paradise indeed, and pain and ache and sorrow within an arm's length of me! I stifled the sobs in my throat, and offered a morning resignation to the God that rules and guides all things.

I might not be happy, according to my ideas of terrestrial happiness; but work is happiness here below, and what work like that of a priest? And what work of a priest or an angel like the offering of the morning Sacrifice? I stole into the sacristy and knelt down, and, with humble head and repentant heart, offered myself up to the great Creator. I vested then, and with wished-for hallowed lips endeavored to offer the August Sacrifice. Angels are happy, thank God! We shall be happy too.

There were no calls immediately after Mass. After breakfast I had several. In one of the men's wards there were four young men lying in four successive beds. The eldest was hardly twenty-two. Three of these had been already anointed and were now to receive Holy Viaticum. The fourth came in only last night; he

* St. Ambrose.

was complaining of congestion of the lungs; he had to be anointed. "That young boy," remarked the nun, "is well prepared, Father. You need not be afraid. He constantly attended at the Brothers' school outside. He is a very nice lad, but I fear he will not recover from this attack."

He was indeed a nice lad. While I was hearing his confession two persons, that I took to be brother and sister of one of the young men I was going to attend, came and sat down beside his bed. He waved them away, however, after a short greeting; and there in the corridor they knelt while I was administering Holy Viaticum to the four and anointing the young boy I had been with first. What did they think as they heard the solemn prayers of the Church or saw its mystic ceremonies carried out? Perhaps in their hearts they wept that one they loved should be within "measurable distance" of the grave,—for scarcely one of these four will ever again see the sunny world outside and the busy streets of the great, gay city. Perhaps they recalled some joyous day or memorable scene when he was the central figure, light-hearted and pleasant, around whom they, as lesser planets, moved. And it was to be no more!

In the evening there was little to be done. I saw the gentleman of the delirium tremens of the previous evening sleeping soundly. Nature is a great restorer. I gave absolution to a poor old dying man, and confessed and anointed a poor woman who had just come in.

Friday.—Four coffins rested on their wooden perches in the little chapel, awaiting burial service. How custom does harden us! Bring in any man from the outer world, point out to him these four unvarnished coffins, at the heads of three of which were female names—Margaret, Alice, Anne,—on the fourth William or some other name,—would he not go back to his country home and

relate to a circle of wondering rustics the impressive sight he had seen? He had not raised the lid and looked within to see whether the occupants were old or young. The stillness of death he had not beheld. He might not speak of faces wrinkled by old age; of young faces worn to skin and bone by consumption; of full, fleshy faces taken away by fever or accident; of faces disfigured—eyes, nose, lips, forehead or chest eaten away by cancer. He could not tell his friends that he had seen the moldy dew of death and corruption gather over face and hands, or that he had smelled the odor of decaying flesh. These, indeed, would have made his story much more impressive; these, the really awful things, he had not seen: he had beheld only the outer covering that religion and humanity alike offer to poor hapless, helpless mortals; and yet he went away impressed, if not horrified, counting this dwelling of the poor a slaughter-house rather than a hospital.

But if St. Francis Borgia would only tell his story! He had lifted the lid from the coffin of that Spanish Queen who had been the idol of her people, the most beautiful lady of her day, the theme of every traveller, the subject of many a romance; and had found, instead of majesty and beauty and the overawing dignity of sovereignty, nothing but a fetid mass of moldering flesh, corruption, and white creeping vermin. Yes, how his story would impress and horrify! Oh, may we all die a happy death!

But—talking of coffins—I wonder can it be true what Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," relates in all gravity of Queen Elizabeth? Three coffins, she says, enclosed the remains—an inner coffin of oak, a coffin of lead, and a third of some other material; and that while the watchers sat around a loud sound was heard, as if an explosion had taken place, and the coffins were found to have burst.

There were a few sick calls in the

evening. A hurried one to the women's ward. A woman of about thirty had come into the house battered and bruised,—the effect of a severe beating from her husband. She was anointed outside, when unconscious. Now she had a lucid interval, but it was not certain how long it might last. Drink! Her husband had been a drunkard, and had been so cruel to her that she, too, took to drink. Oh, the pity of it!

Another delirium tremens in the men's hospital,—a fresh case. I had to give absolution to one of the boys I anointed yesterday, and to a poor old woman who seemed to be dying.

(To be continued.)

Notre Dame de Laghet.

BY GERALDINE GAVAN DUFFY.

IN a picturesque situation, between the world-renowned pleasure resorts Nice and Monte Carlo, lies the famous sanctuary of Notre Dame de Laghet. From earliest times succeeding generations of Niceans have had the pious custom of resorting there in pilgrimage; and year after year they bring to the feet of their beloved Mother their joys and sorrows, their cares and triumphs, with the perfect confidence of favored children. The cloisters round the sanctuary are hung with *ex-votos*—souvenirs of the grateful homage of innumerable societies, parishes, and private individuals.

In 1654 the municipality of Nice consecrated their city to the Virgin of Laghet, and, as a sign of vassalage, left behind them a golden treasure from the public funds. From this time the fame of Notre Dame de Laghet gradually spread, until a few years ago the late Pope Leo XIII. conferred on the statue the signal honor of public coronation. In April, 1900, the bishop of Nice presided over this magnificent ceremony; and in the presence of six other bishops and

an enthusiastic gathering of twenty thousand people, the statue was solemnly crowned. Laghet and the neighboring towns were *en fête*, and the highway from Nice to the shrine was so encumbered by the extra traffic that it was a matter of much time and patience to arrive there. No one who witnessed this impressive scene could fail to note the pride and triumph that the assembled Niceans felt in this honor paid to their beloved Patroness.

But the unjust laws of the Combes government against the Congregations have changed all this joy into pain and sorrow; for at the beginning of last summer it was decreed that Laghet should be closed, and the Carmelite Fathers in charge of the chapel cast adrift and banished from France. This decree was rigorously enforced: even two bedridden Fathers who had spent all their lives in the convent being turned out, and the government seals placed on the closed doors of both chapel and monastery. This symbol of authority consists of a narrow strip of tin and two red seals, small in themselves, but surely enough in these troublous times to fill the heart of every Christian Frenchman with indignation and shame.

St. Teresa's Day has from time immemorial been a date when representatives from each of the parishes of Nice go in pilgrimage to Laghet, and many parties are arranged each year for weeks beforehand. Some true pilgrims go on foot; but as the way is long and steep, and even by carriage nearly two hours' drive, these are always a very small percentage of the whole number. After the closing of the chapel it was feared that there would be no pilgrimage this year; but the energetic Bishop of Nice, Monseigneur Chapon, advised his people to stand firm and not to abandon their rights. He promised to represent the case to the proper authorities and see if he could not have the chapel

reopened, even if only for this one day. So we joined the pilgrims of Notre Dame, our parish church, and soon after sunrise on October 15 were on our way to the shrine.

Our route lay through some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, and nothing could have been more exhilarating than that drive in the pure morning air. The rising sun touched the surrounding mountains with pink and gold, and the hymns and prayers of the pilgrims were mingled with the matins of the joyous birds. At different points along the route we were joined by other parishes, all singing hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin; until at last this lengthy procession, winding slowly in and out among the narrow defiles of the mountain road, looked like an immense living rosary stretching along as far as the eye could see.

After two hours' drive, when we came in sight of the statue of Notre Dame de Laghet which crowns the chapel, the men uncovered to salute, and the women cried aloud, "*Ave! Ave Maria!*" A large number of pilgrims from Menton and Monaco were already there before us. But we missed the usual welcome of joy bells from the church tower, and the clock stood still at six. Alas! Neither of them had sounded since the final Angelus rung by the Fathers many weeks before. It was only too true—we were shut out, and there was no possibility of effecting a peaceable entrance.

Monseigneur, finding all efforts to have the seals removed unsuccessful, had made arrangements to say Mass in the open air, at some little distance from the chapel. A small altar had been erected on a hill, and a few yards of canvas arranged to form a sort of tent over it. Only a limited number of people present could see the altar; but the vigorous priest who led the singing climbed up on a height, and announced in a loud voice the more important parts of the Mass,

so that it was easy to follow it. As we had to stand on stony, uneven ground during the whole ceremony, we felt that we were suffering in some small degree those inconveniences that make the prayers of all true pilgrims meritorious. The crowd was tremendous, and might have been dangerous were it not that order was very well preserved: the priests from the different parishes forming a cordon round the bishop and allowing only a limited number of people into the sanctuary at once.

More than nine hundred people received Holy Communion; and it was a most touching sight to see them kneeling afterward under the olive trees, in different attitudes of prayer and thanksgiving. Under their feet were the heather and daisies; and for canopy above, the glorious blue sky; and surely no stately cathedral built by human hands could have produced so striking an effect. My inmost feelings were touched, as it brought to my mind pictures I have seen of the devoted Irish priests in the penal days, hunted from their churches and chapels, saying Mass in dark and dangerous cavern and cave. And in that moment my heart was indeed grateful to our brave ancestors who, through such genuine danger and peril, handed us down the faith unsullied and untarnished.

At eleven o'clock High Mass of Thanksgiving was sung, and the choir boys' young voices rang out loud and clear until the neighboring hills and valleys vibrated with the solemn sound of *Gloria* and *Sanctus*. After this we had lunch and some rest under the trees until two o'clock, when we were again summoned together by the strains of the *Magnificat*, which was taken up by the great assembled multitude, each verse being alternated by the invocation:

Vierge, notre espérance,
Etends sur nous ton bras;
Sauve, sauve la France,
Ne l'abandonne pas!

This was echoed again and again, with such fervor that it seemed as if the voices must truly penetrate to the throne of our Heavenly Mother.

Monseigneur Chapon then addressed the crowd, commending them for their attendance in such large numbers, and in most stirring and importunate tones exhorting them to be true to the traditions of their fathers. He ended by saying that so long as there remained vacant one corner of land in this fair spot, so long he gave them rendezvous to return again and again, and bring to their Blessed Mother the expression of their never-failing love and confidence. After this followed the public petition to Notre Dame for the special intentions of all those present, and prayers for the sick and needy of the whole diocese.

A procession was then formed, and the pilgrims passed twice round the cloisters outside the shrine, singing the *Ave Maris Stella*. Through the barred windows we could just dimly see the outlines of the interior of the chapel. Innumerable tapers burned at the closed doors and windows, and the hot tears of sorrow and indignation fell from the eyes of many aged pilgrims who had been in the habit of coming here yearly ever since that first visit at the now long-distant date of their First Communion.

I greatly fear these demonstrations of sorrow will avail little toward melting the hearts of the present French ministers, grown callous by impiety and personal ambition. But, fortunately, our hopes are placed higher than this, and we continue to say, Our Lady of Laghet, pray for us!

I HAVE been driven to my knees many times by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for the day.

—Abraham Lincoln.

A Patron Saint of Mechlin.

BY E. BECK.

FOURTEEN miles from busy Antwerp is the city of Mechlin, celebrated for the cathedral built in the twelfth century in honor of its first bishop, Saint Rumold. This saint, according to almost all trustworthy authorities, was an Irishman. The learned Pope Benedict XIV., in a letter addressed to the Irish bishops, bearing date the first day of August, 1741, enumerated Rumold with Columbanus, Kilian, Virgilius and Gall among the "most holy men" who went from Ireland to carry the Catholic faith to other peoples, or to seal their confession of it with their blood.

Within the precincts of the cathedral erected in honor of the Irish saint is the tomb of the murderers of the illustrious Thomas à Becket, once Chancellor of England. Lust of gold or a desire to please Henry Plantagenet induced the brothers Fitzurse and Ranulf de Broc to cross the seas on a murderous mission. Saint Thomas was slain on the altar steps, and the news of the brutal murder sent a thrill of horror through the length and breadth of the Christian world. Henry did public, if insincere, penance for his crime; and the actual murderers of the Archbishop journeyed to Rome, in sorrow and remorse, to obtain pardon from the Vicar of Christ.

Pope Alexander III. listened to their confessions, and enjoined that his penitents should make a pilgrimage round certain shrines in Europe, till they recovered the use of the senses of which, by divine judgment, they had been deprived. In obedience to his mandate, they came to Mechlin; and, through the intercession of its saint, the pilgrims regained their lost senses. They returned to Rome and acquainted Alexander with the story of their cure. From thenceforth the shrine of Saint Rumold became a

more noted place of pious pilgrimage, and the Pope bestowed many privileges on the Belgian city. The four penitents repaired to Mechlin, and there passed the remainder of their lives in prayer and penance.

David, a prince of Leinster, and Cecilia, daughter of a king of Cashel, are generally supposed to have been the parents of Saint Rumold. On the shrine in which his relics are enclosed there is a figure bearing a kingly crown; and it has always been a tradition of the Church of Mechlin that her saint was of royal race.

In early youth Rumold was noted for his spirit of prayer and for the austerities he practised. He was educated by a holy priest named Gualafer, and in early manhood he expressed a desire to enter the priesthood. His wish was vehemently opposed by his parents, and particularly by his mother. In course of time, however, their opposition was withdrawn, and Rumold was ordained. Later he was, according to some of his biographers, consecrated bishop. Many of these writers, however, understand that he was merely a missionary bishop without any fixed See. At any rate, his zeal for souls led him from his native land.

It is said in one of the more ancient lives of this saint that an angel appeared to him and intimated that he should cross the sea. In a rude *curragh*, made of twigs interwoven and covered with skins, he crossed to England. From England he passed to France, and from thence to Germany. While travelling through France he met a man who had been blind from his birth. The poor creature implored alms in a touching way. "Silver and gold I have none," Rumold said, "but what I have I give thee. In the name of God, see!" As the saint spoke the blind man looked round with amazed but seeing eyes.

Saint Rumold made his way from Germany to Rome, and visited the holy places sanctified by the blood of the

early martyrs. As he prayed on the spot where the first Pope won his palm branch an angel appeared to him and told him that he, too, should suffer martyrdom in another land; and the heavenly spirit informed him where that land was. Saint Rumold sought the reigning Pontiff and received permission to labor in the district indicated by his mysterious visitant.

Where Mechlin now stands was then a complete wilderness. The land belonged to a certain Count Ado, a near relative of King Pepin of France. Saint Rumold restored the nobleman's son to life, and in gratitude the Count bestowed on him the marshy wilderness. In the most remote part of the marsh the saint and a few comrades took up their abode, and passed the days in labor and prayer. As time went on Rumold found it needful to erect a church for his increasing flock. While the building was in course of erection he had occasion to reprove the sons of a man named Belial for their sinful lives. The two young men conspired to kill him; and he was murdered by them while inspecting his church, after the departure of the workmen, at the close of day. Saint Rumold's martyrdom took place in the year 775.

The saint's body was laid to rest in the church he had begun, and Count Ado bestowed many gifts and ornaments on the chapel where his beloved friend slept. Various miracles were performed at the tomb, and the number of pilgrims to it increased yearly. In 1479 the relics of the saint were exhibited to an immense concourse of people by Godofrid, a holy monk, afterward Bishop of Cambray. Paul III., who ascended the papal throne in 1555, raised Mechlin to metropolitan dignity. The shrine of the saint was destroyed when the French revolutionary army entered Belgium in 1794; and it was not till 1825 that the holy remains were deposited in the shrine where they now repose, over the high altar of Mechlin's famous cathedral.

"We Need the Catholic Church."

THE most pressing need of American Catholic literature is a masterful essay on the Church, its institution and mission,—the clearest, briefest statement of what it is, what it teaches, and what it is concerned with; a book dealing only with the essentials of the Christian religion. The need of such a work is illustrated by a paper in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, from the pen of Mr. Theodore T. Munger, entitled "The Church: Some Immediate Questions." Articles in which the same or similar notions are expressed constantly appear in our magazines and reviews. Mr. Munger is probably a believer in the divinity of Christ and in the inspiration of the Bible, and yet he holds that "nothing is diviner in the Christ than the impossibility to identify Him with any church." It may be thought that no one who reads the Scriptures could possibly entertain such an opinion as this. Protestants do read the Bible, however; and if they fail to understand it as we do, it is because, like the man of Ethiopia mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, they have no guide for its interpretation. "How can I [understand]," he said, "unless some man show me?" Whereupon, it is written, "Philip preached unto him Jesus"—instead of holding a discussion with him.

The difficulty in dealing with modern unbelievers is that, besides not understanding, they are unconsciously prejudiced. But prejudice is not among the insurmountable things, and no doubt if there were such a work as we have described it would be the instrument of innumerable conversions. To our mind there is no bigotry in the passage presently to be quoted from Mr. Munger's article in the *Atlantic*—only misconception of the Church, which would be easily corrected by the right sort of book—if the right sort of book existed.

It should be realized that most of our doctrinal works, besides being too bulky, are lacking in an essential quality—modernity. For most present-day readers they hold little or no attraction. The Life of Father Hecker, simply because it was so bulky, had very few readers; but when this subject was included in the Beacon Biographies everyone became intensely interested in "the attractive personality of Father Hecker." There are certain things which, it must be admitted, we are very slow to learn. Now let us hear what Mr. Munger has to say about the Church:

Professor Roswell Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, not long before his death said: "We should be very careful how we treat the Catholic Church: it has already been of great service to us, and we shall need it again. It is defending the family, and is a stronghold of law and order." The need which he did not name has been met by its position on the labor question. President Carroll D. Wright has recently said: "I consider that the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the labor question has given the foundation for the proper study of social science in this country. It is a *vade mecum* with me, and I know that it has had an immense influence in steadying the public mind."

The Family; obedience to Law; Labor: these are the problems with which the nation and the churches are struggling; but no church is doing more to safeguard these vital interests than the Roman Catholic. The question how it happens to have this influence may go by; that it has it is sufficient at present.

It would be idle to prophesy that the Church which first set foot on the continent will stay longest. It is enough that it will stay and is already a power. It may retain a formal and harmless allegiance to the Pope, and thus even draw from him something of use,—like the last Encyclical of Leo XIII.; but if the Propaganda should urge the temporal power, King John's answer to the Pope's Legate would be repeated here in no uncertain tones: "No Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions." It would be worse than idle, it would be calamitous, to oppose the Catholic Church in the present juncture of our affairs. Protestantism has not only nothing to fear, but much to learn from it, as to organization, worship, and fundamental ethics. It contains what George Eliot called "the ardent and massive experience of man." It is enough that it is a Christian Church. Its theology is substantially Augustinian orthodoxy, which it shares with large Protestant bodies. Ecclesiasti-

cally, it is at variance with Protestantism; but that question will take care of itself. It is full of superstitions, most of them harmless, while some hide a truth. It stands for sound ethics, for humanity, for learning, and also for science and progress and modern thought, but in a somewhat hampered sense,—encyclically denied, but practically recognized.

Some day, we like to believe, it will occur to Mr. Munger to inquire how the Church happens to have so mighty an influence all its own. As regards her aim, whatever may be thought or said of it by outsiders, it is simply this: "To bring forward the elect to salvation, and to make them as many as she can. The Church," to quote Newman further, "regards this world and all that is in it as a mere shadow, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. . . . She considers the action of this world and the action of the soul simply incommensurate, viewed in their respective spheres; she would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria, or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length and breadth of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them.

"Such is the Church, O ye men of the world! And now you know her. Such she is, such she will be; and though she aims at your good, it is in her own way; and if you oppose her, she defies you. She has her mission, and do it she will, whether she be in rags or in fine linen; whether with awkward or with refined carriage; whether by means of uncultivated intellects or with the grace of accomplishments. Not that, in fact, she is not the source of numberless temporal and moral blessings to you also; the history of ages testifies it. But she makes no promises; she is sent to seek the lost; that is her first object, and she will fulfil it, whatever comes of it. . . ."

Notes and Remarks.

A new record of youthful depravity was established by the quartet of criminals arrested in Chicago for a long series of murders and robberies. The proverbial honor among thieves was conspicuously wanting among them; for no sooner were they apprehended than each sought to outdo the other in accusing his companions as well as in boasting of his own crimes. On their own confession, they were brutalized to a degree unheard of since the exploits of the notorious James gang; killing and thieving seemed as commonplace to them as breathing. The curious circumstance in their case is that none of them is of tainted blood: their parents are respectable people, who are prostrated—some of them, it is stated, rendered insane—by the monstrous conduct of their children. It is a new warning against the danger of allowing children to prowl about the streets after dark or to frequent doubtful company. And it will be fortunate if the newspapers that gave whole pages to pictures and detailed histories of the young monsters are not found to have produced a new crop of criminals.

M. des Houx, in the highly interesting description which he gives of his recent audience with Pius X., dwells upon the characteristic simplicity which he has imposed upon his *entourage*. It would seem, says M. des Houx, as if the Church, under the guidance of Pius X., were looking back toward its apostolic origin. "Every Sunday he calls together in the gardens of the Vatican some thousands of men, women, and children. He comes into their midst alone, without a cortège, and, like a preacher, expounds to them with tender eloquence the Gospel of the day." It appears to M. des Houx that Pius X., subordinating politics and diplomacy to a popular apostleship, will devote more care to gathering the people

round the pulpit than to negotiations with governments. Ceremonial officials in Rome may have misgivings about the new order of things, but elsewhere no fears will be entertained that the influence of the Pope will be lessened because he attaches more importance to apostolic methods than to diplomatic relations with effete monarchies.

A member of the Mosely Commission, writing from New York to one of the English papers, has this to say about the lack of religious teaching in our public schools: "No one, I think, professes to believe that it is, or can be, really made up by Sunday-schools, however well organized, — and one or two that I have visited in New York are admirably organized, in strong contrast to the slipshod carelessness and well-meaning inefficiency of most English Sunday-schools." "Though not irreligious, the atmosphere of the public schools in the States" "omits to lay due stress upon what in the last resort is the only sure foundation of moral conduct." Precisely. Catholics will never be satisfied with a school atmosphere that is merely "not irreligious."

The German and Austrian empires have each an army-bishop, or *feld-probst*, whose duty it is to appoint the military chaplains and to provide spiritual ministrations for Catholic soldiers especially in time of war. Mgr. Assman held this post in Germany until his death recently, and Mgr. Vollmar has now been appointed to succeed him. The seat of the German army-bishop is in Berlin.

President Eliot of Harvard University advocates some excellent ends without the employment of the preliminary means. He would have American schools teach "family love, respect for law and public order, love of freedom, and reverence for truth and righteousness"; and, "incidentally but incessantly, the doctrine

that we are all members one of another." Religious education, as such, he apparently has no use for. Yet it ought to be elementary to a philosopher of President Eliot's standing that, unless as the outgrowth of religion, and dogmatic religion at that, those virtues are either nonexistent or are the merest phantasms, unsubstantial shadows as nugatory as they are unreal. Morality that is based on any other foundation than religion is 'a house built upon the sands: the history of the past and contemporary annals alike teach this fundamental truth.

There is an amusing and interesting article in the *Fortnightly Review* on Children's Prayers and Prayer-Manuals. Two passages may be quoted both as "good things" and as valuable psychological data. To illustrate the *naïveté* and seeming lack of reverence sometimes noticed in children, the writer, Mr. Edward H. Cooper, says:

Two American friends of mine, aged ten and eleven, say their prayers regularly every night and morning, and learn hymns and texts by the yard, but play the most diabolical tricks on each other while so engaged. The boy's prayers are perfectly serious and real; and God's presence is equally real; for on one occasion when his sister was indulging in the nefarious practice of beating his bare upturned feet with a hair-brush, he apologized to Heaven very seriously and soberly—"Excuse me, dear Lord, for a moment, while I get up and knock the stuffing out of Nellie!"—before he proceeded to rise from his knees and chastise the offender.

Mr. Cooper is also of opinion that night-prayers should not be unduly prolonged for children, who are apt to be tired, and therefore cross and troublesome, at bedtime. He writes:

The two nicest children of my acquaintance have a way, when they are tired, of resuming the day's quarrels in their evening prayers. "God forgive Frances," prays one of them, "for pushing me into the fountain to-day while I was standing on the edge, and then daring to say that I felled in." It is not etiquette, of course, to interrupt a praying companion, so Frances reserves her answer for her own prayers. "God forgive

Marjorie for daring to say that I pushed her into the fountain, when she knows she felled in her own self, and that Nanna telled her not to stand near the edge." Then follows a series of familiar aggravations and insults. "Good-night, and God bless you, Lady Marjorie!" says Frances, piously. "Don't dare to say 'God bless you' to me, Lady Frances!" is the stormy answer; and the nurse, who knows that when these two ladies use each other's titles a first-class storm is threatening, murmurs to each pacifically: "Don't call each other names, dearie."

The placing of Zion City in the hands of receivers looks like the beginning of the end of Dowieism. Chicago newspapers tell of the prophet's rage when the bankruptcy summons was served, of his alternate outbursts of entreaty to his deluded followers and of indignant abuse because they had not handed over "their all" to Zion. The shekels were not forthcoming with the old enthusiasm, it appears; yet thousands of his disciples still profess themselves devoted to him, whatever the courts and the newspapers may say. Society, some cynic has written, is composed of beasts of burden and beasts of prey, on which text no divine of our day is more competent to supply an illuminating commentary than the Rev. John Alexander Dowie. He has found the prophet business profitable.

M. Chaumié, Minister of Education in France, has been instituting an inquiry as to the number of private religious primary schools closed by the Associations Law of 1901, and the number reopened since then either by lay teachers or former members of Congregations. It seems that up to last October 10,000 such schools had been closed, and 5800 subsequently reopened. Only one-sixth of the schools that have been resumed are for boys; but it is gratifying to note that eight-ninths of these boys' schools are taught by secularized religious. Of the 4800 girls' schools that have been reopened, 2900 are being taught by former Sisters. While there is a notable

difference, in various departments, in the proportion of reopenings to closings, the average all over the country is a little more than fifty per cent: a few more than one half the schools discontinued in consequence of the Associations Law are again in operation. A circumstance incidentally emphasized in the analysis which M. Chaumié has prepared is the very rapidly increasing expenditure resulting from the changed conditions,—some such increase as would be evident in this country, were all the children now taught in our parochial schools handed over to their public competitors.

France's loss is Italy's gain, thinks the *Armonia*, of San Remo, in the matter of persecuted nuns. Some thirty French Sisters, belonging to the diocese of Valence, betook themselves two or three months ago across the Italian border; and in the brief interval that has elapsed since their arrival in Italy, they have completely captivated the sympathy and esteem of the people among whom they have taken up their residence. One work begun by them receives especial commendation from the Italian weekly: schools supplementing the elementary instruction furnished in the public schools, and, more particularly, courses in domestic economy. The pupils are admitted on the easiest possible terms. Those who are poor give a little; if very poor, they give nothing, and nothing is said or done to remind them of their dependence.

We have begun seriously to doubt the truth of the statement so often made that Englishmen are somewhat lacking in the sense of humor. Nothing could be keener than their enjoyment of the stories told by Sir Francis Burnand in his recently published "Records and Reminiscences"; yet many of these stories, we feel sure, would not be appreciated by "any other nation." One of them is about a certain "Tim"

Moore, a journalist and accountant, who had a mysterious office in buildings close by Waterloo Bridge. Having commissioned a carpenter to fix up a brass plate, he found, to his dismay, that the sign bore the following legend, devised by the workman in question, who may possibly have acquired his poetical training from the burlesques of the period:

Mr. Moore,
Second floor,
Office Hours,
Ten till Four.

Finding that the announcement provoked the risibility of the passers-by, but brought no custom, Moore insisted on getting rid of the rhymes. This was accomplished triumphantly, and the amended announcement appeared:

Mr. Moore,
Second floor,
Office Hours,
Ten to Five.

According to the London *Athenæum*, which is nothing if not representative and authoritative, this is one of Sir Francis' "most amusing stories." Englishmen would be incapable of appreciating it so thoroughly if their sense of humor was not highly developed. To the obtuse of other nations, the amusement excited by the story will be more amusing than the story itself.

If the destruction of the University of Ottawa has no worse effect than the temporary interruption of its activities, that alone will be a serious misfortune. Hundreds of students from this country as well as from Canada will be deprived of a Catholic education in the college of their choice during the two years necessary for rebuilding the large granite structure. But, besides, there is the financial loss to an unendowed institution which supplied board and tuition to the student for \$170 a year,—a work made possible only by the self-sacrificing efforts of a religious community. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate have the

sympathy of the Catholics of this country in the destruction within a few hours of the work of half a century, and it is to be hoped that that sympathy will flow to them through practical channels. In such crises the clergy and laity have an opportunity of proving the sincerity of their convictions on the subject of Catholic collegiate education.

S. Giorgio in Velabro, the titular church of the illustrious Cardinal Newman, has recently been restored, through the efforts of the Roman Seminary. The waters of the Tiber, on the occasion of their last overflowing, did considerable damage to this celebrated old edifice; but it has now been reconsecrated by the Cardinal Vicar and reopened to public worship. English Catholics have long had the intention of erecting within its walls a monument to Newman, and they can now prosecute their design with more security than heretofore; for all proper precautions have been taken to prevent any further injury from the encroachment of Father Tiber.

The Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet* noted the absence of one customary feature from the procession at the recent public Consistory. Instead of being borne aloft on the *sedia gestatoria*, the Holy Father walked at the end of the long line of Cardinals, etc. He thus escaped the cheering which would have greeted his passage. "It is stated," adds the writer, "that Pius X. is anxious to abolish all applause during religious functions in the Vatican and St. Peter's."

It is only a waste of energy to resent our remarks concerning collections for the Propagation of the Faith. They were not intended to give offence, and there seems no good reason why offence should be taken. We haven't anything against anybody, anyway; and when we do something to be sorry for we are always willing to be forgiven.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Campers.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

VI.



NATURALLY, the two boys were very impatient to hear Domingo's story; but it was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that he was at leisure to meet his young friends.

"I will tell you what I think, boys," he said. "I think the Farham family are in that cave."

"Who are they?" asked Xavier and Walter at once.

"Oh, you don't know about the Farham family! But you don't live in the southern part of the State. I forgot. Well, you see, about six months ago the Express Office in the city was robbed of several thousand dollars. There is a lodging-house in the second and third stories. A few days before, a very nice-looking man, with his sister and brother, had come to live there. He was going to open a real-estate business, he said. I do not know why, but they were suspected and arrested. After a while they confessed to the robbery, though the men declared that the woman was innocent. They were all put in jail, tried, convicted, and were waiting to be sent to the penitentiary at San Quentin. One evening about supper-time, when there was only one old man in charge of the jail, they fell upon him, and threatened to shoot him if he cried out. They took the keys from him and got away. It was nine o'clock before he was found, tied, gagged and helpless on the floor of the corridor. The alarm was given, but the prisoners had had a very good start. A large reward was offered—one thou-

sand dollars. Everybody said they had come down to Lower California, through the brush,—sleeping or resting by day, and walking at night. But no one seemed to be able to find them."

"I should think it would be easy," said Mr. Hale. "They could not have taken a supply of food with them: they would have to beg or buy some at the scattered farm-houses. It ought not to have been such a difficult matter to apprehend them."

Domingo smiled.

"I do not know, Señor, how it would be above the line—in the United States; but down here I do not believe there is a single person who would tell on them,—not for any money."

"But that is not right," said Mr. Hale. "They were criminals, fugitives from justice."

"Right or wrong, they would not be delivered up," persisted Domingo. "The *rurales*, of course, would capture them if they were within reach; but they did not look very hard, I think. I believe one of the fugitives, or perhaps all, must have known the ways of the people here; and they knew the farther away they got from the United States the less chance there would be of their capture. Well, one morning I was up very early, as usual—"

"How long ago, Domingo, please?" interposed Walter, scenting something interesting to follow.

"About three weeks ago. I had fed my horses and was going to take a hot bath, when I saw three persons coming over the brow of the hill just beyond there. I could see that they were dusty and travel-stained; and one seemed to be dragged along by the others. The feet of all were almost bare. The one in the middle leaned a hand on the

shoulder of each of his companions. Then I said to myself: 'That is the Farham family, and the middle one is the woman. Poor creatures, they look starved! I will get them something to eat, and let them go on again.' So I called out, 'Hey! hey!' and beckoned to them. They had not seen me before. As soon as they espied me they turned and went on as fast as they could—away from the Springs. They thought I would give them up, I suppose. So I went and took my bath and said nothing. Afterward when Pedro came I asked him: 'Did you see anybody as you came through the valley?' But he said, 'Nobody'; and there it rested. I think now he did see them, and that probably he knows the other way into the cave, and got them through there. He has been feeding them. When he does not come they are hungry—to-day and yesterday."

"But what are you going to do now, Domingo? How are you going to find out about them?" asked Walter.

"I think they have been hiding there so long because the woman has been sick," said Domingo. "Otherwise they would have gone on. Shall we go over and try to find the other entrance?"

"Yes, let us go. May we, father?" asked Walter, excitedly.

"We will all go," said Mr. Hale.

"But wait till evening, in the moonlight," continued Domingo. "Of you folks I have no fear, but I do not know what kind of people may be about the place. For one hundred dollars, not to say a thousand, some men would sell their souls. We shall not give them the chance. We will feed the poor unfortunates and let them go."

The moon was flooding hill and valley with her softest radiance when Domingo and his little staff of explorers set out for the hill. They carried with them in a large basket some provisions, which Domingo had taken from the kitchen stores after the cook had gone to his

tent. Quietly ascending the hill, they paused near the hole through which the rattlesnake had come. Domingo hesitated a moment, then lifted the stone, peered in, and at once let it fall.

"I see a streak of light," he said. "I suppose Pedro has given them candles among other things. Let us go on. Follow me."

When he reached the brow of the hill he began at once to descend, going as nearly in a straight line as possible.

"I have not been over here since I was a boy," he said.

A few steps more and they suddenly came to a kind of ledge, artificially made in the hillside.

"Here once, my father told me, they thought to find gold—it was far back in my grandfather's day,—but they soon abandoned it."

Underneath the ledge was a level space on which lay three large flat stones. Here Domingo paused and thoughtfully considered the situation.

"I believe that is the entrance to the cave, Señor," he said, pointing to the stones. "I think these rocks conceal it. Shall we look?"

Mr. Hale nodded, and all pressed forward. Then Domingo lifted the largest stone in his strong grasp and flung it easily aside. There was an opening underneath. It took but a moment to remove the others, revealing an aperture large enough to admit two men abreast.

"That is not bad," said Domingo, stooping down and looking in, as he struck a match, which flared up and went out quickly. "The air is not very good; farther in, there will be little holes admitting some. It will be better then. I am going down."

"What is it like, Domingo?" inquired Walter. "Is it a steep hole?"

"No," was the response. "A path goes easily down for some feet. Then it seems to be a broader space. It must be level down there. I am going to see."

"May I go with you, Domingo?" asked Walter.

"No—not yet," answered his father. "Perhaps later, Walter. We will see."

Going downward, feet first, Domingo had already disappeared. The boys, on hands and knees, were eagerly gazing into the dark chasm. Presently they saw a light and heard voices. After what seemed to them a long time, but which was really only a few moments, Domingo reappeared, carrying a small lantern. He soon scrambled to the top.

"Here is my little lantern that I suspected one of the campers of taking away," he said. "And down there are three persons: two men and a sick woman. It is sad,—it is very, very sad. Will you come, Señor? And shall the boys come?"

"If you think well of it, yes," replied Mr. Hale.

"I'll take the basket," said Domingo. "It will be easier for me, as I have been down and know the way."

Domingo led, the others followed. In a very short time they found themselves in a narrow corridor scooped out of the rock; it was perhaps twenty feet long, ending abruptly in a low, vaulted chamber about fifteen feet square.

"See the stars!" whispered Xavier, clinging close to his companion.

"It is the moonlight through the little openings the water has made in the winter," said Domingo. "It is good for them; otherwise they should have had no air."

He threw the light of the lantern upon the gloomy chamber, revealing a form lying upon the ground.

"She lies upon the coats of the two men," said Domingo in a low voice. "There they sit in the corner, in their shirt-sleeves. They must be cold."

The boys stepped timidly forward. The men did not move; the form upon the ragged bed was silent. Domingo opened the basket and produced two candles, which he lit and stuck on bits

of projecting rock. With the lantern, they gave sufficient illumination to the chill, dreary place.

"Come, my men!" he said in a cheery voice. "Here is light and food and drink—bread and cheese and ham, milk and wine. Come and eat. But first I will pour a little wine in this tin cup for the sick woman."

As he did this one of the men advanced, took the cup from his hand, and, raising the woman's head, said:

"Flora, taste this: it will warm you."

The woman sipped the refreshing draught, and sank back once more on the ground.

"What a sad sight!" whispered Mr. Hale to the boys. "She will die in this damp place."

"Good people," once more resumed Domingo, who was busily emptying the basket of its contents, "come and eat, come and drink. Be not backward or ashamed,—we are *friends* here." Then, turning to Mr. Hale, he continued: "These good people lost their way, Señor,—their way to the south, where they intended to stop at the mines. They were weary, without money and without food. The lady was ill: they could not go on. We do not ask them their history or their business. It is not our affair. We simply help them to get on. The air in this place is not good: the sooner the better for them to go. We can not promise that they will not receive a visit perhaps from the health authorities if they stay longer—or *much* longer. To-morrow, the next day or the day after, when the lady is feeling better? What say you, Señor?"

"It is in your hands," answered Mr. Hale, discreetly.

"You are a good man," said one of the cave-dwellers to Domingo. "We trust you. As soon as ever it is possible we shall keep on to the mines. But my sister—she is very ill. We can not leave her—we *will* not leave her, happen what may."

He had a refined, cultivated accent, slightly foreign. The other man was equally good-looking.

"I agree with all my brother has said," added the second one. "Sink or swim, live or die, it shall be together."

"Boys," said Mr. Hale, "I think you had better go up. I will stay with Domingo here awhile."

Very reluctantly Walter took his departure. Xavier was perfectly willing to go: the surroundings did not appeal to his timid nature.

As they walked on in the moonlight Xavier said:

"Flora—he called her. That was my mother's name."

"Your mother is dead, isn't she?" inquired Walter.

"We think she is,—we do not know," rejoined the boy. "She went away and left us, but we think she is dead."

Walter made no reply. It seemed strange to him that a mother should leave her husband and child in that manner; but he had been taught not to ask questions nor to busy himself about the affairs of others, and so refrained from further remark on the subject. They separated at Walter's tent. When his father returned, the boy was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

Food without Fire.

The Norwegian peasants have a way of cooking their food without fire. They employ a box, which they line with felt or some other substance which will not let the heat escape. Into this they put a kettle or pan of boiling water, together with the food they wish to cook, so arranged that the steam reaches the eatables but does not escape from the box. Over all they put a padded cover and many bands of hay, and then start for the fields. When dinner-time comes the meal is all prepared, and emerges smoking hot from the box.

Cradles Old and New.

In olden times in England mince-pies for Christmas were always baked in the shape of the cradle "where Christ did lie," and the custom is followed in many places to this day. "Cradle" is an Anglo-Saxon word. In Anglo-Norman it was *bers*, or *bersel*, and from that we have the modern French *berceau*.

Those who are familiar with Kingsley's "Water Babies" remember how they were rocked in shells. People in real life have used similar cradles. One of the most renowned kings of France had a shell for a crib. On the Pacific coast there is a sea creature called the abalone (pronounced *ăb'a-lō'ne*) that lives in a most beautiful house of many colors. Often these shells cling to the sides of caverns; and there is on record the story of a poor abalone hunter who got his hand fastened beneath one of these tightly clinging objects, and starved to death before any one came to his relief. Sometimes these shells grow so large that the native mothers rock their babies in them.

On the other side of the United States, the little Puritan children had a snug place railed off at the end of the long settle, where the mother sat to sew or knit; or would be safely stowed away in a little cradle with a strong high top upon it. The old-fashioned mother could move the treadle of the little flax wheel with one foot and rock the baby with the other.

The leaves of the Victoria Regina, that marvellous water plant of India, are so strong that Hindoo mothers often use them as cradles. Hammocks are used for the same purpose by the Seminole Indians and in most South American States. In New Guinea the mother suspends a netted bag from her forehead, and in that her little one is safe and comfortable. Most Indians strap their babies to boards which are made soft

and warm by beds of moss. When the mother is busy she ties this cradle-board to a swinging branch of a tree, where it sways in the wind. Indian babies seldom cry.

In the mountain districts of our Southern States it is not uncommon to see a baby lying in a log that has been scooped out to form a rude cradle. The Siberian mother makes a hanging cradle which looks like a large flour sieve. This she hangs to the wall or other object not far away from her hand.

The most beautiful cradle of all is the one we see in churches at Christmastide, when the Blessed Lord is called to our mind by the Crib of Bethlehem.

Birds that Earn their Living.

Birds that can talk are often made use of in a strange fashion. We hear of a lively cockatoo kept in a barber-shop, whose duty it is to say as Christmas time approaches: "Remember the boys' Christmas-box!" This is said to every one who leaves the shop; and the result last year was more than ten dollars, mostly in coppers, for a worthy charity. In a South London tavern a parrot performs a similar duty. Every caller is reminded to "Remember the Life-boat," and that excellent fund is well patronized in consequence.

Some years ago a London beggar, blind and a hopeless cripple, had a clever parrot which was invaluable to him. "Pity the blind!" it would cry in the most plaintive tone; and if a passer-by turned and deposited a coin in the box over which it presided, it would solemnly say, "Thank you!" It is likely that many were moved to give a coin for the pleasure of being thanked by Polly; but, at any rate, the beggar reaped a harvest. Polly was not so polite to boys who would have abstracted money from the box, as many nipped fingers testified.

Starlings, too, can talk with wonderful clearness. One used to accompany his young master on his rounds, to ask for help for the Indian missions. And ravens often go about as attractions at side-shows to a circus or county fair. One is remembered that used to say: "Things are cheap to-day. Who'll buy?" And then when his master would purposely drop a plate and break it, he would exclaim, "Another gone to smash!" or "We're going to the dogs!"

Parrots and other talking birds grow very fond of their owners, and grieve when separated from them, just as dogs do.

Something about Snuff.

The snuff-box used to be as indispensable an article of a fine lady's toilet as her fan; and it was not an uncommon sight to see a great English dame offer a pinch to the churchwarden as he passed the plate after the long and tedious sermon of the "Reformation" times.

The snuff-box has in many instances played an important part in politics. When Napoleon was banished to Elba and the Bonapartists were plotting for his return, they used to have their snuff scented with violets, his favorite flower. When they wished to learn which side an individual favored, they would offer a pinch, saying, "How do you like this perfume?"

A witty man has said that a diplomatist should always use snuff; for it affords so good an excuse for delaying a reply upon occasion.

A Feather in His Cap.

In the very olden times no one was allowed to wear a feather unless he had slain a Turk; hence came the expression, when any one had conquered some obstacle or obtained promotion, "That is quite a feather in his cap."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Among new devotional books we note "Visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament," from the French by Grace McAuliffe; and "Devotions in Honor of St. Francis," compiled by a Franciscan Sister. Both are approved by ecclesiastical authority. They are of convenient size, and creditably printed and bound. Benziger Brothers.

—We are pleased to see a new edition (the eleventh) of "Reading and the Mind with Something to Read," by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. Though revised and enlarged, the work is substantially unchanged, and is marked by the same merits and unavoidable defects. It answers the question so often asked by young students, What Shall I Read? and will be found useful not only to readers but to those who aspire to become authors. Published by John Joseph McVey.

—The sons of St. Francis and their numerous admirers will be well pleased with Father Francis Dent's latest book, "Perez and Columbus; or, The Franciscans in America." Presumably it is not offered as literally true in detail, for it is neither documented nor annotated with references. It is true in spirit, however; and it revives the hope that some scholar with leisure and erudition will soon give us a serious and final account of the wonderful Franciscan missions of the early days. Published in Rome by Propaganda Press; in New York by M. A. Butler. Our copy is an example of slovenly book-making.

—Many are the adventures encountered by Howard Hunter and his companions, as described in Father Copus' new book, "Saint Cuthbert's." Like "Harry Russell," it is a story of school-life, and the local color is well done. Of the two, we prefer the story of Rockland College; but both books are marked by a manly, Christian tone which will appeal to all boys. Such stories are sure to benefit young readers as well as to afford them entertainment. "Harry Russell" and "Saint Cuthbert's" are not to be passed over by those who are anxious to see happy faces at Christmas and New Year's.

—Reprints of old books are rarely successful, but we hope this will not be the case with the new edition of Pagani's "Anima Devota; or, Devout Soul," just issued by Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne. It is a work of solid merit, and should have many readers not only among religious but among the pious laity. Father Pagani's maxims are not the least valuable feature of his work; they are as practical as pious,—for instance: "He who does not avoid the occasions of sin, mortify his senses and keep a special guard upon his eyes, will never possess

a pure conscience." This new edition of "The Anima Devota" has been revised; and it affords a short notice of the holy author, so favorably known to the older generation of Catholics in England.

—"Hearts of Gold," by I. Edhor (Benziger Brothers), is dangerously near dulness in places. Of the characters who figure in the story, it may be said that their manners are as impossible as their morals are irreproachable; though manners, we are told, are the shadow of morals. The author should cultivate what is known as the literary sense. There are certain rules which no writer of fiction is free to transgress.

—Benziger Brothers are agents in this country for a series of school and home plays for girls written by Madame Cecilia, of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, England. Three have already been published and three others are to follow. "Clara's Trick" is a serio-comic drama for eight characters, and the action is full of interest. The costuming and stage-setting are simple, and the time required for the play is an hour and a quarter.

—A book that boys will relish is "The Ship of State, by Those at the Helm," being a series of essays on the governmental departments by the men who preside, or have recently presided, over those departments. Among the contributors are President Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, the late Thomas B. Reed, Justice Brewer, and others only less familiarly known. Though intended for young readers, this enjoyable volume would be useful to adults also. Ginn & Co., publishers.

—D. C. Heath & Co. publish a "Two-Book Course in English" which teachers in our grammar-schools would do well to examine. Grammar and Composition are commonly considered dry studies, chiefly, we believe, because they are taught in a dry-as-dust way. Miss Hyde's "Two-Book Course" follows the natural, and therefore the rational, method. It would be deplorable if ingrained prejudice against new ways, or fear of "fads," or want of adaptability, should restrain teachers from testing such a text-book.

—"The Dominican Tertiaries' Manual," compiled by the Rev. Raymond Voltz, O. P., and issued from the Rosary press, is a book of instruction and of devotion. It contains an outline of the three branches of the Dominican Order, as to origin and duties. The Manual is chiefly for those belonging to the Third Order, and their rules and devotions are dwelt upon at length. The liturgical portion of the book is made up principally of the Little

Office of the Blessed Virgin, devotions for the Rosary, for Mass, and for Holy Communion. The printing and binding of this booklet are worthy of commendation.

—It was an excellent idea to prepare a book of supplementary reading on "The Philippines" for school-children; but we can not say that Mr. MacClintock has done the work in a wholly satisfactory way. The style of the book is sometimes the infantile style of the First Reader—for example, "How would you like to live among the Negritos? Do you like mangoes?"—and sometimes serious enough for the best Eighth Grade work. Besides, the book doesn't really give the child any clear-cut impression of the Philippines at all. The friars are mentioned only as persecutors of the immaculate patriot Rizal (there are two sides to that story); though Dr. Bourne, professor of history at Yale, declares that the friars in the Philippines did "a work without a parallel in history." Finally, we are told of the image of the "Holy Child," which is honored in one of the churches of Cebú: "During the feast held in its honor, pilgrims from all parts of the island come to purify their souls [sic] at its shrine." About one non-Catholic in a million is competent to write satisfactorily on Catholic subjects, and Mr. MacClintock isn't one of the minority. American Book Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Glimpses of Truth. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 88 cts.

Moral Briefs. *Rev. John H. Stapleton.* \$1.

The Life and Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. *P. Justin O'Byrne.* \$1.35, net.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Bernard Ward.* \$1.60, net.

The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII. *Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J.* \$2, net.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. *M. Gavin, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

The Venerable Mother Jeanne Antide Thouret. *Blanche Anderdon.* 75 cts., net.

Famous Children. *H. Twitchell.* \$1, net.

A Calendar of Prayers by Robert Louis Stevenson \$1.50.

Rational Home Gymnastics. *Hartvig Nissen.* \$1.

Where Saints have Trod. *M. D. Petre.* 50 cts., net.

What the Church Teaches. *Rev. Edwin Drury.* 30 cts.

Worldly Wisdom for the Catholic Youth. *Mentor.* 35 cts.

The Mass and Its Folklore. *John Hobson Matthews.* 10 cts.

Humpty Dumpty and Other Stories. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.

One Ring Circus and Other Stories. *W. W. Denslow.* \$1.25.

Light for New Times. *Margaret Fletcher.* 50 cts., net.

The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service. *Rev. Joseph Egger, S. J.* 50 cts., net.

Some Essentials in Musical Definitions. *M. F. McConnell.* \$1.

English History for Catholic Schools. *E. Wyatt Davies.* \$1.10.

Instinct and Intelligence. *Rev. E. Wasmann, S. J.* \$1.

Monasteries and Religious Houses of Great Britain and Ireland. *Francesca M. Steele.* \$1.75, net.

Christian Apologetics. *Rev. W. Devrier, S. J.—Rt. Rev. S. G. Messmer.* \$1.75, net.

The Same. In Two Volumes. *Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J.* \$2.50, net.

Short Sermons on Christian Doctrine. *P. Hehel, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Felix Lepore, of the diocese of Denver; Rev. D. J. O'Brien, diocese of Sioux City; Rev. Augustin Gerardin and Rev. Andrew Sauvadet, diocese of Cleveland; and Rt. Rev. Monsig. Quigley, diocese of Charleston.

Sister M. Benildis, of the Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. J. O. Hinchcliffe, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Robert Sidman, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Regina Coyne, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Patrick McGee, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Stearrett, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. James Tucker, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Rose McArdle, London, England; Mrs. Charles Neary, Columbia, S. C.; Mr. Joseph Choffat and Mr. John Maloy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Bridgett Markham, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. John O'Malley, Somersworth, N. H.; Mr. Jacob Breinig, Allegheny, Pa.; and Mrs. H. Llewellyn, New Bedford, Mass.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Our Lady in Advent.

BY S. R. C.

THE hill is long and steep,
And weary is the way;
The shadows vigil keep,
And night falls still and gray.

But just beyond the crest
That seemeth now so far,
Thou, Blessed One, shalt rest,
And night shall know the Star.

And where the shadows cling
And earth with grief seems dumb,
Shall light burst forth and angels sing:
"The Christ, the Christ has come!"

The Heralds of Christmas.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

HERALDS of Christmas" was the name Newman gave the Great Antiphons, commonly called the Great O's, which Holy Church sings with peculiar solemnity at the *Magnificat* on the seven days before the festival of the Birth of Christ. All the offices of Advent are full of singular beauty and lyric feeling. In some respects they are the most beautiful of all. Joy and hope and longing are the chief features. The Alleluia is not silenced; and if violet vestments be used in the great Sacrifice, it is more as a sign of recollection or preparation than to recall the penitential spirit of Lent. Advent is not a time of penance but of

waiting. "Stir up, O Lord, we beseech Thee, Thy power and come!" is the Church's prayer; and the call to worship is at first, "The King who is to come, the Lord, come let us adore!" and then changes into the more insistent call, "The Lord is already nigh. Come let us adore!" Richer and more touching becomes the liturgy until it reaches its climax in those most beautiful and soul-moving antiphons, the Great O's.

They are called the Great Antiphons because, unlike other antiphons, *de tempore* they are sung in full before and after the *Magnificat*; and in some churches they were even sung three times, being repeated before the *Gloria Patri*. An old writer, Benedict, Canon of St. Peter's, tells us that in his day they were sung in St. Peter's at Lauds before and after the *Benedictus*. But this was evidently a passing fashion; for the older writers and those who immediately succeeded Benedict invariably speak of them as being sung at the *Magnificat*. Dom Martene says they were assigned to the Cantic of Our Lady in the Antiphonary of St. Gregory. Amalar of Metz declares they belong to Our Lady rather than to Zachary; and Durand gives a symbolical reason why they should be sung at Vespers rather than at Lauds—viz., that Christ was looked for at the eventide of the world.

The number of these antiphons has varied. Originally they seem to have been, as now, only seven; but we find an eighth introduced at Rome about the year 1286. Under the reform of the

Breviary after the Council of Trent, a return was made to the older number. But other countries had their old uses. A rigid uniformity is not a necessity of unity. In England and in many dioceses in France the Great O's began on December 16, and were eight in number. The Book of Common Prayer marks the Kalendar on that day with the words *O Sapientia*, which some wise heads have taken to be the name of an ancient virgin and martyr, even going so far as to suggest that she was a companion of the British saint, Ursula. In some of the French dioceses the antiphons began on December 15, and numbered nine; while in Germany and a few Italian dioceses they even counted twelve, and began as far back as the 13th, the Feast of St. Lucy.

The monastic and religious "uses" were almost all in accordance with the original practice of Rome, which recalled the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost and the Seven Sacraments, which are the result of the Incarnation. But Our Lady suggested the eighth, which has been still kept for us in the Office of the Expectation that Spain gave to the Church; and Catholic piety found, on one hand, nine antiphons, recalling the nine choirs of angels, that mighty host which sang the *Gloria in excelsis* in the stillness of the Syrian midnight; and, on the other, twelve, as recalling the twelve prophets who prepared the way, and the twelve Apostles who carried into all lands the tidings of the Messiah's coming.

As to the origin of these antiphons we know very little. Martene has been quoted as stating that St. Gregory put them into the antiphonary; Oderic, a canon of Siena in 1213, is the authority for this, I believe. If it be true that the great monk-pope is the author, it would set them at a date about 590; and therefore they may well have been introduced into England by St. Augustine. I have not found, however, any allusion to

them in the older Anglo-Saxon records; and indeed the first positive trace of them—or at least of one of them, *O clavis David*,—seems to be in the life of the English scholar, Alcuin, that great liturgical writer who has left such marks upon the Roman Missal. This antiphon was his favorite prayer during his last days upon earth (806). Was he the author? In some way, these antiphons seem to have a Gallican touch about them.

The singing of the Great Antiphons was always accompanied by special solemnities, in which the creature comforts, which sort so well with Christmas rejoicings, were not forgotten. Thus in the Benedictine cathedral monastery of Durham, the writer of "The Durham Rites" (p. 75) says that "the master [of the Common House] did keep his *O Sapientia* once in the year—viz., between Martinmas and Christmas. A solemn banquet that the prior and convent did use at that time of the year only; when the banquet was of figs and raisins, ale and cakes; and thereof no superfluity or excess, but a scholastical and moderate congratulation among themselves." At St. Paul's, London, the canon residentiary on the day of his O, after Compline, invited the whole choir, even the dignified canons, to his house for supper; and a good supper, too, is stipulated in the Statutes,—three courses, beer and wine, red and white; and he was bidden to have a good fire ready "to warm the whole house."

This hospitable custom existed in other monastic and cathedral churches, where touches of human nature and kindness made life happy. *Facere suum O*—"To keep his O,"—was a common phrase; and we find the explanation in the custom of assigning in rotation to the principal members of the choir one of the Great O's. Thus the bishop or dean or abbot would sing "O Wisdom," for he had to exercise prudence in ruling; the next in command, or the prior, would

have "O Adonai," because he, too, is the ruler of the house; to the gardener would fall, naturally, the antiphon "O Root of Jesse"; the cellarer found his in "O Key of David"; the treasurer, under whose charge were the jewels and gold, sang "O Dayspring"; the provost would feel at home with that beginning "O King"; while the wardrober would have to be contented with "O Emmanuel." Each official had "to keep his O" not only in the church but also in the refectory, by providing some extra dish of fruit or cakes to regale "in a scholastical manner" his brethren. Such feasts were a charge upon his office.

Nowadays, when so much of the picturesqueness of life is being lost, it would indeed be a pity were the customs connected with the singing of the Great O's to be entirely neglected. In France and Belgium these antiphons are sung at Benediction on their respective days, and are a very popular feature of the service. They are sung together with the *Magnificat*, and nothing could be more appropriate. "In parts of Germany," says Mr. Everard Green, the eminent archæologist, "the Great O of each day is splendidly illuminated on vellum, and is exposed all day on the lectern in the choir, about which are two or more burning tapers of great size." A very beautiful custom; but, alas! the liturgical instinct does not abide everywhere. Did we but enter more into the mind of the Church in her cycle of feast and fast, the world would be better and our spiritual life more solid. How far we have departed from the ideal and sense of preparation may be gathered from the experience of a stranger who spent an Easter Sunday in Oxford. Instead of the evening service consisting of the Vespers of that great festival, the congregation were treated to the utterly incongruous devotion of *Bona Mors*.

I venture to offer the following translation of the Great O's. It may serve to supply thoughts for prayer, especially

at Holy Communion and Mass during this season:

(1) O Wisdom, that camest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching from end to end, ordering all things mightily and sweetly: come to teach us the way of prudence!

(2) O Adonai and Leader of the House of Israel, who didst appear to Moses in the fire of the burning bush, and didst give to him the Law on Sinai: come to redeem us with an 'outstretched arm!

(3) O Root of Jesse, who standest for an ensign of the people, before whom kings shall shut their mouths, whom Gentiles shall beseech: come to deliver us! Tarry not!

(4) O Key of David and Sceptre of the House of Israel, who openest and no man shutteth, shuttest and no man openeth: come and lead out the bondsman from the house of prison and him that sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death!

(5) O Dayspring, Brightness of Light Everlasting and Sun of Righteousness: come and give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!

(6) O King of the Gentiles and Desired thereof, and Corner-stone that makest of two one: come and save man, whom Thou hast made from the slime of the earth!

(7) O Emmanuel, King and Lawgiver, the Longing of the Gentiles and Saviour thereof: come to save us, O Lord our God!

You will find, as you look back upon your life, that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. As memory scans the past, above and beyond all the transitory pleasures of life, there leap forward those supreme hours when you have been enabled to do unnoticed kindnesses to those round about you,—things too trifling to speak of, but which you feel have entered into your eternal life.—*Drummond*.

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XIV.

IT was the third anniversary of the death of Madame Daulnay. After the father had gone to his business, Aliette mentioned it at the table.

"I thought of it when I awoke this morning," said Lucie, now a tall, slender girl of seventeen.

Albert and Elise, very much like their father, both expressed the opinion that now such anniversaries had better be forgotten than remembered.

"If father should hear a word," said Albert, "you know how he would take on. It is best not to make him angry. He is horrid enough at any time, but when he gets into one of his furies—oh!"

"I agree with you, Albert," said Elise. "He will probably remember it himself, and be twice as cross as usual in consequence. Poor mamma would be better pleased to know we had not brought a storm on ourselves by any outward recognition of this day."

Aliette said nothing. That morning she had taken her mother's picture from the box where she kept it, and kissed it lovingly, as she did every day. And that morning also, though the others were not aware of it, she had gone very early to assist at the Mass which she had asked the *curé* to say for the repose of her mother's soul.

She was now twenty-three years of age. Despite the trials of her life and the constant labor she had performed, her sweet face had not lost its freshness: a faint pink still glowed on her cheeks, which needed only a breath of happiness to deepen its hues to those of roseate health and beauty. The friendship of the Mornauds had done much for her; it was an oasis in the desert of her life.

Of late, Aliette had been somewhat disturbed by the advent of a nephew of

M. Mornaud, a young man who had just been graduated from the Conservatoire of Paris, and had written a beautiful opera, which the critics were praising. She could not help noticing that he seemed deeply interested in her. "little Lucie," whom, though several inches taller than herself, she still regarded as a child.

Of Albert's associates his elder sister knew nothing. He went away early and returned late. His business prospects were good; he earned a fair salary, all of which he spent, with the exception of the moderate sum his father had insisted he should contribute to the weekly housekeeping.

Elise did as she pleased. Her tastes were not as refined as those of her sisters. As already implied, she and Albert seemed kindred spirits. For more than a year she had been established as cashier in the *Magasin des Nouveautés*, the proprietor of which was the mother of a young girl whose acquaintance she had made at school. Elise also retained all her salary, except a few francs weekly for her board. Somehow, Daulnay never interfered with her disposition of the money she earned. He admired the independence and florid beauty of his second daughter. Aliette, on the contrary, was a constant reminder of her mother, to whose memory he knew she was as loyal as on the day he had first denounced it. But, in spite of his numerous faults, he had still an element of justice in his composition.

One day when, after repeated injunctions from Elise, Aliette had tremblingly asked him if she might not be allowed to keep for her own needs some of the money she earned, to her surprise Daulnay said, not unkindly:

"What will you do with it?"

"Buy things that I need,—perhaps save some of it," she responded.

"I do not see why you should not keep at least part of what you earn,"

he said. "In future you may retain half of it. You are not wasteful: there is no fear that you will do anything wrong with it. From this time I shall require only half your earnings."

"Thank you, father!" answered the wondering Aliette, feeling a pang of compassion and an emotion of gratitude toward him as she spoke.

On the afternoon of the anniversary she proposed to Lucie that they take their work across the courtyard, and spend an hour with their neighbors. Lucie was always willing to visit these kind and congenial friends, and the two sisters presented themselves at the entrance of the Mornaud apartments about three o'clock.

The door was opened by Cécile.

"I was just thinking of going over to see you," she said. "I have some news for you. Come in. Mamma, here are the girls," she continued.

"You are just in time," said Madame Mornaud kissing them affectionately. "As Cécile has just told you, we have some interesting news."

"From whom?" inquired Aliette, who was not aware that they had mutual friends or acquaintances.

"Some one who is far, very far, away from here."

Since the day of her mother's death Aliette had endeavored to banish all thought of Richard Destrée from her mind, and she had so far succeeded in doing so that the memory of his friendship, though pleasant, had grown to be almost like a dream. The monstrous suspicion and accusation of her father had been a powerful agent in effecting this state of affairs.

"I have a duty to perform with regard to the letter," said Madame Mornaud; "and while I do not wish to be a party to anything that will either deceive or antagonize your father, I must also think of you."

Aliette gently inclined her head; she could not utter a single word.

"I would show you the letter," continued Madame Mornaud, "only I feel that Richard did not intend I should do so. But I will tell you its contents as fully as I may. It appears that he is entirely in ignorance of your mother's death. He would have written to her if he had dared, he says; but, having addressed two letters to your father in the space of a year, and having received no answer to either, he fears that you have left Bayeux 'or that M. Daulnay contemptuously rejects his suit. For I may as well tell you, Aliette, that he has asked your father's permission to address you with the view to making you his wife. After deliberation he decided to write to me, asking that I enlighten him as to your whereabouts. He even fancies you may be married. We always thought him an exceptional young man. And he has prospered there, Aliette. He bought an abandoned mine, developed it, and sold it at a profit, and is coming back to France. Your father could scarcely hope for a better *parti* for you, dear."

"My father would never consent to it," said the girl.

"But you are of age, and your poor father is an unreasonable man."

"I could never leave my brother and sisters,—never!"

"But they will leave you, dear, when their time comes."

"Perhaps. Still, while my father lives it is my duty to stay with him."

"But can he not be persuaded—that is, if you like the young man?"

Aliette's pale cheeks grew crimson. ■

"He was good—very good,—if there had been any chance I might have liked him," she answered in all simplicity. "But it would be impossible—impossible, Madame. We will not even think of it."

"Oh, no,—it would be impossible!" echoed Lucie.

"He expects an answer. I must write to him, Aliette," said Madame Mornaud.

"As soon as you please, Madame,"

replied the girl. "And tell him about mamma, and that I—we have not forgotten and can never forget how kind he was to her. And now let us speak of him no more."

That night Madame Mornaud wrote to the distant suitor a long letter, which ended as follows:

"I feel assured that our dear, sweet, patient Aliette has a very tender heart toward you. I advise you to return at once, beard the lion in his den, and carry her off—if there is no other way, and you can persuade her. She is a replica of her poor mother, and deserves a better fate than hers. Come home; that is my first and last word,—come home!"

That day was destined to be a memorable one in the history of the Daulnay family. At dessert Elise abruptly turned to her father, saying:

"Papa, M. Delorme, the brother of Madame Vignaux, who has a large interest in the business, has asked me to marry him. He is coming to see you this evening."

"I have heard of M. Delorme," replied Daulnay. "His credit is good. What did you say to him?"

"I told him I would marry him."

"With or without my consent?"

"I felt quite sure you would make no objection. You must know that he is all right and a wealthy man."

"He is so fat and so old, Elise!" remonstrated Lucie.

"Neither one nor the other, *petite!*" answered her sister, coolly. "Just a comfortable size and not quite forty."

"And you love him, Elise?" asked Aliette.

"I can't say that I do," was the reply. "But I like him, and we shall get on together. He is opening a branch house at Nantes. We shall live there. He thinks he may be able to do a great deal for Albert also. His brother is a prominent architect there."

"All right," observed Albert. "I shall not be averse to trying my luck in a

new place. Things are rather dull here."

They then left the table.

"Aliette, light both lamps in the salon," said Daulnay. "I must change my coat. You had all better remain in the dining-room this evening. Elise, be ready when I call you."

It seemed to Aliette that there was something furtive and sinister in her father's eyes as he glanced at her from the end of the table the next day and for several days after. She imagined the prospect of Elise's marriage, which had been satisfactorily arranged, had caused a recurrence of his thoughts to the proposition of Richard, which, she felt convinced, he had received. At times she was almost tempted to reproach him, not for his objection to receive the young man as a possible son-in-law, but because she thought it infamous that the memory of her mother, which Richard's letter must have fully vindicated even to his warped and suspicious mind, should be still held up to the detestation of her children. It required all the virtue which the gentle girl possessed to school her heart to forbearance and forgiveness. Still, she kept all these bitter thoughts to herself, not even discussing with her beloved Lucie the attitude of her father toward Richard Destrée. But, in spite of all her efforts, the breach widened, till at last it seemed as though she could no longer endure the dreadful strain. Relief was near, though she did not know it; and it came on the wings of Death.

Elise had been married three months. Albert had already joined his sister at Nantes. Aliette and Lucie were left alone with their father. The departure of the others had not been attended with any great regret on either side. Neither Albert nor Elise had been affectionate; though congenial spirits, their ideas were so different from those of Lucie and Aliette that they might have belonged to another family. Aliette and Lucie still worked at their embroidery.

XV.

It was a morning in late autumn. The sisters had risen unusually early to attend Mass in a neighboring church, as they often did. When they returned their father was not in the salon reading the paper, as was his custom before breakfast. Marianne brought in the coffee and rolls.

"Where is papa?" asked Aliette.

"I do not know, Mademoiselle," the servant replied. "I have not seen him."

"Can he have overslept himself?" said Lucie. "He has never done this before."

"Knock at his door, Lucie dear," answered Aliette.

The knock met with no response. After waiting a moment Aliette softly opened the door. Her father was lying on his back, his eyes upturned to the ceiling. Wide and staring, they turned to his daughter, who saw at once that he was very ill. He was conscious but could not speak. Hastily summoning Marianne, she sent her for the priest and for a physician.

His breath came and went with a terrible effort. The poor, inexperienced girls did not know what to do. Lucie left the room and went to call Madame Mornaud. Daulnay followed her with his eyes. His breathing seemed easier. He extended his hand to Aliette, who knelt beside him, silently praying. She took the cold fingers in her own and pressed them gently. He tried to speak; she leaned over him to catch the words.

"Aliette," he murmured with great difficulty, "your mother—is in—heaven." Then after a pause, during which he tried to enunciate, but vainly, he succeeded in saying, "O Louise—Louise!" With these words he passed away.

"Oh, thank God and our Blessed Mother!" said the trembling girl. "He has seen mamma,—she came to meet him. All is forgotten, all is forgiven!"

And in that solemn moment she, too, forgave him all.

When Daulnay's affairs were examined

it was found that he had left forty thousand francs, invested in the Funds. There was a will, directing that the personal effects and household furniture be left with Aliette. The money was divided equally between the four children. He had not wasted either the little patrimony of their mother nor the savings of her labor. He had striven to be just with regard to his children, however he had persecuted, neglected and misjudged their devoted mother.

Aliette and Lucie decided to remain with Marianne in their old apartments. A maiden lady whom they knew rented two rooms from them—doing her own housekeeping,—which lessened their rent, leaving them very comfortable.

As life once more resumed its usual aspect, M. Mornaud's nephew sent a formal request that he might be allowed to address Lucie. Aliette could make no objection, though she stipulated that the marriage should not take place for at least a year. Lucie, ever amiable and unselfish, readily deferred to the wishes of her sister.

And now Aliette's thoughts turned more and more to Richard Destrée, from whom Madame Mornaud had received no tidings since her last letter. Little by little the lonely girl acknowledged to herself that the flower of love planted in her young heart years ago had not faded; yet, while she hoped, she feared that some calamity had befallen her faithful suitor. It would only have been in accord with her sad destiny that such should be the end of the hardly tangible dream which had lain, almost without her consciousness, hidden in her maiden heart.

So full of this one subject were her daily thoughts that she began to reproach herself for dwelling upon them, till one day, lifting her eyes from her embroidery, she saw him sitting at her neighbor's window. Lucie was out, and Aliette was glad there was no one to observe the emotion that had taken

possession of her, as she shrank farther back into the room. The next moment she threw aside her embroidery, began to arrange the furniture as one who was expecting a visitor, and, almost without knowing that she had left the salon, found herself before the mirror in her own room, touching her beautiful hair and pinning on a brooch which had been her mother's most treasured ornament. Then she blushed at her own foolishness—as she considered it,—went back to the salon, and again took up her work.

Soon a disquieting thought obtruded itself. It was the thought of Cécile.

"Perhaps Richard will not care for me any longer, now that he has seen her," she mused. "She is so pretty, so bright, so truly good; and she plays so beautifully on the piano,—while I have no attractions or accomplishments. It would only be natural, after all; and if Cécile could love him—"

A shadow fell across the open doorway. Aliette looked up, rose slowly to her feet, blushed, smiled, and then Richard's hands were clasping hers, Richard's eyes were gazing into her own, Richard's voice was saying:

"Aliette—my dear Aliette, I see you again at last! How you have suffered!"

A sob rose in her throat; it was with the greatest difficulty that she could keep back the tears. The agitation which shook her could not be concealed.

"O Richard!" she said at last. "I am so glad,—mamma would have been so glad! But you know,—you know! I can not speak of it,—I have never had courage to speak of it."

"Come, sit here on the sofa," he answered, still holding her cold little hands. "Nor do I wish even to think of it: it is too dreadful," he said in a soothing tone, as though he were consoling a sorrowing child. All will be peace and happiness for us hereafter, with the help of God,—if you wish it. Do you, Aliette? I must know at once,—

I have waited so long! May I have you for my own, to comfort and cherish and love you while we both shall live? Can you love me, dear Aliette? Will you be my wife?"

And then, with the childlike simplicity which had been her mother's charm, and which she had inherited from her, she answered:

"I can love you, Richard. I did not know it until very lately. But I think I must have always loved you a little. There is no one now to forbid it; there is nothing to prevent it. I am bound by no duties. I will marry you, Richard,—after Lucie is settled."

"Yes, I have heard of Lucie," said Richard. "Indeed, I saw her just now at the Mornauds'. It was she who sent me to you. But why wait? Why can we not be married immediately?"

"Papa has been dead such a short time. It would not be respectful to his memory. In six months or so—perhaps."

"Well, let it be so, then. You knew, my Aliette, that I had written to your father more than once?"

"Yes, I knew it. Madame Mornaud told me."

"He must have received my letters. What could have been the cause of his dislike?—for I am quite sure he disliked me. Still, I thought, when I showed him that I was amply able to care for you, it might have had a favorable effect upon him. But it did not. He took no notice of my letters. Can you imagine the cause of his aversion?"

Aliette hesitated, but only for an instant. In that instant her resolve was taken. Near and dear as Richard was to be to her in the future, entirely as she trusted him, she would not soil the sainted memory of her mother nor lower her father in Richard's regard by relating the story of the base suspicions which lay at the root of Daulnay's dislike. Neither then nor at any future time did she betray the slightest intimation of the cause. Her lips were sealed

from mortal man and woman,—sealed by filial duty from aught which might reveal the humiliating secret.

"My father was an eccentric man," she said. "He never gave us any reason for his conduct or his aversions. You were not the only subject of them: he had many. I can not explain it any further, Richard. He is gone,—let us forget it."

"It shall be as you wish," replied Richard. "What does it matter to either of us now? And your dear mother would have been willing. She liked me—a little."

"You know very well that it was more than a little," replied Aliette. "But tell me, Richard, how did you happen to go to South America?"

"I was sent there to examine some old architectural works in iron. While thus engaged I met a wealthy Spaniard, who interested himself in my affairs. He lent me the money with which I purchased my portion of the mine, which has turned out so well."

"Richard, I should like to ask you something," said Aliette. "Did you see us that morning at the station,—the morning you went away?"

"I caught a glimpse of you,—yes, I saw Albert."

"And mamma?"

"I did not see her."

"In what part of the train were you seated?"

"I was not on your train at all. I took the express which went a few moments before."

"Then you knew nothing of the accident?"

"Strangely enough, I did not. For the first few days after my arrival in Florence I was very busy and saw no French papers. Afterward, when I began to read them, there was no allusion made to the unfortunate occurrence. It was only a short time ago—after I had written to Madame Mornaud—that I heard of it."

(Conclusion next week.)

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain.

SATURDAY.—When I entered the hospital this morning, I learned that a man was about to leave who wished to take the pledge. I went to him. He was directly opposite the man whose shrieks while in delirium tremens had startled me the other night. Sitting at either 'side of the bed were two respectably dressed girls—perhaps sisters of the unfortunate man. Most likely they were pleading with him to give up drink.

Poor young girls! Oh, who could look into the innocent face of childhood or maidenhood and refuse such a request? Wives and children; hearts, altars, and homes; life, health, and character; the old, the middle-aged, and the young; the wealthy, the comfortable, and the poor,—all alike have been asking that boon for weary years and it has been denied! Oh, but my heart will rejoice the day I shall see an agitation started in dead earnest against this universal enemy—drink!

My friend of the pledge lay on his bed, and I went toward him. He was rather a young man, of prepossessing appearance and winning manners. Had I forgotten his own interest and those of his family, the faces of the two girls opposite would have spurred me on. It was "no go," however. He had five hundred and fifty excuses. There wasn't a hole I opened but he had a nail to fill it. What could be done? Nothing! We finally prevailed upon him to go to confession and take his qualified pledge, and then he went his way. There was nothing left but to pray for him.

Born and raised in the country, I knew nothing in my early days of delirium tremens; indeed, I do not remember ever having heard of the name until after I had become a priest. Then I looked on the disorder as rather

amusing, when I was told that the victim of it sometimes declared he saw the room filled with "little devils," and would ask for a carving-knife with which to slay them; or he fancied he was sweeping them off his bed in armfuls, and that they were flying out of the window as thick as flocks of crows returning home to roost. But I had a very painful lesson once upon a time, when I was a young priest.

A middle-aged man who had been a hard drinker was finally stricken with delirium tremens. I lived close by. Having heard of the hundred and one times that he had had such fits, the amusing side of the situation, I must own, appealed to my fancy,—never dreaming there was danger of life in the unnatural struggle, or combat. It was out of curiosity that I went to see him once when he was suffering from an attack of the malady.

In his case—I do not know if it is the same with all others—it was easy to compute the time. There was no need of waiting or of guessing: so sure as the hand of the clock reached a certain figure so sure would the fit come on. Three hours later there was another attack; three hours more, another. Oh, regularly as the clock told its three hours, so regularly did this unnatural, fiendish struggle take place! Thrown back on the bed, pale as death, and frothing at the mouth, he stretched out his rigid limbs; two men stood by, one holding his hands, the other his feet. Despite their efforts he contracted his body, his teeth grinding a harsh music, his tongue sometimes protruding, and his stony eyes rolling. He tore himself from the men holding him, and half lifted himself up in the bed. They dragged him back to a lying posture, in which they had most power over him. Then he rolled himself of a sudden almost to the shape of a ball. I assert that he *did* it. Of course he had no consciousness of the act: it was the nervous system that did it;

and had he been conscious instead of unconscious, the nervous system would have treated him the same way.

On and on it went, this writhing: as of a giant, so strong was he; as of a demon, so repulsive was he. Instant by instant, struggle by struggle, I watched him, thinking he ought to be tired or worn out. But struggle followed struggle; dragging and grasping; grinding teeth and foaming lips; face sallow and livid; eyes wild and staring. It was a matter of some few minutes, but I thought it was of hours. Oh, how the sight thrilled me! It was the first time I had ever seen anything of the kind. I could no more stir from the spot than if I had laid my hands on the rests of a galvanic battery. And all the time I had no idea of danger: I did not know that the malady was accompanied with danger.

Strange to say, he was a poor fellow of many good and lovable qualities, natural and supernatural. During the intervals between the attacks he might have been seen plodding along, with the rosary beads clutched in his left hand. That and a few prayers said at his bedside before retiring were all his religion; the rest went by the board—Mass, reception of the sacraments—everything. I think he did his "Easter duty"; but my impression is that not even this was "a certain quantity." He and I happened to get on very well; and sometimes he would declare, with a slight touch of vehemence, that I was 'a d— decent poor man, and that he was fond of his priest.' I had respect for him, and perhaps that explained our mutual relations.

But to return to my "painful lesson." For two days it went on,—every three hours as sure as the clock struck. In the meantime the doctor was called. He examined, prescribed, and went his way. Though a Catholic, and though we had been conversing together, he never said a word to me about the

man's danger. Perhaps he thought I was aware of it; or, more likely, he thought it was my place to inquire, as it certainly was. Well, after two days the recurrence of the fits changed from three hours to every hour,—every single hour without fail. Finally one of the men came to me and said: "Father, we will watch him no longer unless you come in and prepare him."—"Thank you for telling me!" I said, and went at once to the bedside.

I reasoned as well as I could with the patient; but there was no need: he was quite anxious to be "prepared." It was most edifying to hear him praying, making acts of resignation, begging God's pardon for the life he had spent, and calling upon the Blessed Virgin to intercede and to obtain for him the grace of a good death. "By this holy anointing and by His most blessed mercy, may God forgive thee the sins thou hast committed by thy eyesight, . . . forgive thee the sins thou hast committed by thy hearing!" But when I came to the lips—"May God forgive thee the sins thou hast committed by thy speech and thy taste!"—tears coursed down his cheeks, bringing to my mind the words of the sacred text in regard to Peter: "And going forth, he wept bitterly."

All was over, and he and I declared ourselves happy, as indeed we were. Presently he said: "Father, what would you think if I were to sit by the fire while they are dressing my bed? I might go to sleep afterward."—"I do not think there would be any harm in doing so; indeed, it might help you," I answered, and stepped outside the door while the men were helping him to rise. The moment his feet touched the floor the attack came on. They put him back into bed and called me. He writhed and writhed in a dreadful manner. Once more I gave him conditional absolution. He lay back; peace came over him—but it was the peace of another world. *Requiescat in pace!*

I turned again to the men's hospital. I wanted to see the little boy with the lumps in his throat. An abscess had formed just at the top of the chest. I found that it had been lanced and a great quantity of pus had come from it. He was, therefore, much better.

Away up the ward I saw the poor brother and sister of the other day, sitting one on each side of *their* poor patient. Alas! 'tis a sorry place to visit a friend. Here indeed is humanity in its most pitiable form. I have never seen a battlefield after an engagement, but I fancy that the lurid sun sets upon a scene of dreadful carnage—dead and dying, mutilated corpses, broken bones, scars, wounds, blood. It has one comparative advantage: in a short time all is over. But here the most heart-rending moans are constantly going up from eight hundred or a thousand hearts,—not for a short day or night, but for weeks and months and years.

Even in the ward I had just left, when I was speaking to my friend of the "pledge" it would have touched a heart of stone to hear a poor man moaning while his cancer-eaten eye was being dressed. I saw the sore as I passed,—the nun was washing it. There was no more of an eye there than there is in the hollow of your hand: it had all been eaten away. How strange to see the human face without an eye! The wound was raw and fleshy and red. I recalled the early days of Christianity, when they dug out the martyrs' eyes; and I remembered especially that grand old confessor who appeared at the Council of Nice with only one eye, the other having been torn out because he would not renounce his faith in the true God. And then this thought forced itself upon me. It is certain that in heaven a peculiar halo of light will adorn the wounds of the martyrs; and those luminous scars will indicate to the inhabitants of paradise the forms of suffering that had been borne by those

noble souls for the love of Jesus Christ. Now, may we not conclude that if poor victims on their bed of sickness, such as this man with the cancer-eaten eye, endure with patience and resignation all the pains that God may send them, a special halo of glory will also adorn their suffering members? I myself am inclined to think so. And thus God's patient poor are in a certain sense like the Christian martyrs and confessors of old. *Laus Deo!*

Sunday.—There were no sick calls till the middle of the day. In the women's hospital was an old creature who had several weaknesses; and, fearing she might die in one of them, the nun thought it better to have her anointed. The old woman prayed in language that at one time seemed inspired and at another poetic. "Oh, that my eyes may be cleansed, and worthy to see the great God!" she muttered as I anointed her eyelids. "Oh, that my ears may hear the angels' songs!" she cried as I anointed her ears. "O Lord God, grant that my lips may bless Thy holy name in the heavens!" as the sacred oils touched her lips; and so on all the time I was with her.

At night I went through the wards. All was quiet and silent now. During the day there had been great bustle and distraction,—friends coming in to see their friends. And one of the bitterest and most grievous complaints the poor patients make is that their friends never come to see them,—that is, if they are able but neglect to come. This is especially the case if any remarkable festival, such as Christmas, is at hand.

Monday.—As I went through the women's hospital this morning, I saw a coffin being carried out and the whole ward in tears. The poor girl I anointed two days ago had passed away during the night. I am glad the dear child has rest from her sufferings. Never shall I

forget her patience and her piety. When I told her I was about to administer Extreme Unction, she meekly bowed her head and an expression of sublime happiness came over her girlish features; then she raised her eyes to heaven, and crossed her thin little hands upon her breast. Oh, I think, if I could, I should have kept that child on earth! Were she a sister or relative or friend, I think my heart would have bled for her. I can pity her relatives. Her mother had died when she was very young; but she had a stepmother, who declared to the nun that she would willingly have 'let any one of her own children go in her place.'

I had visited her only twice—once before I anointed her, and once after, when I ran up for a moment and said: "I have come just to see how you are."—"Oh, thank you, Father! I am doing nicely." But the wasted cheeks and growing dulness of the eyes told a different tale. I had seen her only on these two occasions, and yet I felt deeply interested in her. I must say that never, in all my priestly experience, have I been so edified by a dying person,—never felt so truly that here was a soul ready to wing its flight from the humble ward of a poorhouse straight to the throne of the Great King. And now her remains were being borne away from the gaze of loving eyes! But what matter? She is at rest in the bosom of God.

Tuesday.—After breakfast this morning there was a hurried call to the men's hospital,—'a boy was bleeding to death.' I made no delay. I found the little boy with the lumps in his throat and the abscess in the chest bleeding inwardly. It appears one of the veins had been eaten into, and the poor lad was throwing up his heart's blood. It was pitiable to see him. His hair stood as usual in a manly tuft over the calm, white forehead; his blue eyes wandered; the candid, noble features appealed to you now more pitiously than ever, for

the poor motherless bairn was in the grip of death. His struggle was short. A few moans, followed by suffocation, and then the blue eyes were hermetically sealed, and the marble forehead was to be hidden in the darkness of the grave.

Poor lad! my heart was low and sad for his sake. There was no mother to kiss those earnest blue little lips nor look with mingled regret and pride on that candid, boyish face. She is before him, and they have met never again to be separated, please God. The young soul has fled away to meet that mother, whose last dying pang was, perhaps, rendered doubly poignant because of the darling boy she was leaving behind. Death is not always a ruthless reaper. Happy mother! happy boy! The workhouse officials may indeed enclose the body in a workhouse coffin, and rude though kindly hands may compose it to rest and lay it tenderly in a pauper's grave; but in the Father's house, whither the young spirit has flown, there are many mansions of regal joy and peace.

Wednesday.—This morning there were three or four old creatures for Holy Viaticum; and on leaving them I went to visit the little girls' school. The nun brought together about twenty or twenty-four children whom she was preparing for first confession. They came with eager faces, because I had told them a story the last day, and had promised that if they were good I would have another story for to-day. It would shed a pleasant light on these pages if I could transfer their happy faces and their cheerful smiles. In my own mind there is, and shall long be, a blessed remembrance of them.

It is of a group gathering around the desk where I stood, like a brood of young chickens moving here and there to get a place near their mother's side. They smiled in answer to my smile. Poor little children! Many of them motherless,

parentless, nameless,—I looked on them with pity in my heart, though with a smile on my face; for why should I tell them that I was mentally discussing their genealogy, which, fortunately, was a mystery even to many of themselves? Bushy-headed, dark-haired, ringleted, rosy-cheeked,—everything were they; some timid as the fawn; some with faces and eyes that threatened to read one through; some mild-mannered and angel-like as nuns themselves when the early dawn finds them at their morning meditations.

Poor, dear children! my heart did indeed go out to them. Little did it matter to me about their parentage. What had they to do with the back years of their young life? They were cast in sad and trying circumstances; therefore had they a higher claim to my sympathy, my earnestness, and, if I may say it, to my devotion. Were it in my power, I should gladly have made each of them the daughter of wealthy and respectable parents, and have given her good clothes and a superior education. I should have surrounded her with all the safeguards, the comforts, and the affection of a happy home.

Did the poor little things, I wonder, read sympathy and respect in my face? Or did my efforts to teach them win their confidence? Or is it the character hedging round the person of a priest that doth instinctively win the affections and trust of the young? However, the little hearts clustered about me, and seemed to be very happy there. I noticed that one child cautiously ran her hand along the edge of the desk until, after many bashful and venture-some evolutions, she laid it on my fingers on the desk, while the little face beamed with gladness. Without pretending to notice it I permitted the hand to rest there; and I was reminded of the touching and truly Catholic way in which Longfellow introduces Father Felician in his "Evangeline":

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,
and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended
to bless them.

As I was passing through the men's hospital, one of the Sisters said to me: "Father, there is a poor man in St. Stanislaus' Ward whom I should like you to see. He is old and very feeble. Up to this he has been in fair health, but to-day he has taken no food, and the color in his cheeks is very high. It would be a great risk to let him pass the night without seeing you."

I found him lying in a bed at the far end of the ward. He was old, white-haired, and, as the nun had remarked, the rosy hue of his cheek was something unnatural in one of his years. He was a nice, gentle-mannered old man; with quiet, unobtrusive warmth he welcomed me to administer the Last Sacraments, and to prepare him for 'the journey he had before him at any minute.'

It is indeed a thing to be envied in the poor—their quiet acceptance of death. And this acceptance is not to be attributed to stolidity or carelessness; for there is no prayer so frequent on the lips of the poor as the prayer for a happy death—"God give you a happy death!" Nothing awakes so hearty an echo in an Irish audience as when a priest says, "God give us all a happy death and a favorable judgment!"

(Conclusion next week.)

Waiting.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

ACROSS dead fields long shadows creep;
Through withered grass the chill winds creep;
Beside the bars a flock of sheep
Wait patiently.

O trusting sheep, like you, we wait
The op'ning of the long-clos'd gate!
The call will come—or soon or late—
To set us free.

Dividing Paths.

BY GRACE KEON.

SHE sat down languidly in the chair
Her uncle placed for her, and folded
her hands in her lap.

"Well, my dear," began the gentleman, in his refined and cultured accents. "You have decided? Your three months of probation are over,—next week is Christmas." He spoke playfully.

She smiled.

"My mind was made up the last time we spoke of this subject."

"You mean—"

"I mean that Christmas Day my parole is ended."

"Yes."

"And on that day I marry Ralph Baker."

Absolute silence.

"You understand that I am sorry to go contrary to your wishes—"

"Spare me!"

"Yes, uncle; but I had rather you were agreeable." She looked at him frankly. "I promised nothing."

"There was a distinct understanding."

"Be fair to me. I was only sixteen then; but even at sixteen one can have a certain way of looking at life. I loved my art; I said that perhaps I would devote my future to it, if no dearer love claimed me. At twenty-one I am a woman and I hold a good man's happiness in my keeping. That happiness is more to me than aught else in the world."

"You are decidedly plain-spoken."

"This is an occasion in which plain-speaking is necessary." She was very calm, enunciating every syllable clearly, and he marvelled at her self-possession. "I like you, Uncle William, and I must justify myself. Besides, I am not acting in this way without advice: my confessor approves; and while that may mean nothing to you, it is everything to me.

Three months ago, when you forbade Ralph coming here, I went to Father Wilson and laid the facts before him. He told me to do as you asked me. At the end of the probation time, if we still felt we loved each other—"

"You give up such a future?" He turned on his heel quickly, and caught her by the shoulders. "Is it possible? The plaudits of a multitude, the honors of two continents, wealth, a name, happiness—for a man who is, at the most, a mechanic, earning the paltry sum of twenty dollars a week!"

"My dear uncle, that is a fair salary,—a fortune to some; and I am a good manager. I have not always had the beautiful things you gave me these last five years." She rose to her feet and looked at him with earnest gray eyes. "Rather would I be nameless and have love than be the very height and centre of that envied, glittering throng you so wish me to join." She put her hand on his sleeve. "Dear uncle, do not think I am so poor a thing as not to have ambition. I *am* ambitious—to be a happy woman. I love music as the birds love it, who pour their glorious notes to the sun. I would give music as the birds give it—freely, joyously—to those who cared to listen. I appreciate the power I have over the minds of people and their hearts. But what return does the world make? The return it makes any other great singer. I don't want admiration. I want my own home, my own to love me, and be glad with me that this voice of mine can help to cheer them. I want little children playing at my knee to love me—not because I am a great singer but because I am their mother."

Her voice, clear, deep, sweet as a bell, ceased. To say that the man beside her was not stirred would be asserting an untruth. He stared into the fire.

"Well," he said, "I believe you are in earnest. I will say no more. I have done all I could—too much, in fact—"

"I told you—"

"We'll waive that. Granted that you told me—what you say you did. You'll marry Ralph Baker. Well, marry him. I give you a year of it."

"A year!" she laughed. "It's for life, Uncle Nesbitt. Come, now, I'll make a pact with you. Dine with Ralph and me five years from Christmas Day, God willing. Will you?"

"Five years from Christmas Day you will have forgotten Ralph Baker's name," he said testily.

But she would not lose her cheery good-temper.

"I'm sorry you're such a heathen, dear uncle, and that the Catholic religion is only an empty thing to you. Nevertheless, I am waiting for your promise."

"I promise. If I am alive, I will come."

"Thank you!" She hesitated a moment, then her voice took on a softer note. "Thank you, too, for all the wonderful things you have given me these last few years! I wish you knew or could realize how grateful I am and how sincere my affection—"

"Good-night, good-night!" He waved his hand. "I hope you will not regret your decision too much. More than that I can not wish you."

So they parted.

William Nesbitt had never posed as a philanthropist. It was too much trouble, as he expressed it, to give money away. It took time, and he needed all the time at his command to amuse himself. He was but a bird of passage at best, and the feeling of kinship not very strong within him, so that he could not analyze the sentiment that had prompted him to call upon his sister, Evelyn Raymond, some years previously. He had never seen her since her marriage, and perhaps he was in search of novelty. He found it, but not quite in the way he anticipated.

Her daughter Katharine, then a girl of sixteen, welcomed the uncle who was a stranger to her, and afterward helped

to entertain him. He, who had heard every singer of note in all the old countries of the world, smiled a little at the look of pride on his sister's face when the white-robed girl took her place at the piano. He settled himself, turning his head from the light, resolved to bear the infliction patiently. After all, he need not come again. But when the first sound of the young voice fell on his ears his lips lost their sarcasm, his face its bored expression. He sat up straight, listening, wondering, thrilled to the very core of his worldly heart, as she sang; and when she finished he could not move. Guiltless of training those pure tones might be, and undeveloped, but the exquisite melody of them held him speechless. When he recovered himself he offered them anything they wanted if they would but permit him to have that voice cultivated.

Evelyn Raymond was not wealthy, and she was ambitious for her child. Often and often had she bemoaned the adverse fate that kept her from doing as her brother William now proposed. She gladly assented. But Katharine herself was no small factor to be considered.

"I shall gladly go," she said. "But must be promised my freedom. I am only sixteen," she pursued, with a thoughtfulness beyond her years. "How do I know what my life will be? How do I know my vocation? I will go if you do not make me promise anything—if you will not bind me in any way."

Smiling a little at this unexpected quixotism, William Nesbitt agreed. As if she would choose any other life but the one he saw before her, with that great gift of hers! Out of the fulness of his abundance, then, he sent his niece and sister travelling through Europe, and paid for Katharine's tuition under the best masters. Twelve months ago they had come back to New York, and

shortly afterward Ralph Baker met them. He was not Katharine's equal, her mother said petulantly; but Katharine, who remembered their simple home, could not see that wealth made any difference when the man she loved was a good man, and loved her in return.

The courtship was a brief one, the vows given and exchanged, and they were planning an early marriage when William Nesbitt's arrival from California put an entirely different aspect on things. He was angry. He lost his temper—he could not remember when that had happened before,—and at his time of life one could not afford such a strain on the nervous system. He stormed at his sister, who bore it meekly. He said cutting words to Katharine, who also bore them without a murmur.

At last, out of regard for him who had done so much for her, and in deference to his wishes, she agreed not to see her betrothed for three months. She took from her finger the small diamond that was the best her lover could afford, and wore it around her neck, tied on a little silken string. She laughed and danced and chattered and sang—how she sang!—until William Nesbitt felt that it was more than pride prompted his feeling for this altogether charming girl. He made up his mind that he loved his niece. He planned a great future for her—he who measured his doings by the tape of the world. Katharine said nothing. But Katharine's heart was a true heart: her word not lightly given, her troth not lightly promised.

She and her uncle were never separated. She gave him all her time, all her thoughts, all her society, until he asked himself how he had gotten on without her, and lavished gifts upon her in return,—gifts she laughed and sighed over, and stored away. She knew they were meant for the Katharine her uncle hoped she would be, not for the Katharine she meant to be. And he, imagining that she had grown to see the folly of her

rash engagement, was well pleased, and deemed the asking of her decision a mere formality. The shock overwhelmed him, but he was too much a man of the world to show his bitter disappointment.

"She will be sorry," he said,— "she will be confoundedly sorry."

He left New York almost at once. His mind, so long used to selfish thinking, had been disturbed—taken a little out of its usual channels. He did not attend Katharine's wedding; and the splendid house on the avenue that had been her home since her return from abroad was closed, its owner seeking diversion in foreign parts.

Five years passed in this way; and on this Christmas Eve, as he strolled along the snow-encrusted pavement to where the lights burned in the club windows, he acknowledged, almost with a pang, that they had been long years. He had not desired to keep Katharine or his promise in remembrance. He wanted to look back upon that episode in which his quixotic niece gave up her great career for the love of a poor man, as something to smile at. And yet memory still lived, and to-morrow was Christmas Day,—the fifth Christmas Day. He had grown to regard her as part of his life five years ago, he mused. He wondered how she had fared. That she regretted, bitterly, there was no doubt. A poor man's wife! What a fate for Katharine Raymond, the girl with the marvellous voice, the young and beautiful niece of William Nesbitt the millionaire! He laughed under his breath. New York was large: they might never meet. He would help her along if he could find her, and doubtless she was sorry enough.

He met Judson at the club. Judson's wife was an old friend, and nothing would do Judson but that Nesbitt the wanderer should go home with him.

"We're having some music at the house to-night. You're fond of it, if I remember rightly?"

"Very," said Nesbitt, dryly,— "very fond of—music."

"Ha, ha! Something in that, by Jove! Come along, anyhow. It's Christmas Eve,—worst night in the year to be staying in a club."

The very words "music" and "Christmas" brought another name to William Nesbitt's mind; and that name was "Katharine."

After his kindly reception by Mary Judson, he found himself in the drawing-room. Five years! It makes a great deal of difference in one's life. How many new faces there were—even here, in his own circle! A feeling of intense sadness, despite his philosophical attitude, took possession of him. At best he was simply a chance acquaintance,—his meeting with these people a mere incident.

A golden-haired woman stood beside the piano. Her back was toward him, and she bent over the accompanist, giving a few directions. He, looking at her, thought of the night long ago when Katharine, fair-haired and young, sang to him; of the night when Katharine had decided what path in life she would take. Katharine, Katharine, always Katharine! He twisted impatiently. The singer turned her smiling face and looked around her.

It was Katharine! Any doubt he might have had in the first shock of recognition, was instantly dispelled the moment she opened her lips. What a wonderful voice it was! Clear as a bell, and musical. If anything, it had gained in strength and sweetness; there was a softness in it that thrilled his jaded soul. He walked up to her when she finished, holding out his hand in greeting.

"Well, Katharine!" he said.

"Uncle William!"—joyously. "Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

He twisted his mustache, looking at her sarcastically.

"What are you, Katharine,—guest or hired performer?"

She laughed.

"You have not changed, I see. Hired performer, uncle. Mrs. Judson is so kind as to give me the chance to earn a little. We need it just now—Ralph and I."

"Ralph! And you! He is still your husband, then?"

"Thank God, yes! What a pagan you are, Uncle William! He was injured a few months ago. Fell from a scaffolding while directing some workmen. But there was nothing broken that is not on the mend now; though, of course, he's pretty weak."

William Nesbitt looked at her. Admiration swept every other sensation away.

"By Jove!" he said. "You're *not* sorry; are you, Katharine?"

"Sorry!" The gray of her eyes deepened and her lips took on a tenderer curve. "Your name should have been Thomas, uncle. But I must forgive you everything, since you have remembered that you take Christmas dinner with me to-morrow. And you will see mother, too! Isn't it a direct interposition of Providence that I should meet you here? God wants to prove that He takes care even of such reckless people as Katharine Raymond!"

She laughed under her breath, and he felt that their positions were reversed—that she was jibing him.

"You really expected me?" incredulously.

"Even little Ralph knows that Uncle William's place is to be the honored one—"

"Katharine, dear Katharine,—just a moment! There is a little Ralph?"

"William Nesbitt Baker is four years old, and Ralph Raymond Baker, two." She said the words proudly and with smiling lips.

"William Nesbitt Baker!" He spoke musingly. This naming of her first-born son for him touched his heart almost to tenderness.

"Yes," he said then, in a softened tone. "I shall keep my promise, Katharine."

He did. He dined with Katharine and her husband on Christmas Day, and on many days after that. When he entered her simple home, when he felt the love that made its atmosphere, observed the tender affection that bound husband and wife and children together, he acknowledged a complete upheaval of all preconceived notions regarding the world and the close relation of an abundance of money to happiness.

"I have never regretted a single thing, save that I had to disappoint you," said Katharine to him, frankly. "I still use my voice, as you have seen; and people are glad to pay me. And I like to take payment when I need the money—and Ralph is almost well now," she added, as an afterthought. "But I give it freely to the poor and to God's honor. As to fame—I had rather sing a lullaby to my babies than stand before the greatest emperor in the world."

"I honestly believe you would," he said,—*"I honestly believe you would."*

"Earth's praises are empty praises," she went on, with a look in her eyes that was good to see. "This life is the best life, Uncle William. Come into it and find out."

"Thank you! I believe I'll try," he said, in a perplexed tone.

He learned more than love there. He learned that the religion which had been so long a dead letter to him was a living thing; that the practices of daily life were the carrying out of precepts he had forgotten. He learned faith again in this home blessed with love and the joy of little children. He learned hope—hope in higher things,—and he learned charity in the best sense of the word. So that every day became Christmas Day to him, in its peace, its joy, and its good-will toward men.

To bring thee to thy God
Love takes the shortest route;
The way which Knowledge leads
Is but a roundabout.—*Anon.*

An Interesting Competition.

A UNIQUE contest has recently taken place in the public school of San Mateo, Philippine Islands, fifteen miles from Manila. Prizes were offered by a Chicago paper for the best composition on America, and twenty "essays" were offered for the competition. They were prepared upon typewriters; although the children, who have all been trained less than two years, are said to be equally at ease with the pen, writing clearly and accurately. None of the contestants were allowed the least outside help, and the compositions were not corrected by the teacher. The winner of the five-dollar gold piece, which was the first prize, was a little fellow only twelve years old.

Some extracts from the artless essays will show the cleverness of these brown children and their dispositions toward the United States. We select a few of the most amusing. The first is from the prize essay:

"Peoples in the United States were all very wise. Very few of them were not wise. Rarely of them can not read or write. And they are good. They did not offense the peoples who are news in their country. The schools in the United States were all very snug. The boys and girls in the U. S. should not stoped to go to school till they are wise; so when they are full-grown they are all wise, and some of them were doctors, layers merchants, priests, and some were teachers."

Evidently the imported teachers have told extraordinary tales of the wisdom prevalent in our country and of its prosperity. One little chap, who would seem to have been properly impressed, says:

"United States is very strong and large country. The people are big and white. Most of the people can read and write. There are mills for every things. There are largest schools and colleges. There are schools for the people who

doesn't know any things and who wishes to be: Doctor, Lawyer, Priest, Soldier, Lieutenant, Captain or Miner."

"The peoples in the U. S. are about 75,000,000," writes a lad of fifteen. "Most of them are Catholics and some are Protestants." Speaking of the conquest of the Philippines, he observes: "The American ships were very strong and they could rose up to the land. When they came here most of the peoples were eating with their breakfast. And also I was eating. But when I heard the noise of the guns I said, let us keep our lives. . . . But I was fever."

"Of all the places I know of, like America best," says another essayist, "because I would like to see the big school buildings there and also the cathedral churches. In America most of the people are Catholics."

Here is a final extract:

"United States is one of the best and strong. The size of the people in it are bigger than the size of the people here. They are very good, and also most of the people are rich, and they always wear shoes."

One observes a wondrous unanimity of opinion in these innocent brown wards of ours. Some day, perhaps, we may be more deserving of their high regard.

Two Safe Truths.

"One thing," writes Newman, "is certain. Whatever history teaches, whatever it omits, whatever it exaggerates or extenuates, whatever it says and unsays, at least the Christianity of history is not Protestantism. If ever there was a safe truth, it is this."

In another place the same great thinker says: "Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

Notes and Remarks.

The declination of Archbishop Farley to join in a conference of Protestant ministers in New York to bring about concert of action regarding the religious marriage of people who have been divorced, must have made a deep and beneficial impression on all serious-minded non-Catholics taking heed of it. The well-known attitude of the Church on the subject of divorce was thus impressively demonstrated, and her incomparable superiority to all sects shown in a striking way. A little thing, but a great object-lesson—the Church contrasted with sects.

There are occasions when Catholics can not consistently enter into a conference with Protestants; and declination to do so, though it may excite the animosity of bigots, invariably impresses and even edifies all others. The fact of Catholicity is more persuasive than any words. The absence of a representative of the Church at all such meetings as the one lately held in New York serves to emphasize the superiority and uniqueness of our religion, and at the same time to give error its own striking characteristic of disunity.

The venerable Bishop McQuaid not only has the courage of his convictions, but is always ready to assign strong reasons for them. He never takes a stand without knowing his ground; and once taken, he maintains his position against all odds. Having been interrogated by the editor of the *Outlook* in regard to his action in the case of Catholic women seeking collegiate education, the Bishop of Rochester begs to say that—

no Catholic young lady can become a pupil of any college in which the teaching in philosophy, psychology or history is such as is universally found in non-Catholic colleges and universities; that attendance at chapel exercises, as is customary in such institutions on one pretext or

another, is forbidden by the Catholic Church; that co-education for young ladies at the age of those frequenting these houses of learning is perilous, and therefore to be avoided. In the judgment of the Bishop of Rochester, a young lady needlessly exposing her religious faith to danger, sins; sins unrepented of can not be absolved in the tribunal of penance. For a second reason, the Bishop wishes to remark that, in these days of doubting and calling in question almost everything appertaining to the Christian revelation and Christian belief, it is the conscientious duty of a Catholic lady, seeking a college education, to frequent a Catholic college, in which her faith will be sedulously safeguarded by adequate instruction in philosophy, religion and history. There are such Catholic colleges of high grade in the Eastern and Western sections of the United States, in which are found Catholic ladies still loyal to their Church, and ambitious to attain to the highest ideals of pure, cultured and noble womanhood.

Bishop McQuaid was careful not to take action in this important matter until a certain number of colleges for Catholic ladies had been established and their excellence demonstrated to his personal satisfaction. And the educational ideals of the Bishop of Rochester are known to be the highest.

It is a significant fact that in this country, which is supposed to be given over hopelessly to the worship of wealth and comfort, there is enough general interest in social economy to warrant the directors of the St. Louis Exposition in allotting to it an entire building. Naturally, the Church will figure prominently in such an exhibit. The vast expenditure of money involved in the erection and maintenance of hospitals, reformatories, and homes of all kinds; the army of priests and religious whose self-immolation makes such a vast system possible; the enormous number of beneficiaries reached by Catholic agencies,—these great facts are as a sealed book to the public at large, and they have hardly begun to be appreciated even by Catholics themselves. It is, therefore, a great service which Professors Neil and Kerby, of the Catholic University at Washington, are

about to render in preparing such an exhibit as will enable visitors to St. Louis to understand the length and the breadth, the depth and the height of the charities of the Church. We have much to teach and much to learn through the medium of such an exhibit.

One thing that is made perfectly clear in Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's *Life of Disraeli* is that the great English statesman, while reverencing all honestly held creeds, had a contempt for "undogmatic religion." Once he said to Dean Stanley, who, perhaps, had hoped to please him by speaking slightly of dogma: "Remember, Mr. Dean, no dogmas, no deans." And in an address delivered in Manchester in 1872, he observed: "I could wish churchmen, and especially the clergy, always to remember that in our Father's house there are many mansions; and I believe that this comprehensive spirit is perfectly consistent with the maintenance of formularies and the belief in dogmas, without which, I hold, no practical religion can exist." Whatever may be thought of his application of "many mansions," Disraeli was clear-sighted enough to see that a religion without dogma is an unsubstantial phantasm, a shadowy nothing. We occasionally read or hear the contrary opinion advanced by preachers, editors, and authors; but it is only one of many differences between them and Disraeli.

An assertion that is rapidly receiving recognition as a demonstrated scientific fact is that on the palmar or soft side of the finger-tips, including that of the thumb, "are systems of curved lines that remain unchanged through life, and which are different in every individual." That no two of such systems of lines should be absolutely alike does not impress us as being at all more remarkable than that no two countenances are identical in appearance. The extent to

which finger prints have of late years been made use of as a means of identifying criminals will, however, surprise the general reader. The chief of police of Paris, it seems, has more than a million such prints; and it is authoritatively stated that, a few months ago, in the case of a murder where the only clue was the marks of a thumb on a window-rail, a tedious search through all this enormous collection was rewarded by the finding of a duplicate of the thumb-mark, and the subsequent arrest and confession of the murderer. "Murder will out," it would appear, in ways quite unsuspected by the criminal class; and science is to be congratulated on this advance in methods of detection.

If the republic of Columbia can make out no better case than that presented in its behalf in the December *North American Review*, many Americans will feel disposed to revise their judgment on the merits of the Panama controversy. Señor Raul Pérez writes of the Church in Columbia as M. Combes writes and speaks of it in France. For example:

Every agency was brought to bear against the public schools by the priests. These schools were excommunicated, and likewise the parents of the children attending them. . . . At the confessionals, mothers were denied absolution if they did not abandon their husbands and families rather than tolerate the sending of their children to the public schools. The government had decided that one hour should be set aside every alternate day for religious tuition, and the priests were asked to give that instruction to the children of the parents who so desired,—an advantage offered to all other creeds. The priests refused, alleging that they could not afford to become contaminated by passing the threshold of Satan's dominion.

Now, Señor Pérez, for aught we know, may be familiar enough with the politics of Columbia, but he certainly is not well-informed regarding the Church. A man who can solemnly set it down that priests excommunicated the public schools would probably find, if he investigated further, that the wicked clergy went to the full length by cursing black-

boards and inkbottles. As for the priests urging wives to abandon their husbands, we have seen, heard and read much of the "liberalized" Spanish-American who writes like Señor Pérez; and one great difficulty the priests have is to prevent the dissolution of his family. As for the reasons assigned by the Columbian priests for declining an invitation which they did not feel justified in accepting, that on its very face is a downright falsehood, as the contemptuous reference to the friars, whose property was confiscated by Señor Pérez' party, is intended to appeal to anti-friar sympathy in this country. Mr. John Hay's methods may not be praiseworthy; however, they are a great deal better than those employed by the Liberals of Columbia.

Herbert Spencer, who was heralded twenty years ago as "the great synthetic philosopher," passed away last week at the age of eighty-three. His contribution to modern thought was an attempt to unify all knowledge according to the law of development. Not content with the nebular hypothesis of Laplace and the natural selection hypothesis of Darwin, Spencer made bold to offer evolution as the sole principle of explanation in psychology, epistemology, ethics and sociology. Only a few years ago the last chapter of the synthesis was completed, but even before that the undertaking was seen to be a monumental failure.

This was recognized by Mr. Spencer, and in his last work ("Facts and Comments") he pleads for recognition of emotions as the master element in mind. He does not contend that a system of natural ethics solves the riddle of existence, or that any of the great questions of human life have been settled by him. He was a freethinker, and of course his work was strongly antagonistic to revealed religion. In his weary old age, however, he realized that he had labored in vain; and so, sooner or

later, must it be with all who leave the supernatural out of account. But it is due to him to state that his last effort shows a higher sense of responsibility than his early writings. He seems to fear to convey wrong impressions, and is at pains not to deprive his readers of aught in which they find help, consolation or peace. The great philosopher's thoughts were unquestionably deeper as his end approached. Many readers will recall his confession that 'the consciousness that without origin or cause infinite space has ever existed, and must ever exist, produced in him a feeling from which he shrunk.' Let us hope that in his last hour he experienced other feelings from which there was no shrinking.

Our French exchanges make weekly mention of the war against the crucifix now being carried on in an open or an underhand fashion throughout a number of French school districts. In one department inspectors of the primary schools have been delivering lectures to the teachers, and here is the advice they proffer: "All crucifixes must in the course of this year disappear from the schoolrooms; but the thing must be done intelligently. Take advantage, for instance, of a general cleaning up of the school. Remove for this purpose maps, pictures, crucifixes, etc.; and then when the cleaning is finished replace everything but the crucifix." A similar war against the emblem of Christianity is evident in French court-houses. At Patay, recently, a stout-hearted peasant woman, seeing that the crucifix had been removed from the wall, declared that she would not take the oath required of her, "because," said she, "the good God is not here."

The spread of crime in Chicago, which has alarmed the most apathetic of its citizens, is attributed by ex-Governor Hamilton to yellow newspapers. Referring to the recent death of a friend, a

prominent attorney who was murdered by highwaymen, Mr. Hamilton said: "The city is under a reign of terrorism and crime....I believe the real cause of all the trouble is corrupt, venal, yellow journalism. By this I mean those newspapers which issue extra editions hours before the time they are supposed to be published. They have flaming headlines, magnifying crime and attempting to make sensations out of everything that occurs. The tendency is to excite the public mind, and present thieves, highwaymen and bandits as heroes; and many boys and weak-minded men are influenced to disrespect law and frown upon decency." Policemen ought to be good judges of what incites to crime, and we notice that the chief-of-police in Chicago is also of opinion that yellow journals are largely responsible for the disregard of law now so general in our Western metropolis.

We had something to say in a recent issue of the prevalence in this country of the law's delays. As a graphic instance thereof, we quote herewith a paragraph from the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis: "Our boodle trials began nineteen months ago. On March 27, 1902, a jury returned the first verdict of guilty, and fixed the punishment, for bribery, at three years in the penitentiary. Since that date there have been nineteen convictions. None of the persons found guilty by juries has reached the penitentiary. All are at liberty under bond and waiting for the disposition of appeals." An excellent argument, we take it, for either simplifying the procedure of our criminal courts or so multiplying the appellate judges that the guilty may be punished before they die a natural death.

The late Bishop Anzer, Vicar-Apostolic of South Shan-Tung, was widely known on account of his connection with the recent troubles in China. He was a native of Germany and a personal friend

of the Emperor, by whom he was greatly esteemed. The success of Bishop Anzer's missionary labors up to the time of the Boxer rising had been remarkable. When he arrived at Shan-Tung in 1866 there were only ten Catholic families in the whole province; a few years later the converts numbered fifty-six thousand. It is said that the Bishop spoke Chinese almost as well as German. Apart from indefatigable zeal and entire devotedness, the success of his labors was in great measure due to the fact that the missionaries under him—belonging like himself to the Order of the Divine Word—were competent physicians of bodies as well as of souls. *R. I. P.*

Discoursing pleasantly of many things in the *London Tablet*, the Rev. George Angus has this to say concerning the sense in which the word "Catholic" is employed by us:

The word "Catholic" is much in use here and there among our Episcopalian friends. Of course they may call themselves Catholics: the difficulty is to get other people to do so. But the fact is that they are using the word in a sense differing from that in which we use it. An Anglican seems to think that he becomes a Catholic by believing this or that or the other. Such is not our belief. I say I am a Catholic not because I believe this or that doctrine, but because I am in communion with Rome. I am not a Catholic because I believe this or that, but I believe this or that because I am a Catholic. In other words, I do not accept the Teacher because I like or approve of the teaching, but I accept the teaching because of the Teacher. I belong to a divine society, and I accept, *ex animo*, the teaching of that society simply because she is divine and therefore infallible; and I accept her teaching as propounded or proposed to me by her divinely appointed head and mouthpiece, the Bishop of Rome, the Pope, the Vicar of Christ. In this sense, and in this sense only, I am a Catholic.

A decree declaring the heroicity of the virtues of Joan of Arc is announced for promulgation on January 6, which is the anniversary of her birth. There will naturally be much rejoicing among French Catholics, especially among exiled religious, over this announcement.

Notable New Books.

The Beginnings of Christianity. By the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. Benziger Brothers.

In these valuable essays Dr. Shahan has strained off the essence of many years' study, and, without embarrassing the general reader with processes, directly gives him results. There are no ponderous citations, and the pages are not embroidered with footnotes—except in the chapter on "The Church and the Empire," where bibliography and references would naturally be expected. Variety is afforded both in theme and treatment, but the reader who goes through the essays consecutively will find a unity and consistency quite unusual in essays which were "occasional" in their origin. Dr. Shahan's style, as readers of this magazine have already discovered for themselves, is eminently readable, and he has learned—rare man!—to be fair to those who dissent from him without being unfair to the Church. Those who like substantial reading for the long winter evenings will enjoy "The Beginnings of Christianity," which we should like to see as widely read as Renan's work of the same name.

The City of the King. By Mrs. Lew Wallace. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

These delightful descriptions of "what the Child Jesus saw and heard" have already won a place in the hearts of many readers, who first saw them in two popular journals; but they will be doubly welcome in their holiday form, under the title "The City of the King." There is a charm about these pictures of Nazareth and Jerusalem and Bethlehem that must appeal to all Christians at all times; but in this the season when the whole world celebrates the coming of the Christ-Child, there is an added interest.

General Wallace has left an imperishable picture of the journey of the Magi; and Mrs. Wallace, with a like reverent touch, has given us another picture to remember—the basilica known as the Church of the Nativity, which now covers the sacred Grotto where Christ the King was born.

The Daughter of a Magnate. By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Spearman's new story is perhaps the best piece of work he has given us. It has all the strength and charm of "Doctor Bryson," with certain good points of its own. The characters are exceedingly natural and individual, and the story is of absorbing interest. The action passes in the Rocky Mountains, and there are some excellent descriptions, but the development of the plot is never hampered. Practised novel-readers will note also that, although the tragic elements are handled with unflinching reality, there is no

excess of detail. The style is crisp and clear-cut, and the touches of humor form a welcome relief to the atmosphere of excitement. To give any sketch of the story would be to spoil the reader's entertainment, but we may say that Mr. Spearman's hero is one of a thousand. The heroine is worthy of him. We commend the book cordially, and hope that it will be one of the successes of the season.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. Translated by the Rev. P. Boyle, C. M. Benziger Brothers.

So good a judge of sacred eloquence as Bossuet calls St. John "the most illustrious of preachers, and beyond question the most eloquent that ever taught the Church." The more pity, then, that his works should be neglected for modern reading of confessedly inferior quality. The present treatise is a religious classic and demands no extended commendation from us. It is, of course, specially suited for the spiritual reading of priests and seminarians; and—ancient as it is and despite changed conditions—it will require little adaptation to make it thoroughly applicable to modern needs. The spirit of the priesthood does not change, and the ideal set forth in this treatise is the ideal that our very best seminaries are striving to realize. Father Boyle's translation is smooth and idiomatic; he deserves credit, too, for an excellent biographical and critical introduction.

London Catholic Missions. By Johanna H. Harting. B. Herder.

It is a delight to come upon a book which one can commend with some enthusiasm. Here are eighteen chapters dealing with the old chapels and missions of London during the days of persecution and those later times—described by Newman in a famous passage—when the poor hunted Catholics were beginning to emerge from their catacombs. There are nuggets of unfamiliar history, painfully gathered in out-of-the-way places, and there is many a half-forgotten bit of heroism caught up from tradition or private documents, to reward the reader who turns over these fresh and stimulating pages. Needless to say, the narrative is as edifying as it is interesting, and no one will regret the afternoon spent in reading it.

Edgar, or, From Atheism to the Full Truth. By the Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J. B. Herder.

This argumentative journey is made partly by way of dialogue between Edgar and a priest, and partly through the interchange of letters. At the outset Edgar is a young man who has lost belief in God because he fancies modern science has made such belief impossible. His interlocutor states the usual arguments for the necessity of a Creator, leads the young man on to a knowledge of the

attributes of God, the existence of revelation, the divinity of Christ, the establishment of the Church, and finally receives the doubter into the True Fold. It is a volume which Catholics may read with profit, but its chief purpose is to assist honest inquirers on the journey taken by Edgar.

Sketches for Sermons. By the Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S.S. Joseph H. Wagner.

The chief function of a book of sermons is to suggest an outline which the preacher may fill out according to his experience and the needs of his people; the cases where one preacher could follow the detailed development of a discourse prepared by another are not common. The volume under review is therefore preferable to those bulky tomes in which sermons are printed as they were delivered, in all their amplitude of illustration, practical application, exhortation, and—too often—heavy verbiage. The gain to the busy pastor who uses these sketches will be in spontaneity, directness, and naturalness. There will be an advantage of facility, too; for we feel sure that most priests would find it easier to preach with the aid of these outlines than to absorb the fully developed sermon. The subjects are in nearly all cases from the Gospels of the Sundays and feasts, and the points selected for attention are never unimportant.

The Symbol of the Apostles. By the Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D. Christian Press Association.

In this volume Dr. MacDonald makes a notable addition to the literature that centres in the Apostles' Creed. The tradition that the Symbol is of Apostolic origin has been assailed with hearty earnestness by most non-Catholic scholars, and has been abandoned by some of the ablest writers within the fold. Here, on the other hand, is a learned work, well buttressed by citations from the ancient literature of the Church, in which it is contended that the old Catholic tradition regarding the Apostolic authorship of the Creed is well grounded, and that the Discipline of the Secret explains the difficulty of tracing the Symbol directly to its authors. The historical method followed by the author in this investigation is even more admirable than the erudition which he brings to bear upon it.

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome. By the Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J. *The Messenger*.

This is an elaborately illustrated guide-book to some hundreds of shrines in the Eternal City; the author's personal knowledge being frequently supplemented by quotations from such familiar authors as Hare, from whose "Walks in Rome" the title of this volume has presumably been adapted. A guide-book is a guide-book, of course,

and the reader expects to find the legendary set down side by side with the historical. In this he will not be disappointed by Father Chandlery,—who in an appendix, however, gives a general warning against misunderstanding the real character of legends. "Recent historical research," he adds, "while confirming the venerable and genuine traditions of Rome, has discovered that some of the popular stories and traditions about certain pictures, places, etc., are unreliable."

Problems and Persons. By Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, Green & Co.

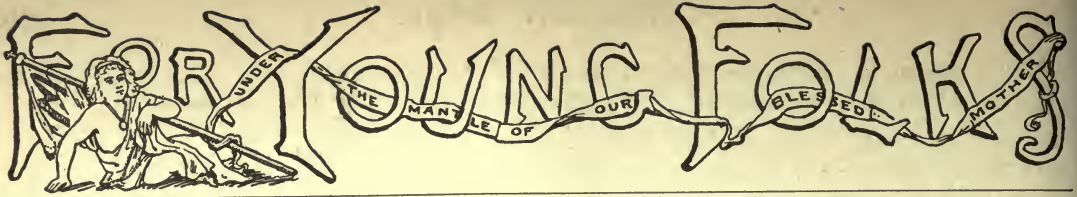
Even those who have faithfully followed Mr. Ward's philosophical and theological essays in the magazines will have a new realization that he is the son of "Ideal" Ward after reading this substantial and perfectly-published volume. It is meat for strong men, not milk for babes. Naturally, it will not rank among the "best-sellers"; but for educated readers, and especially for men with minds trained to theological speculation, we can imagine no more delightful exercise than the careful reading of one of these eleven chapters during a winter evening. Mr. Ward is one of the few defenders of the Faith who really speak to the age in its own language; and, therefore, the publication of this volume of essays, which deals in a masterly way with the problems proposed by the age, is an event of importance to publicists within and without the Church. It shows a thorough acquaintance with the sources of modern knowledge, an understanding of the historic life and the continuous mind of the Church, and an admirable loyalty to her teachings.

The Life of Saint Mary Magdalen. Translated from the Italian of an unknown fourteenth-century Writer by Valentina Hawtrey. John Lane.

Although the title of this quaint book from medieval times suggests a biography, it does not pretend to scientific accuracy. The unknown author was simply filled with admiration for the dear Magdalen, and in the spirit of his day poured out of a full heart, not what really happened in the family of Lazarus and Martha and Mary, but what it pleased him to think might have happened.

Naively, the old chronicler of his own thoughts on the penitent has told of the relations of Our Lord with the household of His friend Lazarus; and the scenes of the Passion are tenderly and reverently portrayed,—very humanly too. Our Blessed Lady, in the beauty of her Divine Motherhood, is painted in love's own colors. Altogether, this is a book that will delight the few rather than the many. The illustrations are copies in photogravure of art's best efforts in celebrating the glory of one who was forgiven much because she loved much. Vernon Lee's introduction is offensive to Catholics.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



The Day of All the Year.

THE birds and flowers are gone,
The winter snows are flying;
Across the frosty fields
I hear the cold wind sighing.

But deep within my heart,
Beyond the winter's numbing,
There burns the steady hope;
For Christmas Day is coming.

The day of all the year
When song, earth's gladness voicing,
Proclaims the Saviour's birth,
And wakes the world's rejoicing.

Then, blow ye winter winds!
Beyond your touch all numbing,
A hope burns in my heart;
For Christ the King is coming!

The Legend of Our Lady's Colors.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.



UNCLE GEORGE, why do kings and queens have their clothes trimmed with ermine?" asked Harry.

"Just because other kings and queens have done so before them," answered Uncle George, putting aside his favorite volume. "You see, long ago, when there was such a thing as a real knighthood, the king was regarded as the head knight of all; and although the others were expected to keep their honor bright at any cost, the king's was supposed to be actually without stain. Naturally, his official garments were intended to correspond; and when a fur was needed with which to border them, the fur of the daintiest and cleanest animal was chosen. The little weasel we call the ermine is so

fastidious that he will allow himself to be captured sooner than to soil his coat; and he is often taken by building a mud wall about him, as his pursuers know very well that he will never climb over it. In the Northern latitudes he is perfectly white, with the exception of the end of his tail, which is black as jet, and which is sewed on to the royal robe at regular intervals."

"Don't you know any story about ermine?" asked Harry, who was aware from experience of the many quaint tales stored up in his uncle's memory.

"Yes," said Uncle George, after he had thought a moment. "I know one in which your favorite King Arthur figures. The heathen Flolo, governor of Gaul, was a wicked man, who persecuted all Christians and took especial delight in destroying shrines of the Blessed Virgin. At last King Arthur could not quietly stay at home and hear of the awful deeds of such a man, so he took some of his most faithful and fearless knights, and one day crossed the Channel and made his way to the Isle de Notre Dame, in Paris.

"When Flolo heard of his arrival, he sent a herald, who flung the iron gantlet of his master at the feet of King Arthur and said: 'The governor of Gaul invites the bravest of your knights to meet him in single combat.' All Arthur's knights sprang forward, each being eager to meet the impudent heathen; but the King bade them put up their swords, saying that he would fight Flolo in defence of his most Gracious Lady; so, with Our Lady's colors on his shield, he went out the next morning to meet his enemy, who was powerful as well as impious.

"The battle between the two raged fiercely, and Flolo was having the best

of it, when a radiant figure in a mantle of ermine interposed, throwing his mantle over King Arthur's shield, where it shone with such radiance that it dazzled the eyes of the heathen warrior, and Our Lady's champion drew his sword, 'Excalibur,' and made an end of his opponent. Later, as a thank-offering, he built, so the legend runs, the first Christian church on the spot where the towers of Notre Dame now rise; and ever afterward wore a stripe of ermine upon his shield."

"Is that a true story, uncle?" queried Harry.

"It is never safe to ask that question about these old legends," answered Uncle George. "But, for my part, I love to believe them, and I have no patience with all those unpleasant people who are trying to make us think that half the characters in history never existed."

"Well, I believe them too," stoutly declared Harry. "But tell me, Uncle George, can't anybody wear ermine but kings and queens?"

"Oh, yes! now they can, but long ago it was restricted to royalty. Almost all the nobles wear it somewhere on their garments on state occasions, and the way the black spots are arranged indicates the rank."

"Who tells them just how to wear it?" asked Harry.

"In England it is one of the duties of the Earl Marshal, who is always the Duke of Norfolk. The present one is the lay leader of the English Catholics and in every sense a worthy man,—a true nobleman."

"And now I have a question," said Harry's mother. "Are you aware that it is an hour past your bedtime?"

"That is easy to answer," replied Harry, taking his bedroom candle and going off, to dream of little white weasels and King Arthur.

The Campers.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

VII.

"Well, father?" said Walter the next morning when he opened his eyes.

"Well, Walter?" was the rejoinder. "Are you so curious to learn the news that you have not time to say 'Good-morning!' 'as usual?'"

"I have been saying it all the while you were lying asleep. I've been awake for hours."

"Very well. Suppose you get up and begin to prepare breakfast while I have an early bath?"

"All right," said the boy, jumping out of bed at once. "What about the—the—robbers, father?"

"Be careful, my son! They have not told us they are robbers. We have not asked them if they are. We do not *know* that they are. We only know that we have discovered some fellow-creatures in distress, and we have nothing to do with the rest of it. I want you to remember that."

"Yes, father, I will. But tell me what happened after we came home last night. What time did *you* get back? It must have been midnight, wasn't it?"

"Very nearly. After you left we had a long and earnest conversation with those poor people. Then, accompanied by one of the men, we made two trips back to camp for a mattress, some pillows, bedding, more wine and milk. But, thank Providence, we were not even remotely seen. I feel confident of that. The poor woman will be more comfortable now. But she will not live long, I fear. She has a bad cough, and was suffering from consumption before this unfortunate thing happened. Indeed, I believe she will be gone by the end of the week."

"Gone where, father? How can she go if she is so ill?"

To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I *mean* the words I say.

"I mean that she will die. Great care will have to be taken lest the hiding-place be discovered. You and Xavier must not go near the spot at all."

Walter made a grimace.

"Just after we thought we had made a great discovery, and were going to have a fine adventure, it has turned out this way. It is too bad—for everybody."

"Especially for the poor fugitives, be they good or bad," answered Mr. Hale, dryly.

When his father assumed this tone Walter knew it was time for him to keep silent. He said no more, but went quickly about the preparations for breakfast.

A little later Mr. Hale and Domingo were in converse together for some time. Pedro then made his appearance, looking very much the worse for his dissipation. Domingo spoke to him sharply in Spanish. Walter could see his look of surprise, and then observed that he hung his head as though convicted of some fault. Later, however, he joined in the conversation, and the three men went off together across the valley road.

By this time Xavier had made his appearance, and the two boys were soon exchanging confidences. Walter was not slow to express himself on the subject which occupied all his thoughts.

"I wonder why they don't let us know what they've found out, and what they are going to do?" he said. "If it hadn't been for us they wouldn't have known a thing about those persons. Father knows I wouldn't tell, and I'm sure the same may be said for you, Xavier."

"I suppose they don't want us to get into any trouble. I shouldn't wonder if they'll just let them off without telling."

"Of course they will," replied Walter. "There was never a thought of tattling. If all the money that has been offered and all the *rurales* down here can't catch them, it is not our affair to do it. I wish they'd trust us, Xavier!"

"They trust us all right, Walter," said

Xavier. "But grown people never let boys into secrets very much,—do you think they do?"

"Maybe they don't; but when the boys have put them on the scent they ought to."

"My father is coming over as soon as the sun gets high," resumed Xavier, thoughtfully. "He asked me so many questions! I never saw him take such an interest in other people's affairs. He wants to ask your father about it."

"Maybe father won't tell him."

"I think he will," replied Xavier. "He knows father would not speak of it."

At this juncture an unworthy thought entered Walter's soul. Usually a frank, unsuspecting boy, with a bright, open countenance, he suddenly began to cast furtive glances at his companion. Xavier, noting the change, though unable to account for it, went on to relate how his father had questioned him very closely as to all they had seen and heard at the cave.

"Are you coming out for a walk, Walter?" asked Xavier, after having made several remarks which elicited but scant response from his friend.

"No: I want to read this morning. I think I'll lie in the hammock and take a rest."

"All right," said Xavier. "I have to pick some quail. I think I'll do it now."

"Very well," said Walter, indifferently, reaching for a book which lay on the ground and going toward the hammock.

"Something has put Walter out this morning," soliloquized Xavier, as he walked away. "I can't think of anything I said or did to make him angry. I guess he'll be all right after a while."

After he had gone the sun came out brightly. Walter, swinging in the hammock, read but little; for he soon fell asleep. How long he had been oblivious of what was going on around him he did not know, but he was awakened by the sound of his father's voice calling "Walter!" in an unusually sharp tone,

"Here I am, father!" he answered, jumping from the hammock and hurrying to his father.

"Have you been there all the time?" asked Mr. Hale.

"All what time?" exclaimed the boy, in surprise.

"All the time the rabbi and I have been talking?"

"I suppose so. I did not hear you or even know he was here. I guess I must have been asleep. Didn't you see me lying there?"

"No. The branches are very thick: I did not notice you. You heard nothing, then,—you are sure?"

"No, sir: I did not hear a word," answered Walter, a little sulkily. "I wouldn't want to listen to what that old rabbi said, anyway. I'd be mighty careful about him if I were you, father. I meant to tell you as soon as you came back."

"What do you mean, my boy? What did you intend to tell me?" asked Mr. Hale, whose turn it now was to be surprised.

"Well, I'm just going to say it. You know, father, how fond the Jews are of money?"

"Are they, my son?" inquired Mr. Hale, in the irritating tone which usually hushed Walter. "For myself, I have never observed that they were more fond of it than their Christian neighbors. I have remarked, though, that as a rule they spend money freely and are very charitable and public-spirited."

Walter, quite taken aback, hesitated a moment. However, he considered it his duty to put his unsuspecting father on his guard, and so continued:

"But, father, you know it is always said that Jews will do anything for money,—to get money, I mean. Now, Xavier was over here while you were away talking to Domingo and Pedro; and he said his father had asked him so many questions about the cave and those people, that I thought—I thought—"

"Well,—out with it! What did you think, Walter?"

"That perhaps he might be—well—that he wanted to find out everything he could, and claim the reward."

"I am sorry you should have allowed yourself to think such thoughts," rejoined Mr. Hale. "Do not permit such base suspicions to get the better of you again, Walter. Do not believe all you hear, either. It seems to me that, even young and inexperienced as you are, the face and bearing and general characteristics of the rabbi would be enough to set at naught such a suspicion."

"I don't know what made me think it, father," replied the boy, shamefacedly. "But I couldn't help wondering, and I thought I would tell you."

"Don't be a prig," said Mr. Hale. "Go and find Xavier and have a good long walk. Take the gun with you: you may see some rabbits or a few quail."

Walter obeyed, and a little later he and Xavier were on their way. When they returned, about noon, although they had killed no game, the boys were both in good spirits. They saw little of Domingo that day, and no allusion was made to the cave by any of the older members of the party. But Walter felt that matters of importance were to be transacted that night, and chafed at the restraint which had been put upon him.

About nine o'clock his father told him he had better go to bed. He did so without making any comment, but observed that his father was not in a hurry to do likewise. He concluded that something important was in the wind, because Domingo came over from the Baths and sat outside the tent, conversing in low tones with his father. He finally went to sleep listening to their voices. How long he had slept he did not know, but the moon was high in the heavens when he was suddenly awakened by the howl of a coyote. Often at night those wolf-like dogs would come out of their hidden lairs and approach the camp

in search of food. He sat up in bed: his father was not in the other cot.

"Oh, it must be **very** late!" thought Walter. "Where can father be? Perhaps he has fallen asleep in the camp-chair."

Wrapping a blanket around him, he got out of bed and, lifting the heavy flap of the tent, peered out into the night. The camp-chair was untenanted, the moonlight almost as bright as day. And now a wonderful sight met his gaze. Skirting the hillside, quietly moved a party of four,—Domingo in the lead, carrying a basket; Mr. Hale, arm in arm with the rabbi, who, wrapped in a long overcoat, walked slowly, almost painfully; and last of all, carrying a tin bucket, trudged Xavier,—while he, Walter—older, stronger, and altogether more fit to be of the number,—had been denied a share in the privileges of his companion, and sent to bed!

"Well, that is what *I* call queer and kind of mean!" he exclaimed at last, when the party had disappeared from view. "I don't know *what* father and Domingo can be thinking of to let the rabbi go with them. I don't see how he could have persuaded them to let him,—a man that seems to be so ill!"

As Walter stood there, on fire with indignation and wounded feeling, a heavy fog rolling in from the sea began to dim the radiance of the clear moonlight. He shivered with cold.

"It's no use standing here!" he said.

He went back to bed, covering himself up from the chill air; but he could not go to sleep. A long time passed: his father did not return. As the boy lay there, thinking and wondering at the strange turn the affair had taken, he heard the sharp click of horses' hoofs on the road behind the Baths.

"That is the spring-wagon," he thought. "They are taking them away."

A little later his father returned, and, without lighting the lamp, went very quietly to bed.

(Conclusion next week.)

In Bethlehem.

The dress of the inhabitants of Bethlehem is probably the same as it was in the time of Our Lord. That of the women, both in the town itself and in the environs, is remarked by every traveller. Says the famous Baron Geramb:

"They are dressed in precisely the same manner as the Blessed Virgin in the pictures which represent her; not only the fashion of the garments, but the very colors are the same: a blue gown and red cloak, or a red gown and blue cloak, with a white veil over all. The first time that I chanced to see, at a distance, a woman of Bethlehem, carrying a little child in her arms, I could not help starting; methought I beheld Mary and the Infant Jesus coming toward me.

"On another occasion my emotion was not less lively. I perceived an old man, with white hair and white beard, driving an ass along the hill on which Bethlehem is situated; he was followed by a young woman, dressed in blue and red, and covered with a white veil. I was at Bethlehem. Imagination carried me back to the time of Augustus Cæsar. In a moment it transformed those two persons into Joseph and Mary, coming, in obedience to the orders of the prince, to be taxed.

"The dress of the country-people also awakens in the mind touching reflections: it is, I am assured, exactly the same as that of the Shepherds at the time of our Saviour's birth, and dates back upward of two thousand years. It is a sort of smock-frock or tunic, drawn tight round the waist by a leathern thong, and a cloak over that. No shoes: people in general go barefoot."

WHEN shepherds call their flocks they say "*caday*," because in the old Anglo-Danish tongue *cade* signified "lamb."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Among the new publications of Wm. Heinemann is "The Life of Hernando De Soto, Together with an Account of Jinculo Silvestre, one of his Captains," by R. B. Cunningham Graham. This is the first adequate biography of De Soto, we believe, to appear in English.

—We are gratified to notice that the revised list of library books from which school libraries must be selected in the State of Missouri includes three of Bishop Spalding's works: "Education and the Higher Life," "Opportunity and Other Essays and Addresses," and "Means and Ends of Education." The list is issued by the State superintendent of public schools.

—The English Catholic Truth Society announce a new and enlarged edition of Father Bowden's "Simple Dictionary for Catholics." It will contain upward of five hundred additional items and a table of dates of a hundred and fifty important events in ecclesiastical history. Father Bowden is learned and painstaking, and his work is just the thing for the library table or editorial desk.

—Though we do not usually notice works in a foreign tongue, we gladly call attention to "Compendium Juris Regularium," by Father Augustine Bachofen, O. S. B. The number of points it touches is amazing, considering its size, and is possible only through the most careful condensation. It is an admirable handbook of Canon Law as it affects religious communities. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—A mine of antiquarian lore is Dr. Joyce's "Social History of Ancient Ireland," just published by Longmans, Green & Co. The *Athenæum* refers to it as "a vast array of special knowledge, gathered from Irish sources by a man who knows modern Irish as a mother tongue, and probably can make out old and middle Irish as well as most scholars." The work is sure to be welcomed by readers of all classes and creeds.

—It would be interesting to know the authors of many Catholic books published in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is singular how often they were published anonymously or with only the initials of the writer. J. S., the author of a most excellent little volume entitled "Of Good Intentions," was probably a priest, and we judge from the "dedicatory" that he was the confessor of that holy woman Mary Howard of Norfolk, of whom he says: "How Edifying was it to see her, on evenings by the fireside, teach her little Children most of the concerning and memorable Historical Passages in the Old and New Testaments, by the way (as we call 'em), of *Winter-Tales*; applying them to move

their Hearts to the *Fear* and *Love* of God; with that *Facility* in delivering them and that *Dexterity* to make them sink into their tender Capacities as did at once both *instruct* and *delight* them!"

—A new life of St. Philip Neri intended more especially for the young is announced by an English publishing house. It will be edited by the Rev. R. F. Kerr, of the Oratory, and provided with numerous illustrations.

—There is wisdom as well as wit in this jotting from the *Indianapolis Sentinel*: "A Russian writer says that the ordinary reading of the average Russian is the trashy dime novel. Ours too, only we have to pay \$1.50 for them."

—From Ginn & Co. we have received "A French Reader" by F. D. Aldrich, of the Worcester Academy, and I. L. Foster, of the Pennsylvania State College. This work is adapted for secondary schools and for colleges. The selections, interesting in themselves, are graded, and the vocabulary meets the demands of the text.

—"Geographic Influences in American History" will not strike the average school-boy as an appetizing title, but the book that bears it is entertaining as well as scholarly. Geography and history commonly go together in school curricula; and after reading this text-book by Prof. Albert Brigham, of Colgate University, one understands better why it should be so. Ginn & Co.

—"The Virtues of Mary," by L. Lanzoni, General of the Institute of Charity, was translated from the Italian and printed for private circulation in 1897. It is now offered to the public in the hope that it may contribute to promote a tender devotion to the Mother of Jesus. The work is divided into three parts: the virtues of Mary in relation to God, in relation to men, and in relation to herself. A short dissertation on the *Salve Regina* follows these reflections. The book is attractively got up. R. & T. Washbourne, publishers.

—Of one of Goldwin Smith's peculiarities the *Montreal Star* says: "Mr. Smith's specialty has long been an ingenious misunderstanding of Canadian opinion, if, indeed, he has really sought to represent existing opinion at all. Much in his writings appears to be an effort to present Canadian opinion as it ought to be—in his opinion—and not at all as it is." Readers of Mr. Smith's not infrequent contributions to contemporary periodicals will be inclined to believe that this tendency of the ex-Oxford scholar is perceptible in other matters than Canadian affairs. He often, for instance, dips into mediæval ecclesiastical history and brings up alleged facts which

don't really exist there, but which, in order to the symmetrical perfection of Mr. Smith's theories, ought to be there. He is one of the many unquestionably able writers who take themselves, and have persuaded numerous others to take them, altogether too seriously.

—The London journalist who has discovered a certain literary affinity between Kipling and Mrs. Hemans will scarcely be accused of plagiarism. The discovery is assuredly original. The proofs adduced to substantiate the existence of the affinity are not without interest; but attentive perusal of them all will hardly convince any one that the affinity approximates that degree of relationship which, in a case of matrimony, would require a dispensation.

—In "The Heart of Japan" Mr. C. L. Brownell gives a fresh illustration of Oriental courtesy. The censorship of the press in Japan, it is well known, is rigid beyond comparison and it is dangerous for editors to have opinions. The formula which notifies offending press-men that they have been indiscreet is as follows: "Deign honorably to cease honorably publishing august paper. Honorable editor, deign honorably to enter august jail."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Beginnings of Christianity. *Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D.* \$2, net.

The City of the King. *Mrs. Lew Wallace.* \$1 12.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol of the Apostles. *Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D.* \$1.50, net.

Pilgrim - Walks in Rome. *Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J.* \$1.50, net.

Edgar; or, From Atheism to the Full Truth. *Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J.* \$1.25, net.

Sketches for Sermons. *Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S.* \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St. John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. *Johanna H. Harting.* \$2, net.

The Daughter of a Magnate. *Frank H. Spearman.* \$1.50.

The Dream of Gerontius. 35 cts.

Saint Cuthbert's. *Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J.* 85 cts.

The Ship of State, by Those at the Helm. 75 cts., net.

Glimpses of Truth. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.* 88 cts.

Moral Briefs. *Rev. John H. Stapleton.* \$1.

The Life and Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. *P. Justin O'Byrne.* \$1.35, net.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Bernard Ward.* \$1.60, net.

The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII. *Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J.* \$2, net.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. *M. Gavin, S. J.* 75 cts., net.

The Venerable Mother Jeanne Antide Thouret. *Blanche Anderdon.* 75 cts., net.

Famous Children. *H. Twitchell.* \$1, net.

A Calendar of Prayers by Robert Louis Stevenson \$1.50.

Rational Home Gymnastics. *Hartvig Nissen.* \$1.

Where Saints have Trod. *M. D. Petre.* 50 cts., net.

What the Church Teaches. *Rev. Edwin Drury.* 30 cts.

Worldly Wisdom for the Catholic Youth. *Mentor.* 35 cts.

The Devout Guide for Catholics in Service. *Rev.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands. —HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. W. R. Carson, of the diocese of Northampton; Rev. Daniel Walsh, diocese of Pittsburgh; Rev. P. J. Cautereels, diocese of Green Bay; and Rev. Patrick Moore, St. Vincent's Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

Brother Alpheus, C. S. C. Sister Raymonda, of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Benjamin Tannrath and Mr. John Mansfield, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. William Quirk, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen McFeely, Swampscott, Mass.; Dr. R. L. Graves, San Antonio, Texas; Miss Agnes Nelis, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Michael Haddigan, Peoria, Ill.; Mr. George Ray, Watertown, Minn.; Mr. John King, Owasso, Mich.; Mr. Peter Furlong, and Mrs. Catherine McAloon, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. William Barnett and Mrs. Anastasia Barnett, W. Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. Elizabeth Poor, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. John Fitzgerald, Mrs. M. J. Madden, and Mrs. Ellen Fragley, San Francisco, Cal.; Mr. James Jackson, Mansfield, Ohio; and Mr. J. X. Moore, New Castle, Pa.

Requiescant in pace!





THE NATIVITY.
(Raphael's Tapestries.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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In the Long Ago.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THEY are crowding in through the merry din,
The children large and small,
And tapers bright are all alight
In the holly-wreathed hall;
They gleam and glance through the broad expanse
Of the fragrant fir-tree tall.

High and low, it is all aglow,
As gay as gay can be
With glittering things and spangled wings;
And all the eye can see
Are sweets and toys for girls and boys,—
“Hurrah for the Christmas Tree!”

But where, O where is the Christmas Crib,
With the patient ox and ass,
And the shepherds dear approaching near,
Adoring as they pass,
And the Infant sweet at His Mother's feet,
And the holy Midnight Mass?

Yes, where, O where is the Christmas Crib
And the Star and the angels' call
We used to know in the long ago?
They are not here at all.
And the Christmas hymn, in the twilight dim?
They've vanished one and all.

THE mere reasonableness of believing can not stir the will to actual belief. Religion must draw the human heart unto itself, not only by its truth but still more by its goodness and beauty. “By their fruits you shall know them.” This is a circumstance which carries conviction to the mind of the unbeliever.—*Father Tyrrell.*

The Feast of Joy at Bethlehem.

BY BARON DE GERAMB.



CHRISTMAS was approaching. The Reverend Father Warden of the Holy Sepulchre had already gone to Bethlehem, with the greater part of the community, for the purpose of celebrating so important a day on the very spot where the Son of God deigned to be born.

Being urged to share their happiness, I set out on the 23d, at three in the afternoon, accompanied by a dragoman and a janissary. I rode a superb Arab mare, full of spirit; and yet I only walked her, lest by a too rapid pace I should lose the pleasure of observing anything of interest which the country might present for my mind and my heart. Oh, how different were my feelings from those with which I approached Jerusalem! Then I was drawing near to a city under a curse,—to a city where everything reminds you of the excruciating torments and the ignominious death of our Saviour; and my afflicted soul beheld there nought save spots stained with the blood of the august Victim, or instruments of His cruel execution—a Prætorium, a Calvary, a crown of thorns, whips, nails, a cross!—and I fancied that I could still see and hear a ruthless populace repeatedly shouting, “Blood! blood!” and ferocious executioners bent on spilling

blood.... And what blood, gracious God!

But Bethlehem! All my life, that name of itself had produced in me impressions of a pure joy, of an inexpressible charm. Never had I heard it uttered, never had I uttered it myself, without a sort of thrill. Judge, then, you who are a Christian,—judge how much more vivid and delicious must have been the emotions of my soul as I approached it!

In a few moments my eyes will behold that Bethlehem, the name of which is so dear to me; that stable in which was born the fairest of the sons of men, the Ruler of the universe, the Word of life, my Saviour! They will behold that manger in which He was laid, wrapped in swaddling clothes,—that manger, the only cradle that His Mother had to give to such a Son! They will behold the place, whither the shepherds of the neighboring country, summoned by the voices of the angels, came to adore Him; and that upon which knelt the kings of the East, brought by that miraculous star to pay homage to the King of kings, and to offer Him their presents; and that where Mary, the incomparable Mother, suckled her Infant, warmed Him at her bosom, pressed Him to her heart.

Thus did I inwardly say to myself; and with these thoughts which filled my soul were blended the fondest recollections of my childhood,—of that age when the reading of the Holy Scriptures constituted my chief delight; when the affecting history of Abel, of Isaac, of Joseph, of the Child Jesus, especially of His having but a handful of straw for His bed and a stable for His palace, moved me to the bottom of my heart and moistened my eyes with tears; when a mother—whose name too was Mary—mingled with those admirable narratives the simple commentaries of her piety and her tenderness; rendered sensible to my eyes by means of engravings what my too young understanding alone would not thoroughly have comprehended; answered my little

questions, and never appeared more happy than when I dunned her with my innocent curiosity.

The road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, though not so bad as that from Rama to Jerusalem, is stony and unequal. It is only at long intervals that you meet with cultivated spots; the olive is the only tree that is seen, and that is very rare.

As we advanced, the view became more lovely and delightful. On the slope of a hill, that Bethlehem, so dear to my heart, suddenly burst upon my view. In the transport of my joy, I saluted the land of Judea; and, borrowing the language of the Prophets, I exclaimed: "Thou art not the least among the cities of Judah; for from thee shall go forth, and has actually gone forth, the Chief of Israel, Jesus, my Saviour!"

Bethlehem, seated amidst the hills and the plains which surround it, presented a picturesque prospect: the fields irregularly divided according to the extent of the different properties, and sometimes inclosed by walls, appeared to me better cultivated; trees, the fig and the olive especially, were much more frequent. On the one hand I perceived the mountains of Judea; on the other, beyond the Dead Sea, those of Arabia Petræa; the most unimportant objects captivated my whole attention. I stopped, I went forward, I turned back, I looked about, I mustered my recollections. In sight of that blessed land, of those plains, of those hills, I called to mind the rural manners of the patriarchs who dwelt there, their pastoral life, and the charming pictures of it left us in the Scripture. I thought of the ancestors of our Saviour, who had lived in these same parts; of the boy David tending his father's flocks; of Boaz, David's grandfather; of that admirable Moabite whose name was destined by the dispensation of God, to be inscribed in the genealogy of His Son; of Ruth gleaning the fields of him whom Heaven decreed

for her husband,—that Ruth whose touching history was well worthy to become one of our Canonical Books, and for whom religious poesy has thought that she could never choose colors sufficiently soft and vivid.

It was six o'clock when I reached the monastery where I was expected. On this spot the first Christians had built a chapel, in which was enclosed the stable where our Saviour came into the world. They thronged thither from all parts to adore, on that very spot, Him who, out of love for us humbled Himself so low as to take the form of a little child. For the purpose of driving away the believers and holding up their mysteries to the derision of the pagans, the Emperor Adrian caused a statue to be erected there to Adonis, and instituted in his honor a particular worship, which subsisted till the reign of Constantine. Helena, the mother of that prince, during her sojourn in the Holy Land, added to the immense benefits by which she had already signalized her piety that of causing the infamous idol to be demolished and its worship forbidden; and, through her means, arose on the same spot the church which at this day bears the name of Mary. This church, though it has undergone great alterations and been frequently repaired, still bears unmistakable marks of its ancient and glorious origin. It is built in the form of a cross, and adorned with forty-eight marble columns of the Corinthian order.

I am at Bethlehem,—at Bethlehem! Amidst the attentions and the testimonies of a tender charity lavished upon me by the monks, my mind was occupied exclusively with one idea: I thought of nothing but the happiness of beholding the sacred Grotto. But, a stranger, unacquainted with the monastery, not knowing whether I must apply to the Turks for the keys, in spite of myself I appeared grave, and my looks must have betrayed my fears and

preoccupations. Besides, I longed for solitude, night, silence. A good Father, seeing me so pensive, guessed what was passing within me. "You wish, perhaps," said he, "to visit the holy places this evening?"—"This very evening," I replied, "if there be nothing indiscreet in that wish; but as late as possible and alone."—"Well, wait till the community has retired, and I will come and fetch you." He then accompanied me to the cell which had been prepared for me.

The lights were extinguished one by one in the monastery. In the cloister where my cell was situated nought was to be heard save the vibration of the pendulum of the clock, and the faint murmur of some of the monks praying beside their beds. Presently good Father Joseph came for me. I followed him with a lantern in my hand. We descended the great staircase, passed through several vaulted rooms, and arrived at the church. Turning thence to the right, we proceeded by a staircase cut out of the rock, and very narrow, to a winding way equally narrow, and still in the rock, where my guide pointed out to me an altar, and told me that beneath it is the tomb of the Holy Innocents. He was then directing my attention to another when, impelled by a pious impatience, I said in a low tone: "I will look at that another time. Let us proceed." We ascended some steps; and, having gone a few paces farther, we found ourselves before a door which he hastily opened. I beheld a deep grotto, lighted by a great number of lamps. My guide withdrew, and, my soul moved by fear, respect, love, I entered, I fell on my knees, I prayed, I contemplated, I adored.

And those hours of night, during which I had watched near the manger of the Lamb without spot, reminded me of that night and that hour when the angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds keeping watch over their

flocks, when the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. Methought an angel said to me as to them, "Fear not!" I had felt the great joy which had been promised to them, because I was in the city of David; and on that very spot whither I had come to pray was born for me a saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Like them, I had found that sign given by the messenger of the Most High—the stable, the manger, and the Infant Jesus wrapped in swaddling clothes. I had felt in my heart His divine presence, which the lapse of time had not permitted me to behold there. I blessed the happy hour of my life when I said, "Let us go to Bethlehem and see." And I returned glorifying and praising God. The clock struck two as I got back to my cell.

There is no place in the world where the heart can be more rapturously moved than in the Grotto at Bethlehem. When calling to mind the time, the season of the year, when the dear Infant Jesus was born, I add, while communing with myself: "Here is the spot." Methinks I hear Him weeping with cold and want; methinks I see Mary, His fond Mother, bestowing upon Him all the cares of the most ingenious tenderness; Joseph, on hearing the cry of his adopted Son, hastening to take Him from the arms of His Mother, to clasp Him in his own, and to warm Him on his bosom. And these ideas fill my soul with ineffable sentiments, which my pen would strive in vain to describe. I pray; I lift my tear-dimmed eyes; I murmur the sacred Name of Jesus, and the names of Mary and Joseph; and I bless the thrice gracious God for having, in His mercy, given me His Son for my Saviour; I bless Him, too, for having given me a soul that is touched, softened, penetrated, by such incomprehensible bounty.

You know with what pomp, with what joy, the festival of Christmas and the Midnight Mass are celebrated through-

out the whole Catholic world; you have had occasion, like me, to remark the beauty of the decorations which adorn our temples at the time of this great solemnity, and the immense concourse of the faithful, and their pious solicitude to go and worship the Infant Jesus; and that unanimous concert of praise and thanksgiving for the happy advent of the Divine Messiah; and those songs and hymns in which the general joy bursts forth. Conceive, then, what must be such a festival, such a service, held at midnight at Bethlehem, on the very spot where Jesus deigned to be born.

I will not stop to describe the holy magnificence displayed at this solemnity. I will say nothing either of the rich tapestries with which the marbles are covered, or of the ravishing strains of a music, in perfect harmony with the sublimity and the soothing nature of the mystery; or of the countless tapers which burn not only upon the altar but in the whole of the interior; or of the pomp that surrounds the Reverend Father Warden in the exercise of his functions; or of the ornaments sparkling with gold which attest the munificence of the Catholic princes of other days, and are worn by the numerous priests who assist in the service. But I will say a few words concerning one august and impressive ceremony which can not be performed anywhere but here: that is, a solemn procession to the Manger, with which the service begins.

At midnight, at that hour of salvation when, in all the Catholic churches in the world, the Infant Jesus receives the homage of all faithful Christians, the Reverend Father Warden opens the procession, and advances with slow step, his head bowed, and reverently carrying in his arms an image of the Infant Jesus. On reaching the very spot of the nativity, the deacon chants the Gospel. When he comes to the words "and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes" he receives the image from the

hands of the Father Warden, wraps it in swaddling clothes, lays it in the manger, falls on his knees and prays.... At that moment there flashes into the soul something supernatural, I may venture to call it, judging from what I have witnessed, from what I myself have felt. Piety ceases to find a voice to express its gratitude, its love; it speaks only in the language of the eyes, in sighs, and in tears.

At the End of the Journey.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

THEY had sat side by side for weeks copying the same Madonna in the Art Museum. Further than that they knew little of each other. But the bond had been a very friendly one from the first. They had met several times at early Mass; and on his way home, walking past her boarding-house, he had accompanied her as far as the door.

His mother knew about her, and suspected—what was the truth—that her boy was losing his heart; and then she wanted very much to make her acquaintance. It had all come about very suddenly at the last,—unpremeditated by him, like a thunderbolt to her.

They had put away their work a little earlier, because it was Christmas Eve. As they came out into the cold, tiled vestibule together, she shivered and he remarked:

"We shall have a cold Christmas. I like it, though; don't you?"

"Yes," she rejoined, tentatively. "Or, rather, I used to like it. Nowadays I am glad when Christmas is over. Selfish, isn't it? But I can't help it, somehow."

"You are not going home, then?"

"I have no home. Why did you think I had?"

"I supposed you might have come in from some neighboring town to paint and study."

"No: I have no home. My parents are dead. I have no near relatives. I am alone."

"How sad!" he replied. Then, with a quick impulse which he made no effort to stifle, he continued: "But I have a mother, and she is very sweet and good. We are here only for the winter, but we have a comfortable little flat on Mercer Street. She would be so glad to have you to-morrow. Will you come, Miss Doane? I have spoken of you to my mother,—you will not seem a stranger."

She looked up at him gratefully.

"How kind you are to think of me!"

"To think of you!" he blurted out suddenly, unable to control his uppermost thought and desire. "I am always thinking of you. From the first day you seemed to me different from any one I had ever known. But, oh, I beg your pardon! I did not mean to—and yet I do mean it, every word—and more. If you only could—a little—"

Then he stopped; and again she looked at him brightly, with some embarrassment and many blushes.

"There is no need to ask my pardon," she said. "And perhaps I could—a little,—that is if I understand what you meant to say."

"I meant to say that—that—I love you,—indeed I do. You know it, don't you? You have known it all along?"

She laughed shyly.

"Ah, no!" she rejoined slowly. "I never even dreamed of it till now. You see, I have never had any experience—in that way."

"Nor I—nor I," he hastened to affirm. "But it is all true, and you are so lonely, and my mother will be very glad. I am young—only twenty-two, but I have something: we are not poor—and—but, oh, tell me—will you think of it?"

"And I am poor,—very poor," she answered. "But that will not matter—"

now. I am nineteen—just nineteen. Oh, it is so strange, so sweet,—and yet so very strange!”

And, as happy lovers will, they walked on together through the busy streets, lingering here and there at gayly-bedecked windows, till he made her go in with him to a jeweller's shop, where he bought her a pretty gold thimble for her Christmas gift.

The short winter twilight was falling when they parted at the door of her boarding-house. At eleven next morning he was to come for her to take her to his mother. She went to confession, and spent the rest of the evening in making her best gown as bright as she could for the occasion.

She had hoped to see him at five o'clock Mass, in a half-pew near the pillar where he usually sat. But the crowd was great and she caught no glimpse of him.

At eleven she was ready, her eyes shining with expectancy, her cheeks flushed with her new joy. At half-past she was still waiting. At one the dinner bell rang, but she did not go down. She had told the others that she was going out to dinner, and she could not have swallowed a morsel—now. At two she laid aside her finery, put on a dressing-gown and lay down, thinking she might then get some ease from the sharp headache which had seized her.

At six she was still lying there, wide awake, in the dark and cold. At midnight she fell asleep after a day of disappointment and mortification, of grief and humiliation, which lingered long in her memory. When she awoke next morning a ray of hope shot through the darkness of her mind. Perhaps he had called for her, after all, and the landlady, knowing she had expected to go out to dinner, had told him she was already gone. As she thus reasoned, persuading herself it had been only a sad mistake, she felt comforted.

Her heart beat almost to bursting as she reached her accustomed place in the gallery. He was not working. His easel stood where he had left it on Christmas Eve, but he did not come. There, day after day and week after week, till the first days of spring, when her own picture was finished, it stood, and she could almost have cried out at the sight of it. But Donald Gardner never came.

Her Madonna brought her a good price; with the proceeds she was enabled to take a course of painting in a famous academy of art in a neighboring city. She had more than ordinary talent; and between giving lessons and painting *genre* pictures for the dealers she made a very good living. Once in a while a great yearning would come over her, and she would open the casket of memory, and inhale for a brief space the sad, sweet breath of the faded rose leaves it contained. But this was not often: it made her heart too sad.

A white-haired, sweet-faced old lady and a pretty, attractive young woman were sitting side by side in the crowded train, which was making its way as best it could through the snow-drifts that impeded its progress. The old lady softly slipped her beads into her pocket as she broke the silence by remarking to her companion:

“I am afraid we shall be very late getting in.”

“Yes,” replied the other. “For myself, it does not much matter, but the majority of people have a great deal to do on Christmas Eve.”

“I have nothing to do,” remarked the old lady. “My son will meet me at the station, and I shall go to his hotel. We live in L., but he has been obliged to spend a few months in C.; and, not wishing me to be alone at Christmas, he persuaded me to join him. For me, home is where he is, whether it be Greenland or Africa. He is a good son.”

She was a very sweet, happy, con-

tented-looking old lady, and the young woman sighed as she realized this; a pang went through her lonely heart. But she smiled bravely. She had seen the rosary: it gave her a feeling of nearness to her companion, and she said:

"Happy mother to have such a son! And happy three times over the son or daughter who has a good, kind, loving mother!"

"Thank you, my dear! And you?" queried the old lady, laying her hand on the younger woman's arm.

"I have no mother," she replied. "I have no one,—I am all alone."

"Ah, that is a pity! But you are going to visit friends?"

"No: I am on my way to an interview with a somewhat formidable personage who has offered me a position as teacher in the new academy. There are conditions which I may perhaps consider too binding. And C. has some sorrowful memories for me. I don't believe I should care to live there again."

"For me, too, it has disagreeable recollections. I once had a sad experience there. My son and I were spending the winter there. He is now an illustrator and engraver, but at that time was ambitious of being a painter. On Christmas Eve I had prepared dinner, and was waiting for him to return, as we were going to church in the evening. Six, seven, eight o'clock passed but he did not come. All that long and dreary night I waited. God forbid that any other mother should ever suffer as I did that lonely Christmas Eve. When morning came I learned that he had been knocked down by an electric car and taken to the hospital. A neighbor saw it in the paper and brought me the news. Then came the fear of finding him dead before me when I reached the hospital. But Our Lord mercifully spared me that. He was unconscious for weeks, and it was thought he would never recover his reason. But with returning spring he became fully

restored. There were other sad complications," she continued with a sigh, after a short pause. "Since that time I have never been in C."

"Madam," said her companion in a strange, half-choking voice, which caused the older lady to look at her in some surprise. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

"It is Gardner," rejoined the other.

"I thought so," said the girl, leaning back in the seat, her hands tightly clasped together in her lap. "Oh, I beg your pardon if my question seemed intrusive!" she went on. "You perhaps remember that he knew—that he spoke to you of Laura Doane?"

The old lady sat erect. Seizing the hands of her companion, she cried:

"Are you Laura Doane? You are—I know it! Where have you been all these years? What happened? Why did you not—oh, tell me all you know! Why did you go away?"

"Yes, I am Laura Doane. I did not go—for months after Christmas. You know that I was going to see you. He had promised to call for me."

"Yes, yes. It was dreadful for you. What must you have thought?"

"I did not know. When he did not come, of course I was disappointed and distressed. And—I never knew—"

"That he was injured? You did not hear of it? Didn't you see the papers?"

"No, I never read them in those days."

"And I, at least, thought you did not care,—that Donald had been precipitate, and that you repented. When you never came to me—or sent—or made any inquiries, how could I have helped thinking so? I will admit that for the first few days I never thought of you at all, my heart was so torn about my boy. But later I did; and when he got better he asked for news of you at once. I could give him none. He hazarded the suspicion that you had not heard of the accident, and that this must have placed his conduct in a very bad light with you.

But I could not believe it possible, and it almost vexed me to see that he could believe it. I have had some hard feelings against you, my dear,—oh, yes indeed!”

“But now you understand?”

“Yes, now I understand. Donald looked for you,—against my advice, I will confess; for I thought you had slighted him. But no one knew anything about you. He loved you, my dear,—he loved you truly. He does still. I am sure he will never think of another woman, if you have changed. Tell me, have you changed, my child? Have you?”

The old lady bent forward eagerly, her soul in her eyes.

“No,” answered the girl in a low, sweet voice: “I have not changed. I never did. I would not think,—I did not want to think. But I have never changed; though there have been times when I was angry with myself for feeling the same.”

“You need not be,—you must not be. It is all over; all can be explained; and Donald will be at the end of our journey.”

And there he was, waiting for his mother with a joyful embrace and kiss, with no eyes for any one else until she turned him bodily about to face the girl who stood erect and graceful, but inwardly cold and trembling, awaiting the greeting she had never dreamed would be hers again.

“I have brought you a Christmas gift,” said his mother. “Take it and be thankful, and ask no questions till we are safe in the carriage on our homeward way.”

And then two pair of hands met in joyful greeting, two pair of eyes looked into each other's depths, unchanged, unquestioning, filled with love and tenderness and trust. And Christmas Eve was to be to them henceforward the happiest day of all the year, to be kept and treasured as a feast of joy, and of thanksgiving to the Heavenly Father who had reunited them after sorrowing years.

The Birthday of the King.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

HAIL blessed Birthday of the Eternal King,
To all the listening centuries foretold!
Of thee when earth was young did prophets sing,
And saints desired thee while the Ages rolled;
Until the time appointed brought thee near,
And hope's faint shadowing grew to vision clear.

At thy bright dawning choirs supernal sang,
And earth shone splendid with unwonted light,
The while with God's high praise the heavens rang,
And simple shepherds marvelled at the sight,
Who, when the gleaming vision passed away,
Betook them where their Infant Saviour lay.

Then on their sight a holier vision broke,
More bright than angels in the frosty air.
Of God and man in bonds of love it spoke;
For God made Man to man revealed was there,
Whom Mary's arms encircled, and His rest
The world's Creator took on Mary's breast.

With what bright glance His infant eyes He turns
To meet the Virgin-Mother's answering gaze!
And how with love her raptured bosom burns
To see her God Incarnate,—glad amaze
With deep abasement mingling in her thought
At this great thing that God in her had wrought!

Oh, what of love untold and mercy sweet
That purest Mother's maiden-breast did bear,
The sorry race of Adam's sons to greet
With tender pity and with ruthful care,
When God did choose her lap His throne to be
Who might alone from sinful stain be free!

From out the Orient sky came forth a star
Swift-moving as a seraph on the wing,
Which Royal Sages scanning from afar
Gan quickly follow, hastening to bring
Rich kingly offerings, and with homage meet
To kneel and worship at the Saviour's feet.

Though earth a thousand thousand ages see,
And time stretch out a nigh unending span,
Yet never shall this day unminded be,
When God stooped down to raise poor fallen man;
Yea, till the sun no more shall seek the west
This day shall God and Mary's name be blest.

Extracts from the Diary of a Workhouse
Chaplain.

SEVENTH WEEK.



HURSDAY.—This morning the poor people came to Mass by moonlight. The moon had lasted out into the dawn; and it showed more brilliance still than the daylight slowly breaking in the east. I like the moonlight. I always feel quite alone by it. It gives my mind rest, as if I had no longer to battle with a world,—a world not worse than myself, not more corrupt, but perhaps more knavish; a world, at any rate, that, broadly speaking, I have never cared for, I have never loved. I like the beautiful dawn, the silent morning breaking calmly in the east. Perhaps it is because all the world is still asleep and I am alone. Oh, those rich heavy clouds putting off their mantles of night, and, like the smiles we see in children's faces in pictures, wearing the rosy hue of the dawn! To me that silent region of the morning whispers in tones of siren sweetness: '*There is solitude! There is peace! There is no toil and struggle for life such as is here! There is no meddling tongue, no pretended friend, no disguised enemy.*' Ah, happy clouds! Like the returning Greek, I am lashed to the mast; I hear but I can not follow; I love but I can not obey....Dreaming again! Well, what matter?

Going to the hospital, I had quite a number of calls. The first on the list was Miss B., in the women's infirm ward. The patients always show great respect to one who from stress of circumstances has had to join their ranks. They take it very unkindly if any one should wantonly hurt the feelings of such a person; and while people of that class do not put on airs, no one receives more genuine respect. I attended Miss B., taking care to regard every feeling

of her mind as reverently as I would every spray of ivy that clothes our old castles or abbeys of the past. I moved away when I was done, merely muttering to myself: "Poverty does indeed beget strange bedfellows!"

A poor old creature withered and wasted lay on a bed near the door. The nurse came over and shrieked into her ear: "Gran, here is the priest!" She looked about her as one awaking from a dream. "Why, then, he's welcome, *agra!*" she said. And when I had finished with her she went on to bless me, and all that went before me, and the seven generations that were to come after me. The nun told me she was a gentle, grateful soul.

In the evening I was called to the women's hospital. There was a nice, quiet-looking girl of about sixteen suffering from serious stomach trouble; a strong middle-aged woman had broken her leg; and one poor woman had had an epileptic fit, the signs of which were still visible on her features.

Friday.—After Mass there was a call to the men's hospital. The nun brought me at once to an old man who, she feared, might die during the day, and requested me to give him absolution. The poor patient was wasted away almost to a skeleton. In the famous History of St. Bernard, by the Abbé Ratisbonne, there is a portrait of the saint striking in its tall and graceful contour, but gaunt and fleshless and meagre to the last degree. The face in particular is striking if not revolting. Such a face and head was it that lay before me there on the bed. If grave-worms and the loathsome vermin of the tomb had been engaged for the past month in eating away every particle of flesh that had clothed the bones, and that the skeleton had been covered anew with the old skin, it could not have been barer or gaunter or more awe-inspiring.

The nurse told me that he still retained

consciousness. His eyes rolled about, but they were dull and never looked toward you with that inquisitiveness that denotes the presence of reason. He shook his head, however, as if in sorrow for his sins, and seemed to give signs of comprehending me when I spoke loudly into his ear. I did what I could for him; and then, while folding up my stole, stood gazing reverently and devoutly on the phenomenon that God had placed before my eyes. "That same we all shall be!" I said to myself; and as I was musing, a sudden, mysterious change passed over his face, and I felt intuitively that that was the beginning of the end. I called the nun and said: "I am afraid, Sister, that he will die soon. Watch him closely."

It is pitiable and painful to go through a hospital; and yet the visit has its bright features at times, as I reflected to day. I was looking for a patient whom I used to attend—a little maid of about fourteen; a nice child, in whom I was interested because of her history. I was shocked when I saw her bed empty. I turned to the nun, but before I had time to inquire my eye fell upon her sitting at the fire and looking wonderfully improved; and I was rejoiced.

But the little group around the fire—let me describe it. The hospital, like poverty, begets strange companions. There was a young woman about thirty years of age sitting at one corner of the fire, knitting. Her hair was coal black, and her face had a wizened, sickly look. Near her was a little one with a white pinafore trimmed with red. While she remained seated she looked a healthy child, but as soon as she stood up the defectiveness of her legs betrayed her. Next her was a pretty tot of three years or so, the pet of the ward,—a little boy and an orphan. The close-fitting cap which covered his head indicated that something was wrong there with the beautiful-eyed, rosy-cheeked, romping, attractive little man that made himself

lovable to all. With these and two or three other afflicted creatures I held converse round the fire.

I now turned to the men's hospital. "Father," said the nun, "I am sorry that there are so many calls for you to-day; for you must be very tired after yesterday. But I can not help it." I answered as best I could, embarrassed between natural courtesy, religion, and love of my own ease. "Here is the list, Father; and I will take you to the first patient." We both walked down the ward to a bed in the corner, and the nun continued, in an undertone:

"Here is a boy, quite young, very respectable-looking, but he has been a long time from the sacraments. He is timid, Father, and you will say a kindly word to encourage him. This other boy used to 'travel about'* with his father and mother. Both have died lately; and I think it is as much from sorrow as from want of nourishment and care that he is so prostrate. Still, he is not at all resigned to be here, and it would never do for him to go out in his present condition. You may be able to make him contented and reconciled to his lot,—poor fellow! Then there is the old man whom you anointed,—the one with hemorrhages. And there is still another in the bed next to the fireplace. He has not been to confession for two years,—so he says himself; but when one admits that much it is generally a longer time."

After I had gone through these, and done what was necessary or what I could, I paid a visit to the fever hospital. There was but one patient awaiting me—a little girl of ten or eleven, who had been brought in from town. She had never been to confession, never to school except one day, and knew very little of her catechism. For the present, however—thank God!—the doctor says there

* That is, roam about the country selling little wares, generally crockery or delf; sometimes singing ballads, sometimes at races or fairs selling sugar-sticks and gingerbread.

is not the slightest danger; and though I thought it well that the child should get some instruction, I decided not to harass her much until she had somewhat improved, when she would be able to make her confession more satisfactorily.

In the evening there was a sick call to the women's hospital—a poor creature that had been burned severely all over the neck, shoulders and back. The doctor thought it better to have her anointed. As I passed through St. Vincent's Ward, I was surprised to find the nun saying the prayers for the dying beside a woman with consumption whom I had anointed that morning.

Christmas Eve.—“To-morrow the Lord will come. Judea and Jerusalem be no longer afraid: to-morrow the Lord will come, and in the early morning you shall see His glory.” So I whispered to myself as I looked out on the quiet grey dawn of Christmas Eve. Its softness and its restfulness crept into the heart, and made all things peaceful and happy therein. Such a beautiful morning for Christmas Eve! I felt very happy in the stillness of the dawn.

And then, after an hour or two, the bustle and stir of the world with its unpoetic atmosphere jarred on the ears. The sun rose too; the tramps, with the rakish, dissipated stamp and pattern of their trade branded upon them, issued from their retreat in the workhouse and demanded their *dudheens* (pipes) from the porter at the gate, where they had been detained yesterday evening. When I saw those pimpled, drunken faces, those hard, ragged, scampish, ill-favored specimens of humanity, going out the gate and making their way to town, I fell to moralizing on the state of human society, and these its refuse, its dregs,—one a low-sized, square-shouldered vagabond; one lithe and hardy, tall and thin, with a seedy old surtout reaching to his calves; one a jaunty-looking young fellow, red poll, hat one-side,

“swallow-tail” coat that hardly came to his hips, and a walk that might have marked him out among a thousand for a tailor *sans* his “lapboard and goose.” And yet immortal souls were in these *precious* bodies, and leading this sort of a life,—immortal souls destined for heaven or hell! O merciful God! And I'll have to experiment upon these *corpora vilia* one day, when they fall sick, or some of their like. Christ came for all!

In the wards of the hospital ‘coming events were now casting their shadows before.’ Friends were trooping in to see their friends; and cakes, oranges, apples, holly and ivy were the fashion of the day. Cleaning up, washing, dusting, scrubbing were noticeable on all sides. Little altars were being improvised, statues were being decorated, and everything and everybody had that irresponsible but busy air which used to mark our elections in bygone days.

One of the Sisters sent me a hurried note. A poor man was dying. He was in St. Ignatius' Ward. I went at once. On either side of the ward were groups from “the world outside” gathered around the beds of the several patients. I passed down to the last bed at the corner of the ward. The visitors looked at me wonderingly. I suppose they were beginning to realize what it is to be in a hospital, seeing death day by day. They knelt down as I prepared to give the Last Sacraments to the old man. Already death was marked in his hollow, sunken eyes, and the blood-red points on his aged cheek.

In the next ward was a fine, brave-looking young man waiting to be attended. “He does not look very ill, Father,” said the Sister in charge; “but he is fearfully racked.” As I sat beside him I was surprised to find the very first thing he did was to wriggle in contortions. Knowing that delirium cases sometimes came in, I thought this must be one, and kept a quiet eye upon him.

It turned out, however, that it was inward pain—unbearable almost. The attacks came suddenly, lasted a few seconds, and passed away as suddenly. He began his confession, and, with the exception of these momentary spasms, went steadily on. At last we were done. I administered Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction; and when I was leaving I was particularly consoled to hear him say: "Thank God! I don't care now when I die."

I came on to another ward. A man there was bleeding profusely,—the same poor fellow whom I described before. He had been bleeding since the middle of the night. A tin basin of blood was on the bed—a foam had come upon it from the dropping. It was the most nauseating sight I ever witnessed. I stood beside him for a while, just to show sympathy. He asked me to lay my hand on his head and bless him. I did so. O God help us!

In the women's hospital was a poor little child for anointing. "They bear the youth in his strength to the church-yard away," says Gerald Griffin,—aye, and the child and the baby in the spring-time of their life. There was an old woman in St. Vincent's Ward. The nun in charge said: "Father, she is dying—she will die to-day,—and she bears great ill-will to her husband and children. Will you kindly say something to her and give her absolution?" So I sat down beside her and did as well as I could.

In the evening all the wards had taken their proper shape. The wards-women had finished the scrubbing and cleaning, and now, in neat attire, were seated in coteries by the fire or near the little improvised altar, which was tastefully decorated and illuminated.

In St. Bernard's Ward, just opposite to where the candles were lighting for the coming festival, I anointed an old man. It was so strange, so incongruous, I thought,—Christmas and death! But on going through the women's wards

I was brought more immediately face to face with it. A coffin lay in the passage. A woman shrouded in the cerements of the grave reposed within. It was the gentle little woman that had consumption. The nun and the people of the ward were reciting prayers for the dead, and the white face looked at them from its narrow Christmas home. It was a shock to me: I had been dreaming of a happy fireside in the country; a large candle stood lighted on the table; holly was twined around it, holy water had been sprinkled upon it, and old and young were kneeling before it. It was Christmas time long ago when I was a little child in my father's home.


R. O'KENNEDY.

(The End.)

The Heart of a Woman.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XVI.

T was almost twilight when the now overjoyed Richard went away. Lucie came in immediately after. The sisters threw their arms around each other. The thoughts, sad and sweet, which came crowding were too sacred, too solemn to be spoken.

Lucie was the first to break the silence. "I like your Richard," she said. "I had almost forgotten him. He is so large and strong-looking, so kind and handsome."

When Marianne came in to announce supper, the news was communicated to the faithful old woman, who received it with joy.

With the caution and respect for the conventionalities which is so characteristic of the French mother, Madame Mornaud represented to Aliette that it would be better to hasten the marriage than to remain unchaperoned as she was, yet receiving the visits of her future husband. Aliette, always amiable and

willing to yield her wishes to the opinion of those whom she considered as possessing superior judgment, saw the wisdom of this advice. Therefore it followed that three weeks after Richard's arrival a quiet wedding took place in the Church of Saint Hubert.

A few days before, while discussing plans for the bridal trip which Richard insisted they must take, he suddenly remarked:

"You knew my mother came from Pont-Debaud; did you not, Aliette?"

"No," she said. "Is it far from here?"

"About forty miles. It is a lovely spot. I was there several times when a child, and still own a little property on the outskirts of the village, which I should like to dispose of, perhaps. Or I have thought we might put the place in order if we should find it worth while, and have a little country place at Pont-Debaud."

"Could we afford it, Richard?"

"That is what we shall determine, if we go there. I have been beating around the bush, Aliette, wanting to ask you if we should run down to Pont-Debaud for our little trip?"

"That would be delightful. Let us go, Richard."

Thus it happened that on the morning of their marriage, just as the Angelus was ringing the noon hour, Richard and his bride alighted from the train at Pont-Debaud, an old-fashioned little village. After *déjeuner* at the quaint, vine-covered stone inn, they rambled about from place to place, finding new beauties everywhere. The innkeeper had directed them to the place they sought, a short distance from the village.

The church-tower peeping from behind tall poplars, the low, broad presbytery close at hand,—all were charming, especially to Aliette, who had seldom spent a day in the country. And now to be transported to the very heart of it, and on her bridal morn, with Richard by her side, made everything seem to

her like a beautiful dream which must soon dissolve and fade away.

"I think I can see the chimneys of our house peeping from behind that clump of beeches," said Richard. "Yes, I am sure of it. The innkeeper said that the key was in the possession of the *curé*. He will give it to me willingly. I have papers with me which will identify me. Ah, there he is now walking in the garden! Let us go in."

They entered the flowery place with its narrow, well-swept paths. The white-haired priest was slowly promenading up and down. He greeted them warmly. He had known Richard's mother when she was a girl. He hoped, he said with a benevolent smile, that they would decide to make Pont-Debaud their place of residence for at least part of the year.

"I will get the key and go with you myself," he continued. "But first a glass of wine to the health of the bride and groom."

He led the way to a small arbor at the end of the garden, touched a bell that stood on the table, and a little boy appeared. He had evidently been scouring knives, from the appearance of the huge apron which enveloped him.

"Pierrot," said the *curé*, "ask Madame to send a bottle of the '57 and a plate of her delicious little cakes. We have a newly-married couple here to-day and we must give them some refreshment."

With a smiling glance at the pair, Pierrot scudded away. In a few moments he returned, bearing a tray with the wine and some glasses; followed by a small, slender woman in a dark print gown and spotless white apron. Her abundant hair, just touched with gray, was wound in smooth plaits about her head. Soft and brown were her gentle eyes, pink and unwrinkled the delicate cheeks; yet in the lines about the lips and the look of self-repression in the whole face one could see that this was a woman who had seen much sorrow.

"I came myself, Monsieur le Curé,"

she said in the sweetest of voices. "Pierrot is sometimes a little awkward, and the cakes are easily broken. They are fresh—"

The sentence was never finished.

Seated in the shadow of the arbor side by side, at the first sight of the newcomer, at the first sound of her voice, Richard and Aliette had looked at each other, half in amazement, half in terror. And now she, too, had seen them. She made a step forward, then, seizing the astonished priest by the arm, she cried:

"Am I awake, *mon père*?—am I awake? It is Aliette—it is Richard! Richard—Aliette! O God, my child, my child!" And she sank, unconscious, to the ground.

XVII.

In the cool quiet of the housekeeper's room, where she lay, tightly clasping her daughter's hand, Louise Daulnay reunited piece by piece, the history of her broken life. Richard and the *curé* had left them together; and from the moment she had recovered consciousness until now Louise had scarcely spoken. Aliette waited, knowing that in due season all would be told. From time to time the mother would press Aliette's hand passionately to her lips, covering it with tears and kisses. At length she said:

"Aliette, this is your wedding-day?"

"Yes, mamma. How did you know?"

"By your pretty pearl-gray gown, your soft white hat, the happiness in your own eyes and in Richard's. Your father was willing?"

"Papa has been dead six months, mamma."

"Ah! Then I need fear no longer. Dead, my child? I had never thought of that. Poor Jean! God rest his soul! I need no longer fear anything,—I am safe now—"

"Safe from what, mamma?"

"From imprisonment—safe from the asylum. Ah, that is a great relief! I have lived in terror of it all these years."

"Mamma, was that why you went away from us?"

"Yes, my dear one,—yes!"

"Tell me about it. Were you frightened by the fire, wandering about till you came here?"

"No: I knew nothing of the fire till later. I left the train at the station before the alarm was given. I had resolved to do it: it was not a sudden impulse."

"Why did you wish to leave us?"

"I had to make a choice, my love, my precious child! Your father had threatened to put me in a sanitarium. *He would have done it*,—yes, he would have done it! Then I should have become insane indeed. I resolved to go away where no one would ever find me. I could not live as I had been living any longer, with that dread constantly upon me. I know now that if it had not been for the fire I could not have hidden myself without being discovered. But at that time I had only the one thought—to get away. Besides, I believed your father would be different if I were gone. I began to realize it was my infirmity that had done much to make him harsh and irritable. I felt that life would be easier for all of you."

"Poor little mamma! And how you were mistaken!"

"It was not easier?"

"Ah, how can you ask such a question? You were gone,—the pulse of my heart, the one joy of my life. How could I exist without you, mamma! Did you ever think of that?"

"But there was Richard."

"He had been in South America until a few weeks ago; and you know, mamma, I had refused to think of him—except as a friend."

"You thought me burned in the fire, then, my Aliette?"

"Yes, mamma, we were sure of it."

"That helped me. To you I was dead. You would grieve, but not as though I were lost, wandering you knew not

where. No one would be seeking me: I could breathe, I was free."

"How terrible your life at home must have been, dearest mamma, when you could run away from us all!"

"I was afraid, Aliette. The life I could still have endured, had it not been for the fear that your father would confine me in some retreat. It was only then, after he declared he would do so, that I realized what a cross I must have been to him."

"You a cross, mamma! You were the angel of our home. Never was there such another mother,—never, never! He knew it,—too well he realized it. But he is dead now, and we shall let him rest. He died blessing you, mamma."

"Poor Jean! Perhaps he did love me—a little. What do you think, Aliette?"

"I do not know, mamma," answered her daughter, slowly. "Did he love any of us?" The memory of the base suspicions—or the pretence of them—her father had cherished recurred to her mind. His conduct to Richard, the concealment of his letters, were lashes of accusation that scourged her heart. "I do not know," she repeated, banishing by a heroic effort the resentful thoughts that were filling her heart. "But you were his last conscious thought."

"That fills me with joy. Poor Jean!" said Louise.

"And have you been well and happy, mamma?" asked Aliette.

"Happy! How could that be away from my children? But I have been resigned, content. I have found a sweet refuge here. At first I was dangerously ill,—for weeks, I think. I must have been in the rain: I was very wet. But the dreadful terror has never returned—no, not once since I came. I can not remember everything. I have never been able to remember. I would tell you all—all—if I could."

"Do not try, mamma. It is not necessary. We have found you as by a miracle; you are safe and well; we

are together. Oh, what a gift upon our wedding-day! What a precious gift! To think that if we had not come here, we might never have known!"

"Ah, it is a miracle! God has been very good. Now tell me all,—all that has happened since that awful day."

While mother and daughter are conversing let us go back to the morning of the unlucky excursion. From the moment when Daulnay had threatened to place his wife in an asylum, declaring that her children would be better off in every sense without her, she had resolved to go away quietly,—to hide herself, if possible, in some remote place, where she could pass the rest of her days in prayer and in peace. She kept her own counsel, not wishing to expose her husband or to estrange from him the hearts of his children. There is no doubt that for the time being her mind was slightly unhinged; otherwise she would not have been capable of carrying out her intention. Terror gave her courage, dulling the anguish that would naturally have filled her maternal heart at leaving her home and loved ones. It was with the idea of disguising herself, in a measure, that she had cut off her beautiful braids, fastening them loosely under her hat next morning, so that at the proper moment she might rid herself of them. She had placed a change of underclothing in a small, pliable straw basket she was in the habit of using when shopping. She had eagerly seized on the opportunity which caused the family to separate that morning, as making it less difficult to get away. Originally she had thought of losing herself in the crowd when they should have reached their destination.

As the train sped on with its freight of holiday-makers a sudden thought came to Louise. She would leave it at one of the small stations, walk across the country, finding shelter at the various farm-houses *en route*, till she reached Paris. Once there she could obtain

employment without difficulty,—of that she felt assured. Only thus far in the future her plans had found place; in her mind there was but one idea: to leave far behind her the dreadful fate which confronted her if she remained.

"Mailly!" shouted the conductor.

Louise sprang to her feet, hurried to the door, and stepped out onto the platform. In a moment the train was once more on its way, and she stood there alone, in the shadow of the little depot. Mailly was a very insignificant place,—nothing more than a station for the accommodation of the farmers in the neighborhood. The little sharply gabled depot was set in the midst of a broad, flat expanse of fields and meadows. In the dim distance several miles away, a fringe of trees marked the boundary between field and woodland. The sun was hot, but a narrow pathway through a plantation of oats invited the poor wanderer on to concealment. Placing herself under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, the comforter of the afflicted, she set out, and for hours trudged patiently toward the beckoning trees; hiding herself when she heard voices; longing to rest, yet fearing to pause for a single instant.

Night was falling as she reached the grove of beeches, so thickly planted that her heart beat with terror at the thought of entering their dark shelter. And yet there was no alternative: she knew she must pass that barrier to emerge somewhere, somehow, beyond,—anywhere it seemed to her now in her great fatigue. Then, the perspiration falling from her brow in great drops, her throat dry, her lips parched, her knees trembling, her feet sore, she plunged into the dark, green depths, and after what seemed an interminable journey came out upon a gently rolling landscape. There were lights in the distance, but Louise could go no farther. She sank down at the foot of a tree and almost immediately fell asleep.

When she awoke the moon was high in the heavens; the stillness of midnight enwrapped earth and air. She arose with difficulty; her limbs were stiff and cold; she was famished with hunger. And now the sound of running water reached her ears. "I am dying of thirst," she said aloud. "I must try to get a drink." Turning in the direction of the pleasant rippling sound, she soon came to a narrow but very rapid stream running between high banks. She climbed down, intent only upon quenching her intense thirst. The ground was soft and very slippery: losing her balance, she rolled over and over, and fell into the rushing water. For an instant the waves closed over her; then she rose to the surface, and, with the instinct of self-preservation, threw out her hand and grasped the overhanging branch of a friendly bush upon the margin of the stream. She was safe: in a moment her feet would press dry land again. But suddenly, even as she swung herself forward to the bank, the temptation came to her poor distraught mind:

"Would it be wrong—would it be sinful to let myself go again,—to end all my woes and sorrows here in this cold, inviting water, which would bear me safely and rapidly to the sea toward which it is flowing? Jean would be well rid of the cause of all his annoyance. Some day Aliette will be happy; Richard will return,—she will be happy. Elise and Albert are sufficient for themselves. Aliette will be a mother to Lucie. Why hesitate? I have already left them; it will not matter, and I shall be at rest, at peace."

"At rest? At peace?" The words rang in her ears as though some one had uttered them. "No, no!" she cried. "The life that God has given to me I will preserve, come what may. Help me, Most Holy Mother, and direct my steps to some place of shelter and of peace!"

Turning her back resolutely on the moonlit water, she reached the bank on

hands and knees, covered with mud, dripping, dishevelled, and shivering to the marrow of her bones. Then she set out again on the dusty highway, through dewy fields and fragrant orchards, till, in the dawn, before her tired eyes she saw a church of stone, scarred by the winds, battered by time, its quaint porch covered with honeysuckle and ivy. Oh, to rest there in the shadow of the Tabernacle but for a moment, and then to die!

With feeble steps she turned toward the welcome shelter, and sank upon the stones, worn with the pressure of many feet. And then the door opened and an old priest, with soft white hair, stood upon the threshold. Always the first to appear in the morning—the sacristan was old, the acolytes careless,—he was about to ring the bell.

Louise looked up at him trustfully, with a sad smile.

"To rest here, Father, only a little while,—a little while!" she pleaded, as he gazed in astonishment at the unexpected visitor.

The *curé* had been a man of the world before he became a priest. In a single glance he discerned that the stranger was no tramp, no common vagrant.

"Madame, what do you wish?" he asked kindly, ignoring altogether her forlorn appearance.

Louise rose to her knees, holding out her arms to the cross, now burnished with the rays of the rising sun.

"Only to die now, Father!" she cried, and fell prostrate on her face.

"Madame, do not fear: you will be taken care of here," said the *curé*.

But Louise did not answer. She was insensible. She had finished her journey at the foot of the Cross.

"I have never known," said the *curé* to Richard as they walked up and down the rambling old garden,—“I have never known whether she tried to commit suicide or had fallen in the river; but her

clothes were completely saturated and covered with mud. After she fainted I summoned aid. We carried her into the house, where she was tenderly cared for during several weeks by my sister, who was then my housekeeper. When she recovered from her illness she told me that she had had many sorrows, and wished only to live a secluded life, away from the world. I asked no questions: her secret was her own. Of course I did not think she had any ties in the world. My sister became attached to her, and in return Madame Louise—as we called her—did everything in her power to show her appreciation of her kindness.

"That winter Natalie, my good sister, died, and Madame has been my housekeeper ever since. Poor soul! I did not dream she had so sad a history. Now I must lose her; but you and your wife will do all in your power, I am sure, to make her life happy. She is a rare soul; a little"—here the good priest touched his forehead meaningly,—“a very little, you understand? But it will never hurt either herself or anybody else. It seems nothing more than an occasional losing of her thoughts,—a kind of abstraction. The doctor declares it is not hereditary, or constitutional, in her case, but the result of a fright or some great mental strain. And now that her sorrows are over, it may pass away altogether."

But the good *curé* was not to lose his housekeeper. No persuasion of her children could induce her to leave her God-given friend,—especially when, after an examination of the property they had come to see, Richard and Aliette decided it would make a desirable and inexpensive country residence, where they would come every summer.

"I have been content here," she said; "now I shall be happy. Here I found shelter and kindness when I needed it; here I have been at peace. My good *curé* would be uncomfortable without me: it is not easy to find a housekeeper

here. When Mademoiselle Natalie died I promised never to leave him, and I will keep my promise. You will come often, Aliette and Richard; and Elise and Albert and Lucie, when they know. In the summer time we shall all be together, like one family; the winter will not be long, for I shall be expecting you again. I could not bear to return to the scene of my former unhappiness. There would be a hue and cry and much gossip which we shall all escape by my remaining here. To Madame Mornaud and her family—for we shall soon be connected, you tell me, Aliette,—yes, to them, of course, we must tell all. But to the rest of the world, no. Besides, it is best for every family to be alone, if possible. Elise has made her home; Albert will some day; and Lucie very soon. You and Richard will be happy together, wherever you are. And this is my home: I feel that my place is here."

Elise and Albert have never found time to visit their mother, though they are always *intending* to go to Pont-Debaud. But she can hardly miss the undutiful ones, so beautiful and sincere is the devotion she receives from Aliette, Lucie and their husbands and sweet little children. There is much visiting in the summer between "La Rosière," where Aliette lives, and the presbytery. There is not a cloud to dim the happiness of the mother and her two beautiful daughters, Madame Destrée and Madame Mornaud; though upon the faces of all three hovers that indefinable expression, that mysterious light, which tells of happiness attained through the purifying touch of sorrow.

(The End.)

THE practice of giving presents at Christmas is a demonstration of the "good-will among men" which fittingly celebrates the birth of the Saviour of mankind.

The Anthem for Christmastide.

FROM First Vespers of the First Sunday in Advent, when the Christian world begins to prepare for the celebration of the anniversary of Christ's birth, to the Feast of Our Lady's Purification, a daily commemoration is made in the following anthem of the divine maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary and her perpetual virginity. Praise and supplication are admirably united—homage to the Mother of God, invocation of the Refuge of Sinners:

Hail, Mother pure of our redeeming Lord!
Hail, open gate, to holiest heaven restored!
Sweet Star of Ocean, beacon in the sky
To lift our sinking souls to God on high!
Thou who thy Holy One by marvel rare
Didst in thy sinless, stainless bosom bear!
Virgin before and after Gabriel's "Hail!"
With God, for sinners, make thy prayers prevail!

This anthem opens by eulogizing the divine maternity, reminding us of the share Mary took in the redemption of mankind. "Sweet Mother of our Redeemer,"—*Alma Redemptoris Mater*. From this it follows that the Blessed Virgin is our mediator with her Divine Son, and for this reason we salute her as the ever-open "Gate of Heaven,"—*Quæ pervia cœli porta manes*. Convinced as we are that Mary is not only the Gate of Heaven, but that she also guides us through the storms of life, we likewise hail her as the Star of the Sea,—*Et Stella Maris*.

These consoling thoughts naturally inspire us to invoke her powerful patronage that we may be enabled to persevere in well-doing, and to combat successfully the evil inclinations of our nature. "Come to the aid of thy people, who desire to rise from sin,"—*Succurre cadenti, surgere qui curat, populo*. The remembrance of the miseries inseparable from our fallen state also prompts us to admire so much the more the wondrous privileges which Mary enjoyed, and her dignity as Mother of God; hence

we continue to address her: "Thou who, by a prodigy that astonishes Nature, didst conceive thy Creator without ceasing to remain a virgin,"—*Tu quæ genuisti*, etc.

These eminent titles of our Blessed Lady again bring to our lips an humble supplication: we pray that she may deign to call to mind Gabriel's salutation, and compassionate her erring children who invoke her patronage. "Thou who wast favored by the Archangel's salutation, take pity on us sinners,"—*Gabrielis ab ore*, etc.

From the First Vespers of Christmas inclusive, the versicle and response and prayer are as follows:

"After thy delivery thou didst still remain a Virgin undefiled.—Mother of God, intercede for us.

"O God, who by the fruitful virginity of the Blessed Mary hast given unto mankind the rewards of everlasting life: grant, we beseech Thee, that we may continually feel the might of her intercession, through whom we have worthily received the Author of our life, our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen."

A Boon at Yule.

(Caxton's "*Legenda Aurea*," 1483.)

This feast of Nativity of Our Lord is one of the greatest feasts of all the year; and for to tell all the miracles that Our Lord hath showed, it should contain a whole book; but at this time I shall leave and pass over save one thing that I have heard once preached of a worshipful doctor: that what person being in clean life desire on this day a boon of God, as far as it is rightful and good for him, Our Lord at the reverence of this blessed high feast of His Nativity will grant it to him. Then let us always make us in clean life at this feast, that we may so please Him, that after this short life we may come unto His bliss. Amen.

Notes and Remarks.

It is interesting to notice that eminent scientists like Prof. Whewell, Sir David Brewster, and Dr. Wallace regard the habitability of some of the planets as much more doubtful than superficial reasoners might imagine. The venerable Dr. Wallace, who stands in the first rank of scientific naturalists and is a specialist in astronomy, has come to the following conclusions, for which he claims that the probabilities are "enormous": (1) that no other planet in the solar system is inhabited or inhabitable; (2) that the probabilities are almost as great against any other sun possessing inhabited planets; (3) that the nearly central position of our sun is probably permanent, and has been specially favorable, perhaps absolutely essential, to life-development on the earth. "Man's Place in the Universe: a Study of the Results of Scientific Research in Relation to the Unity or Plurality of Worlds," is a remarkable work for even so remarkable a man as Dr. Wallace to produce in his eightieth year.

The vexed question of the "friars' lands" in the Philippines has at last been settled by the transfer of four hundred thousand acres to the government for the sum of seven million two hundred and ten thousand dollars. In other words, the friars who took up unoccupied lands three or four centuries ago have been able, by dint of building roads and bridges, constructing irrigation works, and making other improvements, to raise the valuation of the land from zero to eighteen dollars per acre. It will hardly impress the American financier as a notable performance for hundreds of men during hundreds of years, yet it is a fair account of that process of grinding and oppression which so scandalized certain preachers and politicians in this country a little while ago. As to the enforced

transfer of the property, in principle it is easy enough to understand. It was an un-American proceeding from start to finish, and it would never have taken place had the land been owned by a Protestant missionary board. Trinity Church, New York, for example, is a richer corporation than all the Orders in the Philippines would make if united into a single body. In practice, however, since the sale of lands was made without public protest, we are left to assume that the action of our government met with acceptance from the highest religious authorities. At any rate, it will be easy to determine in a short time whether the "friars' lands" were, as we have been repeatedly told, the sole obstacle to the pacification of the Islands. Let us hope that at least it may break the deadlock in the religious situation.

The members of the French Academy pride themselves on being above vulgar prejudices; and certain of them, it is said, are disposed to ridicule the monomania, as it is euphemistically termed, of politicians like M. Combes. There is good reason, then, to think that it was with special gratification that the Academy awarded the Montyon Prize this year to Sister M. Charles, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, who for years past has devoted her life to the Negroes of Equatorial Africa, working wonders among the poor, the sick, and the afflicted.

A most interesting account of the missions in Western Sahara and the Soudan is contributed to the London *Tablet* by Dom Maternus Spitz, O. S. B. The Sahara, which covers an area of nearly the whole size of Europe, is the largest missionary field in the world. It is cultivated by the congregation of Our Lady of Africa, commonly called the White Fathers. Their labors have been especially successful among the Kabyles, remnants of a Christian population

which formerly dwelt on the plains of Algeria. When, at the time of the Mohammedan invasion in the seventh and eighth centuries, they resisted the fanatical adherents of the false prophet, they were either cruelly put to death or driven back into the recesses of the mountains, where they remained faithful to the Christian religion, till at last, deprived of every spiritual help of lawfully ordained pastors, they amalgamated themselves more or less with the Mohammedan creed. They still observed, however, some Christian doctrines and preserved among themselves some Christian traditions; the Sign of the Cross is especially esteemed and honored by them as "the emblem of the old way our fathers followed." They were, therefore, and are still despised by the Mohammedans, who consider them unfaithful to the prophet.

It is commonly supposed that a conversion among Mohammedans is extremely rare, but we learn of a community of seven hundred Catholics in Kabylia—all converted within recent years by the White Fathers. There are chieftains among the Kabyles who now proclaim themselves defenders of the Catholic religion, who support the neophytes in every way, and persuade parents to send their children to the mission schools.

The venerable Father Angus, whom we quoted last week for an explanation of the sense in which the title "Catholic" is understood by those to whom it is generally and appropriately applied, has something to say also regarding the true meaning of Catholicism. We quote again:

Catholicism, then, means, as we regard it and as the *orbis terrarum* regards it, belonging to a certain society; existing visibly in the order of life, with clearly defined limitations and boundaries, and with a visible Head. It is not a nebulous entity but an historical fact. Some of our friends say that nothing is Catholic which can not be proved to have been held or to have

existed before the sixth century. Life is short, and I, for one, can not spend the waning years in tedious and tiresome endeavors to find out what was practised or not practised so many hundred years ago. Before one *did* find it out, it might be time to send for the nearest priest and ask for the administration of the Last Sacraments, the Viaticum, and the anointing with the sacramental "oil of joy and gladness." The Church of the present is good enough for me; and when the things of earth and sense and time are passing away forever, it would be waste of energy, and but poor preparation for the life of the world to come, to vex one's self with what Christians did or did not do in the sixth century or any other century.

A story used to be told of Pius IX. just before the Vatican Council. Some one had respectfully suggested that something was not in accordance with Catholic tradition. "Catholic tradition!" said Pio Nono. "I—I—am Catholic tradition." Exactly. I prefer the Living Voice of the Living Church to the uncertain testimony of wearisome excavations and explorations among the departed, who surely may rest in peace. Catholicism is not an antiquarian stagnation, but a living, breathing, energizing, visible, tangible society; ever old—dating from Pentecost,—but ever new; bringing out of her treasures, like the householder in the Gospel, "things new and old"; adapting herself in a thousand ways to the needs and necessities of her children in their pilgrimage from earth to heaven, through this vale of tears.

Well said! Father Angus may not possess what is called a theological mind, but he has an eminently practical one. Alas, how many lives are spent in the tedious and tiresome endeavor to which he refers!

We confess to alternate amusement and bewilderment at those implacable critics who find nothing to praise in the reverent and manly religious discourses pronounced from time to time by the Emperor of Germany. Thus, for example, in his public address to his two sons on occasion of their confirmation last month, the Kaiser said:

You have in your instruction heard much of great men, of wise men, of statesmen, kings, and poets. You have learned many of their sayings and principles, and have been incited to noble thoughts and highest ideals by these. But you must never forget that these are all only mortal men, and their sayings only human wisdom. None

of their words can compare with the words of Him who is our Lord and Saviour. And you must not forget that in the vicissitudes of life you will meet with men of prominence who will entertain thoughts on the subject of religion and of the person of Christ that are different from those which have been taught to you. But there never has been a being like unto Him, and the words which He spoke are the words of the living God and words that produce life. His teachings will continue to be vital forces long after all the sages and savants of the world have been forgotten.

When I look back upon my personal experience, I can give you this assurance: that the centre and heart and kernel of all human life, especially if it is one of responsibility and of work—and this has become clearer and clearer to me every year,—is found solely in the position which a person takes toward his Lord and Saviour. Even the most determined doubter of the divinity of Christ can not but recognize this wonderful personality. He is one who can not be ignored. To-day He still walks among men, comforting, consoling, strengthening; and everybody is compelled, directly or indirectly, to live the life that he lives, to conduct the office that he holds, to do the work upon which he is employed, based upon the attitude which he takes toward Christ. In all the troubles and trials of life you must look to Him. Your conscience will tell you what He would have you do. In the end He is the only helper.

Doubtless one misses here both the terminology and the concrete thought of the Catholic theologian; but who can make a survey of the world at a time when so many "Catholic" countries have anti-Christian kings and cabinets without a sense of pleasure in the robust, religious personality of Wilhelm II.? The world would be far better and far happier if rulers and statesmen everywhere professed, like the Kaiser, their personal allegiance to the Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary.

We try never to miss a good definition of the Church, being persuaded that very few of our separated brethren have any understanding of the divinely established teaching society dating from the day of Pentecost, and that the great safeguard for Catholics in an age of seductive thought and writing of all sorts is

to understand what the Church is and hold to it as to a sheet-anchor in a storm. Such an explanation we find in the Advent pastoral of the Bishop of Newport. "The Church is the vehicle, or medium," he says, "by which we have the security that what passes as the Faith is the Faith"; and, after amplifying this thought, he adds:

When a Catholic, then, holds the Catholic faith, and thanks God for that glorious privilege, he must never forget that he receives his faith, not directly from Almighty God, but from the Church of Jesus Christ, actually existing in the world. The Church is like a person—a person who never dies—a living witness who was present when Christ went up to heaven, and is here to be seen and heard at this very day in which we are now living. There has been no interruption either of her existence or of the utterance of her message.... As each generation of men has appeared in the world, she has been found ready to receive them and to instruct them in the name of Christ. And it is clear that, except the Incarnation itself, no fact of history or of human life could be more momentous for every generation than this uninterrupted living presence, this wonderful moral personality, whose shadow looms gigantic over all the course of these twenty Christian centuries. No man has any right to ignore her or to deny her. She is in the world, and apart of the world's great scheme. She stands for Christ's will, Christ's redeeming love, and Christ's undying solicitude. To each individual soul of man and woman she is of essential concern. Happy are those who, from their tender years, have peacefully and thoroughly imbibed her teaching, and learned their faith as from a mother's lips. Happy are those who, as life goes on, learn more and more,—who, whilst they ever find fresh illumination in her daily utterances, appreciate her for what she is, and realize how significant an interference of God in earthly affairs is this creation of a visible organ of His Holy Spirit.

We shall have further quotations to make from Bishop Hedley's pastoral, which is eminently solid and practical.

When Mgr. Messmer, the new Archbishop of Milwaukee, disclaimed the credit of having founded the American Federation of Catholic Societies, he was right, in so far as the first impetus of the movement came from the energetic Bishop of Trenton, who has also been its most courageous protagonist. But

history will record that, though the impetus of the movement came from Mgr. McFaul, much of the present momentum is due to Archbishop Messmer, who was one of the first American prelates to fall in with it. The strength of the Federation so far rests in the German societies, who have allied themselves with it in large numbers, and whose solidarity is proverbial; and to Mgr. Messmer is due the credit for arousing their interest. Indeed, Milwaukee is to be congratulated on the appointment of an Archbishop who has already loomed so large in the national life as educator, as promoter of the Western Summer School, as author or editor of standard works in canon law and apologetics, and—last but by no means least—as an organizer of the Catholic laity in this big country, which is little influenced by the Catholic press, and which has hitherto been without any means of crystallizing and uttering Catholic public opinion.

It is surprising, all things considered, that there are any Catholic Indians left. They have been wronged by the government, persecuted by sectarians, and neglected by ourselves to an extent of which there is little realization. Writing in the *Tidings* of a visit to Martinez, a reservation in the Colorado desert, the Rev. Father Hahn says:

In 1892 the U. S. Government had a day-school erected at Martinez. With the teacher came also the preacher. The day-schools of the government, ever since they were established in Southern California, have been used for proselytizing Catholic Indians; and the majority of the boys and girls who have attended these schools are to-day Protestants—if not in faith, anyhow in practice. So also at Martinez, the children were brought under the control of the preacher, and the adults followed suit for a while. Flour, clothing, and so forth, were used as inducements. However, when a homestead case came up, a reaction followed. Requests were made repeatedly to the Fathers at the Banning mission; they were asked to come, to visit and to make glad the hearts of the Indians by preaching to them the Word of God as it is

preached by the Church established two thousand years ago. The result was the building of a church now going up at Martinez. When the news of building the church spread, an attempt was made by our separated brethren to influence the government to forbid the building. But the government would not interfere. The preachers entered Catholic Indian settlements, entered the government's schools, built churches—aided by the officials of the government,—and then objected to the building of a church by the Indians themselves!

There would doubtless be greater interest in the Indian missions, and more zeal in extending the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, if it were realized how much is being done to estrange them from the Church.

Referring to the custom, general in the Middle Ages, of looking at the uplifted Host and chalice before bending in prayer, of which we made mention recently in noticing a little book on the Mass, a distinguished correspondent in Italy writes: "It reminded me of what I saw last year at Cafalù in Sicily. There, in the cathedral, at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, almost all the people, especially they of the poorer class—God bless them!—stood up for an instant, looked with intense devotion at the Sacred Host, gave a singular short cry, and raised both hands toward our Blessed Lord. I never before in my life saw faith in the Real Presence so clearly manifested. At first I was a little shocked, being accustomed to the bowed bodies and subdued silence of our good people in America on such an occasion; but I am now convinced that it was—it is—a survival of what our Catholic forefathers did very commonly in the Middle Ages."

Whoever is familiar with the Catholic press must have remarked that the Middle Ages receive far less attention in the editorial columns of our esteemed contemporaries than was wont to be the case. It is a good sign, and the reason of it is to be found partly in

the fact that the Middle Ages are not so often denounced as a starless night by the antagonists of the Church, and partly because non-Catholic scholars, in ever-increasing numbers, are assuming the rôle of defenders of those much misunderstood centuries. Thus Dr. Edward S. Holden, of West Point, offers to the readers of the *Popular Science Monthly* (November) this explanation of the seeming stagnation of science during that period:

Its interest did not lie in the direction of science: its ideal was not comfort. At the beginning of the "Dark Ages" the problem of Europe was to tame the hordes of barbarians who had possessed themselves of the land, to contrive workable compromises between the customs, laws, ideals, institutions of northern and southern races. Given the point of starting, progress is not slow. When we sum up what was accomplished, the period is seen to be full to overflowing.

There must be many readers of the *P. S. Monthly* who recall the articles by Andrew D. White on "The Warfare between Science and Religion" in that magazine. If so, we hope they will not miss this other paragraph of Dr. Holden's paper:

During the whole of the Middle Ages there was never a time when the philosopher was not free to put forth his scientific conclusions—hypothetically—as theories to account for observed phenomena. He could not, however, directly attack religion, or even roughly handle received opinions on religious matters. At many epochs the first breath of heresy was fatal. Our own age is not very tolerant to attacks upon cherished beliefs. It is in a great degree its indifference to a certain class of inquiries that gives us our present liberty. Had Copernicus lived, his doctrine would not have given rise to scandal in the Church, because it was put forth as a distinctly scientific opinion quite detached from theological suggestion. It was not until 1616 that his book was placed upon the Index, and then only as a consequence of the personal enmities that Galileo's bitter satires had excited.

The obvious comment is Galileo's own phrase: "The world *does* move." We say 'Galileo's own phrase' because it has so long been attributed to him, though it was never heard of till more than a century after Galileo's death.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

At the Manger.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

KNEELING at the Manger lowly
Where the Infant Saviour lies,
Let us beg Him make us holy,
Spotless in His Mother's eyes.

Worship true to Him we render,
God indeed, though frail to sight,—
Worship, and a love most tender
That affords Him fond delight.

Feeble though He looks, His Mother
Knows that boundless are His powers,—
Knows Him, too, our elder Brother,
For His Mother's also ours.

Willing, therefore, is He ever
To accord what we request,
Helping every endeavor
Made to please our Mother Blest.

Pray we, then, with faith confiding
In Our Lady's little Son,
That His grace, with us abiding,
Make our heart and His but one.

Told on Christmas Eve.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.



RANK, what kind of a story do you want?" asked the Captain.

"About Christmas."

"About the war!" exclaimed all the children at once.

"A war story about Christmas, then?" And the bright eyes answered.

"It was Christmas Eve," he began, "and we were on that famous mountain campaign of which I have told you so often. You will believe that it wasn't a very cheerful time for some of us. I, for one, didn't very well see how I was to get through with it, and I wished

something might happen to make the time go by. I wasn't a Catholic then, you know; and Christmas meant only plum puddings and happy children. But it meant 'home' too, and that was what made half of us ready to go to the hospital with nostalgia. Do you know what nostalgia is, Frank?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I hope you never will from experience. It's just the doctor's word for old-fashioned homesickness. I had a bad case of it, and toward night I was glad when the captain said: 'Sergeant' (I was only orderly then, you know),—'Sergeant, take ten men and look up Williams. I think he has gone home, and you'll overhaul him at his house: the second one from the red mill on the Turkey Creek road.' I saluted and said he might depend upon me. Williams had deserted that very morning, and you know what happens to a deserter.

"We had all been interested in Williams. He was a new recruit, a mountaineer; and we knew his children too. His wife was a poor ailing woman, but she used to make cake and apple-sauce, and the kids brought it into the camp and sold it. One of the little chaps was on crutches and we called him Tiny Tim—for his name was Tim,—and told him about Dickens' story. There was a little girl too, and her big blue eyes made me think of my Mary's at home—your mother, Frank. And the children said there were four younger than they, one a small baby.

"I tried not to think of Tiny Tim and blue-eyed Mary as we tramped on over the bleak, rough road; but, somehow, I couldn't help it. When we got to the red mill I said, 'Stay here, boys. I'll reconnoitre,' and went on quietly alone.

There was only one window in Williams' cabin. It had a curtain before it; but there was a little rent in it, and through that I saw—"

"Go on, grandpapa!"

"Don't cry, grandpapa!"

"I saw Williams with Tiny Tim on one knee and Mary on the other, and three other little ones were playing on the floor. The mother and the baby were lying dead in the poor bed. There was only one room in the house. It had a big fireplace in it and before it hung a row of ragged stockings. Now it was my duty, of course, to capture Williams then and there; but what do you suppose I did?"

"I know what I *hope* you did," answered Frank.

"I gave a big, long rap on the door with my gun, so that Williams might have time to get out of the back door; and Tiny Tim appeared.

"Is your father here?" I asked. 'Oh, I see he isn't!' and, without waiting for an answer, I said, 'Good-night!' and went back to my men and told them there was no one in the house but the children and their mother, and that the mother and the baby were dead.

"We got marching orders that night, or I don't know what might have happened; and the next spring the war was over, and Williams was safe. I suppose I did wrong in letting him get away, but I'd do it again. He had been refused permission to go to his dying wife, and had gone without it; and the commander of the squad sent after him had a soft heart, and it was Christmas Eve, and he was far from home. I've never told this story before, children: somehow, I couldn't; but this is Christmas Eve, and I've been thinking of Williams all day. He is an old man now, and Tiny Tim is spoken of for governor of his State.

"But it's time to go to bed. Let me say with the other Tiny Tim: 'God bless us every one!'"

The Campers.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

VIII.

WHEN the rabbi had sought Mr. Hale the previous morning, he had gone directly to the business he had on hand.

"Mr. Hale," he said, "from what I learned through Xavier last night and Domingo this morning, I believe it is my wife, the boy's mother, who is dying there in the cave."

"You astonish me," answered Mr. Hale. "I thought your wife was dead."

"No," said the rabbi, sadly. "Better if she had died long since. Several years ago I was a man in very good standing in a small town in England,—I am a Pole by birth,—but made my studies in England. There came to the place a young widow with a small child. I grew to like her very much: she was most attractive. I will cut short my story. In spite of all the traditions and teachings of my faith, I married her. You will understand that my people denounced and abandoned me. After that I wrote for the papers, and made translations, and so forth, for a living. Soon I saw that my sacrifice had been vain: my wife had married me only for a home. She began to receive mysterious letters, grew restless and unhappy, and finally confessed that she was the sister of two felons then serving a term in prison. Her husband had also been a thief; and, while she denied any complicity in their crimes, I could not help but suspect that she was not as innocent as she pretended to be. She did not care much for her boy, and one morning we awoke to find her gone. Shortly after I read of the arrest near London of two men and a woman for robbery. In the description I recognized my wife.

"That was seven years ago. We came

to America, Xavier and I. Since that time I have had charge of two synagogues, but my health has failed completely. I am very poor; my money is nearly exhausted; I can not live long. I should like to place Xavier, a good boy, in some Catholic institution. I had thought of asking you about it. Last night, when he came home and told me the story of the two men and the woman in the cave, and that they called the woman 'Flora,' I felt certain it was his mother. I have resolved to visit her to-night and learn the truth."

This was the substance of the rabbi's story, the explanation of his visit to the cave, and of Xavier's visit also,—although the boy had not been told of the suspicions of his stepfather. He remained outside with Mr. Hale while Domingo and the rabbi went into the cavern.

The rabbi had been right in his conjecture: the woman was his wife. She had been made comfortable, and was in full possession of her senses. Strange to say, she manifested but little desire to see the child she had deserted. All her thoughts seemed to be for her brothers, who she feared were about to be captured. During the day *rurales* had been seen in the vicinity, and in Wawona it was rumored that the fugitives were somewhere in the neighborhood.

Domingo had heard that the United States officers were about to cross the border to assist the Mexican authorities in the search. Convinced that it was true, and while unwilling to deliver up the fugitives, he did not wish to be found harboring them, and had borrowed a light wagon and two swift young horses from his brother-in-law, with the intention of having the men conveyed some miles farther away. At first the brothers would not consider the proposition at all.

"We could have been hundreds of miles from here long ago if we had chosen to desert our sister," said the elder of

the two. "She has clung to us in all our troubles, and we are not going to leave her now."

"No, we will not leave her," added the other. "She never betrayed us, and we shan't abandon her."

But the woman wished it otherwise.

"I can not live," she said: "in two or three days at most I shall be gone. Why, then, imperil your lives for me? If you want to do that which will please me, go as this good man desires you to. If you stay here you will put him in danger also. Boys, I beseech you to do as I ask."

For a long time she pleaded in vain. The rabbi and Domingo added their persuasions to hers, and at last the brothers consented to go. Domingo hastened to leave the cave and tell Pedro, who was waiting, to get the wagon ready. While he was absent the dying woman called her brothers close to her bedside and for some moments they remained in earnest conversation.

When Domingo arrived the men were ready to accompany him. The rabbi remained beside the sick woman. The heavy fog which had chilled Walter as he stood outside the tent had now completely obscured the moonlight.

"This is lucky for you," said Domingo as he led the two brothers into the moist, chill air.

Silently the three figures crept along the rugged, stony hillside till they reached the road. At a short distance, under a clump of cottonwood trees, Pedro awaited his passengers.

"At Rosario you will let these gentlemen out," Domingo said. "They can then take the beach road. It is not much, but we shall at least have put them another forty miles on their way."

The thanks of the fugitives, if not voluble, were sincere. The wagon rolled away down the valley, and Domingo returned once more to the cave, where he found Mr. Hale and Xavier. They had been summoned by the rabbi.

"Well, the men are off," said Domingo. "I am glad it is so foggy: that will help them to get far on their journey without discovery."

"God grant that they may not be taken!" said the sick woman. "They have promised to lead better lives in the future,—to live like honest men. And I believe they will. They have seen the hand of God in the strange happenings of these last days; and, to prove that they are in earnest, they have revealed to me the hiding-place of the money. If that money is returned, I believe they will not be molested."

"The authorities will be bound to arrest them if they find them," said Mr. Hale; "but the Express people, I am sure, will withdraw the great reward offered for their capture if the money be given back."

"I have been a very bad mother," observed the sick woman; "but now I wish to provide for my child. Xavier must go to a certain place in town to which I shall direct him. There is, on the corner of Spruce and Elm Streets, a vacant house which has long been untenanted, because a woman who once lived there committed suicide. It is said that her ghost haunts the place. Let my husband and the boy go there to live; and after they have been a few weeks in the place Xavier will creep under the house, which is built on piles, and directly in the centre of the ground beneath he will find a small pile of stones. Under these let him dig till he comes to the box containing the money. It is in the box that was stolen, sealed and untouched,—twenty-five thousand dollars. The rest is easy. I am very tired,—I can say no more. Only this: with the reward he will receive I wish that you have him educated in some good Catholic school, that he may not grow up to be a thief."

The boy was sobbing beside his mother's poor bed. The rabbi softly stroked his hair.

"Xavier will never be a thief," he said. "Xavier is a good boy,—naturally a very good boy: he has no evil tendencies. All shall be done, Flora, as you direct. Somehow we shall manage it. And I can die now feeling that the child will not be homeless and penniless."

The others went away, leaving the rabbi and Xavier with the wife and mother. They remained there till noon next day, when Pedro's wife, whom he had called on his way, came to take their place and assist the dying woman.

When Mr. Hale communicated these facts to Walter the boy felt very much ashamed of having suspected the rabbi, who, with Xavier, took on a mysterious importance in his mind, because of their singular connection with the escaped robbers.

He felt bashful about going to seek Xavier, as his father told him to do, toward evening when he and the rabbi had waked from their delayed sleep. But the child met him at the door of the tent in his usual quiet, natural manner, and they went together for a walk.

The next two days passed uneventfully, the rabbi and Xavier going every evening to visit the dying woman. On the third night the rabbi and Mr. Hale went to the cave with Domingo, leaving the boys in their tents asleep. Flora was dead. The Indian woman wrapped her in the coverlets; Domingo and Pedro dug a grave in the soft earth of the cave, and gently lowered her into it. The four Christians, kneeling beside it, said a prayer for the departed soul; while the rabbi, standing with covered face at the head, prayed also after his own fashion. Then Domingo and Pedro tramped the earth flat with their feet, and covered the grave with loose stones. When they ascended to the open air once more, they added more flat stones to the three which had concealed the aperture.

"The brush will grow up there again, after the rains," said Domingo. "It may

be many years before any one discovers that there is a cave beneath. And if some one does while I live, and finds that poor dead body, I shall tell him all."

Walter and his father had been in town several weeks when they read in the papers the story of the discovery of the Express Company's stolen money by a small boy, the son of a Jewish rabbi travelling in Lower California for his health. They had taken the well-known "Sprinton house," which had been so long unoccupied; but they had neither seen nor heard anything ghostly while residing there.

One morning, the boy, playing under the house, had come upon a pile of stones. Curiosity had induced him to remove them: a small excavation had been revealed, and this was followed by the discovery of a box containing twenty-five thousand dollars, stolen from the Express Company some months before, by a trio of thieves who had escaped jail, and so forth. The Company had increased the reward of a thousand dollars to three thousand. The rabbi, dying of consumption and in straitened circumstances, had been placed in the Jewish Hospital; and the boy, who was only a stepson, had been sent to a Catholic college to be educated.

Everything was now explained to Walter, who rejoiced in the good fortune of his late companion. Walter is a boy that can be thoroughly trusted, and there is no doubt that the others in possession of the secret will guard it equally well. Domingo, who has received no reward except the consciousness of having succored his fellow-creatures in distress, is entirely unaware that he had performed any extraordinary or unusual action.

(The End.)

THE musical syllables, *do, re, mi*, and so forth, were invented by a Benedictine monk in the year 1204.

Christmas Customs in Germany.

BY JULIA HARRIES BULL.

WITH our American facility for assimilation, we have gradually woven into our lives customs and observances from other nations, especially in regard to the celebration of Christmas. At the present day there is scarcely a home in the United States where the Christmas Tree does not extend its gift-laden branches once a year. Although not indigenous to our country, this beautiful German custom has taken firm root in our hearts and grown as all good things should grow and flourish. Yet there are many observances connected with Christmas Eve which are still peculiar to the German Fatherland, and are not generally known to English-speaking nations.

One of these which precedes by some days the actual Christmas festival is the visit of Knecht Ruprecht, or Servant Rupert. There is no special date for his coming, but the children know that some stormy night, when the December winds are whistling about the house, there will be a loud knock at the window, the house door will fly open, and great handfuls of nuts and raisins will be scattered over the floor. That is—if the children have been good. If, however, they have been disobedient, a bundle of switches is thrown in instead, and great is the consternation which falls upon the group of expectant little ones. For it is evident that Knecht Ruprecht believes in the old adage, that sparing the rod spoils the child.

In the smaller towns and villages of North Germany, however, Knecht Ruprecht does not make his appearance until Christmas Eve, when he goes from house to house, with a mask and beard concealing his face, and dressed in a white robe, high buskins, and an enormous flaxen wig. He enters each dwelling

and says that his master has sent him thither. He then inquires for the children; and, according to the report which he hears from the parents, he distributes either rods or gifts. He is received with great pomp and reverence by the parents and older children, the little ones naturally standing in great awe of him.

In other parts of Germany children are taught that on Christmas Eve an angel with golden wings flies through the air, and the tree that he touches becomes filled with fruit, sweetmeats and toys. This is carried into the house as a present from Krist Kindchen to the children.

A Christmas spent with a German family is a day not soon to be forgotten. Since early impressions are permanent, the Germans consider it most important to surround Christmas with all joyous and holy associations. When all is in readiness on Christmas Eve, a silver bell is rung. At that welcome sound the assembled family are ushered into a room which has been kept mysteriously locked all day; and while their eyes are dazzled by the brilliantly lighted "Weihnachtsbaum," their ears are greeted with a Christmas choral sung by the most musical members of the family. After the festivities of the evening are over, heartfelt thanks are offered up by the father for blessings enjoyed during the past year, and prayers for the renewal of them for the year to come, and that there may be no dear face missing in the family circle when Christmas comes again. One of their sweetest observances on Christmas Eve is to leave a light burning in each window upon retiring for the night; for many believe that at the hour of midnight the dear departed ones arise and bless those whom they love, still on earth.


In the German provinces there are special toys made for this holiday season; and the makers vie with one another in their efforts at originality. Consequently, many of the toys are wonderful creations of their kind; and

every season new ones appear. The legend "Made in Germany," which we find upon so many of these clever bits of mechanism, stamps the German toy-maker as a veritable genius.

Not only children but older people as well are remembered at the season. Christmas remains the great *fest* of the year for individual, family and nation; and for three whole days business is at a standstill, not even newspapers being published. The festival begins with Christmas Eve, when the Christmas Tree is lighted in every German home, from palace to hovel. It would not be Christmas to a German household without the fir-tree, draped with its veil of gold and silver tinsel, and gleaming with many tapers. The Star of Bethlehem usually crowns its topmost twig; and underneath its branches are little figures: the Infant Saviour in a manger, with the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the Magi, and the Shepherds with their sheep, grouped around Him.

Even where there are no children in the family, old people keep to the custom, and greet with undisguised joy their well-laden fir-tree. Not a single person who has any place he can call a home is found on the streets on Christmas Eve. So necessary to a true Christmas is the tree regarded, that in large towns societies exist for providing the indispensable Christmas Tree to every family too poor to buy one. In hospitals, in barracks, and even in prisons, the Christmas Tree is ever a joyous sight. Upon hundreds of graves in churchyards and cemeteries, small fir-trees rise above the snow-covered mounds on Christmas Day,—chiefly above the graves of children. The use of the tree necessitates universal present-giving. Everyone receives something, and it would be a poor soul indeed who could be forgotten at this happy season; for the little gifts are bestowed not so much for their intrinsic value, but as remembrances of the day.

A Letter from Santa Claus.

Y DEAR CHILDREN:—Well, well! I came near not getting here at all. And that would have broken my old heart; for there isn't a place where I find better children. Such a time as I have had! It is bad enough to get old, but that isn't anything compared to having to change all your ways of living after several centuries.

Somehow, I've noticed the last fifty years that the reindeer I get for my Christmas trips are not the kind I had when the world and I were young. They are more nervous-like and they shy easily. Well, you know that is dangerous for me. You see, if a chimney shadow frightened one of my deer, it might be that in trying to quiet him I'd forget that I hadn't been down that chimney. Then the elevated roads in the big cities—they have nearly made me feel that I'd have to sell out to an express company and just send my presents. But now the automobiles are getting common, and they certainly will finish my reindeer's nerves.

Of course there is some good to me in these inventions. You see, I have invisible telephones all over my house up at the north pole; and I just sit quietly making Christmas presents, and I can hear what goes on all over the world. I can hear when a teacher has to speak twice to a little girl or boy,—and I can hear how she recites lessons, and I know how many times she has to be called in the morning, and when she gets poor grades, and when she forgets her morning prayers. So you see I am saved lots of trouble when Christmas comes around.

Well, how have you been, children? I know you have been good and deserve all that I can give you. The trouble is I have such an awful big family, now that all the little Porto Ricans and Filipinos and Hawaiians are under my

care, that I can't be so generous. But it isn't the gift—it is the love of the giver; and I do love all good children. Why, do you know it was I that gave George Washington the little hatchet that he used to play with?

Let me tell you something funny that happened to me. I got into a ventilator last night and nearly stuck there. Couldn't get in or out. Fortunately, a janitor came along, and, thinking I was a burglar, he pulled me out by what he thought was my hair, but it was my fur cap, luckily, or I certainly should be bald to-day. He was delighted when he recognized me, for he always was a friend of mine; so I gave him a fine pipe and told him to smoke it in memory of me.

Well, I know you want the gifts; so I'll just write out the words of a song that I sing as I fly along the roofs, and then I'll say good-bye.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
I wish I'd a fiddle;
For then I would sing for you all.
I'd tell you a story
Of Jack and Magory,
And of gifts for the large and the small.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
I wish I'd a fiddle;
For then I would give you a dance,—
I'd get you all jumping,
Like windmills a-pumping,
And teach you like reindeer to prance.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
I wish I'd a fiddle;
For then I would sing you a tune
Of sleigh-bells a-jingle,
Across the roof's shingle,
Beneath the bright rays of the moon.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
I wish I'd a fiddle;
For then I'd not stay here so long:
With sound of gay laughter,
That would linger hereafter,
I'd be off and away with my song.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and
a happy New Year, I remain,
Your faithful old friend,

SANTA CLAUS.

With Authors and Publishers.

—All who have read Father O'Kennedy's little book "Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise" will welcome a new edition of it, well printed and tastefully bound. The charm of this volume is not to be described. Among innumerable treatises on the Mass "A Morning Paradise" is certainly unique. The new edition is in red cloth binding, with stamp in white and gold on the front cover, and is provided with a marker of red silk. We feel sure it will be widely appreciated.

—Elderly persons need hardly be reminded that *Punch*, which now has a Catholic editor and Catholic contributors, was wont of old "to lay aside the jingling cap and bells and put on the red cloak of wrath" against the Church and the Pope. Mr. Lionel Strachey tells the readers of the *Critic* that the famous funny paper "made a real and proper fool of itself by a virulent (and silly) assault upon 'popery,'" and adds that the *vox populi* with which *Punch* shouted in those straitened times is—especially in religious and patriotic contentions—"generally composed of bigotry and wind, half and half."

—Here are some of the newest mixed metaphors, all of them gathered from serious paragraphs:

The general trend of opinion seems to be that the action of the British commissioners has started a wave of popular opinion which may be the opening wedge of the weaning of Canada from the patriotic reliance upon the mother country which has marked the Dominion in the past.

The fall campaign is being launched in a blaze of enthusiasm.

The embattled farmers of New England are now preparing to man the pumps and save the ship of the milk industry from going to smash on the rocks of capitalism.

As the *Writer* points out, the reference to manning the pumps in connection with the milk industry is somewhat of a distraction to the joke-nourished reader.

—Those who read Latin will be glad to know that the works of Hrotsvitha have been collected and edited with scrupulous care by Dr. Paul von Winterfeld. Hrotsvitha, it will be recalled, was the famous nun of Gandersheim who wrote plays in praise of chastity and the other Christian virtues with the purpose of supplanting the classical drama of paganism. She is sometimes described as the earliest of the modern dramatists, but it is a well-established fact that the early religious drama of the thirteenth and fourteenth century is the literary ancestor of the modern play, and not the spasmodic efforts of dramaturgists scattered here and there through the early Christian ages. None the less, Hrotsvitha is a curious and most interesting personage in literary history, and we are glad that her quaint and rather sombre

dramas are made accessible at least to those who are able to read the Latin text. The editor has also furnished a scholarly introduction and a statement of all that is known of the author.

—"Le Petit Robinson de Paris" by Madame Eugénie Foa, edited by Louise de Bonneville, an excellent supplementary reader for French students, has been published by the American Book Co.

—Some important biographies figure in the latest announcements of the publishers. The authorized Life of John Fiske, based on letters and private papers, will be published anonymously by the Macmillans. The Life of the late Dean Farrar is in preparation by his son, Dr. R. A. Farrar. Mrs. Perugini, with the help of her brother, Henry Fielding Dickens, is writing the Life of her father, Charles Dickens. The family, it appears, have never been satisfied with Forster's valuable biography of the famous novelist.

—It is not surprising, in view of Gladstone's strongly religious character, that so many of the reviewers of the new Life should emphasize his attitude to the Church. His warm friendship for the unfortunate Döllinger, the brilliant leader of the "Old Catholics," is well known; and he seems to have been strongly attracted also to Görres. We are told that in Munich in 1845 "the trio talked much about the establishment of a purified and truly universal Catholic Church." Gladstone's diary furnishes plenty of evidence that the conversion of Manning and Hope-Scott—"my two props"—affected him more than even had been thought; and one is sorry to learn that the next day he made a codicil to his will, striking out Hope Scott's name. Even Gladstone was not above punishing a man for loyalty to conscience!

—"What would be the best New Year present for our pastor?" writes the privileged "old subscriber," who is also the honored head of a large sodality; and further: "We want something that will be well chosen and really worth having—something that will be sure to be appreciated and at the same time show good taste and judgment on the part of the donors." In other words, we suppose, a gift that will reflect credit on all concerned, and afford every one the gratification of feeling that the handsome thing has been handsomely done—for once. A matter so difficult and delicate demands serious reflection. If only we knew the pastor to be thus favored and complimented! And how easily we might incur by an ill-considered suggestion the displeasure of our correspondent and all our correspondent's friends and relations! Our choice shall be something for

the study of course. An ornament or an article of furniture? No, the one might not harmonize with the surroundings, the other might be calculated to induce incoherency of thought. Books? Yes, now we are getting at it—something to delight the mind rather than to gratify the senses. What gift could imply a higher compliment to the recipient? But what books shall they be? It wouldn't do to present anything in this line that all men of studious habits are supposed to be possessed of—a quarto dictionary for instance. Such a gift would be indelicately suggestive of need. It would never do, even if bound in the most elegant morocco. The attractiveness of the binding might seem significant of hope that the owner would be led to consult the work more frequently. A complete set of the works of some standard author? Yes, that ought to fill the bill. Let us suggest a set of Dr. Brownson's works, bound in half morocco. This choice, we think, would be a fitting compliment to the scholarly taste, etc., of the recipient of the gift, and also reflect credit on the literary culture, etc., of the donors. And thus everybody would be properly delighted. To our mind there would be an added compliment, as delicate as deliberate, in the durability of the binding, as if it were taken for granted that volumes so learned would be in frequent use.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Problems and Persons. Wilfrid Ward. \$4.60, net.

The Beginnings of Christianity. Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S. T. D. \$2, net.

The City of the King. Mrs. Lew Wallace. \$1.12.

The Life of St. Mary Magdalen. \$1.50, net.

The Symbol of the Apostles. Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D. \$1.50, net.

Pilgrim - Walks in Rome. Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J. \$1.50, net.

Edgar; or, From Atheism to the Full Truth. Rev. L. von Hammerstein, S. J. \$1.25, net.

Sketches for Sermons. Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S. S. \$1.25.

On the Priesthood. A Treatise by St John Chrysostom. 85 cts., net.

London Catholic Missions. Johanna H. Harting. \$2, net.

The Daughter of a Magnate. Frank H. Spearman. \$1.50.

The Dream of Gerontius. 35 cts.

Saint Cuthbert's. Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. 85 cts.

The Ship of State, by Those at the Helm. 75 cts., net.

Glimpses of Truth. Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding. 88 cts.

Moral Briefs. Rev. John H. Stapleton. \$1.

The Life and Pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. P. Justin O'Byrne. \$1.35, net.

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury. Bernard Ward. \$1.60, net.

The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII. Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. \$2, net.

The Sacrifice of the Mass. M. Gavin, S. J. 75 cts., net.

The Venerable Mother Jeanne Antide Thouret. Blanche Anderdon. 75 cts., net.

Famous Children. H. Twitchell. \$1, net.

Obituary.

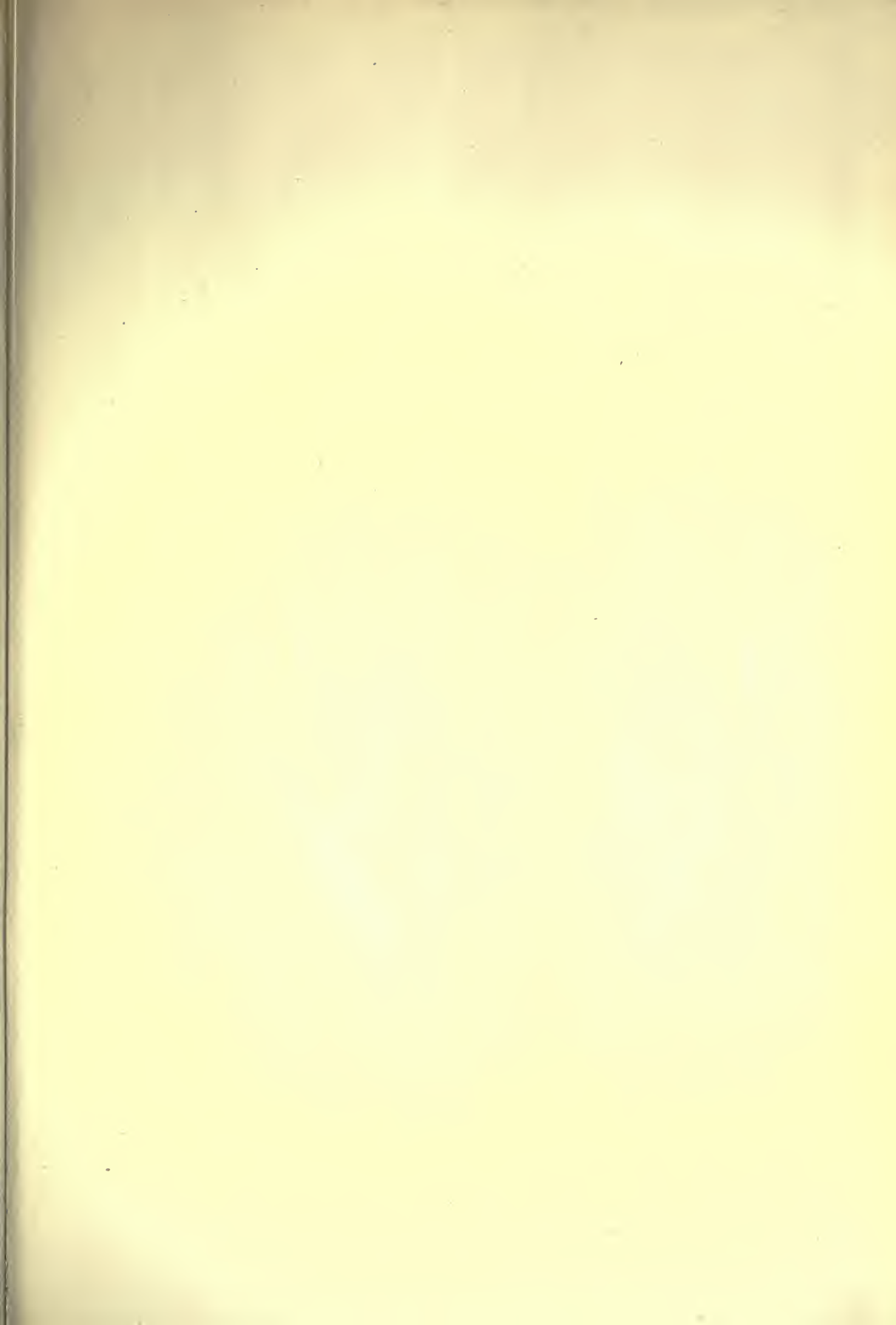
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Dennis Bradley, D. D., bishop of Manchester; Rev. Francis Lennon, diocese of Natchez; Rev. Charles McGurty, O. M. I.; and Rev. Thomas O'Neil, O. P.

Sister Mary Hyacinth, of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

Mr. Alfred Pelletier, of Fredericton, Canada; Mr. Frederick Luebker, Sr., St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. McParlon, Co. Cavan, Ireland; Mr. John Sheridan, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Elizabeth Bushey, Denton, Texas; Mrs. John Agnew, Paterson, N. J.; Mr. Patrick Loftus, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Joseph Anderson, Watson, Mich.; Mr. H. A. Gutzwiller, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Annie Mullen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Mary Maloney, W. Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. Katharine Bender, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Mary Edwards, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Mary Gibbons, Mrs. Catherine Moran, and Mrs. M. C. Howley, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. M. Archdeacon, Savannah, Ga.; Mr. R. F. Lee, San Luis Obispo, Cal.; Mr. Peter Lynch, Sr., Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Agarithe Langan, New York city; Dr. George Hollister, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Mary McCarthy, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. James Beatty, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. D. T. Sweeney, Naugatuck, Conn.; Mrs. Margaret Burnus, Hoosic Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Katherine Frank, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; and Mr. Leonard Schmidt, Indianapolis, Ind.

Requiescant in pace!









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Ave Maria.

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